VOL. X.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



DRAWING ROOM COMPANION

JAN. TO JUNE 1856

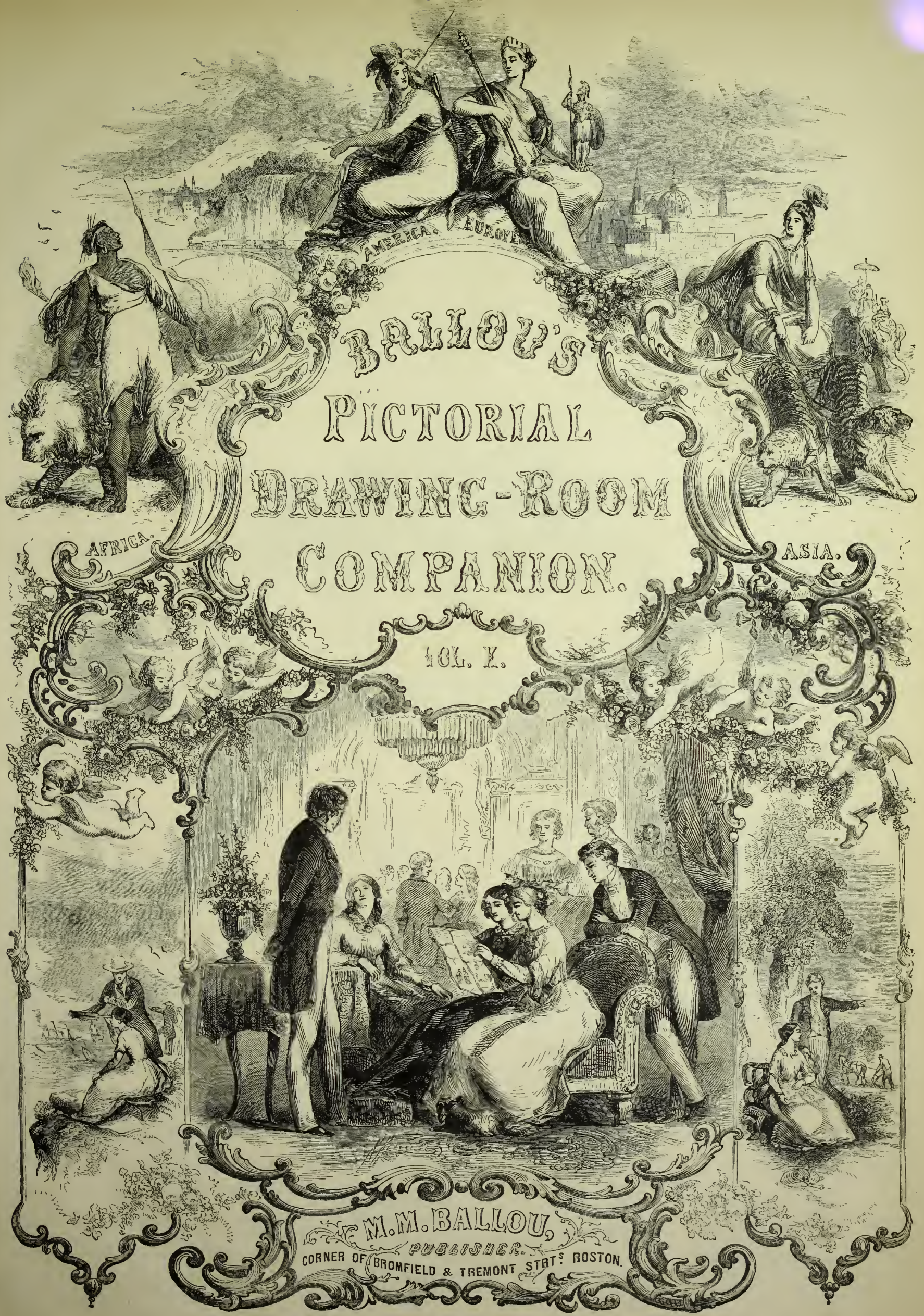
S

Accession No.

Call No. 051 B1
V. 10
Jan.-June 1856

60051 5-53 5M SPO

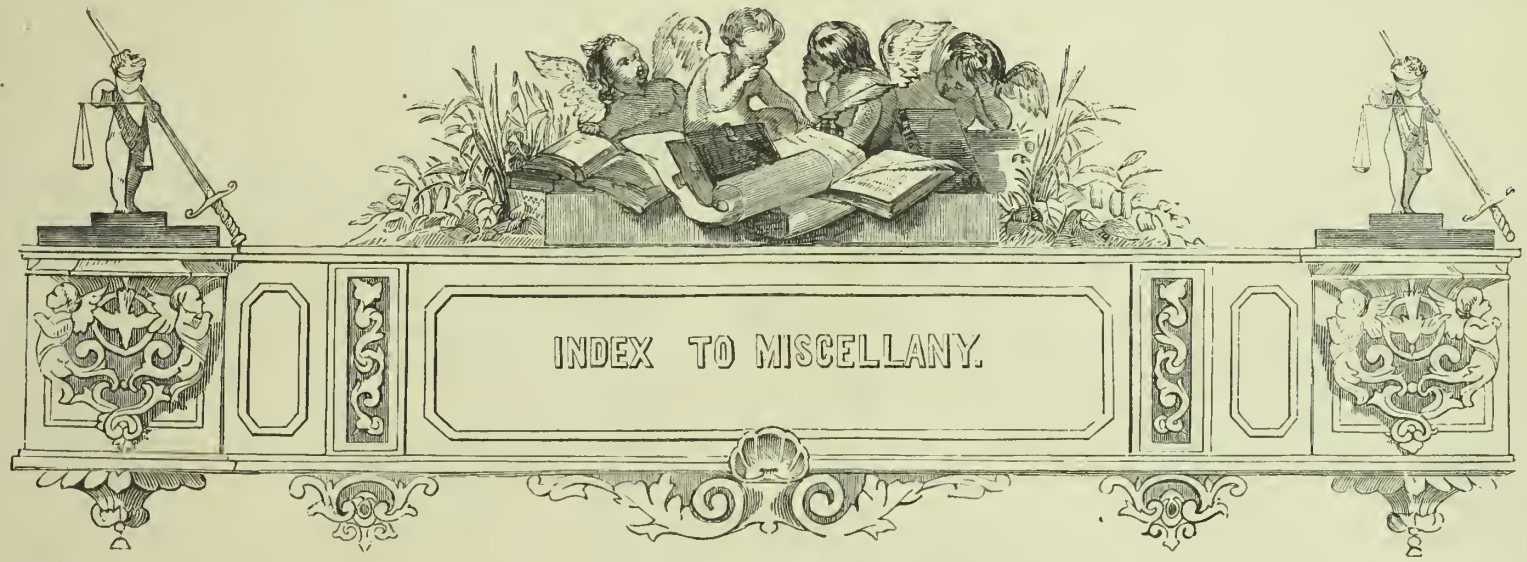
1951



BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

VOL. X.

M. M. BALLOU,
PUBLISHER.
CORNER OF BROMFIELD & TREMONT STRTS. BOSTON.



INDEX TO MISCELLANY.

	Page.
A Ghost on Shipboard	7
A Fiddling Dragoon	23
A Wheel within a Wheel	26
A Ballad without an "S."	38
A Ballad	42
Angels are here to-night, Mother	53
At Memory's Shrine	59
A Horse at a Raffle	59
A Story of Beethoven	62
An Unwilling Passenger	78
Avarene	86
Aliee	118
An Underground Story	155
A Fantasia	170
A Picture	198
A Soul in the Eyes	219
Amy's Valentine	222
Angeline	250
An Aspiration	254
Aunt Polly's Experience	266
A Turkish Court of Justice	283
A Sudden Conversion	299
A Vision of the Past	299
All's Well that Ends Well	314
A Tale of a Donkey	331
A Dream	346
A Prayer of Affection	378
All is Well	398
Blessings in Disguise	55
Biddy's Mistake	91
Be Gentle, be Good	219
Bread upon the Waters	286
Be not cast down	404
Bianca the Actress	406
Come o'er the Lake, Love	206
Carried by Storm	255
Coquetry *versus* Cigars	282
Childhood	314
Carrie's Tomb	342
Clouded Life and a Sunny One	407
Cheated out of a Whole Year	411
Deathless	90
Doing One's own Housework	138
Dirge	390
Eros	11
Earth's Light and Shade	110
Ethol	310
Frederick Barbarossa	166
Florence Nightingale	251
Flowers	278
Flowers	371
Farmer Brown's Surprise Party	414
God bless them	202
Guelph and Ghibelline	390
Hope Ever	6
Harmless Flirtation	246
Harvest Time	318
Home	410
I would not bid Farewell	102
In Dreams	155
Isabel	158
Invocation to Memory	174
In Spheres of Light	238
I have met thee	331
Introspection	334
John Hardew's Love	310
Kind Smiles for All	30
Look before you Leap	14
Little Snowflake, fall	166
Love	235
Labor	267
Let us Laugh while we may	331
Life	363
Legend of Spring Flowers	414
Man's Faith	78
Mrs. Watson's Fault	90
Mr. Baker's Domestic System	102
Memories	150
My Step-Mother	170
My Native Vale	214
My Angel	234
Minerva, to	238
Mirza the Hakem	346
My Uncle Nathaniel	347
Minstrel's Reply	358
Mrs. Little's Piano	358
My Schoolmaster	362
Mrs. Bradford's Madonna	366
Nannette Catherwood	158
No Cross—no Crown	187
News from a Knot-Hole	203
One at a Time	171
Opium	366
Power	74
Parting	134
"Peace, be Still!"	135
Pretty Girls	150
Poniatowski	294
Real Life	107
Romance and Whiskers	326
Stingo Grout, Esquire	75
Suspense	91
Sweet Cecile Lisle	107
Song	122
Snowflakes	230
Sweet Anne of Antwerp	230
Sighing for the sweet Spring Time	282
Stray Leaves	371
Song of the Heart	382
Spirit Storm	411
The Contrabandist	2, 18, 34, 50, 66, 82, 98, 114, 130, 146, 162
The Moorish Doctor's Parchment	6
The Spirit Thrill	10
The Unlucky Man	11
The Vigil and the Vision	11
The Little Lock of Hair	14
To Mary	22
The Black Domino	22
The Angel's Treasure	26
The Card Table	27
The Tithingman	30
The Ghost of San Francisco	39
The Mysterious Hunt	42
The Empress Josephine	43
The Past	46
The Daughter's Sacrifice	46
The Bachelor's Requiem	54
The Robber of St. Jervais	58
The Three Callers	62
The Story of Ashmet	86
The Recall	94
The Russian Spy	94
The Bandit Chieftain to his Steed	106
The Black Saddle Mare	106
The Drama	118
Tit for Tat	119
The Rivals	122
The Pilgrim Band	123
Too Fast by a Good Deal	123
The Prairie Scout	126
The Minister's Wife	134
The Lifelike Portrait	135
The Snow Storm	138
The Race for Life	142
The Old School House by the River	151
The Bachelor's Invitation	154
The Maiden Aunt	154
The Sergeant's Stratagem	174
The Music of the Stars	182
The Stone House	182
The Eternal Flower	186
The Night Attack	186
To a Pair of Eyes	190
The Unfortunate Weakness	190
The Adopted Daughter	198
The Withered Bouquet	208
The Boy Hero	206
The Mollah's Stratagem	218
The Spirits	219
The Old Man to his Wife	219
To the March Wind	222
The Magic Mirror	238
The Midnight Ride	246
The Bride of Bagdad	250
The Reclaimed Husband	251
The Lady's Vigil	254
Two Flowers	262
The Heiress	262
The Narrow House	267
The Bride of the Carnival	267
To H. M	270
The White Lie	270
The Bridal Veil	278
The Spirit Lyre	286
The Texan Cruiser	274, 290, 306, 322, 338, 354, 370
The Bride of the Ocean	294
The Heroic Sacrifice	298
The Old Oak Tree	302
To Angie	315
The Monomaniac	315
The Governess	318
Twice Married	331
The Old Cathedral	334
The Orphan's Prayer	334
The Indian Captive	342
The Old Mountain Tree	350
The Female Pilot	350
To an Artist	362
The Tribute Money	363
The First State Prisoner	372
The House in Shadow	378
The Gipsey Chant	379
The Cape Ann Wreck	379
The Tribunal of Witchcraft	386, 402
The New Picture	394
The Russian Slave	394
The Stranger's Epitaph	395
The Pride of Pineville	395
The Nullifier's Ward	398
The Death at Jena	404
To Stella	406
The Galley Slave	410
Valentine's Day	283
Vive la Bagatelle	299
Washington's Monument	27
We are Passing Away	70
Winter	126
White Hand	178, 194, 210, 226, 242, 258
Walpurgis Night	214
Why	302
Whig and Tory	302
Weary Hearted by the Way	326
Who was the Lady?	382
You are foolish to weep	171



Page.

Allegorical Representation of the New Year..... 1
Arctic Scenes—Breaking up of the Ice..... 5
Aurora Borealis..... 5
Academy at South Berwick, Me... 53
Arabian Scenes—Emigrants..... 68
Arab Plough..... 68
Market Scene..... 68
Crazy Man..... 69
Arabian Prophesying..... 69
Tent..... 69
American Indians—Mandan Chief 88
Sioux Horse Racing..... 88
Blackfoot Indian..... 88
Dacotah Woman and Assineboin Child..... 89
Group of Sauk and Fox Indians..... 89
Skin Lodges..... 89
A Snow Scene, Boston Common 113
Albany, N. Y.—Bleecker Hall... 120
Reservoir..... 120
City Hall and State Hall... 120
Stanwix Hall..... 121
Old Dutch House..... 121
The Exchange..... 121
Artist Life in Paris.....196, 197
Academy of Music, New York... 200
Interior View..... 200
A Japanese Gentleman..... 240
A Japanese Lady..... 240
American Indians receiving their Annual Payment..... 329
An English Churchyard..... 336
Arsenal at Venice..... 373
Architecture of Birds—Nest of Reed Bunting..... 405
Humming Bird..... 405
Baltimore Oriole..... 405
European Jay..... 405
Fly Catcher..... 405
House Sparrow..... 405
Mahali Weaver..... 405
Baya Sparrow..... 405
Pensile Weaver..... 405

Battle of New Orleans..... 8, 9
Battle of Lake Erie..... 73, 74
Bull Fight at Madrid..... 85
Bashi Bazouks..... 124
Brewery of John Taylor & Sons.. 132
Mash Room..... 132
Pontoon Room..... 133
Bronze Horses of Venice..... 144
Buena Vista—Battle of..... 168
Boston—A Bird's Eye View.. 184, 185
Ball on Board the U. S. Frigate Cumberland..... 209
Before and After..... 325
Bullock Carts..... 341
Caravan..... 341
Brighton Market on a Market Day..... 408, 409

Chippewa Indians..... 33
Coat of Arms and Characteristics of Massachusetts..... 81
Calcutta, Street in..... 124
Coat of Arms and Characteristics of the State of Vermont..... 129
Cleopatra's Barge.....136, 137
Cabinet at Washington..... 141
Chapultepec, Storming of..... 169
Coat of Arms and Characteristics of the State of New York..... 193

Page.

Cork Harbor, Ireland..... 204
California Emigrants..... 216, 217
Cotton Pressing in Louisiana.... 236
City and Bay of Nagasaki, Japan. 240
Coat of Arms of the State of Illinois..... 241
Capitol at Washington.....248, 249
Camel and Driver of the Desert.. 256
California Gold Diggings.. . 280, 281
Coat of Arms and Characteristics of the State of Michigan..... 289
Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris 293
Cascade in Iceland..... 320
Coat of Arms and Characteristics of the State of Maryland..... 337
Cathedral at Moscow..... 357
Church at Bucharest..... 357
Chelsea, Mass..... 369
Cradle for the French Imperial Prince..... 384
City of Van, in Armenia..... 384
Church of the Holy Trinity, at Stratford-upon-Avon..... 412

Deck of the "Constitution," Preparing for Action.....104, 105
Detroit, Michigan..... 225

Equestrian Scene at the National Theatre, Boston..... 76
Emigrant Voyage—Embarkation. 116
Departure from Liverpool.. 117
Roll Call at Sea..... 117
Escape of Sergeant Champe..... 128
Ehrenbreitstein and Coblentz..... 224
Eliot Preaching to the Indians... 232
East India, Travelling..... 245
Erzeroum, Capital of Armenia... 261
Egyptian Ploughing..... 344

Foraging Party in the Crimea.... 12
Floating Church off the Tower of London..... 84
Fort Ontario, New York..... 201
Fort Niagara, New York..... 201
Franklin at the French Court..311, 312
Feejee Islands—Levuka..... 344
Burning of Namula..... 344
Burning of Navua..... 345
Harbor of Apia..... 345
Fisheries, European and American 100
Salmon Spearing by Torchlight..... 392
Salmon Fishing in Norway. 392
English Fishing Boats at Hastings..... 392
Canadians Spearing Fish in the Rapids..... 393
Fishing Boat of St. Petersburg..... 393
French Fishing Boats off the Coast..... 393

Gen. Scott's Entrance into Mexico..... 40, 41
Genoa, from the Piazza Del Aqua Verde..... 101
Gas Works, Boston, — Interior View..... 172
Exterior..... 172
German Watering Places.....276, 277
Gleaners of the Pontine Marshes. 324

Page.

High Life..... 36
House in Java..... 156
Henry Hudson, descending the Hudson River..... 233
Horse Railroad..... 353

Implements of Warfare..... 32
Island of Labuan, Borneo..... 325

Japanese Scenes—Wrestlers..... 296
Maid of Honor's Chariot... 296
Wild Bonzes..... 296
The Idol Amida..... 296
Tilting..... 297
Fishermen..... 297
Pleasure Barge..... 297
Japanese Coin..... 320
Mariner's Compass..... 320

King's Chapel, decorated..... 140
Kars, in Turkey..... 259

Low Life..... 37
Lisbon, Portugal..... 52
Lowell, Mass.—Depot..... 265
Junction of the Concord and Merrimac Rivers..... 265
View of Merrimac Street.. 266
Court House..... 266
Lincoln Cathedral..... 348

Miss Adelaide Phillips as Count Belino..... 28
Massachusetts House of Representatives..... 80
Mercantile Library Building..... 160
Interior View..... 160
Merchants' Exchange, Liverpool, England..... 304
Mrs. Barrow as Minnehaha..... 305
Massachusetts State Library..... 352
Mexican Females preparing Tortillas..... 373
Marriage Procession in Ceylon.... 389

Natural History Illustrated..... 64
New Bedford, Mass.—Savings' Institution..... 152
High School..... 152
Unitarian Church..... 152
Court House..... 152
City Hall..... 153
Railroad Station..... 153
Police Station..... 153
Custom House..... 153
New Zealand War Chief and Canoe 213
Naples and Mount Vesuvius..... 272
Nootka Sound, Dwelling Place of Natives..... 389

Omnibus—English..... 332
Turkish..... 332
Old Folks' Concert..... 364
Opening of Friend Street, Boston. 396

Philadelphia—Library..... 24
Sunday School Union Building..... 24
Aramingo Viaduct..... 24
Jewish Synagogue..... 25
Odd Fellows' Cemetery.... 25
First Baptist Church..... 25
Place Vittorio Emmanuel, Turin.. 92
Punishment of the Wheel in the Turkish Army..... 96

Page.

Persian Farmer's Cart..... 208
Palace of Stolzenfels, on the Rhine 224
Prize Medals..... 252
Planter's House in Alabama..... 252
Palermo..... 304
Portraits—Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff..... 12
Dom Fernando, Regent of Portugal..... 16
Dom Pedro, King of Portugal..... 16
Alexander H. Rice, Mayor of Boston..... 17
Dr. Shelton Mackenzie.... 28
Hon. G. S. Hillard..... 44
Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. 60
Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia..... 65
Charles Anderson Dana... 92
Madame Ristori..... 96
John G. Gilbert..... 108
Samuel Rogers..... 128
Charles A. Phelps..... 140
John Grigg..... 156
Don Manuel Monit..... 172
Thomas F. Meagher..... 172
Edward Everett..... 177
Sir Allan Napier McNabb.. 188
Moses Kimball..... 204
Rev. J. O. Choules..... 220
T. Buchanan Read..... 225
Millard Fillmore..... 229
Major Thomas Harrison... 236
Hammatt Billings..... 252
Laura Bridgman..... 268
Anna Cora Ritchie..... 268
James Oakes..... 284
Julia Bennett Barrow..... 300
Thomas Blanchard, the Inventor..... 316
Rev. Eleazar Williams..... 332
Hon. George M. Dallas.... 348
Benjamin P. Shillaber..... 364
Madame Emile De Girardin 373
Commodore Francis H. Gregory, U. S. N..... 396
Lord Viscount Palmerston. 412

Reception of Dom Pedro..... 16
Recognition of the Sovereign at Lisbon..... 16
Railroad Depots of Boston..... 145
Rotterdam, Holland..... 229
Revel, Russia..... 272

Scene in the Cafe National, Simpheropol..... 44
St. Petersburg—Quay on the Vassili-Ostoroff..... 48
Fete Costume of Peasants.. 48
St. John's Church and Parsonage, Jamaica Plain, Mass..... 53
Salem, Mass.—East India Marine Hall..... 56
Custom House..... 56
Court House and Tabernacle 56
Old Building, cor. Lime St. 56
St. Peter's Church..... 56
Normal School..... 57
City Hall..... 57
Mechanic Hall..... 57
Market House and Derby Square..... 57
Asiatic Building and Post Office..... 57

Page

Scene in "The Tempest"..... 61
Sirdars of Candahar..... 84
Statue of Rubens, at Antwerp.... 85
St. Valentine's Day..... 97
Snow Plough on the Fitchburg Railroad..... 108
Snow Scene at Albany..... 133
Stockholm, Sweden—Amusements in Winter..... 176
Shot Works at Baltimore, Md.—Assorting Room..... 180
Furnace Room..... 180
Melting Tubs..... 181
Exterior View..... 181
Spanish Diligence..... 208
State House, Boston, with recent Addition..... 257
Syra, in the Archipelago..... 261
Searching for Rebels in India..... 284
Scene from "Midsummer Nights' Dream"..... 288
Samsoun—Coffee House..... 309
Scene in the Canadian Fur District 328
Syrian Cart..... 341
Scene in Hindostan..... 357
State of South Carolina..... 385
Spanish Guachos catching Wild Horses in the Falkland Islands. 400
Stanley Harbor, Port William, Falkland Islands..... 400
Scene in Fulton Market, New York City..... 401

Turin—Cathedral of St. Giovanni 100
Palace of the Senate..... 101
The Miller of the Dee..... 112
Turkish House—Interior and Exterior Views..... 192
Turkish Family, Travelling..... 208
The Conscript—Departure..... 220
Return..... 220
Temple of a Thousand Images... 273
The Trapper and Indians..... 300
Trebizond—Palace of Ahmed Bey 308
Gulf of Kabak-Meidan..... 308
Mosque of Mimaret..... 309
Quarantine..... 309
Tiflis in Georgia..... 316
The Thousand Islands, River St. Lawrence..... 321
Tunis—Street Scene..... 336
Taunton, Mass.—Episcopal Church 376
Church Square..... 376
View of the Green..... 377
William Mason's Residence 377
The Misses Fox..... 380
The Grandfather's Watch..... 416

U. S. Steam Frigate Merrimac.... 49

View of the City of Venice..... 144

Winter Life in Canada—Ice Boats 21
Skating in the Club House. 21
Waltham, Mass..... 161
Wooding Up, Scene on the Mississippi River.....360, 361
Warwick Castle, England..... 368
Wreck of the Chilian Steamer Cazador..... 380

Yoursouf, Crimea..... 149
Villa of Count Woronzoff.. 149

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1856. | $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X., No. 1.—WHOLE No. 235.

THE NEW YEAR.

Mr. Billings's spirited and graceful design on this page, represents in allegorical form the advent of the New Year. The gray-beard, Time, in his sledge drawn by swift reindeer, brings forward the young heir. The surrounding scenery, broadly handled, characterizes the season of the year. Good-by to '55, and a welcome to '56! It takes but a short time to become accustomed to the new dynasty. A few mistakes in dating letters, and a few half-regretful reflections, and the poor old year is forgotten—dismissed to the tomb of the Capulets—the present is all in all to us. Yet there are solemn thoughts that arise as we stand on the threshold of a new period in the calendar. We have advanced one step nearer the grave, whose inexorable portals stand ever open to receive the "innumerable caravan" swiftly and surely passing on to the dark gateway. Another seventieth part of the allotted span has been swallowed up. The bells of the old year have rung the knell, perhaps, of many of our friends. Many of the fair promises it held out at its commencement have been blighted. We have to mourn, perhaps, over buried hopes as well as buried friends, and ideal losses are oftentimes as sore afflictions as material ones. But, though some of the children of Hope are dead, Hope herself, bright and happy mother, still survives. If the past have its losses, it has also its lessons. We can guide our bark the better if memory's log-book truly record the courses we have sailed, and memory's chart preserve the shoals which menace danger, and the beacons which guided us aright. Tenderly, therefore, let us lay the OLD YEAR in his grave. Let us breathe a requiem, low and soft, over his remains. Grief for the dead, joy for the new-born year. "The king is dead—long live the king." A tear—a sigh—a fond farewell even are permitted. There is no treason in that. But there must be no long faces to daunt the fair presence of the New Year. The joy-bells must ring merrily—music must pervade the air—*Io pæans!* be shouted by every voice. The future is the promised land—let us enter on it gaily and with brave hearts. A new campaign is before us, and we must meet its coming for weal or woe, with gallant hearts. What though the present season be a cheerless one without—what though the wind rave through the leafless trees, and the snow drift along the plains and hollows—let the cheerful fire on the hearth be an emblem of the cheerful warmth within. Let us enjoy a clear conscience—that is within the power of every one, and the cold kiss of the New Year will be as grateful as the breath of summer.



[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST;

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

ADVENTURE IN THE FOREST.

It was nearing the close of a somewhat sultry spring day, when the Count Louis d'Artois took his way along the lonely and gloomy path leading through the very heart of a deep forest lying towards the south of France, and not far from the beautiful windings of the Rhone. Our traveller was young—certainly not more than five-and-twenty; of a slight and elegant figure, yet with nerves and sinews that might have well become many a one of stouter frame and broader shoulders; with a fine head, a proud and noble brow, about which curled silken masses of raven hair; dark, earnest hazel eyes, a slightly aquiline nose, and lips somewhat compressed, shaded by a curling moustache, and showing, at a glance, the firmness and decision of his character. The whole countenance, with its delicate, finely cut, yet noble features, told of thought, and energy, and power, no less than of the gentlest and tenderest feelings with which the human heart is gifted.

As I have said, the night was fast closing in; the path he took a lonely one; there was some doubt of its safety, too; but Louis cared little for that. He might have taken the road that skirted this forest on the right, but that was a much longer one, and he was impatient to finish his day's ride, with which he was fatigued. So he was content to take this path, and follow it alone; for this was the shortest way to his uncle's chateau by a great many miles, and his valet, who had accompanied him the greater part of his journey, had been obliged to stop at the last inn on the road to attend to his beast, which, from some mischance, had fallen lame by the way.

So Count Louis, knowing himself prepared for danger, if he should chance to meet it, rode carelessly onward, silent and meditative, thinking of many things—some that were pleasant and some that were sad, and some, again, that were both; now of his father, whom he had last seen, some weeks before, at Paris; now of his uncle, the Marquis de Montauban, whom he was about to visit, and his fair cousin, Helen, whom he already imagined as watching for him; for he had despatched a messenger, two days previously, to announce his intended visit. He thought, too, anon, as Helen Montauban's proud and beautiful face rose up at the beck of memory, of his own future—of the possible events it might contain, and of his present loneliness and, it may be, his loneliness of heart. Not that these things had any peculiar association with her, however, for it was not her face that shone softly, like a rising star, from the mist-like portals of the pleasant room which his earnest fancies sometimes portrayed in the far distance. Not hers the quiet hand that rested on his brow, or the sweet and dreamy eyes that looked into his own, or the loving smile whose reality he hoped sometime to behold. Louis could have imagined his magnificent cousin Helen as a queen or a duchess, but *his wife* —never. Yet he liked her—he had always liked her from boyhood, in a cousinly way. She was beautiful, graceful and accomplished, too, as far as it was possible to become, in those days; but he had never thought of her in a nearer position than that which she held at present; indeed, so far was such a thing from being contemplated by him, even for an instant, that, had it been mentioned to him, he would have met the idea, probably, with the utmost surprise.

Thus, to-night, as he rode along his solitary way, he thought, as I have said, of the welcome he was to meet from Helen and her father, at the end of his journey; of the satisfaction which he himself should experience in finding himself among friends and relatives after some two or three months of wandering from his own residence in Paris, and of the pleasant conversation which he should hold with his uncle and his lovely cousin, when they met, after an interval of absence some two years in length.

The reflection lent him impatience, and perhaps that impatience was accelerated, too, by the sound of a faint murmuring of distant thunder which came at the same time to his ears. Now Count Louis was eager to behold his relatives, and he also desired to escape the storm which this far-off rumbling heralded; so he urged on his steed at a much swifter pace than he had hitherto maintained. He counted on reaching the chateau in something less than two hours, at this rate, and the worst part of the way lay in this very forest which he was now threading, so that after he should have reached its confines, the remainder of the road would be quite easy. So, patting the arching neck of his good steed, and uttering some cheering and familiar expressions of endearment that the beast answered with a low whinny of delight, he pressed on.

Gradually, as he kept his way, the sound of the thunder grew nearer and more distinct; the lightning played more frequently, and with greater sharpness, above and around him; while, but for the fitful light it afforded him, his path would have been shrouded in almost total darkness, so black grew the gloomy sky. The wind was rising, too, and it sighed and wailed mournfully among the dense boughs that tossed about on every side, with almost human life, it seemed to him. And still he pressed forward.

But suddenly, as one broad, vivid flash lit up the forest all about him, with almost the distinctness of noonday, he saw clearly, at a little distance beyond his horse's head, a human figure, creeping out, on all-fours, from beneath the underbrush that skirted the pathway. Almost involuntarily he drew rein, and, in the pitchy blackness that succeeded the flash, endeavored to discern the figure again; but this was impossible. Yet he was conscious that it must be near him—almost at his very side. With a quick but quiet motion, he placed his hand in his bosom, and awaited the next flash that should enable him to ascertain the character of this strange appearance. But before it came, he was conscious of another hand laid upon his knee, while a man's voice, in a low but friendly tone, and close beside him, said:

"Count Louis d'Artois, you are in danger. Pause a moment."

"And where rests the danger?" asked Louis, firmly.

"Before you, monsieur, and behind as well, and on each side. You cannot escape it, even if you would, except by your own courage, and your own strength and agility, which, I know, have served you ere now. I have heard that you are on your way through this forest to-night to your uncle's chateau; that you carry about your person a considerable sum of money, besides some few jewels of heavy value, which you bear within a small casket, in the inner folds of the broad sash about your waist, and that your valet you left at the inn, this morning. Thus you are fitting prey for those who frequent these places."

A feeling of the profoundest astonishment took possession of the count.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Who knows all this so well?"

"I am your friend, Monsieur Louis, which is all I can tell you at present," said the man; "and if you would see my face, the lightning will show it to you in a moment. But, in the meantime, take these and defend yourself with them, as you will have need in a little while after you have parted with me." And Louis felt a brace of heavy pistols placed in his hand.



A STRANGE MEETING IN THE FOREST.

"My good fellow, I have arms already,—I do not need them," he returned, "though I thank you for them sincerely."

"But you do need them, monsieur, as you will shortly find, for your own, safe as you think them, have had the charges withdrawn."

"How?" uttered the count, in surprise.

"It is even as I tell you; it was done at Corbigny, this morning, after you yourself had charged them. These which I have given you will do you good service, and with them I do not fear for you, although there is danger about you. Be wary, and act with your usual bravery and calmness when the danger comes. It is not far off."

"And so I am to be waylaid?" asked Louis.

"Think the worst; it is the safest way, for then you will be better prepared for whatever chance presents itself."

"It is well. I thank you for your warning, and will endeavor to be ready. But I would know—"

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

At that instant, another broad sheet of lightning quivered like flame, for a moment, about their path, and Louis beheld the person whom he addressed—a man of middling size, with bushy dark hair, a wild, uncombed beard, and a heavy moustache; wearing a rough jacket, and a broad sash with long ends, within the folds of which were stuck a brace of pistols similar to those which Louis now held in his own hand; while his lower limbs were encased in garments of some black material as far as the knees, where they were met by those strange bandages which are continued thence to the feet, and crossed and bound by thongs of leather, making the dress appear a curious mingling of that of the poorer classes both of French and Italian. His head was uncovered, so that the lightning displayed his features clearly, for the instant that it lasted; there was an earnestness—almost sadness in it, and though the whole appearance, from its neglected and unshorn state, was something wild and rough, yet it was nothing worse, and the count laid his hand on the man's shoulder.

"Good!" he said. "I see—I see now, and I shall not be likely to forget your face in a hurry, my friend. Let me thank you again for your timely assistance."

"Nay—keep your thanks, monsieur,—keep your thanks until the danger be past," returned the man, quietly. "I only hope you may get safely through this, and that I may be at hand when you need warning again. Be wary, now; keep spurs and pistols ready, and use both well. Good-night." And he plunged in once more among the underbrush; while Louis continued his way, with strangely mixed feelings of wonder at what had just occurred, together with some degree of apprehension and curiosity as to the danger which menaced him. He did not remember having seen that countenance before; yet the man had spoken of former service rendered and unforgotten, and how he had managed to become acquainted with the information which he had just imparted, the young count could not imagine. Dismissing, however, these reflections, he turned his attention to the approaching event of which he had been so earnestly and yet vaguely warned; listening, as well as he was able (which, to say truth, was very little, while the thunder muttered more deeply and his horse's feet crunched the pathway), for any sound which might indicate the approach of an enemy, and keeping a keen glance about him whenever, as he rode, the lightning played about his way, so that he might not be taken unawares.

Still he kept on, and nothing in the shape of danger appeared, and for, perhaps, the space of fifteen minutes, he was kept in suspense. But, suddenly, a branch above his head was bent and cracked sharply, and while Roland, affrighted, reared violently, and almost unseated his rider, the lightning flashed again, and the figure of a man—not the first one Louis had seen—swung lightly down from the branch to the pathway. A strong hand seized Roland's bridle; a rough voice uttered "Stand!" a pistol was pointed at the count's head.

"What do you require?" asked Louis, briefly and sternly.

"Whatever money you carry about you. Give it to me, and be quick about it!" said the voice.

"You are mistaken, my man," uttered Louis, quietly, while one blow from his slight but powerful arm struck aside the uplifted weapon, and a second stretched the ruffian senseless among the bushes by the path. With a terrified snort, as the count gave him the spur, Roland galloped forward. The path seemed clear, as it lay before him, illuminated every moment by the frequent flashes of lightning, and the count pressed on, trusting that he had vanquished his only foe, for no other appeared; but he had scarcely been borne a dozen rods along before two more men sprang out into the way.

Roland, scared by their sudden appearance, shrank and reared again, despite his master's efforts to urge him past; and while one of the villains seized bridle, and brought the beast to his feet again, the other leaped upon the young count, and, with a powerful grasp, almost drew him from the saddle, at the same time firing a pistol close to his ear. By miracle or chance, the aim missed. Louis jerked his arm from the grasp of his assailant, and struck at him with the butt of a heavy riding-whip; but it was caught and wrenched from him. Laying hold, then, as a final resource, on one of his pistols, he fired at the fellow, who dropped, with a smothered curse, to the earth; while his companion, who had been holding the bit of the rearing, trembling steed, let go, and sprang, in his turn, upon the count; but Louis, with a heavy blow from the discharged pistol, felled him also to the ground, to keep company with his companion. Then, giving Roland the rein again, he galloped on. A volley of shot was fired after him; but he was unhurt, though two or three whistled past his ears, and still he pressed forward, with murmured thanks for this second deliverance, even while he momentarily expected new foes to dart up in his path.

But on—on, with good speed, went Roland, and Louis patted his neck, with cheering words that the beast seemed to understand. On—on, still, and not an enemy followed, or fresh ones appeared. Louis breathed more freely.

"Good steed—good Roland!" he said, cheerily. "You and I have escaped—haven't we, noble fellow? That was a close attack, though. We must look out for the next one."

But either he had met all who lay in wait for him, or the rest, if there were any more, were daunted by his bravery; for still he rode on, and no one farther appeared to molest him. Gradually the wood became less dense; the path grew wider, and less clearly defined, as the scattered timber stood farther apart, and straggled away in scanty growth till the wood was passed, and Louis emerged upon a wild, brier-stocked field.

It was evident that the number of his assailants had been exhausted, for still he was neither met nor followed; therefore, he slackened his horse's speed to give him breathing space, and also to consider, on his own part, which direction he must take; for he had never followed this road before, and the field or common upon which he found himself might take him in any direction other than the one desired. Upon deliberation, he resolved to go straight onward from the wood path, and he struck across the field, his way still illumined by the electric flashes that played ever and

auon over the black sky. And now the looked-for road came in sight, as he reached the opposite side of the field, and guiding Roland to it, he set him at a quick pace again, to reach bis uncle's chateau before the rain commenced.

But the idea had scarce been acted upon before the drops began to fall, and Roland broke into a gallop again.

"Well, this is pleasant, certainly!" laughed Louis d'Artois, to himself; "attacked by brigands first, and next overtaken by a smart shower! I am fortunate to-night. Fine sport, this!" as the great drops came pelting down. "I wonder how those fellows in the wood feel under this? Poor devils! I would bave spared them the shot I administered if I could have hoped for safety without it; but one must do disagreeable things sometimes, even to the shooting of a robber. They will learn better, next time, than to venture out on an expedition with less than half a dozen strong. But now, Roland," he continued, speaking to his beast, "you and I must seek for shelter. We are a good distance from the chateau yet, if I guess rightly, aud there is no use in getting a wet skin if we can avoid it."

Luckily, he had a cloak in a kind of capacious knapsack at his saddle, and getting this out, he threw it over bis shoulders to protect him, in some sort, from the rain. He judged, by this time, that he had little more than half a league to ride; but nearer shelter was necessary. The rain was falling faster and more violently, when suddenly a light gleamed out upon the blackness around it, at some distance ahead, and remembering that a small cottage, inhabited, when he was in this district last, if he remembered right, by some quiet peasants of tbe neighborhood, stood somewhere near bis present position, he concluded that this must be it. Putting the spurs to his beast again, therefore, he pressed on, and in a few moments reached its friendly shelter, just as the rain came pouring down in absolute torrents.

Fastening Roland in an old shed that adjoined this cottage at one end, and where, from the single stall, and the manger half filled with oats, it was evident that the master of the cottage, whoever he might be, was wont to keep his beast, our hero paused a moment, until a brief lull in the storm took place, when he passed round to the front of the house, aud knocked on tho door with the handle of his whip. Almost instantly he heard an inner door open, and then some hand was busied with the fastenings of the one at which ho stood, which seemed to be well protected, for he heard bolts loosened and a bar let down. Tho next moment it was opened wide, and before him, shading her eyes with her hand, with her pretty and *petite* figure clearly defined against the glowing background of a well lighted apartment beyond, stood a young girl, evidently not more than sixteen years of age. There was an earnest smile on her face, and a warm welcome for some one, evidently, upon her lips; but the beautiful features changed their sweet, expectant look to one of startled surprise, and the greeting died away unuttered, as the light from the apartment behind shone upon the strange face of our young hero.

"Your pardon, mademoiselle," said Louis; "but the storm bas overtaken me, as I was journeying this way, and I am forced to ask for shelter here a little while until its present violence abates."

The young girl stepped back, saying, with gentle and graceful courtesy as she did so:

"Will monsieur be pleased to enter? He is very welcome."

And closing the door again as he came in, she conducted him into the apartment already mentioned, which was a large and comfortable one, and exceedingly neat-looking withal. There was no person except themselves there, and entering suddenly, as he had, from the darkness without into this pleasant, cheerful place, led by so fair a guide, it seemed to Lonis really very much like enchantment. And certainly the contrast between this scene and tbe perilous one in which he had but just taken no very enviable part, seemed to heighten the illusion.

In the centre of this apartment stood an oaken table, with lights, and, as it appeared, a supper, spread for some one who had not yet made his appearance, consisting of milk, some dried fruits, meat, and a small, shallow kind of hasket containing a *serviette*, or napkin, of snowy though coarse linen, filled with bread.

Near this table she placed a seat, and requested Lonis to partake of the refreshments prepared, making, at the same time, some simple yet graceful apology for their plainness. But Louis, though he had not tasted food since morning, found himself utterly without inclination to eat, from the excitement of the past hour, and also, perhaps (as he himself could not help entertaining a kind of amused consciousness), because it was truly refreshment sufficient in coming from the dreary gloom without to look upon so fair a picture as his young hostess presented.

At all events, he declared himself too weary to eat; but finding that this was evidently the case, she brought a small flask of wine from a cupboard, and pouring out a cupfull, offered it to him.

"Pray, take it," she said, half shyly, yet with earnestness. "Monsieur has been out in the storm."

Who could have refused it, tendered, as it was, by that fair, small, prettily-shaped hand, and with the bashful glance of those sweet eyes resting upon his face? At least, not Louis, and he quaffed the offered draught, thinking it, silently, the rarest wine that had ever passed his lips.

A sharp gust of wind and rain beat against the casement, and he saw her look involuntarily in that direction with a half sigh and an air of apprehension—solicitude.

"Perhaps mademoiselle has friends who are exposed to this storm?" he suggested.

"Yes, monsienr, my father, who has been absent all day. He should have returned much earlier than this, but, doubtless, he will come home soon. He went to the market this morning. I am sorry he is not here to welcome you."

"He must have a lonely road home," said Louis. "In what direction does it lie?"

"Through the forest," answered tbe young girl. "Yes—it is lonely, but he has traversed it many times, and always without harm, and I trust it will be the same to-nigbt. They say that the way is haunted by robbers; but my father is a poor man, as all the people in the neighborhood know, and so, I suppose, that must be the reason why he always goes and comes safely."

Louis thought of his own adventure, as she said this, and half sighed.

"Yes," he rejoined; "the poor need have no fear; it is only the rich who must shrink from robbers."

A little silence ensued, when his fair hostess drew a spinning-wheel towards her, and, sitting down by the hearth, began to work quietly but industriously, now and then looking up from her employment to respond to some observation of her guest; while Lonis, on his part, studied at leisure her sweet and somewbat thoughtful countenauce, followed, with pleased interest, the glancing motion of those snowy little hands, and wondered to himself how a graceful blossom like this could ever have sprung up and flourished in a peasant's home. She bad spoken of her father. "I should like to know," thought Louis, "if this little household fairy has any kith or kin beside. I suppose I must make bold to ask her."

And following up this intention, he said, aloud, with a smile:

"Mademoiselle, you work very rapidly and well. I dare say you can perform all the labor of the place, and spare your mother's hands a great deal of toil, that is, if—"

"I have no mother, monsieur," she said, in a quiet and rather sad tone, giving the very information Louis required,—"I have no mother."

"Indeed! But you have sisters—brothers, mademoiselle?"

"Neither, monsieur. I am the only child my father has."

"Poor child!" And the compassion he felt betrayed itself in his kindly and sympathizing tones. "Poor child; you have no mother! But you remember her—you remember how good she was to you. You bring back the memory of her face, sometimes. It is pleasant, I know, to do so; for I, too, have known a mother's loss."

"I can but just remember her, monsieur," returned the young girl; "it is so long since sbe died: nearly twelve years, when I was but four years old. But I have ber portrait." And, going to a small box, on the opposite side of the room, sbe brought thence a small but cleverly executed picture, which she handed to him, saying: "It was done by my father, who can do such things well."

Louis was surprised at the marks of rough yet decided genius displayed in the drawing, which lent beauty to an otherwise uninteresting object. The portrait was that of a peasant woman—a plain and quiet-looking person, with certainly neither the slightest beauty nor grace to make her a promising subject for an inspired pencil; nor yet was tbere anything picturesque in her appearance. It was a drawing, well though rudely done, and nothing more. But he could not help recollecting that a husband's hand had done it, "and, doubtless, sbe was beautiful to him," he said, mentally.

And so this was the mother of the beautiful and graceful young girl before him? He compared the features silently.

"Certainly the mother aud child have nothing of each other's appearance, in air, expression, or feature," he soliloquized. "What a difference between them! Nothing could be more striking. My little hostess must resemble her father. I should like to see him."

He sat for several moments, regarding the picture in silence, and the delicate and thoughtful countenance of the young girl contrasting so strikingly with tbose plain and ever coarse features in the portrait, filled him with emotions of pleasure and astonishment as he raised his eyes again.

She received the picture from him, restored it to its ease, and returned to her seat. Going quietly on with her work, she seemed reflecting rather sadly for a moment. Then she roused herself.

"Monsieur has come a long way to-day,—has he not?"

"O, I have been journeying not only for one day, but two or three. I came from Lyons. It was a mere fancy on my part," he said, carelessly, "to enjoy the scenery of the country, that I chose to come on horseback, and I have taken the way leisurely." He said notbing of the dangers he bad encountered, thinking that, perhaps, it might alarm her for her father's safety.

"You came on horseback?" she said; "then your horse must be hungry as well as weary. If he is out here, I will—"

"No—no," said Louis, anticipating her design; "he will do very well. He found some oats in the shed, which, doubtless, he will make use of; and he has not far to go. He would be thankful for only a shelter, without anything more."

He persuaded her to resume her seat, and then he busied himself again with following the motions of her graceful hands as they pursued their labor, and found himself becoming every moment more enchanted with the air of native elegance and delicacy that blended with the simplicity itself of this charming young peasant girl.

And still the rain and wind beat furiously about the little cottage, increasing the sense of comfort within, and blending its sound curiously with his reflections, as he sat there by the hearth, opposite to her, and thinking how exquisitely pretty she was, and wondering what her father was like, envying him, at one moment, for being the father of so lovely a child, and the next, thinking that, much as they might love each other, he was very glad that he was not her father. While she, working busily, kept her little wheel whirring, whirring—and now and then slightly turning her fair head with an intent look, as if listening for the footstep that did not come, or lifting her beautiful eyes to her guest's face as he spoke to her, and auswering him in those quiet, pleasant tones that Louis could not help thinking the sweetest in the world, until the wind died away and the rain ceased, and Louis could not but say, as he looked out from the casement upon the narrow road that wound across the fields, and among the distant hills, to his uncle's chateau, that it was time for him to depart.

"Have you far to go, monsieur?" she asked, putting aside her wheel and rising.

"Across the hills yonder; half a league, perhaps," Lonis answered; "as far as the Chateau de Moutauban. You know the old chateau?"

"Mais-oui—yes, indeed!" she replied, with a pretty smile, and a slight blusb. "I go there every day to carry flowers to Mademoiselle Helen. And I think you are—" she hesitated, and blushed more deeply, while her glance wavered and fell before that of Louis. The poor child was ashamed of having half guessed who he was.

She had never seen him before, but she had very often heard, among the villagers, of the handsome young nephew of the marquis, and a sudden thought flashed across her mind that this must be he.

He smiled.

"I am Louis d'Artois, the cousin of Mademoiselle Helen," ho supplied. "And now, may I not know to whom I am indebted for the hospitabty I have received, that I may, at least, return thanks for it?"

"I only gave monsieur shelter from the dreadful storm," she replied, simply, "which was but humanity, and it was that which monsieur had the right to demand."

"But your name, my child?" he urged, gently, smiling at her earnestness.

"Ah—yes; I had forgotten;" and, bethinking herself of his question, she blushed again, because she had not heeded it. "My name is Rose Lamonte, monsienr."

"Indeed!" ho said, kindly. "I have heard my cousin speak of you, then, as well as her father. You and I are not quite strangers after all, Rose. I am much obliged to you for your kindness to me to-night. I shall not soon forget it."

He opened the door as he spoke, and looked out. The sky was clearing, and the rain had quite ceased. The moon shone brightly, though, at every other instant, her face was veiled by tho broken, floating vapors.

"Monsieur," said Rose, thoughtfully, "you have a long and lonely way before you. I wish my father were here to accompany you, or that—"

"O, never mind, Rose,—never mind; my good beast, which I have fastened hereabouts, will take me thither safely in half an hour. But I thank you, and now good-night."

"Good-night, monsieur," she returned, quietly.

The moon shone one moment full upon the gentle face and pretty figure of his cottage hostess, as he took one last glance, and then he had closed the door.

Going to the place where he had fastened his horse, he found him standing there quietly munching the oats which he had found. He had made free, too, with some water which was in an old wooden trough close by, and which Louis had not noticed, so that now he was pretty well refreshed, and evidently in a very contented state of feeling.

"Well, Roland, you have done better than I feared you would before the end of our journey," said Louis, addressing him, gaily; "and your master, too, is in good condition, so we will even take our way onward. But first, my good fellow, although I could not have had the face to offer it to our pretty little hostess as to the landlady of a common inn, yet I have not the conscience to impose both myself and my horse on the charity of these kind people, without making some tangible though faint acknowledgement of their goodness; so I will, at least, pay for your supper, Roland." And he placed a piece of gold where the oats had been. Then springing to the saddle, he took the road to the chateau, and rode rapidly along in the open moonlight. The landscape was peaceful and, withal, beautiful, as he glanced over it; field, wood and hill lay calm and quiet all around. The air was still, and the silvery beams of the moon shone fair upon the scene, whilo somo light cloud, at intervals, crossed her sweet face, and reflected a passing shadow upon the quiet earth below. How different this scene from that of two hours before! Louis could bardly realize the violent contest he had had, as he rode along in the silence now.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHATEAU.

It was, perhaps, at the distance of half a league from the cottage of Hugh Lamonte that the Chateau Montauban stood. It was situated on a rocky and abrupt eminence, overlooking the valley below, where a small village, so small, indeed, that, from one of the turrets of the old gray chateau, it looked more like the miniature group of dolls' houses which children play with than the ordinary habitations of ordinary men, while the stream that wound its way along at the foot of the hills was nothing more than a mere thread of silver.

Thick woods surrounded the chateau, keeping the grounds forever in the depths of a gloomy shadow; and from among them the gray walls of the old pile arose, dark, stern and grand, the fitting home of pride, the proud remains of feudal greatness.

On the night of the attack on Count Louis, there were two persons seated in the library of this chateau: the one a lady, with beautiful and somewhat striking features, a tall and graceful figure, and a bearing at once haughty and captivating. You might form a nearly correct opinion of her, even as she sits there

in repose; for Mademoiselle Montauban carries the traits of her disposition on every feature—even in her very attitude. She cannot divest herself of it, if she would, which, in truth, she has no great desire to do.

Mademoiselle Montauban is a person of strong feelings, of deep energy, of quick yet firm resolves, and decided action. She is pleasing to all; yet with the very grace and noble beauty which captivates one, there is an air—an expression of veiled haughtiness, of lofty pride, of insinuating command. She will speak gracefully and calmly; her magnificent countenance is serene as an evening sky; and yet, when she makes the slightest suggestion—expresses the slightest opinion or desire in this her natural manner, not a soul who knows Mademoiselle Montauban would dream of such an audacious thing as contradicting her. All the world admires mademoiselle, but few love her.

Her father, monsieur le marquis, on the other hand, is an extremely affable, polite and agreeable gentleman. He is kind-hearted and pleasant. He makes many friends and few enemies. Some he may have, but they cannot dislike him long, or with satisfaction to themselves. He is universally kind and good to the peasantry around the country, and there are no poor people who do not have cause to thank him for many an act of generosity. He is the very opposite of his daughter, Mademoiselle Helen; but she is like her mother, who was an Italian by birth, and the first wife of the marquis. He has been married twice: to a beautiful Frenchwoman, after the death of La Marquise Giudette, and this wife died also. He mourned her loss long and sincerely; for they say he loved her even better than he loved Giudette, who was very violent and passionate. There was one child—a lovely, sunny-haired child, with features like her fair mother's, and eyes like fresh violets, by this second marriage. But he has only Helen to comfort his approaching old age now; and there is a large portrait in the saloon—the portrait of a smiling infant, painted nearly sixteen years ago, which he looks at and sighs.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The father and daughter, then, on this evening, sat in the library; he by a large table in the centre of the apartment, reading, as was his custom in the evenings; she had drawn her seat forward near one of the deep windows overlooking the valley, and the road by which Louis was expected to come. Both were awaiting his arrival, but it was with far different degrees of feeling. The marquis, indeed, looked forward with pleasure to the meeting with his nephew, whom he had not received at the chateau for some years,—indeed, since the latter was a mere boy, although they had met in other places during the interval; but yet his anticipation was moderated by calmness, for he no longer possessed the hurry and impatience of youth.

With Helen Montauban it was not thus. Deeper feelings than were warranted by that calm and haughty exterior were busy in her heart. One would have said, as she sat there, that she was awaiting the acquaintance of a day, that she was about to meet one who might be, perhaps, a mere friend,—nothing more. But look closer; observe those fair, slender fingers clasp the handle of the jewelled fan with which she is toying; see the nervous motion of that tiny foot, all but concealed beneath the heavy folds of her rich robe; watch those dark, proud eyes, and the anxious expression that is gathering under their magnificent curved lashes, as the sunset light dies away from the hills, and the gray twilight comes, with an unusual gloom, over the valley; as the mountain-piled clouds, with the red light yet fringing their lurid, jagged edges, slowly mount, and spread, and grow yet darker, until their aspect is really terrific. And Louis d'Artois yet delays.

"Father," and her voice is calm and silvery as usual, despite the beating of her heart, that throbs more violently every moment,—"father, it is already quite late. My cousin, Monsieur Louis, must surely remember that he may possibly expose himself to some danger by traversing the lonely roads in this neighborhood by night."

The marquis closed his book, rose from his seat, and approached the window.

"Yes; you are right—you are right, Helen," he returned; "but I hardly think he will be so rash as to undertake to reach the chateau to-night with that terrible storm gathering. As to the danger from brigands, however, I do not fear; for, without doubt, he will have his valet with him, and he will have also his weapons. And you must consider, Helen, that our young relative has both strength of limb and skill in arms, that might well warrant him in setting at defiance a goodly number of besiegers."

"Yes—I know, father. And there are none more brave than Louis." A proud smile shone in her splendid eyes as she spoke, and then she sank back in her seat again, and toyed with her fan, as before; while the marquis placed himself by her side, and also watched for some sign of his nephew.

But the night deepened, and still Louis did not come, while the storm, which had been threatening, ere long broke over the chateau, and raged with terrible fury.

"I do not think we shall see him to-night, Helen," said her father, as the old clock in the hall sounded on eleven; "and it grows late, my child. Perhaps you had better retire."

And Helen Montauban would not betray her anxiety and restlessness, even to her father; so she obeyed his suggestion shortly. She did not seek her couch, however, but, after having dismissed her maid for the night, she wrapped a rich shawl carelessly about her stately figure, and cast herself upon a pile of cushions beneath a window which commanded a view of the valley beneath, and, the light within being shaded, drew the curtain from the casement, and leaned forward upon the sill, with her anxious glance piercing the gloom for some glimpse of the yet expected guest.

Moment after moment passed, and the clouds began to break, and the rain gradually ceased, while the faint, uncertain light of the rising moon silvered at intervals, as the vapors passed away from her face, the winding road, and the silent valley, and the grand old woods around the chateau. Helen could see that her father had not yet retired, for the light from the western windows of the saloon still shone out upon the terrace beyond.

Still the moments crept on, and the hour of midnight sounded sternly on the now silent air. Her heart beat violently; she trembled. "He said he should come," she murmured; "why, then, this delay? for Louis never yet broke his word. He may have been murdered!" and she buried her face in her trembling hands.

For a moment's space—no more—she yielded to this unusual evidence of emotion. Then putting back from her pale and queenly brow the glossy tresses that flowed in dark and magnificent luxuriance about her reclining figure, in its gleaming drapery of crimson, she bent forward again, and watched.

One would scarcely believe that this proud, calm, self-possessed, imperial-looking woman, who seemed to those about her to possess neither impetuousness of disposition nor enthusiasm of temperament; who never betrayed, even in the slightest degree, that she owned those affections with which every heart is naturally endowed; whose greatest evidence of feeling, in happiness, in sorrow, or in sympathy with others, never exceeded a calm, unimpassioned, quiet expression of word or look, which led many to think her utterly and altogether heartless,—one would scarcely think, I repeat, that she could thus evince the deepest and most intense feeling of which the human mind is capable. Yet beneath that calm exterior, the dormant passions and emotions of her proud nature lay concealed—not dead, as the volcano may slumber on,



COUNT MONTAUBAN AND HELEN AWAITING LOUIS.

apparently lifeless and silent within, but still the fires are there, and they must break forth at some time.

And her mother had been an *Italienne*, too. How, then, could Helen Montauban, the only child she ever bore, fail to inherit her deep feelings—her strong passions? She did inherit them, to the full; and with them, she possessed nothing of that arch and playful lightness of manner, the characteristic of the French people, her father's nation. It was rather the cold, phlegmatic indifference of the English which marked her demeanor, only, perhaps, in a greater degree.

As a child, she had been more demonstrative, and yet not in a very agreeable way, either; for she had been self-willed, and violent when opposed; but that would have been natural in any child in her circumstances, for her own mother died when she was a mere baby, and her step-mother died also, some four years after her marriage with the marquis; while the sudden loss of the lovely child which she left had made Helen her father's sole remaining family tie, so that she had naturally been indulged and petted to a degree which would have spoiled any child.

All evidences of this eruptive disposition, however, had passed away as she grew into girlhood, leaving her, as she advanced still farther, the calm, stately and unimpassioned woman which we find her at the opening of our story.

She loved her father: it would have been unnatural in her had she not done so; but hers was a heart whose deepest affections were never to be lavished on many, and as he, unfortunately, was of rather a quiet, undemonstrative disposition, and contented himself with being kind to his child without making any decided show of affection for her, so she shut her nature within a four-walled prison of reserve, and paid him the honor, the duty and deference of an only child, while giving him only a tithe of the affection which she might have done. She loved him, but yet it was with a love that was almost indifference.

Louis had been her playmate, for weeks together, in childhood, when she had been permitted to visit his family in Lyons, and she had never been so happy as during those periods. They were the crown and glory of her sleeping and waking dreams. She was never so happy when she returned to the old, lonely chateau, as in recounting to her good *bonne* the wonderful stories of those happy times, and anticipating her next visit. He was a fine, handsome, graceful and independent boy, and she thought there could be nobody in the world like her cousin Louis. His firm, proud, gallant bearing and manly spirit, his noble intellect and his fine, thoughtful countenance, with the innocent enthusiasm of his boyish years, had always exalted him in her esteem. She had learned to look upon him with the deepest reverence of her nature, and to almost adore in him, finally, those qualities of heart and mind which, she observed with disdain, few others possessed.

So it had been with the maiden as with the child, and, advancing to womanhood, the opinions and prejudices of her infant years were only strengthened and sustained by continued reflection on the character of Louis.

He had never visited the chateau more than twice, and those visits had been white stones in her life. She had remembered and recalled them constantly in the secluded and dreamy life she led there, and now was it a matter of wonder that, after the passage of months without having seen him, she should look forward with such eager emotions to his coming? Yet, even when alone, in the solitude of her own apartment, she did not entirely lay aside, even in the intense interest of watching for him, that air of stately pride, that guarded calmness of demeanor which characterized her in society. She knelt there by the casement, it is true, waiting still, even till midnight; but a thousand fearful emotions struggled in her breast, of which she gave no outward sign, or, at the most, but a faint one.

Kneeling yet, when the hour of midnight had sounded, and fixing the unwearying, slumberless gaze of those proud and beautiful eyes upon the road in the valley, while the silver-edged clouds sailed slowly across the face of the fair, silent moon, and passed away, one by one, and the night grew clear, and lovely, and peaceful.

Then a dark form seemed to catch her eye, moving along rapidly through the path in the valley, coming nearer and nearer, while the clouds, passing still across the moon, veiled it ever and anon in shadow. Drawing nearer, till the soft silver radiance of the night shone full upon both horse and rider, and then there was only a slight start—a quick, convulsive clasp of the fair hand that rested on the cold stone sill—a faint yet eager smile hovering about her beautiful lips, and flashing in those splendid eyes, as, softly murmuring "It is he!" she rose from the cushions on which she had knelt so long, and closed the casement.

* * * *

"My dear uncle!" cried Louis, warmly embracing the good marquis, as they met in the saloon, on the morning following the storm, "I cannot express half the pleasure it gives me to meet you. To one who has been wandering hither and thither, anywhere and everywhere, for the last two months, it seems like coming home once more to see your face."

The marquis smiled at his nephew's warmth.

"My dear boy, I also am delighted to see you. Let me welcome you to my old eyrie a thousand times. But sit down—sit down, Louis; I must take a leisurely look at you. Why, you have grown a full inch since we met last, and all the handsomer, too, for your wanderings! How do you like that, young man?" he added, good-humoredly.

"O, uncle, I appreciate your flattery, believe me," laughed his nephew; "I confess I had rather have it from you than any other, almost. But, now, how have things been going on here since I saw you? and how is my fair cousin?"

"For the first," answered the marquis, "I can give a very satisfactory reply. My affairs are in a state of prosperity, and except, possibly, that Helen and I are a little lonely at times for want of company, which we seldom have more than two or three times in the year, we do very well. I need scarcely say that I am sure we shall be all the happier for your presence. For your other question, Helen herself must be applied to when you see her this morning. She was in excellent health yesterday, at all events, and we watched together a long time, last night, by the library window, for your appearance. And now tell me, my dear Louis, something more concerning that adventure of yours in the forest; for your sketch of it last night was somewhat hasty. You were never too much given to talking of yourself. I hate an egotist as heartily as you can; but I desire to hear something relative to your journey and your general welfare; so let me hear it before our coffee is ready."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on like Samson, and "tells neither father nor mother of it."—*Lavater.*

ARCTIC SCENES.

The natural phenomena presented by the very high latitudes to which our gallant navigators have penetrated, are some of them of the most brilliant description, and the sight of them, to the enthusiastic lover of nature, almost compensates for the cruel severities of the climate, and the hardships to which he is necessarily subjected. The larger of the engravings on this page represents a display of the Aurora Borealis, or the northern light, often witnessed in our own latitude; but the full effect of which is only exhibited in the extreme north. The long night of the arctic region is not all darkness, for

"Red and bright
The streamers light
Are dancing in the glowing north."

Our illustration is strikingly picturesque—tremendous ice peaks rising on every hand, reflecting the wierd light of the heavens; the still bay, with its deadly cold water; the plunging whale; the hideous walrusses; the ships lying quietly at anchor, and over all the fantastic lights of the aurora, and the twinkling stars make up a scene of rare beauty. Captains Parry and Lyon, during their Arctic voyages, were much impressed by the splendors of the northern aurora. The light had a tendency to form an irregular arch, which, in calm weather was very distinct, but whenever the air became agitated, showers of rays spread in every direction with the rapidity of lightning. Sometimes long streaks of light spread out with inconceivable swiftness, but always appearing to move as from a fixed point, somewhat like a ribband held in the hand and shaken with an undulatory motion. The untutored Indian views these lights as the "spirits of his fathers roaming through the land of souls." Our first engraving represents the breaking of the ice in the spread, which is accompanied by terrific convulsion, and the utmost danger to vessels exposed to it. The good ship in the picture is hove high out of the water by the masses of ice, while in the foreground a party of sailors are engaged in saving some of their shipmates who have been swamped in a boat. The crashing and grinding of the masses of ice is described by those who have heard it, as resembling the sound of an irregular cannonade, or the crashing of heaven's artillery. So wonderful are the natural phenomena of the Arctic regions that many have doubtless, volunteered on the various Arctic expeditions, solely to study and admire them.



BREAKING UP OF THE ICE.



AURORA BOREALIS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HOPE EVER.

BY WM. AUGUSTUS CROFFUT.

There's a silver lining to every cloud.—Mrs Hemans

When love's fondest token
Shall perish unblest,
When kind words are spoken,
But spoken in jest;
When smiles are the fewest,
And pleasures seem past,
And friends you thought truest,
Are fickle at last:
Consider! Love's beacon may gladden your sight;
Remember! Each cloud has a lining of light!

As the song of the thrush
To the dungeon is borne,
As the sun-glances blush
On the cheek of the morn,
So let's love our friends
Through fortune and fall,
Yes—"in spite of their follies,"
Yes—follies and all!
Be gentle; 'twill beckon the erring ones right;
Be hopeful! Each cloud has a lining of light!

What if some stars of morning
Do fall from on high?
Millions yet are adorning
The brow of the sky;
E'en the fallen are brought
To the sea's crystal caves,
And their sweet smiles are caught
In a mirror of waves!
Fear never! Some star will illumine your night;
Hope ever! Each cloud has a lining of light!

As the coral reefs, drifting
Where waters flash bright,
Keep lifting, and lifting,
Their gems to the light,
So love, truth, devotion,
And sweet coral smiles,
On the crest of life's ocean
Keep building their isles!
Look forward! A promising future is bright;
Look starward! Each cloud has a lining of light!

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MOORISH DOCTOR'S PARCHMENT.

BY GRACE LEE.

At the time when our story commences, the Spanish *posadas*, or inns, were, in fact, only a species of caravanserai, frequented by muleteers, who found there repose for themselves and their beasts of burden. The most comfortable had only, in addition to the kitchen and common hall, a long ware-room divided into a number of apartments dignified by the name of chambers, and arrived at by a ladder.

It was in one of these chambers that Don Jose de Fuez de Alcantra now entered—received doctor at Salamanca, hidalgo in his quality of Asturian, but possessing nothing in the world besides the clothes he wore, a score of *reales*, and a passable opinion of his own merit.

Having reached the age of thirty years, and tried various means in vain, of finding wealth, he had come to Leon, in the hope of being employed by Count Don Alonzo Mendos, who possessed, between Toro and Zamora, a magnificent domain, already visited by our doctor. Unhappily, the first answer to his inquiries informed him of the death of the count, and for a moment he remained overwhelmed with surprise and disappointment caused by the unwelcome news.

"Don Alonzo dead!" repeated he, with stupefaction.

"And buried," replied the host. "Magnificently buried as became a man of his rank."

"But the chateau then, is occupied by his heirs?" asked the doctor.

"The sole heir," replied the host, "is the nephew of the count, and he has ordered Perez Cavallos, notary of Argelles, to put up the domain for sale, which will belong to-morrow, if I am not deceived, to a new proprietor."

Don Jose, in the hope that his prospects were not all blighted, determined to offer his services to the future purchaser, and, after a moment's reflection, announced to the landlord that he should remain at the posada till the following morning. The host approved of this, assuring him that everything should be done for his comfort, and left the worthy don to examine the apartment in which he was to pass the night. The furniture of the room consisted of two rickety stools, a low bedstead with a straw pallet, and a jug of water on a vacillating table. But how great was the surprise of Don Jose to find in the midst of this poverty, a collection of what appeared to be valuable books and papers.

Hastily recalling his host, he inquired as to the owner of these documents, and was informed that they had been left by an old doctor, who had occupied for many months this chamber, engaged in the drying and distilling of plants, and writing. But many indications led him to suppose that the doctor was of Moorish origin, and the last decrees of the king having ordered expressly the expulsion of all the descendants of that race, he was forced to depart suddenly, leaving all his baggage, that is to say, his phials, books and papers.

Left alone, Jose Fuez d' Alcantra could but ruminate over the long series of misfortunes and accidents that had traversed his life. "I have fairly tried everything," said he. "Chance has always overthrown my hopes, and made me the slave of events. O, how happy is he who can always follow his fancy, reign over circumstances and remain king of his life, in place of submitting to every person and to all occasions."

As these reflections caused him to fall into a sombre reverie, he sought to dissipate it by opening one of the books left by the Moorish doctor; it was an exposition of the system of nature, written in Latin. Jose perused a few pages, then chose another volume which treated of occult sciences, and at last a third, relating to a great accomplishment.

The choice of these books indicated clearly that the old Moor was an alchemist, perhaps a necromancer; for at this epoch it was not rare to find men throughout Spain, who had studied the art of *subjecting invisible powers*.

Rendered errions by these first researches, Don Jose passed from the books to the manuscripts. He read several which appeared to contain general instructions for the transmutation of metals, but at last he found, enclosed in a case of lead, a roll of parchment, the first lines of which struck him with astonishment and awe. It contained magical receipts for accomplishing certain prodigies—how to render oneself invisible—to transform oneself at will—and at last he arrived at a paragraph which bore this title: "*How to make your desire become a sovereign law, and accomplished in an instant!*" The young doctor made a bound of joy.

"By the holy cross!" cried he, "if the receipt can be depended upon, what more could mortal have? 'Your desire shall become sovereign law.' Is it not the last point of earth's felicity? But let us see if the conditions will not compromise the soul's future welfare."

He read the receipt indicated in the manuscript, and found nothing contrary to his faith. It was sufficient for acquiring the given promise to pronounce before sleeping a given prayer, and drink the contents of a small phial concealed in the end of the case of lead. Jose searched for the phial, opened it, and found that it contained a few drops of a black, odorous fluid. He hesitated an instant, not that he doubted the truth of the formula; his opinions being those of the times, but he wished to be sure he was not deceived. He read again on the parchment the lines already deciphered, and observed a postscript he had not before noticed. The postscript consisted of these words: "Our weakness is a providential barrier, opposed by God to our folly."

"Good, good!" cried Don Jose, "the old doctor loved, like those of his race, to express occasionally a profound moral sentence. But for the moment I will dispense with his morality, and try his receipt."

At these words he carried the phial to his lips and pronounced the prayer indicated. He had hardly concluded, when his eyes closed and he sank into a deep slumber.

* * * * * * *

Don Jose never knew how long a time he remained in a state of unconsciousness, but when he awoke day had penetrated the apartment. He raised himself with an effort, and remained for some time in that state of half-dreaming which precedes full consciousness. At last his ideas cleared; the sight of the roll of parchment and the empty phial recalled that which had passed; but as he saw nothing changed he believed the receipt of the Moorish doctor to be only a deception.

"Then," said he, sighing, "it was only an illusion; I arise here in the ware-room, with my old pourpoint and empty purse! However, God knows, if in sleeping I have desired, as I do now, to find it filled—"

At this moment his eyes fell upon the chair whereon hung his garments, and he beheld suspended from one of the pockets his leather purse crowded with golden coins.

He raised himself suddenly, hardly believing his eyes, and drew the purse towards him. They were truly pieces of gold! more golden coins than he had ever at a time possessed of *maravedis!* The philter then had produced its effect, he had attained the power of realizing all his desires!

Wishing to make on the moment a second experiment, he desired that the ware-room should be transformed into a sumptuous chamber, and his shabby garments into a costume of rich velvet, lined with satin. This wish was instantly accomplished. Then he demanded a magnificent breakfast, served by little negroes dressed in red. A breakfast covering a table suddenly appeared, served by little negroes, bearing wine and chocolate! He continued thus for some time under many forms to test his new power. At last he felt certain that his desire could at any moment become a *sovereign law*, and he rushed from the posada, almost delirious with joy.

It was then true that this roll of parchment would make him richer than the richest, more powerful than the highest. *He could, all that he would.* Everything was comprised in these words, and as he repeated them he rose, even in his own estimation. What were to him, after this, kings, emperors, even the pope himself? All were restrained by established rules, by the laws of possibility, while for him, his domain had no limit save that of fancy!

He resolved to give the first proof of the moderation of his ambition. In his place another might have desired to be king, with palaces, courtiers, and an army; but Don Jose was an enemy to such grandeurs. He decided that he was content to possess the domain of Don Alonzo Mendos, live there with some millions, the title of count, and the privileges of a Spanish noble, like a sincere and modest philosopher.

He hastened in consequence, without delay, towards the village of Argelles, where the sale of the chateau was to take place. The road which he had taken also conducted to Toro, and was covered with peasants, muleteers and merchants who were repairing there. In advancing, Don Jose looked to the right and left, and made on each little experiments of his power. To a young girl, who hurried forward gay and laughing, he wished a happy interview; to a feeble old merchant he wished a place in a carriage that was passing, and to a poor beggar the sight of a piece of gold lying in his path. All was accomplished in an instant.

Encouraged by his success, Don Jose passed from his office of guardian-angel to that of arch-angel. After having succored, he would render justice. An impertinent soldier he chastised with a puff of wind that sent his hat into the river; and an over-reaching merchant saw his mules dispersed far over the plain. For all this, Don Jose obeyed his first impression, distributing recompense where he chastised, and performing all in his own idea, according to the justice of inspiration!

He soon arrived in sight of the chatean of Mendos, whose magnificent woods bordered the road. Finding the heat of the sun too intense, he took a sheltered path which led directly to the mansion. As he walked on, all seemed like a beautiful summer's day. The hedges were covered with flowers, and the forest re-echoed with the songs of a thousand birds. Don Jose decided how much more profitable the estate might be made if regulated by certain plans of his own. He would drain the prairies, and drew with his pencil on a corner of the parchment, a plan of a forester's hut, which should combine utility with the picturesque. He was content with the vineyards; and recited on the occasion a number of verses from Horace and passages from the Holy Scriptures, which naturally led to the problem, much discussed, whether the first wine fabricated by Noah was white or red.

Still filled with his projects as new proprietor, he was suddenly startled by a sharp and imperious voice which demanded his right to traverse the domain of Mendos. He turned, and perceived a young man whose costume denoted a person of high rank.

Don Jose had taken the time to survey the questioner which he should have employed in answering. The young nobleman repeated his question with an accent of impatience. The doctor of Salamanca smiled with that placid and confident air inspired by power.

"Is it then necessary to obtain permission to visit a domain without a master!" demanded he.

"How know you that there is none?" replied the cavalier.

"I have been informed that Perez, notary of Argelles, has orders to sell the estate to-day."

"Then you visit as purchaser!"

"As purchaser."

"And know you the price required?"

"I expect soon to be informed."

"It is valued at four hundred thousand pieces of gold."

"The domain is worth it."

The nobleman uttered a derisive laugh.

"On my soul! behold an opulent purchaser!" cried he, in a tone of raillery, "and who travels very modestly for his fortune."

"I am in the habit of walking," replied Don Jose, with a princely air.

"It is an excess of humility," answered the young man, "and your lordship would be better accommodated on my saddle."

"Think you so?" demanded Don Jose, struck by a sudden fancy.

"I certainly ought to descend and offer you my seat," continued the cavalier, in a tone of increased irony.

"It is easy to satisfy you," replied the doctor, "I have only to *desire* that you alight upon the ground."

At the same instant the steed reared and threw the young lord on the grass.

"You have frightened my horse!" cried he, rising, and pale with anger.

"I have only aided in accomplishing your intentions," said Don Jose, who had taken the bridle, and was preparing to mount.

The young man advanced toward him with his whip raised.

"Stop! Insolent! or I will strike you to the ground," cried he.

The blood rushed to the face of Don Jose.

"The signor forgets that he speaks to an hidalgo," said he, fiercely, "and that, like himself, I carry a sword."

"Then let us see how well it can serve you," replied the cavalier, who, disengaging his own, advanced toward the doctor.

On any other occasion the latter would have tried some means of conciliation, but the menace of the young stranger had raised his anger, and the certainty that he had nothing to fear for himself gave him unusual courage. He thought also that his adversary needed a lesson, and he *desired* to give him a perceptible wound, to make him reflect on the inconvenience of his deportment. His desire was immediately followed by its effect. The young man let fall his sword and uttered an exclamation of surprise and pain. Don Jose, who was sure of having desired only a slight wound, was not himself troubled; and wishing to complete the lesson and play out his own role, excused gravely to the signor what had happened, remarking that he entertained no ill feeling as to his part, and to prove it, would accept his first offer. In thus speaking he mounted the horse, and took, on a trot, the road to the village.

That which had just passed augmented, if possible, the good opinion which Don Jose entertained of himself. He had mystified and wounded a noble; he was equally contented with his own bravery and spirit. No opposition to his will could now be endured, and a muleteer who had not answered quickly to his call as he passed through the village, he smote to the earth. The instinct of tyranny gathered force in his soul like a rolling wave.

He presented himself before the person charged with the sale of the estate, less to inquire of the terms required, than as a master come to take possession of his estate. Unfortunately the first words of Perez informed him that the chateau was not to be sold.

One may divine the disappointment of the doctor. That do-

main for which he had planned such alterations and improvements to be suddenly snatched from his grasp! He had then left, only, after his bright imaginations and reminiscences of Horace, himself, the man "*whose will could become sovereign law!*" It was impossible! the sole idea of apparent opposition to his foibles fired him with indignation, and it was with proud haughtiness that he demanded of the notary why the estate was not to be sold.

"Because Don Henriquez, the nephew of the count, has decided, for the re-establishment of his fortune, to retain the chateau."

"What!" replied Don Jose, "when he knows of the price I am willing to give?"

"He refuses."

"You are sure?"

"He has said it to me this morning."

"He was then here?"

"He left here not long since for the chateau."

Don Jose instantly comprehended that the young lord was his unknown cavalier, and could not restrain an exclamation. The man of business replied by many compliments of condolence, informing the doctor also, that Don Henriquez wished to retain the estate, to profit by the approaching chase of autumn.

"*Parbleu!*" thought Don Jose, with temper, "I *wish* that the wound was severe enough to spoil his hopes of the chase."

"The grounds please him," continued the notary. "It is an admirable situation."

"I know it," replied the doctor, roughly.

"And the woods, the fields, the gardens—"

"I have seen," interrupted Don Jose, in whom this description only augmented his disappointment.

"You did well," replied Perez; "but that which the signor has not seen is the interior of the chateau, embellished as it was by the late count. He has placed there a gallery of pictures, very magnificent, painted by our best masters."

"Pictures!" repeated Don Jose, "I have always adored pictures, but I prefer statues—"

"And the chateau is filled with them."

"Is it possible!"

"Without speaking of the library—"

"There is then a library?" cried the doctor.

"Of thirty thousand volumes."

Don Jose made a gesture of despair.

"And this splendid treasure will be lost!" replied he; "this arsenal of science will pass into the hands of an ignorant man! for Don Henriquez must be ignorant."

The notary shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, well," said he, lowering his voice, "my lord is a young man of noble family, rich and fond of pleasure."

"I was sure of it," interrupted Don Jose, "he is a bad fellow."

"O, no! there is some good in him. He is only a little wild, and has already had many affairs with other gentlemen."

"That is it. A quarreller! a duellist!" continued the doctor. "I am in doubt no longer!" and lowering his voice, he added, "that this may no longer continue, I *desire* that he may lose the use of his sword arm. It is justice."

"Age will correct his follies, I hope," resumed Perez, "and soften the violence of his temper. Notwithstanding his riches, he is always impoverished, and has already required from the farmers of his uncle the payment of their rents."

"And they have paid them?"

"At a great sacrifice; for the last crops were very poor."

"But this is cruelty!" said Don Jose, sincerely indignant. "What! distress the poor, already suffering, when he has the fortune of a prince, a castle filled with rich pictures, statues and a library of thirty thousand volumes? But a man like this is a veritable scourge! and we cannot but *desire* for the interest of all Spain that such a wretch should cease to—"

He was interrupted by the noise of steps in the hall, and a servant entered hastily and with an air of affright.

"What is it?" demanded the notary.

"A misfortune! a great misfortune!" cried the domestic. "Don Henriquez has again fought."

"Again!"

"And he has been wounded."

"Dangerously?"

"No; but as he would have pursued his adversary, who escaped on his horse, his wound bled afresh, and he fainted on the ground."

"And it was there he was then found?"

"Yes; but a muleteer who was passing the spot with his team, did not see him, and crushed with his wheel his right hand."

"Great heavens!"

"He then raised Don Henriquez and carried him to the castle."

"Then he is safe?"

"Alas! in passing this moment into the court-yard, a stone was detached from the masonry above the gate, and fell, wounding him mortally!"

Don Jose recoiled like a man suddenly struck by lightning. All that had passed had been his own work. He had first desired to disable Don Henriquez with a wound; then he had deprived him of his right hand, and at last desired his death for the interests of all; and three successive accidents had immediately responded to his wishes. Thus after having tortured and maimed a man, he had caused his death. The thought passed through his heart like a dart; he would have repaired his crime if it were possible, but in the same moment the door opened and four servants entered, bearing the bleeding body of the young signor!

Don Jose could not support the sight. A violent shock passed through his system, everything disappeared before his sight—and he turned on his pallet in the ware-room of the posada, and faced the little window on which the rays of the sun were just glistening.

The first sentiment of the doctor of Salamanca was joy at having escaped from this horrible vision. Soon the remembrance of what had passed the night before returned to him, and he comprehended all. The potion taken on the faith of the Moorish doctor, was evidently one of those powerful narcotics which, in exalting our thoughts during slumber, transform into visions the habitual occupations of our minds. All that he had taken for a reality was then only a dream!

Don Jose reflected a long time in silence. Then taking the roll of parchment he again perused it, stopping at the postscript he had disdained before, and reading it more attentively, he bowed his head with humility.

"It is a salutary lesson," said he, "and if I am wise, I shall profit by it. I have believed that one would be happy could he *have what he wished*; without reflecting that the will of man, when it is not curbed, passes from pride to extravagance, from extravagance to tyranny, from tyranny to cruelty! Alas! the Moorish doctor was right: '*Our weakness is a barrier providentially interposed by God to our folly!*'"

The dream proved indeed a blessing to Don Jose, for it made him accept with patience his future humble fortunes, and he died a long time after, second major-domo in the castle where he had hoped, for an instant, to reign as lord.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A GHOST ON SHIPBOARD.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

Several years ago, I occupied the station of chief mate on board the old ship Flavio. We were homeward bound from Canton. The night after we cleared the Straits of Sunda, my watch had the deck from eight until twelve. It was a beautiful starlight night, and the watch, with the exception of myself and the man at the wheel, were forward on the topgallant forecastle, listening to the yarns of an old gray-headed son of Neptune. I was lazily pacing the quarter-deck, when, on looking forward, I saw the whole of the starboard watch come tumbling up out of the forecastle in great haste.

What this could mean, was entirely beyond my comprehension, for it was but little past two bells, and the ship was heading her course with all sail set. I went immediately forward to ascertain the cause of their coming upon deck before eight bells; pausing a moment at the gangway I heard the following remarks:

"Bloody fine doin's this, to call all hands such a pleasant night as this!"

"I wonder what the skipper's thinking of," says another.

"He means to work us up a little for bein' so long bendin' on that new mainsail this morning," said a third.

"What does all this mean, boys?" said I, stepping forward; "what are you on deck before eight bells for?"

They all looked at me in utter astonishment.

"I ax your pardon, sir," said one, "but wasn't we called?"

"Not a bit of it," said I; "you must have been dreaming, for it has only just struck two bells. Go below and turn in, and mind how you dream."

"If all hands warn't called, then my name aint Bob Wilkins," said another of the men.

"Shiver my timbers, if we wasn't," spoke a third, stepping forward, "for I was as wide awake as I am at this blessed minute, and I'm beggared if somebody didn't come to the scuttle and sing out 'All hands ahoy!'"

I now suspected it was a trick played upon them by some one in my watch, but upon questioning my men, they all denied it so earnestly, that I immediately came to the conclusion that some of the off-watch had, in dreaming, imagined he heard the watch called, and rousing up on the instant had awakened the rest. I sent the off-watch below again, and went aft.

Judge of my surprise, when, at seven bells, the starboard watch again came on deck. I was provoked, for I was now fully confident that they had been called by some one in my watch. I went forward again, and found that the most superstitious of the men were impressed with the idea that there was a ghost on board.

The next night I kept a sharp lookout forward; not one of my men went nigh the scuttle, but a little past four bells, however, the starboard watch made their appearance on deck. I was completely taken aback, to use a sea term, for I had been looking forward continually, from the moment I came on deck, and I was certain that not one of my men had been near the scuttle. I went forward, and found the men nearly frightened out of their senses. They all declared that there was no longer any doubt but that there was a ghost aboard, and one of them, who happened to be awake when they were called, said the voice didn't sound like any one of the crew, "but kind o' unearthly like."

I laughed at the idea of a ghost calling the watch, but the man shook his head, and declared he had seen too many ghosts in his day to doubt that there was one on board the Flavio now. This was conclusive evidence, for the man who had spoken had been in nearly every part of the world, and was a great favorite with the crew.

The whole crew were now ready to testify to having heard many mysterious noises since they had shipped in the Flavio. I tried to reason with them, although I must confess that things did begin to look a little mysterious with me. I could not prevail upon them to go below for the remainder of the watch. They all stayed upon deck and told ghost stories till the least flapping of a sail or creaking of a block would cause them to start as if they expected to see a ghost immediately.

In the morning I made the affair known to the captain. He promised to solve the mystery on the following night, provided the watch came on deck before eight bells again. Not much was talked of during the day by the men, but the ghost that called the starboard watch the night before. The oldest of the crew prophesied bad luck to the old ship Flavio. The next night, soon after my watch came on deck, the captain came up, and going to leeward into the shade of the bulwarks, crept forward and went down into the forecastle without being seen by any one of the watch on deck.

His plan was to station himself in the forecastle so that no one could come nigh the scuttle without being seen by him, for he thought, as I had done until convinced to the contrary, that it was one of my men who had caused the disturbance. I stationed myself in the starboard gangway, where I could command a view of everything forward without being seen, and awaited patiently the result of the captain's investigation.

I had been waiting nearly an hour, when the captain made a furious rush upon deck, exclaiming, as his head made its appearance above the scuttle:

"I've got you now, you salt-water rascal! I'll teach you to—"

Here he stopped as suddenly as if he had been struck by lightning, for not a soul was near the scuttle excepting Captain Tim Kenfield, of the ship Flavio. The men were all forward, lounging on the top-gallant forecastle. He immediately inquired of me who had been to the forecastle door. On my informing him that not a soul had been near there, excepting himself, he stopped me short.

"I know better," said he, "some one came to the scuttle of the forecastle, and called the watch, or began to, at least, but I stopped him by springing upon deck. The rascal was too quick for me this time, but he wont escape again."

The captain, thinking it not at all likely that the attempt to call the watch before eight bells would be again made that night, went aft and "turned in," although he announced to me his determination of watching again on the following night. He also declared his intention of immediately adding half an ounce of cold lead to the rations of the first man whom he should detect in alarming the watch before eight bells.

I resolved to solve the mystery that very night, however, if possible, which I did in the following way. As soon as the captain had gone below, I went forward and descended into the forecastle. I satisfied myself that the off-watch were all fast asleep, and then stationed myself as far up on the ladder as I could without having my head seen from deck, and there I awaited the coming of the ghost.

I did not have to wait long, however, before a voice directly over my head cried out, "Starboard watch ahoy! eight bells, bullies! rouse up there!"

The voice sounded so strangely, that I was not a little startled, and if, at any one period of my life more than another, I have come nigh being a believer in the existence of ghosts, I firmly believe it was at that moment; but I sprang immediately on deck. As I did so, I heard a sort of a "whizzing noise," and the next instant I caught a glimpse of something crowding itself between the slats of a hencoop that was lashed by the mainmast. I went immediately to the cabin and procured a lantern, and upon searching the hencoop, I found—not a ghost, but a large parrot sitting quietly on the perch with the hens. The mystery was now fully explained.

While we were stopping at the "Straits," the ship Vancouver put in there for the purpose of trading with the natives. Upon examining the parrot, I at once knew him to be a deserter from that ship. I had seen him on board of her the morning before we sailed, and one of the Vancouver's men had given me a full account of his wonderful powers as an orator. He had been taught to call the watch, and I suppose he considered it to be his duty to do so now that he was in a new ship, although he did not seem to be particular as to the time. As soon as he had alarmed the watch, he would immediately secrete himself in the coop with the hens. It was some time after this before he ventured to make his appearance in the day time, and never would allow himself to be caught, although he was very tame on board the Vancouver.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

DESIGNED FOR EVERY AMERICAN HOME.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is

A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS,

is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for

ONE DOLLAR!

Ballou's Dollar Monthly is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself*

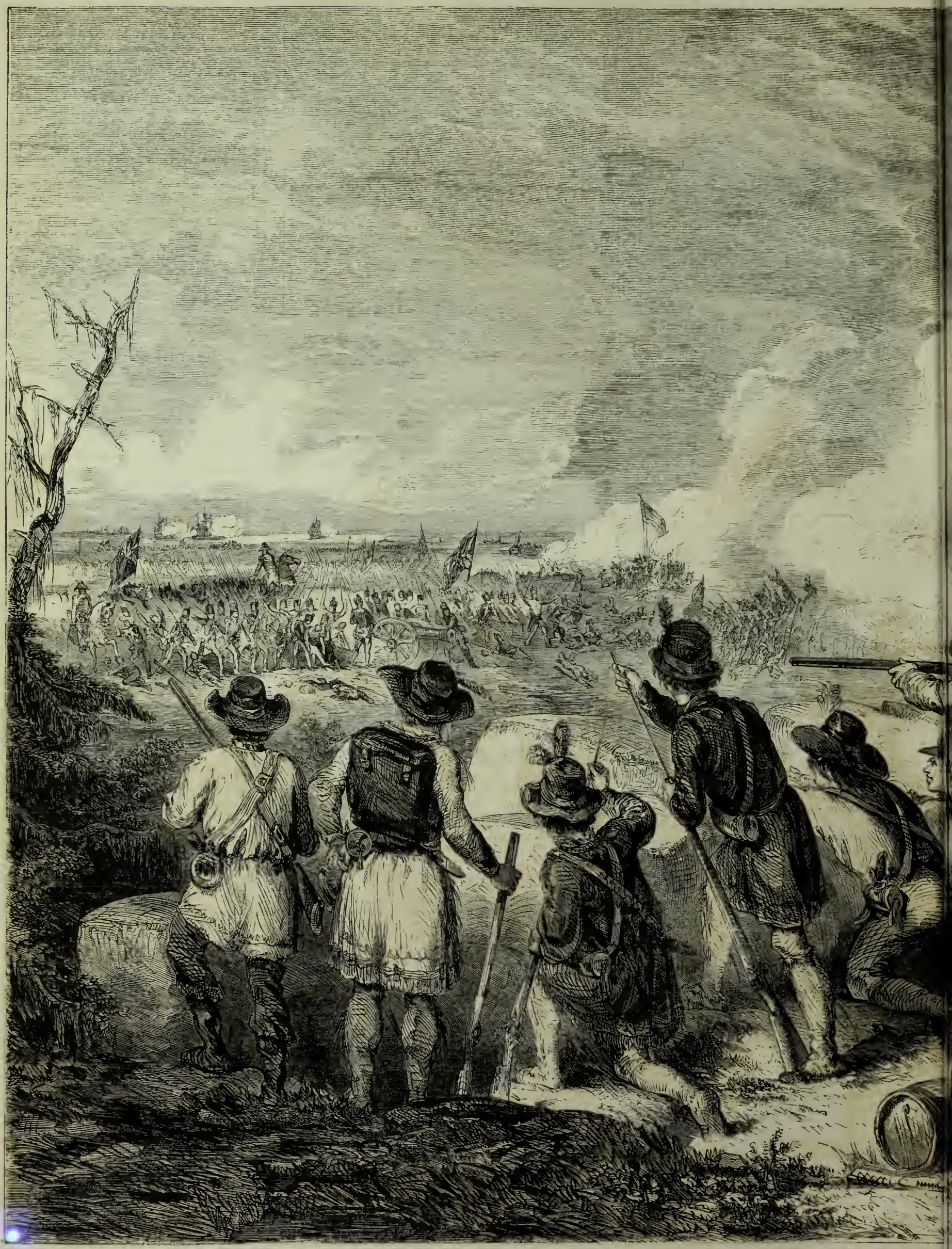
No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or cliquo. *This* work is intended for

THE MILLION,

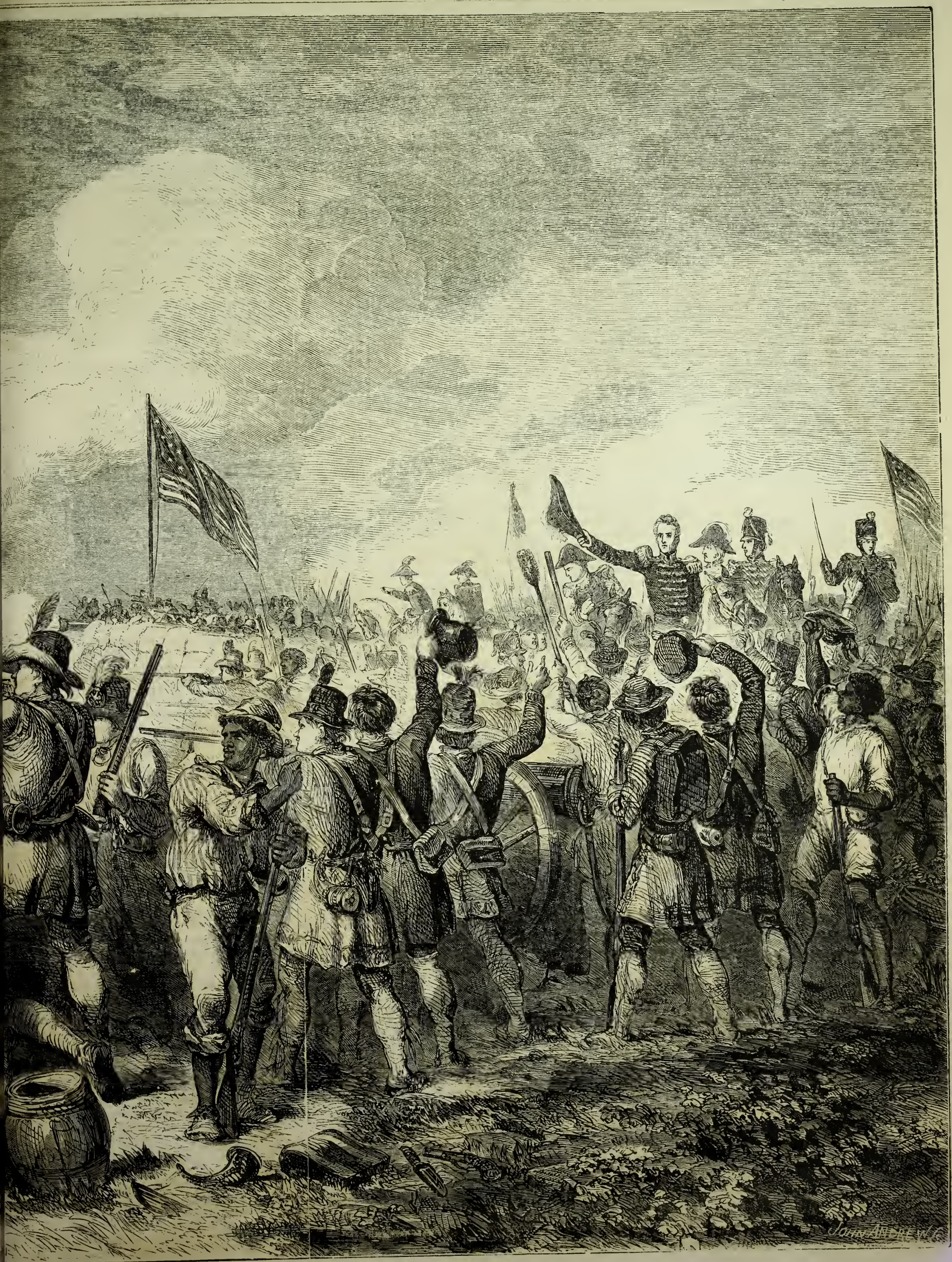
north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis

M M BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.



BATTLE OF



EW ORLEANS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPIRIT THRILL.

BY ESTHER B. STRATTON.

When the finest threads of feeling,
From our earnest hearts,
Rise amid the web that's stealing
With its magic arts,
From all human loves, unsealing
Our divinest thoughts—
Those blest messengers, revealing
Spirit-lessons, taught—

Comes there not a holy thrilling,
Hallowed to the soul,
With the strangest impress stilling
Every weary fold
Of the spirit-wing, life's chilling
Shadows oft, with cold—
With a flood of joy-light filling,
Thoughts unfathomed mould?

Seems it not that this sweet chiming
Breaks awhile earth's chain!
Wakes anew Hope's treasured shining,
Lulls the fevered brain!
So attunes its tender lining,
That earth's every strain
Seems a language, pure, refining,
As from Heaven it came.

Comes it not from starlight's glowing,
As adown the sky
Waves of silvery light come flowing,
Where earth's waters lie?
Glad to greet the billows' wooing
With their lullaby;
Glancing in the mirror, showing
Starry hands on high?

Steals it not with holy cheering,
Where grief's shadows lower,
With its gleam of trust endearing,
Gilding darkness o'er!
Like the rush of glad waves nearing
Neptune's pebbled shore,
Fraught with rapture, blest with bearing
Its enchanted lore.

Comes it not when love is wreathing
A protecting fold,
With his fluttering pinions sheathing
Hearts from evil's cold!
Can we doubt the blest bequeathing
Is of holiest mould!
Seems it not an angel, breathing
Heaven within the soul!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE UNLUCKY MAN.

BY MARY E. ROBINSON.

As unlucky baby, an unlucky boy, it is not a matter of wonder that I am an unlucky man. As it is impossible, courteous reader, for my position to be understood, or my misfortunes sympathized with, unless something of my personal history is known, be patient with me a short time while I sketch a few incidents of my life.

The dark bird of misfortune seemed to hover over my advent into this sphere of existence. I have been credibly informed that I was extremely reluctant to breathe, and manifested a decided unwillingness to cry—significant prestiges of rupture with long established customs. After I was persuaded to respire properly, and had gladdened my mother's heart by a satisfactory fit of crying, the attention of the nurse was attracted to a large crimson spot directly in the middle of my forehead. "How unlucky!" she exclaimed, vainly trying to erase the mark by the aid of wet linen. "How unlucky!" echoed my mother, an hour afterward, as she surveyed her first-born. And "How unlucky!" repeated my father, examining the heir to his name and possessions with paternal curiosity. Had these two words been my baptismal name, they could not have fitted me better.

While yet of a tender age, my misfortunes commenced. The first one of any magnitude, was the snapping of a coal from the grate upon my face, in my attendant's absence; inflicting a burn, the scar of which disfigures my cheek to this day. Then followed in rapid succession most of the ills babydom is heir to; worms, whooping-cough, canker-rash, croup and teething; the last proving such a difficult and painful operation, that if my mother's assertion is entitled to any credit, my lungs were in active service during that lengthened period; which, perhaps, is not so much to be wondered at, when it is recollected that my tender gums were lanced a great many times to facilitate the desirable process.

Yes, I was undoubtedly an unlucky child! I tumbled out of a high bed twice, was three times let fall by a careless girl, and terrified the whole family by overturning a dish of hot soup upon my diminutive person, which had the appearance of a boiled lobster for many days. Then if anybody left a knife or a pair of scissors in my vicinity, I unaccountably got cut; and once in twenty-four hours, on the average, a diabolical pin was found penetrating my smarting back; yet if I cried out lustily, nobody minded me, until some one, wearied with my noise, ascertained the source of my trouble. No other baby got so many slaps, shakings and cross words as I, and perhaps no other baby deserved so many; I shall put forth no claims to infantile goodness or attractiveness.

"Unlucky child! he will never walk," said my mother, for the twentieth time. But when, after much trying and tumbling, and creeping and crying, I emerged triumphantly from the horizontal into the perpendicular, the exclamation went up from the maternal throat—

"Unlucky child! one leg is shorter than the other."

And so it proved.

Anon sounded the note of paternal prophecy:

"Poor boy! he will never talk!"

Yet with my first vocalization, tardy though it was, nobody seemed pleased, and the prophetic voice added:

"Unfortunate child! he stammers!"

And my father was right; I do. Unlucky that I am!

At the age of four I extended my walks to the stable, and fearlessly made friendly overtures to a frolicsome colt; but he met my advances by an unkind kick that broke nothing but my arm, though everybody wondered that it hadn't been my head. This accident, however, did not deter me from falling into a dry well as soon as I was on my legs again, breaking the healed limb in precisely the same place. The bone did not (as a matter of course) knit readily, and the hours of torture it cost me I shall be the last to forget. Animals of all species with whom I essayed to be on familiar terms, turned the cold shoulder. Cows, hitherto orderly and well disposed, chased me out of the field; gentle sheep looked approvingly on while the master of the flock with a few skilful butts, sent me rolling down the hill; hens cackled and fled at my approach; motherly geese waddled to the help of the old gander, who fiercely flapped his broad wings against me upon every convenient occasion; bees always stung me, and musquitoes invariably lighted on me first; dogs barked at me, and cats raised their backs scornfully as I passed. Was I not unlucky?

In due time I was sent to school, but in the little brown schoolhouse ill luck was ever at my elbow. Hacked benches, paper balls, torn books, and missing pencils were all laid at my door; no teacher ever seemed to doubt that they might not be sins of my committing, or hesitated to award the penalty for the same. Did a mischievous affair transpire, in which half a dozen boys were intimately concerned, I was inevitably selected as the candidate for punishment, while the others cleared themselves by superior tact. If a pane of glass was shivered by violent contact with a stone, of course I did it; if somebody got hit by a snow-ball, the general inference was that I threw it; if a lad was caught laughing, I was charged with inciting him to the same by making grotesque faces; if our pedagogue discovered slips of paper pinned to the skirt of his coat, half the school was willing to testify that I was the perpetrator of this practical joke. In fine, I passed as the evil genius of the school room, and was unlucky enough to be made to suffer for many faults which I had no thought of committing. But alas, who ever did justice to an unfortunate boy?

As I grew older, those home duties which usually devolve on lads, all fell to my share to perform. My two older brothers possessed the art of shirking, to perfection. They never happened to be present when any thing was to be done. Milking—a useful process, that tired my wrists excessively—I went through with, unassisted, night and morning; but not without saturating one leg of my trowsers with the lacteal fluid, and occasionally overturning my filled pail. I chopped wood; but I also chopped my fingers and toes. Another of my distasteful duties was churning; and in spite of my efforts, the cream *would* slop out and run in small streams to the floor; whereupon my mother scolded me, affirming that I spoiled everything I touched. But how could I help it? Was I not born to be unlucky?

As with work, so with play. When, with my compeers, I attempted a game at ball, instead of hitting the ball, the ball hit me—usually on the nose or just over an eye, and sufficiently hard to induce a not very ornamental blue spot. In angling, my pet hook got caught in a snag and was ruined; and if I was fortunate enough to feel a fine trout nibbling at my bait which he finally deposited in his mouth, together with the disguised wire, he rarely failed to extricate himself in mid-air, and go tumbling back into his native element. Then in gunning I had no success; I never felt safe with guns in my hands; they seemed to have an insane pleasure in going off without my consent, or recoiling so violently that I unaccountably found myself on my back. Then my game seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of my inefficiency; squirrels sat in boughs over my head, chattering saucily; rabbits hopped across the path at my very feet; crows cawed defiance at my skill, and woodcocks lighted near, as though daring me to fire at them. Once I came near having a great triumph; all that prevented me was a slight mistake. I discovered in the limbs of a tree a white object which I was morally certain was a good sized owl—a prize that did not present itself every day. Creeping cautiously within range, I took aim and fired. For once my gun conducted properly; my victim came down like a rocket, and I ran to secure him. The creature's appearance caused me some misgivings; it didn't look as I expected. Having four legs and a long tail, I think I am warranted in affirming that it was not of the owl genus. But what was it? asks the inquisitive reader. My father's white cat!

Well, I became a man, and disappointment still waited upon all my undertakings. I turned my attention to agriculture, foolishly supposing there might be more chances for good luck than ill in that pursuit. I labored diligently in mother earth, praying earnestly for her benefits in continued action, but what she gave lavishly to others, she withheld from me. I planted corn, but no golden ears gladdened my vision; my toil ultimated in a few stunted, blasted, discolored specimens. I sowed various grains: but an overplus of rain, blight, rust, or the ravages of insects prevented my realizing a crop. I mowed, but my grass got the benefit of all the long storms, and sudden showers; therefore my hay was black and spoiled. My vines were never fruitful, my fine peach trees were all killed one cold winter, and my apple orchard was regularly robbed every year. Then I was unlucky with my cattle; three of my cows died from some unknown disease, and one broke her neck in an unheard-of way; my best horse lamed himself incurably, and a second grew unaccountably wild and vicious, thereby placing my life in jeopardy every time I drove him. In the poultry line, also, it was all outgo and no income; my fowls ate greedily enough, but I rarely received in return a deposit of eggs; the ungrateful birds declined laying for an unlucky man. Farming was not profitable; I gave it up.

I next tried mechanical pursuits, hoping to escape the baleful influence of unlucky stars. Alack! alas! edged tools are awkward things to handle. I planed myself with the planes, pounded my fingers with the hammers, hacked myself with axes, lacerated myself with chisels, twisted myself into detestable temper with the augers, and bored my employers more than the timbers, which were the legitimate objects of my operations.

I tried country store-keeping, trusting that I should do well; but it was *trusting* that ruined me, and fitted me for chancery.

Soon after my experience in store-keeping, I was entrusted by the cashier of a bank with a large amount of gold to be delivered to a mutual acquaintance. The reader will be prepared to hear that I lost it by some perverse chance; such was the case. I was dreadfully alarmed, and hunted for it like one distracted; but that did not prevent me from being arrested upon suspicion of having secreted it for my own private use. A rich relation kindly consented to be my bondsman, so I was permitted to go at large. The money was eventually found, which relieved me of that odium and distrust.

I concluded I would marry, and so put myself out of my misery. About that juncture in my unlucky life, I happened to see the fascinating Augusta Angeline Jones. She was as pretty as flesh and blood could contemplate with calmness. I fell in love with the delectable A. A. Jones. Her eyes were like needles, her hands wondrously delicate, her feet of Cinderilla proportions. I knew I never could exist without Augusta Angeline! With her I should be happy—with her my stars would pass into a new and happy conjunction. I resolved to go "a courting" this glorious *tit-bit* of mortality, this delicious *morceau* of female humanity. To go "courting" requires nerve—especially for an unlucky man—and it took me some days to screw my courage up to concert pitch. I effected it at last, though. Full of awful agitations and perturbations, and various other things of that kind, I set off for the dwelling of my idol. I was awkward, certainly—that was to be expected—and guilty of numberless blunders, but lived to get home safe.

One beautiful afternoon I invited my Augusta to sail with me on the lake; she was pleased to assent. I took with me several romantic books and considerable confectionery. Angeline ate candy, and I read Byron's "Corsair" in my most effective manner. I became interested, and various little exclamations assured me that my beloved also had a soul to feel the sublime. I looked up to smile upon her, and perceived that she was pre-occupied in watching the sub-marine operations of a mammoth turtle, which would appear on the surface and thrust out his black head, after a long dive. She had not heard a word of the "Corsair!" That was in consequence of the delightful buoyancy of her guileless spirit, and the natural thoughtlessness of youth! Her simplicity was so charming! I went down on my knees to relieve myself of a tithe of my pent-up devotion. I had proceeded no farther than the seventh adjective, when the boat by some means upset, spilling both me and my Augusta.

That was not in the bill of my afternoon's bliss, but came of my malevolent planets. Deeply I stirred the waters of the hitherto tranquil lake, in frantic efforts to save dear Angeline. I landed her on the shore, insensible, after a desperate combat with the vile element. She lost one slipper, broke the crystal of her gold watch, and spoiled a *watered* silk! She cried the moment she recovered, because of those terrible losses, and because the confectionery had melted in the lake! I took her directly home to her mother; but instead of being embraced and kissed as her "preserver," was called a "careless man"—I had "trifled" with Angeline's precious life!

Two days after this event a strong party of men and boys turned out to exterminate a voracious bear which was eating numbers of the farmers' sheep. I joined the posse and was lucky enough to find the "critter" in a small growth of birches, adjoining a sheep-pasture. I was excited, I'll confess, but let fly as quick as I could get aim. My friend, I was wretchedly duped; I had wounded, though not mortally, my neighbor's black cow! I hurried from the spot and kept the affair to myself, notwithstanding which, suspicion fell upon me when the animal was found to be injured. If I had been innocent, the affair would have attached to me just as strongly, no doubt.

That did not end my misfortunes for that day. We found the bear and drove him into a clearing. Determined to give the creature his quietus and acquire immortal renown, I blazed away without loss of time, with both barrels of my double gun. I shot the village schoolmaster in his legs, and the town clerk in his right arm, but did not touch a hair of Bruin; he availed himself of the consternation that ensued, to run off and make his escape. The schoolmaster and town clerk feed the doctor for three months, and cursed me quite liberally.

In despair at my perverse fortune, I galloped to Angeline and proposed. She said "Yes," and then I was indeed an UNLUCKY MAN.

Alas, what have I written! if the last line should reach her eyes! But language is powerless to express the tribulations of an unlucky man, and—and I forbear. Hark! I hear the steps of Augusta Angeline, and I hasten to place these tell-tale pages under lock and key.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EROS.

BY SUE M. SCOTT.

I must not love him—'tis in vain—
 I'll strive, when next we meet,
To wear a look of proud disdain,
 And hush my heart's quick beat:
I'll look with cold indifference
 Upon his love-lit eye,
Unknown to him, will banish hence
 Each quickly rising sigh.

I'll hear unmoved the burning words
 Of love's true eloquence;
They shall not stir my spirit-chords,
 Or wake new confidence;
He shall not know, that for his love
 My heart so sadly yearns,
Or, that as magnet to the pole,
 To him my spirit turns.

He'll think my heart is lightly won,
 And thus will lightly prize,
What should be deemed a priceless boon,
 In lover's partial eyes.
But hark! he's coming—yes, I feel
 His presence in my soul,
Warm feelings quickly o'er me steal,
 They will not brook control.

My wilful, throbbing heart, be still;
 I bid thee calm thy fears:
Why do thy chords so wildly thrill?
 Back, back, ye tell-tale tears—
'Tis vain—my firm resolves depart,
 Mine eyes with tears are wet—
His love revives my fainting heart—
 I love, I love him yet!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VIGIL AND THE VISION.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"So, you're not afraid of being left alone in the church," said Deacon Bradstock.

"Afraid! no!" answered Luke Bridgely, boldly; "what should I be afraid of?"

"Many a man is afraid of his own evil conscience," said the Deacon. Luke Bridgely made no answer.

This conversation passed in the vestry of one of our old city churches. The room had been lately plastered, and as it was cold winter weather, the 31st December, 18**, a large fire had been kindled in the stove to dry the walls against the coming Sunday. Luke Bridgely had been once a thriving mechanic, but was now reduced by evil courses to subsisting on such small jobs as chance threw in his way. Like many a man whose conviviality has been his ruin, there were many good traits in his character; he was kind-hearted, generous, charitable—but, guided by impulse, rather than principle, he was fatally liable to err. The deacon had known him in better days, and when that afternoon, Luke, haggard, weary and wan, had asked him for a job, he had ventured, on his own responsibility, and as much for the sake of the applicant's wife and children, as on his own account, to engage him to watch the fires till near midnight, when the deacon himself was to relieve him and enable him to return home. Luke had not entered a church for years, and it was with a certain awe, more superstitious than religious, perhaps, that he had crossed the threshold. His father and two of his children lay buried in the vaults below, and a mural tablet, erected when the family were in better circumstances, recorded their names and ages.

"And you will not take the pledge, Luke?" said the deacon, as he lingered near the low-arched door that opened on the churchyard.

"Not a bit of it," answered Luke, with an uneasy laugh. "Where would be the good of it? I should only break it, as I have done so many promises to poor Martha."

"Well," rejoined the deacon, with a sigh, "at least you will pledge me your word not to drink a drop to-night?"

"That I will, deacon; my word of honor. I'm safe to do that, for I have no liquor, I assure you; and I give you full permission to turn the key on me."

"I am satisfied," said the deacon; "at half past eleven I will be back to liberate you."

Luke bade him good night, and having seen the door close on his retiring form, and heard the key withdrawn from the lock, threw himself in an armchair before the red hot stove. The light glowed ruddily on the walls and on the ceiling, and, projecting its rays into the body of the church, lit up the pine trees and festoons that were bound about the pillars that supported the roof, touched the trembling drops of the chandelier, gleamed on the dial of the clock in the gallery, and burnished with a ruddier gold the pipes of the great organ. Against the windows of the vestry-room the wind dashed and the arrow-flights of sleet fell harmlessly, though with a dreary sound. Now and then the rapid rumbling of carriages shook the street, and the shrill whistle of a homeward bound urchin pierced the ear of the listener. At last these sounds of human life and activity died away utterly, and nothing was heard but the moaning of the winter wind, and the sharp ringing of the sleet against the glass.

Luke Bridgely was composing himself to sleep, when the sound of voices singing without roused him. He recognized as the music drew nearer, the singers, the air and the words. The latter were as follows:

"Here's a health to the poor old year!
 Here's a health to his bright young heir!
 Wine for the living! wine for the dead!
 Foaming beakers, and draughts blood-red,
 At the grave, at the cradle, 'tis ours to share—
For sorrow and joy alike good cheer.
 Hip, hip, hurrah!
 Hip, hip, hurrah!
A health to the old and the bran new year!"

The music ceased directly under the windows of the vestry. "Ah, jolly Jack Finchley!" said Luke to himself; "I should know that base among a thousand! And Billy Martin, too! no tenor voice like his. I'm with you, boys, in heart, if not in body. Confound the deacon for mewing me up here, when my jolly cronies are seeing the old year out and the new year in. And it's hot as Tophet here, and not a drop to drink."

A sound at the window attracted his attention, and, looking up, he saw the lower sash raised, while a rubicund visage which he knew belonged only to Jack Finchley peered in on him, like the full moon from the face of an old-fashioned clock.

"Hullo! old fell," said the full moon. "You ought to be hamstrung for deserting us on a night like this. We want you to sing, 'We wont go home till morning.' Hang Deacon Bradstock! Look here! Just you get up in a chair, give us your hand, and we'll snake you out of this gospel-shop in the twinkling of an eye."

"I can't do it. I have given my word to remain here," said Luke, firmly, though sorely tempted to abandon his trust.

"You wont join us?"

"No—I tell you I can't."

"Then stay and be hanged to you," said the full moon, as it set in an angry cloud, and the window closed. A discordant and derisive laugh rang from half a dozen voices without, and then the chant was resumed—

"Here's a health to the poor old year!"

Luke listened to it till it died away in the distance. After a while the heat of the room again overcame him, and he fell asleep. He dreamed that he was in a strange country—strange but beautiful. The sky was deep blue, uncheckered by a cloud. Soft azure hills, from which streams like threads of silver descended to the flower-enamelled plain, encompassed him about; the air was heavy with perfume. Birds of brilliant plumage flitted from spray to spray, and filled the air with a ravishing melody; everything was soft and glowing, and like fairy-land, except a dark funereal cypress grove, that lay close at his right hand. Yet no sign of human habitation, or of human life appeared. All at once, however, there came gliding towards the dreamer, emerging from a cluster of magnolias, an old man, with two fairy children clinging to his hands. As they drew nearer, he recognized with awe—not unmixed, however, with joy—the features of his father and of the two young children, his own, whose ashes lay beneath the east wall of the old church, in Boston. They saw him—they turned their glorious faces towards him with a melancholy smile—but they paused and came no nearer. Then in an agony of affection the poor man was rushing forward to fall at their feet, to clasp them in his arms; but he had no power over his limbs; his feet seemed rooted to the earth, and he beheld what he had not before noticed—a yawning furrow in the soil that opened at his feet, deeper than plummet line had ever sounded. And at the same moment a voice sounded in his ear, saying, "Luke Bridgely, art thou worthy to join those blessed ones?"

"Worthy or not, I make the effort," said the unhappy man, with a convulsive struggle.

"To strive is to succeed!" answered the voice. With this Luke Bridgely awoke.

"You are a sound sleeper, Luke," said Deacon Bradstock, standing by the armchair. "I have been trying for five minutes to rouse you."

"Where am I?" asked Luke, gazing wildly round him. "O, I remember. Yes—I have been sleeping heavily," he added, with a sigh.

"You can go home now," said the deacon. "I'll take my turn. And look here, Luke, as I prevented you from doing your marketing, I thought it to be but fair to be your caterer for to-morrow's dinner. You'll find everything needful for a good set down in this basket."

"Deacon Bradstock," said Luke, taking his hand, "you are a good and generous friend to me. How shall I ever repay you?"

"There is one thing that would repay me amply," said the deacon; "but that you'll never do, I'm afraid."

"And what is that?" asked Luke, with downcast eyes.

"Sign the pledge," replied the Deacon. "You ought to know by this time that you're one of those men who cannot touch liquor—and when a man can't drink in moderation, it's time for him to abstain entirely."

"I know it," answered Bridgely. "And I would sign the pledge if I thought I could keep it."

"To STRIVE IS TO SUCCEED," answered the deacon.

"You have used those words before, to-night!" cried Luke, wildly.

"You are mistaken—they haven't passed my lips," answered the deacon, smiling. "You are but half awake, yet, Luke."

"No—no—wide awake, thank God!" answered Bridgely. "Give me the pledge—quick! I'll sign it and I'll keep it; never fear me! There, the deed is done, and I am a happier man already. God bless you, deacon, for all you've ever done for me, and more particularly for this night's work. Good night, and a happy new year to you, and a thousand to boot! Good night!"

With a heart full to bursting, he caught up the basket the deacon had provided for him, and hurried home. His wife was sitting up. Her habitual keen, sad glance of anxiety changed into an expression of relief as she beheld his clear and hopeful countenance.

"Dear Martha," said Luke, "I'm a poor man now, and this is all the new year's present I can bring you."

He handed her the pledge. She pressed it and the hand that held it to her heart of hearts. It was the preface to a life of chastened happiness. It now hangs, framed in gold and glazed, in the elegant drawing-room of a gentleman who is proud to call Luke Bridgely, father, and who has often heard from his own lips the story of THE VIGIL AND THE VISION.

ANCIENT INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

European nations are fond of appropriating to themselves all the leading and important discoveries and inventions which are at once the ornament and defence of civilization. The claim thus set up sometimes, and assumed at all times, is not founded upon facts. The truth is, that nearly all the germs of art and science, as well as philosophies and religion, came from the East. To the Moors of Spain, Europe is greatly indebted. They were five hundred years ahead of the nations which rose on the ruins of the Roman Empire. Algebra is an Arabic term. Europe must credit the Moors for the introduction of decimal quantities and numerals. "Valuable treatises were written on optics, trigonometry and geometry, when Europe was unacquainted with the meaning of the terms." It is certain, too, that chemistry receives some of its nomenclature from the Arabs. In medicine they were in advance of the world. For Christian monarchs were willing to confide their lives into the hands of the infidel doctors. In history alone the Moors had thirteen hundred writers. The royal library of Cordova numbered six hundred thousand volumes. Even in architecture they excelled. And it is asserted by a writer in the North American Review, to whom we are indebted for facts in the case, that the Gothic style grew out of the Moorish idea, and was not, as is generally believed, transplanted from the over-arching forest. Mr. Hallam thinks the mariner's compass was given us by the Moors. They used powder before it was discovered by Roger Bacon, in the fifteenth century. They manufactured linen paper first. And their astronomical calculations are of some service even now. These facts show us that European genius has less reason to vaunt itself than is supposed.—*New York Tribune.*

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.—That which I have often blamed as an indiscreet and dangerous practice in many fathers is, to be very indulgent to their children whilst they are little, and as they come to ripe years to lay great restraint upon them, and live with greater reserve towards them; which usually produces an ill-understanding between father and son, which cannot but be of bad consequence. And I think fathers would generally do better, as the sons grow up, to take them into a nearer familiarity, and live with them with as much freedom of friendship as their age and temper will allow.—*Locke.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By EVERT H. & GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK. 2 volumes 8vo. New York: Charles Scribner. 1855. vol. 1. pp. 676.

The work before us is somewhat on the plan of Chambers' Cyclopedia of English Literature—its design being to bring together, as far as possible, in one book convenient for perusal and reference, memorials and records of the writers of the country and their works from the earliest period to the present day. The indefatigable authors of this literary monument, the Messrs. Duyckinck, have emulated the patient labor of the Benedictines in collecting and digesting their materials. Treasures undreamed of—authors unknown in our day, have been brought to light by their research. The literature and the writers of remote colonial times are fully considered, as well as those of the present day. The work is beautifully printed in double columns, with numerous engraved heads, and sketches of author's residences. Fronting the title-page is a splendid steel portrait of Benjamin Franklin. The work is in every way worthy of most liberal patronage, and reflects the highest credit on the publishers and authors. Frederick Parker, 50 and 52 Cornhill, is the agent for New England

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 8vo. pp. 662.

The author of this volume is an idolater of Napoleon; but he has here collected a mass of facts from which readers may draw their own conclusions with regard to the character of the most extraordinary man who ever lived. In exile, more than in any other phase of his career, Napoleon exhibited his true greatness of soul; while at the same time his great national adversary, England—or, rather her prince and rulers—displayed their infinite littleness in their treatment of the vanquished hero. It must be confessed that this book is intensely interesting, while its splendid illustrations make it an acceptable holiday gift. For sale by Redding & Co.

AN OUTLINE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR, WITH QUESTIONS, ETC. By Rev. J. GRAEFF BURTON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. 1855.

A very clear and intelligible elementary treatise, admirably adapted for beginners, by a gentleman of large experience in teaching, as well as a sound philologist. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE KANZAS REGION. By MAX GREENE. New York: Fowler & Wells.

A very interesting and minute account of the Kanzas region, describing its scenery, climate, productions and capabilities, with a good map and directions to travellers going thither, and settlers purchasing land. It is well written and well arranged. For sale at 142 Washington Street.

GEOFFREY MONCTON: or, *The Faithless Guardian*. By SUSANNAH MOODIE, author of "Roughing it in the Bush," etc. New York: De Witt, Davenport & Co. 12mo. pp. 362.

Anything from the pen of Mrs Moodie is always sure of a warm welcome from the reading world. Her present work is, as might be expected, written with great vigor, full of vivid description, and pointing to a good moral. It is by all odds the best of her excellent stories. For sale by Putuam & Brothers, Liberty Tree Block.

THE NORTHERN REGIONS. New York and Boston: C. S. Francis & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 302.

"Uncle Richard" has made, out of the narratives of Captain Parry, of Franklin and Cochrane's Arctic adventures, a most readable and valuable book, which, though written for the young, may be perused profitably by readers of all ages. It is illustrated by twenty-four engravings, and is a very readable and attractive book.

HELEN LEESON. A Peep into New York Society. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 367.

A very promising book for a *debutante*. The story embraces a variety of characters, and a variety of adventures in this country and in Europe, and many of the scenes are sketched with great spirit. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—OLIVER DITSON has just published "The Merry Sleigh," a song, the "Entry of the Allies into Sebastopol," a grand march, and "Autumn Sounds," a waltz for the piano.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY AND TRAGIC POETRY. By HENRY REED, as illustrated by Shakspeare. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 18mo. pp. 406.

With a deep reverence for Shakspeare's genius, and a thorough conviction of the utility of his historical dramas, as shedding a light upon the past and making it to live again, the late Professor Reed entered upon the task of preparing these lectures. He briefly sketches the historical foundation of the play, and then comments upon the drama in beautiful language, with copious illustrations derived from imagination and extensive reading, showing the philosophy of history and the drama in their association. The work is both valuable and attractive. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF, M. D.

The accompanying portrait was drawn for us by Mr. Barry, and we have no hesitation in affirming it to be an excellent likeness of one of our most talented, industrious and useful fellow-citizens, who, though still a young man, has achieved a high and by no means local reputation. Our portrait gallery would be incomplete without him. Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff was born in Boston, June 29, 1810. His father, Nathaniel Shurtleff, an eminent physician, was a native of the town of Carver in this State, and a descendant of the good old Puritan stock. The subject of our sketch received his preliminary education in the public schools of our city, than which there are none better in the world, and was also for two years under the care of Bancroft, the historian, and Coggswell, now librarian of the Astor Library, New York, when those gentlemen were conducting the Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass., on the plan of the celebrated gymnasia of Germany. Entering Harvard College at the age of seventeen, he graduated in 1831, and in 1834, received, in the usual course, his degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Medicine. He has ever since been in professional practice in this city. The duties of a city physician enjoying a large practice, afford ample occupation to any man, and to those who are not aware of what system, industry and perseverance can accomplish, it will appear little less than marvellous that Dr. Shurtleff has been able to add to them the successful pursuit of science and literature in some of their most difficult branches, that he has been able to fill many important offices of trust, and to write and edit works requiring care, time and exactness. But Dr. Shurtleff is an indefatigable man, and, like Cæsar, as Edward Everett remarked of him at a public dinner, possesses the "faculty of doing three or four things at the same time." And whatever he undertakes he does well. He has devoted much time to the study of natural history, especially to the branch of comparative anatomy, and many of his illustrative preparations, preserved in various cabinets, are evidence of his manual dexterity and neatness. He has been treasurer and curator of the Boston Society of Natural History, offices which he filled with complete acceptance. His services in the cause of education in this city have amply repaid his indebtedness to our institutions for his early training. As a trustee of the public library he has labored from its inception in promoting the interests of that admirable institution with the most commendable zeal. Many of the practical details of its organization, such as the classification and cataloguing of its books, originated with Dr. Shurtleff. But while honored and respected here as a physician, as an active member of the school committee, as secretary of the board of overseers of Harvard University, as member of various learned societies—no empty honors, and all worthily earned, his general reputation in this country and in Europe rests principally on the result of his historical, genealogical and antiquarian researches, which he has pursued with hereditary zeal—for his father also was distinguished for his love of those branches of study. Dr. Shurtleff's eminent fitness for the position, procured his appointment by Gov. Clifford, as editor of the Records of the General Court from 1628 to 1649, to be comprised in five large volumes. The first two volumes already issued are monuments of his patience, accuracy and antiquarian knowledge. They are letter-perfect. Hon. Richard Frothingham justly remarks that "those who have had occasion to decipher ancient chirography, with its contractions and signs, will appreciate the labor of deciphering these old volumes. But Dr. Shurtleff did not stop here. As the copy has been put into type,



DR. NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF.

he has carefully compared every word of the proof sheets with the original manuscript, and patiently revised all doubtful words and passages." Dr. Shurtleff has also published several original antiquarian works, which space will not permit us to enumerate, but which have given him an enduring reputation. His merit as an antiquarian has procured him distinguished honor from various American and European societies, and, among others, an honorary membership of the Royal Society of Antiquaries at London, on the nomination of its president, Earl Stanhope (late Lord Mahon). The only other Americans on whom this honor has been conferred, are Edward Everett, Bancroft, Prescott, Sparks and Squier. The mere enunciation of Dr. Shurtleff's literary and scientific honors would occupy a large space, and most of them are not merely flattering testimonials, but involve permanent labor and exertion. In speaking of his labors as an historical student, the Hon. James Savage remarks: "Research on every point he touches is so nearly exhausted, that a minute error will very rarely be detected." This vigilance and accuracy Dr. Shurtleff applies to everything he undertakes. It is the secret of his success in all his pursuits, and renders him, in every walk in life, a reliable man. We have spoken thus far of Dr. Shurtleff as he appears to us intellectually considered, a talented, learned and energetic man. It is pleasant to know that his disposition and manners are as amiable as his ability is eminent. We know of no more unaffected or unassuming man in the whole circle of our acquaintance, and certainly none who has a warmer sympathy with his fellows. This sympathy, too, bounded by no narrow limits, is not a mere sentiment, but translates itself readily into effective action whenever the opportunity presents itself; and certainly no life affords wider scope for the exercise of benevolence than that of a physician. Every project which has for its aim the culture, the improvement, mental or physical, of the masses, finds in him a liberal friend—a friend ready, not only to sympathize, but to work. Though no man has more numerous engagements, we have never known him to plead want of time as an excuse for withholding his services in any way. He seems, indeed, to have the same faculty for "making time" that some people have for making money. Dr. Shurtleff, though receiving a large vote at the late municipal election, yet failed of being chosen to the highly responsible office of mayor of the city, for which he had been nominated by a portion of our fellow-citizens. We are very sure that no one will acquiesce more cheerfully in the result than himself, for he is no office-seeker, and has honor enough already to satisfy even an ambitious man.

FORAGING IN THE CRIMEA.

The accompanying sketch, vivid, spirited and lifelike, tells its own story. A foraging party of the allies have fallen into a region of rare promise, abounding with game—according to the articles, and are making a furious onslaught upon bipeds and quadrupeds. The geese are running for their lives—even their historical reputation will not save them—for in these affairs no quarter is given. One unhappy gander is the especial object of allied ferocity. One hero is preparing to transfix him with a scientific thrust in "tierce," preparatory to his being thrust into a bag. If he escapes that Scylla, Charybdis awaits him in the shape of a brace of bullets from a revolver. He is evidently a gone goose. "May he disagree with the gentleman who eats him!" the pious wish of Sydney Smith on behalf of a missionary bishop, in view of his probable consumption by the cannibals. Other animals and fowls are faring little better at the hands of chasseurs and zouaves—Christians and infidels. We can conceive of the animation of a chase like this, when we reflect on the hard fare of the soldiers in the Crimea. At a dinner party given a few weeks since by a British officer of rank, the good cheer consisted of mouldy biscuits and indifferent Bologna sausages. Many of those present must have sighed for the "roast beef of old England." The brave beef-eaters and beer-drinkers of Albion stand their short commons very poorly, while the French, who are habitualy more abstemious, keep up their strength and spirits wonderfully on their meagre fare. The Russians, who subsist on black bread and grease, bear the campaign best of all. The highest incentive that their officers could hold out to them, would be the plunder of a tallow chandlery. When the Cossacks entered Paris in 1815, their first push was for the street-lamps, in which oil was then burned—train oil being the especial weakness of the cavaliers of the Don and the Borysthenes. Really, there is no accounting for tastes. The Tartar troops, many of whom are enrolled in the Russian service, think a horse-steak warmed, not cooked, by being placed under their saddles, a luxury.



FORAGING PARTY IN THE CRIMEA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE NEW YEAR.

We cannot refrain from indulging in a few words with the hundred thousand readers of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, at this appropriate season of the year, touching the business matters of our illustrated paper. While we send forth the present number with our hearty and earnest wishes for a *happy new year* to each and all, we cheerully acknowledge a lively sense of gratitude for the extraordinary success which has crowned our efforts in the publication of an American illustrated weekly journal. The name of our friends and readers is legion, and each consecutive year has seen their ranks augmented by a goodly array of recruits, until they constitute indeed an army in numbers.

The expense of publishing such a work as we send weekly to our readers, were it put down in figures, would appear fabulous to those uninitiated in such matters, and the capital necessarily invested in the business is very heavy. It is not strange, therefore, that since this journal was commenced, some five years since, half a dozen imitations have, after struggling with the extraordinary outlays and difficulties which necessarily attach to such an enterprise, signally failed. The progress of the Pictorial was at first slow but sure, until liberal and large expenditures of money, patient assidnity and unremitting labor have placed it in its present firm and profitable position.

It will be observed that we appear in a complete new dress in the number now in the reader's hands. This journal has from the first owed much of its popularity to the remarkable perfection of its mechanical appearance. To deserve the liberal praise bestowed upon it in this respect, the utmost care is exercised, and neither time nor labor is spared in the weekly issues. The reading matter is of that chaste, unexceptionable and pleasing character that challenges criticism, while our corps of artists was never so large, or embraced so much first class talent as at the present. The illustrations of the coming volume cannot fail to excel all former efforts we have made in this line, since we bring not only greater experience to our aid, but also the pencils of older and better artists than heretofore.

We shall be constantly on the lookout for fresh novelties, and shall strive to render BALLOU'S PICTORIAL entirely worthy of the immenso circulation it enjoys, and of the vast confidence which is bestowed upon it from one extreme of the country to the other.

SEND IN EARLY.—Persons engaged in getting up clubs for our paper, and striving for the prizes, should send in at once as many names with the money as they have already secured, that we may know how to guage our edition of the paper. As many names as is desired can be added up to the first of February.

CALORIC.—Eriesson is still busily at work with his caloric enterprise. We admire his faith and perseverance, and hope he will succeed.

SPLINTERS.

.... Miss Adelaide Phillips was most successful during her opera engagement in this city. She is a fine singer and actress.

.... The new Park Bank, N. Y., with a capital of $2,000,000, will probably go into operation in February or March.

.... The recent fire at Sing Sing prison, N. Y., destroyed property to the amount of nearly $100,000.

.... Capt. Harrison, the popular commander of the Cunard steamer America, is to command Scott Russell's great iron ship.

.... The steamer St. Louis, of the Havre line, has been chartered by our government to carry troops to Oregon.

.... "Voyageur," the Paris correspondent of the Boston Daily Chronicle, is an admirable letter-writer.

.... The prospects of the Printer's Literary Association, of this city, are, we are happy to learn, very encouraging.

.... The death of the accomplished Samuel Kettell, editor of the Boston Courier, has thrown a gloom over the fraternity.

.... The citizens of Nantucket were destitute of turkeys on Thanksgiving Day,—none of those birds being on the island.

.... The number of medical students in New York is 435. The supply of M. D.'s will be ample.

.... A convict was shot dead at Sing Sing prison, lately, during a rebellion of the prisoners in that institution.

.... When they can raise turnips weighing twenty-two pounds in New Hampshire, as they do, the cattle wont starve there.

.... The vultures in the Crimea hover over the troops, pounce down on those who fall and eat them.

.... Last year, 25,000,000 sponges went to New York from Florida. Ablutions must be frequent in Gotham.

.... A man named Salley was shot in Providence by the watchmen during an attempt to rescue him.

.... There have been added 3700 miles of road service to the U. S. post-office department the past year.

.... Since Mr. Meagher has been married to a lovely daughter of New York, he is called the United Irishman!

.... The first book the Harpers ever published was one of Scott's novels. They publish a *few* volumes annually.

.... The Dusseldorf Gallery, New York, has some fine pictures. The "Favorites of the Sultan" are universal favorites.

.... A friend of Tom Hood says he died to please an undertaker who wished to *urn a lively-Hood.*

A WORK-DAY WORLD.

Work is the condition of humanity. There is no getting away from it. From the time when "Adam delved and Eve span," to labor in some way or other, with brains or hands, has been the lot of us poor mortals. It is true that some of us are constantly kicking over the traces, sighing for hours of idleness and days without employment; but what are the coveted periods of leisure when attained? more wearisome than the laborious days that have preceded them. ENNUI, that fell fiend that thrives on broad spaces of unappropriated time, marks the man of leisure for his victim, if, indeed, vice, that rank weed of no culture, does not usurp its prerogative. Children, whose ideas of life are derived from nursery and fairy tales, usually consider a king the personification of happiness. In after years they learn that the poet was right when he said—

"Uneasy sleeps the head beneath the crown."

"To work hard and to be well paid for it," remarked one of the most eminent men of this century, when we were discussing the question, "is about the happiest lot a man can wish for."

We take it that a retired West India grocer is about the unhappiest mortal in existence. We remember one of these unfortunate beings, who had sold out just after he had commenced the downward descent from middle age—how he hung about the dear old shop, because "the scent of the *sugar* would linger there still"—how he sat about upon the heads of barrels, and occasionally drew a quart of molasses, or dispensed candy to very small customers, "just for the fun of it." These were the only golden moments of his otherwise blank existence. He died of no particular disease, at last—only because he had too much time on his hands. In fact, he had ceased to exist from the moment he abandoned the shop.

That many rich retired trades-people are not unhappy, does not militate against our argument. The care of a fortune, invested in different ways, affords ample labor for any man's mind and time. But we speak of men of leisure, whose investments are of a character to give them little or no occupation—not enough to keep them from "rusting out," as the saying runs.

Time is money, and most persons who come unexpectedly into possession of it, use it as the majority of people use money, when they come into possession of a fortune. Who knows not how, for nearly forty years, dear Charles Lamh was complaining of the daily drudgery of his clerical duties? How he asserted that the "wood of his desk had entered his soul." Behold him at his place on the clerks' retired list, with an annual allowance of £441—more than $2000—a fortune to a man of his frugal habits. Is he happy in his emancipation? does he enjoy that golden leisure to which he has looked forward so long? Let his familiar letters to his friends—let that vivid essay, the "Superannuated Man," answer. He was far happier as a clerk than as a man of leisure; though one would think no man could have employed time better. We are aware that failing health and the loss of friends must be taken into account; but his greatest trouble, after all, was a plethora of time.

"What shall I do to kill time?" is the most familiar thought of the man of leisure and means. To this end are fast horses instituted—to this end are yachts built and rigged and manned. Trotting and sailing matches are not made for purses and gilt cups, but to kill time. The retired officer, who made his servant wake him up every morning, for the luxury of saying, "you rascal, I'm on half pay, and haven't got to attend parade," might have given a momentary impulse to the movement of time, by the incident, but the remainder of the day must have dragged heavily with him. We cannot learn too early to love work for the sake of work, to recognize remunerated labor as a blessing, and to pity those only who are overworked and underpaid.

PRACTICAL ECONOMY.—A lady of New York who expends very large sums annually, for hack hire, was lately taken to task by her husband for her extravagance. "Why, my dear," said he, blandly, "don't you take the omnibus or the railroad cars? It would be an immense saving." The lady thanked him for his suggestion, and declared her intention of profiting by it. As a proof of her sincerity, she rang the bell for her page, and said, "go and get me a carriage, so that I can go and take the Bowery cars—I'm going up town."

IMPORTANT FOR THE LONDON TIMES.—General Shields has not the least intention of invading and annexing Ireland—and the Emerald Islander seen with a gun at Point Shirley, lately, was only going a ducking. The Court of St. James will breathe freer now.

FORTUNE-TELLERS.—These impostors abound in New York, thriving on the credulity of the illiterate and superstitions. They are said to be coining money. They know everything past, present and future.

THE GRAVE OF MADISON.—The remains of Ex-President Madison, with those of his family, lie in a graveyard on his estate, at Montpelier, without a stone to mark the precise spot. An old leafless chestnut tree is his only monument.

GRASSHOPPERS.—Some of the grasshoppers at Utah are half a foot long—big enough to account for short crops among the Mormons.

ANCHORS.—The anchors to supply the vessels built in Maine in 1854, cost $1,500,000.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

The magnificent picture which occupies the whole of pages 8 and 9, of our present number, was drawn expressly for us by Billings and engraved by Andrew, and is a fine specimen of American art illustrating American achievements. The approach of the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, fought on the 8th of January, 1815, revives all the proud associations linked with our past military glory—a glory untarnished by a single stain of dishonor or injustice. Our artist has taken his point of sight within the American lines. We seem to be standing among those gallant riflemen of the West and Southwest who rallied round Old Hickory—then Young Hickory—when he called for stout hearts and hands to repel the invaders of his country. We behold their calm and gallant bearing—we can almost hear the crack of the rifles. On the right we see General Jackson, Major Davezac and the other members of his staff. In front of the long line are the assaulting columns—15,000 veteran British troops, vainly dashing against a position defended by a comparatively handful of raw militia.

"There stood John Bull in martial pomp,
And here stood old Kentucky."

The defence of New Orleans by General Andrew Jackson is, in a military point of view, one of the most honorable achievements of our annals. With a courage as fiery as that of the paladins of old, Jackson, on this occasion, displayed the prudence of Washington. We believe no other man could have done what he did with the same material. The admirable adaptation of the nature of his ground—the impregnability of his breastwork—the mental power he displayed in controlling the rash and inspiring the backward, in directing his deadly fire and in checking the impetuosity of his troops after his victory, are beyond all praise. Every one knows the details of the great day of New Orleans.

The British attacked in two columns, advancing with their usual undeniable gallantry. Not a gun was fired from the line of defence till the enemy were within three hundred yards. Then our artillery, admirably served, vomited death and fire. Shattered, but undismayed, the enemy continued to rush forward. Within a hundred yards the American rifle began its work. A deadlier fire never withered an advancing foe. Every bullet had its billet. The left wing of the British stormed and scaled the advanced bastion on the American right, but cold steel and lead soon drove them from their lodgment. Packenham, the British leader, was killed; General Gibbs mortally hurt; Major-General Keene severely wounded. The British total loss was 2600—that of the Americans six killed and seven wounded. Such a result was never known in the annals of war. It was a splendid victory won by prudence, skill and valor against overwhelming odds. It was a lesson to a haughty nation that will never be forgotten.

WINTER'S WEAR.—Laces, furs and diamonds are very fashionable this winter. As these articles are "so cheap," and can be had at "such bargains," of course husbands and fathers do not grumble in the least at launching out liberally for their purchase.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. John Horr, of Medway, to Miss Jane E. Tompkins; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Thomas E. Bell to Miss Rebecca Purcell, of Chelsea; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Joseph N. Wheeler to Miss Helen A. W. Peck; by Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. Ira Scholfield, to Miss Catherine Ormsbee, of Providence, R. I.; by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. George F. Allin to Miss Susan M. Ellis; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. James C. Danforth to Miss Sarah A. Noyes.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Laurie, Mr. Edward F. Barstow to Miss Delia A. Cilley.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Means, Mr. S. N. Ufford, of Boston, to Miss Mary Eliza Robinson; Mr. H. G. Ufford, of Boston, to Miss M. Caroline Shepard.—At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Stubbert, Mr. Henry Ramsdell to Miss Hannah Hayward.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Perkins, Mr. George W. Farnsworth to Miss Eliza A. Stewart.—At Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Patrick, Mr. Samuel S. Wilson, of Charlestown, to Miss Laura A. Lauz.—At Tannton, by Rev. Mr. Brigham, Mr. Henry H. Kinsell, of Boston, to Mrs. Mary B. Saywood.—At Ware, by Rev. Mr. Channing, Mr. Lewis W. Holt to Miss Susan C. Ross.—At New York, by Rev. Mr. Carter, Mr. Edward R. Andrews, of Boston, to Miss Sarah R. Addoms.—At Paris, Mr. Jules Souchard, French Consul at Boston, to Miss Charlotte Smith, of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Isaac C. Hateh, 47; Mr. William Cleverly, Jr.. 28; Mrs. Cordelia A. Cutler, 24; Mrs. Adeline Smith, 44; Mr. Samuel Elder (printer), 39; Mr. William Devine, 19; Mr. Alexander Edwards, 56; Mr. Royal Oliver, 72.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Sally Hamblen, 44; Mr. George M. Knapp, 53.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Elizabeth Hayford, 48.—At Dorchester, Miss Mary Gardner, 86; Mr. William Trask, 75.—At Medford, Miss Sarah E. Colcord, 16.—At Melrose, Mrs. Mary O. Adams, 40; Mrs. Lydia A. Peabody, 25.—At Swampscot, Mr. Daniel Fuller, 82.—At Salem, Mrs. Georgiana E. Neweomb, 24; Mrs. Sarah J. Foss, of Saco, Mo., 24.—At South Danvers, Mrs. Sally Maria, wife of Mr. William Cutler, 38.—At Gloucester, Widow Lucy Beach, 67.—At Newburyport, Mr. Isaac Bradley; Miss Alice Tuson, 23; Mrs. Eleanor S. Davis, 39.—At West Newbury, Mr. William Burrill, 93.—At South Scituate, Widow Mary Cudworth 54.—At Pittsfield, Mrs. Ann Manning, 27.—At Richmond, Mr. Benjamin Loomis, 68.—At Great Barrington, Mr. James Corn, 51.—At Chilmark, Rev John Tasker, 37.—At Amherst, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Rev. Joseph Haven, Sen.—At Lisbon, Me., Hon. Moses Tebbets, 79.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year		$3 00
4 subscribers, " "		10 00
10 " " "		20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LITTLE LOCK OF HAIR.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

By hearts that asked no more
Than such delight and care,
O how beloved was she that wore
This tiny lock of hair.

That head was bright as May,
Where, lightly as the down,
This precious silken treasure lay,
A soft and simple brown.

How sweetly there it grew,
Nor was it ever shred,
Till death had closed the eyes of blue,
And bowed the golden head.

I ne'er beheld that brow,
Those angel lips that smiled;
Yet dearly do I love her now,
The stranger's cherub child.

And fondly would I greet
The blessed band that tied
With ribbon blue, this token sweet,
When little Daisy died.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

Edward Grey was a young man of about twenty-six, with a fine property, and a finer mind and person. Although not bred to a profession, he had received a collegiate education, and foreign travel had given a polish to his naturally refined and intelligent spirit. Of a good family, with ample means, possessing youth and health, there seemed no reason why he should not enjoy a large share of happiness; but there was one trait, which, like a serpent, poisoned nearly every scheme that promised pleasure—he was suspicious, and the more attached he became to any person, the more open was he to distrust.

On the return of Edward Grey from Europe, he met with a young lady by the name of Isabel Landon, who was heiress to a large property, but being under age, resided with her guardian. At their first meeting, Edward was charmed with her sweet voice and manner, joined as they were to a lovely face and intellectual conversation. Unlike many gentlemen, Grey had always resolved that if ever he married, his wife should be something more than a pretty doll, whose chief end and aim was to deck her person to the greatest possible advantage. Not that he desired a "strong-minded woman," or a "blue"—far less a slattern; but a degree of primness, solid education, and rational attention to dress would certainly be required, and he fancied he had discovered all these qualities in Miss Landon.

On the same evening of his introduction to Isabel, he had made the acquaintance of Miss Emma Jane Pendleton, who resembled a wax statue more than a living woman with ideas. Her figure was a model, possessing an infantine roundness and delicacy of impression and texture. Her pretty dimpled face, and bright blue eyes, were shaded by wavy, golden hair, while her graceful little hand and form were loaded down with gay colored flowers and jewelry. Emma Jane's mama (a very dressy, fussy body in a light silk, and apology for a cap, a morsel of lace hidden by rosettes of pink ribbon), was continually hovering about, expatiating to all with whom she conversed, upon the young lady's superior sensibility and amiability; and, attracted by her beauty, Grey danced several sets with her before he entered into an extremely interesting discussion with Miss Landon.

Edward Grey left the assembly without a thought of Emma Pendleton; but it so happened that he met her several times when Isabel was not present, and, in spite of his predilections for Isabel, Grey soon discovered that she began to occupy a large portion of his attention. But before matters had progressed very far, the winter season was at an end, and a friend invited him to spend a few weeks in the country. On arriving at Woodlawn, Grey was most agreeably surprised to find that the residence of Isabel Landon was only two miles distant, and that the Pendletons were the nearest neighbors.

As his host was quite intimate at General Osmer's, who was Isabel's guardian, Grey became a frequent visitor also, and the friendship which soon sprang up between himself and the young lady, daily promised to merge into something more definite. Mrs. Pendleton saw this increasing intimacy with a jealous eye, and resolved to thwart it. For this purpose, she gave a grand party, following it up with a succession of soirees, breakfasts and picnics, to all of which Grey was particularly invited; and as Miss Landon was an intimate acquaintance, she was unavoidably present. But Mrs. Pendleton was of a hopeful disposition, and persevered. Emma fancied Edward Grey very much, and loved him as much as she was capable of loving any one. She had but little force of character, was vain and empty, yet she possessed a naturally kind heart, which might have rendered her a different girl with proper influences; but her father was a mere automaton out of his counting-room, and her hollow-hearted, manœuvering mother was worse than no guide at all. The latter was determined that Grey should marry Emma, and perseverance will accomplish a great deal. The young girl was a mere puppet in her artful mother's hands, and her parts were given her from day to day, which, as they were not very difficult, were played to perfection.

The only drawback was in the shape of Annie Gaylord, a giddy girl of fifteen, Emma's cousin, then on a visit, and who, notwithstanding the numerous nods and becks of her aunt, persisted in breaking in upon cosy tete-a-tetes, much to the good lady's chagrin, and Emma's secret relief; for the latter was in continual dread of getting beyond her depth with Grey, and as he cared little for dancing, she was obliged, in accordance with her mother's commands, to sit quiet, listening to conversation that was Greek and Hebrew to her, while the room was filled with young people, dancing to the most inspiriting music, until she began to hate the sound of Edward Grey's voice.

In spite of Mrs. Pendleton's method of almost forcing Emma upon the young gentleman's notice, every day deepened his admiration of Isabel Landon, who was evidently an object of great attraction to a certain Russian count, then figuring largely at the various entertainments given by the fashionable part of the community of Woodlawn, and Grey resolved to secure Isabel at once.

The next morning after this course was decided upon, Edward set out for the young lady's residence. But before he arrived he became nervous, and called at Mrs. Pendleton's by the way, to recover his courage. As usual, he met with a flattering reception, and just as he was rising to depart, Mrs. Pendleton took a letter from the table, and handed it to him, saying:

"O, here is a note that Isabel wrote at our house this morning, and I intended to send it to the office before. Would you have the kindness to take it?"

"Certainly." And Edward glanced at the address, "Frank Bartlett, Esq." A very unpleasant sensation came over him; to be sure, the gentleman might be a cousin, or some other equally harmless individual. But when a man has fallen in love with a lady, and resolved to propose, he is very apt to imagine that every other person is on the eve of doing the same thing—more especially if he is of a suspicious nature. This our hero unfortunately was, and it was with considerable trepidation that he asked, in a very careless manner:

"Rather an elderly person, I believe?"

"O, no, you are very much mistaken. He is both young and handsome; they correspond quite regularly, and people *do* say that there is an engagement. It certainly looks like it." And Mrs. Pendleton looked significant. Grey was in a doubtful state, when Emma Jane exclaimed:

"La, mama! What is the use of affecting ignorance! That very letter is an invitation to come to Woodlawn for a visit. Isabel made no secret of it."

"She wishes him to be in season for her party to-morrow night," Mrs. P. remarked.

Edward now resolved to defer seeing Miss Landon, until he had observed her conduct toward the fancied rival. Accordingly the next evening found him preparing for the party in no very enviable frame of mind. As he drove over to General Osmer's, his friend vainly endeavored to carry on a conversation—Grey was occupied with his own thoughts, and had no eyes nor ears for anything, until he entered the drawing-room.

The first sight that met his eye was Miss Landon herself, leaning on the arm of a fine looking young man of about twenty-eight, who was evidently on the best of terms with his fair companion, and Edward felt intuitively that there was a great deal of affection between them. As he advanced to pay his respects to the young lady, he heard the words "My dear Isabel" very distinctly pronounced by the stranger. As her eye met Edward's, she extended her hand with a frank smile, and, in a tone of joyous delight, said:

"Good evening, Mr. Grey. Allow me to introduce you to one of my oldest and dearest friends, Mr. Bartlett."

Edward bowed coldly, almost haughtily, and, to Isabel's surprise, replied:

"Excuse me for interrupting your conversation;" and before she could speak, he had passed by.

For an instant her beautiful lip quivered, but the next moment she turned to her companion, and listened attentively to his remarks. During the evening, Grey made himself miserable by paying his whole attention to Emma Pendleton, and only once did he catch a glimpse of Isabel. Then she was waltzing with the stranger, although she had invariably declined to waltz with any one on all previous occasions. Grey went home in just that state of mind when one is exceedingly apt to commit some foolish act that he bitterly repents of afterwards.

He was vexed with Miss Landon and himself particularly, and everybody else generally; and under the influence of these feelings of pique and revenge, the next forenoon found him sitting in Mrs. Pendleton's parlor, looking very foolish and uncomfortable, with Emma Jane by his side, admiring an elegant turquoise ring that had just been placed on her finger, and wishing it had been a diamond. The jewel had been designed for Miss Landon's acceptance, and desiring to present something a little different from the generality of engagement rings, Grey had chosen a turquoise forget me not.

But now that the deed was done, Edward was anything but delighted, for every day clearly showed how incompetent Emma was to carry on even an ordinarily interesting conversation, while, to crown his distress, he met Miss Landon in the street one day with a beautiful young lady, whom she introduced to him as her dearest friend, adding, in a whisper, that she was cousin Frank's bride, and they were out getting dresses for the wedding, which was to come off in a week.

Grey was miserable; he lectured himself soundly for allowing his suspicious temper to get the better of him, as he had more than once declared it never should again. He wished Emma Jane had been a thousand miles away, and consigned Mrs. Pendleton to a most unenviable locality. But it was all of no avail; the frightful reality stared him in the face—look which way he would there was no escape, so he resolved to make the best of it.

To his dismay, he discovered that Emma was not only vain and empty, but so utterly thoughtless and wilful, that she completely embittered his existence. At all the parties which they attended, the Count Rodomonofplowsky was present; and as he was a fine waltzer, and as it was Emma's favorite dance, Grey had the satisfaction of seeing her continually flying round and round the room evenings with the hirsute foreigner, in spite of his remonstrances, till at last a good part of nearly every morning was devoted to the count, who instructed Miss Emma in various national performances, that were as regularly exhibited to thronged rooms on all possible occasions.

Grey saw that Miss Landon was evidently surprised at his choice, and he would gladly have broken the engagement. This, however, it was not very easy to do, for Mrs. Pendleton was too old and experienced a schemer, to allow such a golden prize to slip through her hands. And whenever he ventured to find fault with Miss Emma, he was met by a mulish obstinacy and fierce vituperation, for which her previous fickle insipidity and silly conversation had not prepared him; he had made a mistake, which is quite common, in supposing that an almost total want of character and sense argues a weak will and unvarying amiability. On the contrary, Grey was daily shocked at her terrible lack of refinement, or delicacy—as she did not hesitate to ask, in a playful manner to be sure, for anything which pleased her fancy, or her mother's; and too late our hero found that he was expected to marry the whole family.

One evening, Emma waited half an hour in full dress for Edward to make his appearance and escort her to a concert; and it was in no very gentle voice that the spoiled child was uttering her peevish complaints, when the door opened and Edward himself rushed into the apartment. There was a haggard expression on his face, and a wildness in his eyes, while his words were nearly incoherent. Emma's petulance gave way to alarm, and Mrs. Pendleton hastily inquired what was the matter.

"Alas, madam! How shall I tell you my misfortune! I had placed money in the —— Bank with perfect confidence. It has failed, and I am a—I cannot pronounce the word."

"Do you mean that it was all lost, and that you are penniless?" inquired Mrs. Pendleton, sharply.

"All lost!" he replied, in despairing accents.

"What a fool you were to invest all your property in one bank!" the lady angrily exclaimed.

"Alas, madam, it is done, and it is useless to recriminate. "But I have one consolation"—taking Emma's hand; "this dear girl" (*dear* indeed) "will, I am sure, never desert me because I am unfortunate. In her I may yet find a solace—"

"You are very much mistaken, if you think I will throw myself away, sir," replied Emma, tartly. "Thank goodness, I am not reduced to that yet!"

"Surely, Mr. Grey," chimed in the mother, "you do not think Mr. Pendleton or myself would condemn our only and darling child to poverty! You are really presumptuous, and I must request you to discontinue your visits in future."

Grey seized his hat and rushed from the room, while the mother and daughter congratulated themselves upon a narrow escape.

A week later, Edward and Miss Landon were walking through General Osmer's beautiful garden arm in arm, and earnestly conversing. Grey was listening to the conclusion of Isabel's sentence, who was looking very roguish.

"So, as we had been brought up as brother and sister from our earliest childhood, it was not *very* wonderful that, after an absence in Europe of two years, Frank should call me 'dear Isabel' at our first meeting, or that I should waltz with him; and our conversation, which appeared so very earnest and inexplicable to you, was no more nor less than a consultation about the approaching wedding, and the necessary arrangements."

"Forgive me; pray forgive me, Isabel!" said Grey, conscience-smitten. "I judged too hastily."

"I will on one condition—that you will conquer this tendency to suspicion, which, if indulged in, will overshadow your numerous good qualities."

Edward promised, and we are happy to say kept his word. Grey then told Isabel that the day before the —— Bank had failed, he had withdrawn all his former deposits with the exception of a small sum, having an immediate use for them. Therefore, his statements to Mrs. Pendleton were strictly true, and had proved that the loss of his society would not break Emma's heart.

As for the latter, she was married to Count Rodomonofplowsky in great style, and they departed for Europe to visit the bridegroom's "ancestral estate." About a year afterward, during the latter part of which time nothing had been heard of them, Emma returned to her mother in want and destitution, having been taken to Paris by her husband, where they lived in great splendor while her fortune lasted; when the *ci-devant count* informed her that he had been a celebrated dancing-master, and should again resume his profession, in which he should expect her to assist him—adding, with a sarcastic laugh, that it would be a pity to have the many lessons he had given her gratuitously thrown away.

Emma was horrified at the unexpected discovery, and, gathering together a little sum, had made her way to her parents, where she passed the remainder of her life, despised and forsaken by all her former associates.

Secrecy.—You should be careful not to entrust another unnecessarily with a secret which it may be a hard matter for him to keep, and which may expose him to somebody's displeasure when it is hereafter discovered that he was the object of your confidence. Your desire for aid, or for sympathy, is not to be indulged by dragging other people into your misfortunes. There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets, as in keeping those of your neighbor.—*Darley.*

SPLENDID PRIZE OFFER!

SOMETHING REALLY WORTH STRIVING FOR.

Being resolved to increase the present unequalled edition of "Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion" to the number of

150,000

copies weekly, the proprietor has determined to send abroad through the Union the following inducement to post-masters and other energetic and industrious persons, *male or female*, to obtain and send to us clubs for our illustrated journal. For this purpose

TWELVE ELEGANT AND RICH PRIZES

are offered, and will be faithfully awarded as agreed herein—a purpose which shall be personally carried out by the proprietor, who pledges himself to its impartial and honest execution. The intrinsic value of the prizes is over

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

so arranged as to be divided among the individuals who shall forward to us the twelve largest clubs of subscribers for the "Pictorial," between the first of December, 1855, and the 1st of February, 1856, being a period of about *sixty days*. When it is remembered that the agent has to work with, not only the most attractive, but positively

THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD!

it will be realized how easily subscriptions can be procured anywhere.

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion

is now in its ninth volume, volume *tenth* commencing on the 1st of January, 1856. It is the only illustrated paper of its class in America and the pioneer of illustrated papers on this side the Atlantic. It is elegantly printed on the finest of satin surfaced paper, containing *sixteen* super royal pages in each number, with an average of *twenty illustrations weekly!* These engravings are large and artistic in execution, embracing every current topic of interest, including rural scenery, maritime matters, architecture, noted localities all over this country and Europe, likenesses of eminent characters, male and female, at home and abroad, processions, celebrations natural history, battles, fortifications, and, in short, every theme of general interest, forming an elegant

ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF THE TIMES.

Besides the illustrations, it contains eight or more super royal pages of *original* sketches of adventure, tales, poems, biographies and choice miscellaneous reading (no advertisements will be admitted), altogether forming a delightful weekly visitor to the home circle, and making two elegant volumes each year for binding, of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

We shall commence the new volume of the "Pictorial," as above, with what we unhesitatingly pronounce to be the best novellette we have ever printed. It is the first story we have ever published *without knowing who the author is!* This work needs no name to make it popular. For intricacy of plot, delicacy of description, pathos, delineation of human nature, dissection of the motives of daring men, the tenderness of the female heart, and the power of secret motives, this story will stand unrivalled. It is entitled:

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

We shall fully illustrate this remarkable story, and our readers may confidently expect to be deeply entertained and interested in its weekly perusal. We are resolved the coming volume shall be the best we have ever yet issued.

THE PRIZES!

To the person who sends us the *first* largest club, we will present an elegant first class PIANO FORTE, rosewood case, of the best Boston workmanship, warranted in all respects. Value..... $300

To the person who sends us the *second* largest club, we will present a superior ENGLISH LEVER GOLD WATCH, with a rich gold chain, seals and key, new and warranted perfect in all respects. Value 200

To the person who sends us the *third* largest club, we will present a library of ONE HUNDRED BOUND VOLUMES of new and valuable books, embracing biographies, histories, novels, records of travel, etc. Value.. 150

To the person who sends us the *fourth* largest club, we will present a superb ENGLISH DOUBLE BARRELED GUN, silver mounted, with shot and powder pouch, game bag and fixtures, a reliable weapon. Value..... 100

To the person who sends us the *fifth* largest club, we will present a LADY'S GOLD WATCH, new, elegantly set in gold, with a rich enamel back, best Geneva workmanship, and warranted. Value..... 80

To the person who sends us the *sixth* largest club, we will present a superior ENGLISH SILVER LEVER WATCH, new, and warranted in all respects a perfect instrument and timekeeper. Value..... 60

To the person who sends us the *seventh* largest club, we will present an elegant AMERICAN RIFLE, silver mounted, new, and of the best make, with powder flask and fixtures—a superb weapon. Value..... 55

To the person who sends us the *eighth* largest club, we will present a fine RIDING SADDLE and BRIDLE, made *to our own order*, of the best English stock, by William Holmes, 21 Tremont Row, Boston, with curb and snaffle bits, and all the fixtures perfect. Value..... 50

To the person who shall send us the *ninth* largest club, we will present a richly wrought Purse, suitable for a gentleman or lady, and containing thirty GOLD DOLLARS. Value..... 35

To the person who shall send us the *tenth* largest club, we will present an ENGLISH SILVER WATCH, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Value..... 25

To the person who shall send us the *eleventh* largest club, we will present a fine heavy GOLD SEAL RING, elaborately wrought and with the initials of the person who wins it cut upon the stone. Value..... 20

To the person who shall send us the *twelfth* largest club, we will present five large and beautiful STEEL ENGRAVINGS, each one exhibiting some interesting scene, framed in gilt, parlor ornaments. Value..... 18

Every prize offered is new, just from the manufacturers, and may be seen at any hour of the day, by calling at our publication office.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,.....	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis. All who exert themselves are sure of remuneration.

Any person sending us *fifty* subscribers shall receive the eight volumes complete of our "Pictorial," elegantly and uniformly bound in full gilt, with illustrated title pages and indexes, containing nearly *ten thousand* fine illustrations, the price of which is sixteen dollars.

It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us as fast as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore, as soon as ten or a dozen subscribers have been obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names, at the same rate, and they will be duly credited to the account of the person sending until February 1, 1856.

It is not required that the entire club should be from one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post-office, but all the subscriptions must come through the same agent in order to be counted to his or her credit.—This prize offer cannot be applied to any regular wholesale agent of our paper. The clubs must be *bona fide, and each name sent with the money.*

The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

☞ In writing letters, please be careful to write names of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

Wayside Gatherings.

There are now nine newspapers published in Kansas, six of which are free State.

Martin Kostza, the Hungarian who was rescued by Capt. Ingraham, has gone to Texas to reside.

The St. Louis Intelligencer states that from thirty to forty dead men are taken out of the river opposite that city, monthly.

The Baltimoreans are discussing the feasibility of establishing a line of steamships to run from Europe direct to that city.

John B. Gough says that England levied £87 10s income tax on his estimated £1500 lecture receipts in that country.

Mr. Sinclair, of Jamesville county, Wisconsin, having a fortune of $150,000, cut his throat a few days since, for fear of poverty.

Some benevolent gentlemen in New York have set out to raise $50,000 for the purpose of erecting an asylum for inebriates.

Pennsylvania now produces as much iron as was manufactured in Great Britain thirty years ago, and of a quality that compares very favorably.

The marble for the Washington Monument and also for the extension of the national capitol, is quarried in Berkshire county, and shipped from Bridgeport, Ct.

Miss Mary Schaeffer, a young lady of Baltimore, Md., came to the horrible death, recently, of being burned alive, by the explosion of a camphene lamp.

The Philadelphia Ledger says the anthracite coal trade is considerably depressed, and some of the best men in the mining regions are going out of the business.

During the year 1854, one hundred and sixty-five men were hung in the United States. Of this number, only seven could read and write. What a lesson!

The amount of coal transported on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad the last year, up to December 1, was 2,205,281 tons, against 1,987,854 tons for the same period in 1854.

In some parts of Pennsylvania the corn crops are said to be greater in the aggregate than at any time before for fifteen years. From seventy to ninety bushels per acre is a common yield.

Contracts have just been completed with the proprietors of the Morgan Iron Works, of New York, for the construction of two powerful engines for the Danube Steam Navigation Company.

The importations at Montreal for the first ten months of the last year, amounted to £2,700,000, which is a falling off, compared with the previous year, equal to nearly $4,000,000.

A verdict of $7000 has been awarded in favor of Malinda Winn, against the Macon and Western Railroad. The engine came in collision with a carriage containing Mrs. Winn and three children.

A correspondent of the Petersburg (Va.) Express says that the contributions for yellow fever sufferers in Norfolk and Portsmouth have amounted to $310,000, of which Portsmouth received $80,000.

A short time since a train of cars arrived at Richmond, Ind., on its way to Cincinnati, to which was attached four locomotives. The cars were forty-seven in number, forty of which were laden with live hogs.

The Manchester American has received a citron weighing fourteen and a half pounds. It combines a mixture of the citron and water-melon, and is said to be the best product for preserves that can be found.

The State of North Carolina has distributed among the several counties of the State, during the past year, the sum of one hundred and eighty-one thousand dollars for the support of common schools.

The agents sent out by Louis Napoleon to this country do not confine themselves to the purchase of grain, but throughout the West they are actively engaged in buying large numbers of hogs and cattle.

The yearly cost of educating each scholar in our public schools, is estimated to be about *seven* dollars. Universal education is said to be, and it should be, one of the principal bulwarks of liberty and good morals.

Advices from Australia give encouraging accounts of the gold production. Shipments last year, up to Sept. 1, had amounted to £6,500,000, and were expected before the close of the twelvemonth to reach £10,000,000.

The author of the Widow Bedott Papers, in which there is a good deal of fun, was a modest but eccentric young lady by the name of Miriam Berry, of Whiteborough, N. Y. She married the Rev. B. W. Whichler of that town, and died young.

During the past season, 82,199,190 pounds of tea were exported from Canton to England; 5,895,490 pounds to Australia; and 31,007,115 pounds to the United States. Only 51,678 bales of silk were exported to England, and 1494 bales to the United States.

The London Times has an elaborate editorial of calculations, showing that the total available strength of Russia is 83 per 1000, and that she has already used 58, which allows only two months more, at the past ratio, to exhaust her last man, her last cash trouble being already expended.

The Stamford (Ct.) Advocate says, "Stamford is offered for sale," not less than one hundred places in the village being offered to city purchasers; and predicts that the whole will soon be turned into desirable country residences for New Yorkers, who like the retirement of the environs of the metropolis.

Nicolaieff possesses twelve dock-yards, six for ships of the line, and six for smaller vessels; also, immense arsenals, and almost exhaustless materials for shipbuilding. It employs 600 workmen in ordinary times, and 12,000 on occasions of emergency. The present number, according to German accounts, is about 21,000.

The Chicago Democrat recently said that a woman arrived at that place with the dead body of her husband, which she was taking east for burial. On the route she fell in with a young man, and, on the arrival of the cars at Chicago, they went off together, leaving the dead body of the husband in the depot, where it has remained since.

A writer in one of the New York dailies thinks that if Henry Ward Beecher had adopted the stage as a profession, instead of the pulpit and lecture-room, or if he had entered the arena of law or commerce, he would by this time have ranked among the millionaires of the country. The writer thinks that the great secret of Beecher's success is, that his shrewdness and talent are only equalled by his independence.

An interesting divorce case was recently tried at Providence, R. I. It seems that a lady was married when about sixteen years of age, to a man who soon after left her. Some eight years after, as neither she nor his brothers had had heard from him, they supposed him dead, and she married again. About a year afterward her first husband appeared, and the court now granted her a divorce from him, legalizing her marriage with the second.

Foreign Items.

A grand memorial of Napoleon, to be executed by Duprez, is to be erected in the market-place of Ajaccio.

The Paris Exhibition is closed. Twelve thousand prizes have been distributed, including numerous decorations of the Legion of Honor.

All the governments invited to take part in the conference of the Sound dues, including Russia, have signified their intention of being represented.

When Marshal Pelissier paid his visit to Admiral Bruat, at Kamiesch, he was received by the garrison of the place, and by the vessels in that port, with loud manifestations of enthusiasm.

The American whaler, John Henry, fell in with the abandoned British Arctic ship Resolute, of Sir John Belcher's expedition, in Davis's Straits, the crew taking possession thereof and abandoning their own ship.

The emperor of France lately had a hunt at Fontainbleau. The result of the day's shooting was—775 pheasants killed, 25 hares, 14 deer, and 80 rabbits, making together 894 head of game, of which the emperor killed 175.

The king of Prussia intends to present the Baron de Mantenffel with a large demesne, composed of three fine estates, which will be erected into an hereditary majorate in his favor. He will be also raised to the dignity of count, and have an hereditary seat in the First Chamber.

The "New Prussian Gazette" announces that immense beds of sulphur have been discovered on both sides of the Volga, near Samara. The Russian government has given orders for the instant working of the beds, which are said to be "more valuable to Russia than a discovery of gold at this time."

Sands of Gold.

.... Make not thy friends too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friend.—*Fuller.*

.... The evil that men do lives after them; the good is often interred with their bones.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Greatness and discernment are two different things, and a love of virtue and virtuous men is a third thing.—*La Bruyere.*

.... However brilliant an action may be, it ought not to pass for great when it is not the result of a great design.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... How many "Wonderful Lamps" must one have handled, before discovering that the true wonderful lamp is either chance, or labor, or genius!—*Balzac.*

.... It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast; at the feast of the Centaurs, they ate with one hand, and had their drawn swords in the other. —*Clarendon.*

.... In all governments there must, of necessity, be both the law and the sword. Laws without arms would give us not liberty, but licentiousness; and arms without laws would produce not subjection, but slavery.—*Colton.*

.... The path to literary fame is more difficult than that which leads to fortune. If you are so unfortunate as not to soar above mediocrity, remorse is your portion; if you succeed in your object, a host of enemies spring up around you.—*Voltaire.*

.... There are two sorts of timidity; timidity of mind and timidity of the nerves—a physical and a moral timidity. The body may fear and tremble, while the soul remains calm and courageous, and *vice versa*. This gives us the key to many moral oddities. When both sorts of timidity are united in a man, he will be a nullity all his life.—*Balzac.*

Joker's Budget.

Before you commit suicide, take an emetic. What you take for despair, may only be a couple of pig's feet. Try it on.

A Western paper, under the head of "A Screw Loose," advertises Ephraim A. Screw, a horse thief, as having broken jail.

A partial musical critic, speaking of an extraordinary performance, said: "Beethoven would have given anything to hear it." True enough, for Beethoven was *deaf.*

Many years ago a gentleman said to the venerable George Hickering, "I believe the Methodists have no doctors of divinity among them?"—"No, sir," he replied, "our divinity has not become sick."

A red-headed lover, in writing to a red-headed girl, should take great care in wording his letters. The less said about "mutual flame," the better. We once knew a wedding postponed six years by a similar line to this.

Druggists always hold trumps, If the late cold snap has checked the sales of soda-water, it has increased the demand for cough-mixture two hundred per cent. We get this from Dr. Borax, who keeps two boys and a shovel mixing "hoarhound syrup" the whole blessed time!

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously diseased," said a sympathizing inspector. "Atweel, it's a great pity," said the farmer, "but there's ae comfort—Jock Tomson's is no a bit better!"

Horace seemed to know what local editors daily experience. To sketch a racy item requires infinitely more wit than the world generally imagine. Horace says:

"To write on vulgar themes is thought an easy task."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year.....	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



DOM FERNANDO, REGENT OF PORTUGAL.

CORONATION CEREMONIES AT LISBON.

Contrasting strongly with the solemn simplicity which characterizes the inauguration of our chief magistrates, are the glitter, pomp, parade and ostentation which, even in the pettiest kingdoms of Europe, attend the coronation of a sovereign. It is curious and instructive to note these national differences, and in this view we present our readers with a series of fine engravings illustrating the last European affair of this kind, the inauguration of the reign of Dom Pedro V. as king of Portugal. He is eighteen years of age, and quite a good-looking young gentleman, as our engraving shows. The second engraving is a likeness of his father, King Fernando, regent of the kingdom, who has just abandoned the reins of power to his son. The 16th of September, 1855, the anniversary of the birth of Dom Pedro, was saluted in the capital at daybreak by salvos of artillery from all the fortresses of the land and by the batteries of all the ships of war lying in the Tagus. The population of Lisbon, and a part of that of the whole kingdom, which, for a long time, had been pouring into the capital, greedy to behold the extraordinary festival, soon spread through the streets, which were covered with the fine golden sand of the River Tagus. The houses were draped from top to bottom with rich hangings of gold and silk of a thousand colors, the remains of the ancient opulence of Portugal when the East Indies formed a part of the vast Lusitanian empire. The proclamation of the new king was made before the palace of the Cortes. After a discourse from the regent, delivered and listened to with signs of the greatest emotion, the cardinal patriarch of Lisbon, presiding over the united chambers, rose from his chair, and, assisted by two gentlemen of the royal chamber, presented to his majesty Dom Pedro the book of the gospels, having a cross of gold thereon, on which the young king, placing his right hand, pronounced in a loud voice the following oath: "I swear to maintain the Catholic, apostolic and Roman religion, to maintain and cause to be maintained the political constitution of the Portuguese nation and the other laws of the kingdom, as well as to provide for the general welfare of the nation by all the means in my power." The boy-king had learned his lesson well, and repeated these words without a single blunder—a singular effort of memory, and proof of prodigious talent in the eyes of his faithful subjects, who wondered

"How one small head could carry all he knew."

Our central engraving represents the reception of Dom Fernando and his son at the door of the cathedral by the patriarch and his clergy, dressed in their splendid robes. The coronation carriage, a monstrous mass of timber and gilding, is seen on the right of the steps. The architecture of the cathedral, with its two square bell-towers, supported by heavy buttresses, and connected by a curtain in which is a magnificent rose window over the portal, reminds us of Notre Dame at Paris. Its style is severe and massive. Our last engraving shows the ceremony of the recognition of the king on the Praça do Commercio, or Square of Commerce, one of the finest public places in Lisbon. Round the base of the equestrian statue of John V. are stands of colors. The infantry of the line are under arms, and passing in review before the royal carriage in the midst of the acclamations of the people and the thunders of artillery. In the sort of temple erected in the centre, the two kings, surrounded by the court, received the keys of the city. In the evening, a magnificent display of fireworks took place on the Tagus, representing the taking of Arzilla by the Portuguese in 1441. Both sides of the Tagus, lit up by electric illuminations, presented a truly fairy spectacle. The festivals and illuminations lasted three days. On the second day, there was a reception of the diplomatic corps, and a kissing of hands at the palace, after which the king repaired to the Campo Grande (Great Field), where he passed in review all the troops of the line, numbering more than ten thousand men, infantry and cavalry. Everything is said to have passed off smoothly according to the programme. His loyal subjects declare that it would be impossible for a monarch to abandon his



RECEPTION OF THE KING BY THE PATRIARCH.



DOM PEDRO, KING OF PORTUGAL.

throne with more grace than Fernando II. exhibited. His dignity, modesty and good taste were much commended. As he is scarcely forty years of age, and much beloved by his people, over whom he had reigned from infancy, it was very difficult to make a dramatic exit, and required all the artistic ability of which he is possessed. As for the young king, his mother, Donna Maria, who had a will of her own, brought him up in the old-fashioned way, that is, very strictly. She was present at all his lessons, and took care that he did not throw away his time. He is probably well versed in king-craft. On his recent travels, he showed himself a well-informed young man, and certain remarks of his, since his inauguration, tend to show that he proposes making some effort at parliamentary reform. The free and easy manner of the Portuguese did not allow of perfect order in the ceremonies we have sketched. After the business at the Cortes was finished, instead of accompanying the king in procession, each one made the best of his way to the cathedral—"on his own hook," as we Yankees say. The most remarkable of these fugitives was the patriarch, who had not even taken the trouble of mending the wheels of his old ricketty state carriage, and had tied them up with bits of rope. His equipage formed accordingly a singular contrast to those of many of the nobles. There were some fine turnouts, such as those of the Duke Palmela, Count Farrobo, Marquis Ficalho, the apostolic nuncio, and the Marquis of Fronteira. As for the royal carriages, they are well known to surpass in magnificence those of all the other courts in Europe. The diplomatic corps was very full, and Prussia alone was not represented. France and Russia having ministers of a representative character, had confined themselves to conferring special powers on them. Austria, Belgium, England and Saxony sent special ministers for the occasion. There were some English ships of war in the Tagus, which joined the Portuguese in firing salutes. The naval illuminations on the Tagus must have been very fine. A line-of-battle ship and several steamers, blazing with lights, attacked three small forts, which, after a desperate defence by rockets of the largest size, were blown up with the explosion of innumerable bombs. The splendid bay afforded the finest possible field for such a display. There was very little shouting and noise, however, during the whole three days' celebration. Every one walked about quietly, not without enjoyment, but certainly without demonstration. Not a quarrel took place, however, not a drunken man was seen.



RECOGNITION OF THE SOVEREIGN, ON THE SQUARE OF COMMERCE, LISBON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1856. $3 00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X, No. 2. — WHOLE No. 236.

ALEXANDER H. RICE, MAYOR OF BOSTON.

We present our readers on this page with a really excellent likeness of Alexander H. Rice, the recently elected mayor of Boston, drawn expressly for our paper by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Whipple & Black. The election of Mr Rice was a peculiarly gratifying compliment, since his competitor, Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, was a gentleman of unquestionable talent and unblemished reputation. Dr. Shurtleff not only cheerfully acquiesced in the popular verdict, but was the first publicly to congratulate the mayor elect and introduce him to the people, an act which we should say indicated good taste, if we did not know that it was prompted by a higher motive—genuine good feeling. It is under such auspices, welcomed by his opponent, and cheered by the applause of his fellow-citizens, that Mr. Rice enters on the arduous duties of his honorable office. Alexander H. Rice was born in Newton (Lower Falls), Mass., in August, 1818, and is accordingly about thirty-seven years old—the very prime of life. His father was engaged in the paper manufacturing business, with which the subject of our sketch became practically familiar when a boy. At an early age, he also acquired some knowledge of the general routine of mercantile transactions in the store of an elder brother. When about fourteen years old, he came to Boston, and entered a dry goods' establishment. Impaired health, the result of severe labor and constant confinement, compelled him to abandon this occupation at the expiration of a year, and, returning home, he commenced a course of advanced study at a neighboring academy, his previous education having been that afforded by our common schools. In 1835, he returned to this city, and shortly afterwards entered the paper warehouse of Messrs. Wilkins & Carter, in Water Street. At the expiration of about three years, he left this establishment for the purpose of completing his education. After a course of preparatory study at Newton, in 1840 he entered Union College, under the presidency of the venerable Dr. Nott, and graduated in 1844. The present style of the house, of which he is still a partner, is Rice, Kendall & Co. It was his intention to prepare himself for one of the learned professions, but the condition of his health rendering it imprudent to continue his studies, he accepted proposals from Messrs. Wilkins & Carter for a partnership in their business, October, 1844. Up to this period, he had manifested an equal capacity for business, and desire for self-culture. Now, however, he entered with zeal upon a business career, and contributed his full share to the success of the firm. In 1850, he first became connected with the city government as a member of the Board of Visitors of the Lunatic Hospital, an office which he held four years. He was also a member of one of the school boards. In 1853, he was elected to the Common Council, and became its president the year following. In this position, Mr. Rice displayed the peculiar abilities requisite in a presiding officer, eliciting, by his self-possession, judgment and rigid impartiality, the praises of all parties. Having been nominated on the "Citizen's" Ticket as candidate for mayor, he was elected to that office, December 10, 1855, by a majority of about 2000, though opposed by an excellent man supported by a powerful organization.

The views and purposes with which Mr. Rice enters on his duties may be gathered from the impromptu remarks he addressed to the citizens who came to congratulate him on his election as soon as the vote had been declared:—"Many of you know, fellow-citizens, that this office is not one of my own seeking. It is one for which I have not myself labored; and I may say it is also one which I cannot accept without considerable sacrifice of my own interest and convenience. But apart from these considerations, when I recall the names of the illustrious men who have occupied this position—when I recall the commanding ability, the large experience, the unselfish devotion, the pure patriotism with which they have adorned and honored it, I cannot but feel that it is a place which should be approached diffidently under any circumstances by their successors. Fellow-citizens, the particular and crowning interest and significance of this day's election, is the fact that it contains an expression of the popular sentiment upon the question of sinking in our municipal elections all political and partisan considerations. I cannot but feel that this principle is a correct one, and I feel encouraged and strengthened in the position to which you seem to have called me, by the generous and magnanimous co-operation of all parties in my support. I trust that, to the extent of my ability, I shall perform every duty incumbent upon me, with strict impartiality to all interests and all classes; and I assure you, fellow-citizens, that if the result of our next year's administration shall be such as to promote the greater happiness and welfare of the people of Boston—to exalt still higher the honor and distinction of this glorious old city of Boston, to which we are all so much attached, and in which we recognize our interests and our homes,—I assure you, fellow-citizens, I say, that if such shall be the result, the hour in which I shall return to my own business will be even more grateful to my feelings than is this, which you have gilded with hope and promise." And in the festival given in honor of his election, at the Revere House, he again said, in the course of his speech:—"If I am rightly informed, the spirit manifested in the Nominating Committee was that of the utmost kindness, and a wish by each party to properly consider the claims of other parties, observing the scriptural direction, 'in honor preferring one another.' They were actuated only by a desire to best serve the interests of the city. I did not aspire to the honor of the position in which you have placed me, but I promise you, and this is the first pledge I have felt called upon to give, that, so far as in me lies, no effort shall be wanting for the full and successful accomplishment of your wishes." We have no doubt, that, now Mr. Rice has been elected, all parties will be willing to give him a fair trial, for certainly the views he has expressed as his governing rules of conduct are both conciliatory and manly. The mayoralty of Boston, we may remark, is no sinecure place, and the "sweets of office" are only a fiction of the poets; and of both these facts, Mr. Rice is undoubtedly well aware. In the address of the Revere House, Mr. Rice expressed in proper terms his sense of the dignity and difficulty of his new position. Boston, as a city, occupies the same proud eminence that Boston as a town formerly occupied, in relation to its sister communities. It has an old historic reputation at stake. It occupies a peculiar position, and is the centre of a vast number of important interests. In fact, it is quite a village, and its presiding officer has necessarily quite as much as he can do to occupy his time and tax his utmost energies. The executive chair has been filled by a succession of our most eminent men—such as Quincy, Elliot, Otis, and other professional men. We now have, in the person of Mr. Rice, a thorough and successful merchant—one whose integrity has been tested and established in this community. The office requires exactly the active qualities which have been developed by long familiarity with the details of a large and profitable business, and which will prove quite as effective in the satisfactory fulfilment of his official duties, as the habits of thought and action which any profession could supply. Long may the executive chair be occupied by incumbents who shall not only receive honor from their position, but be remembered by posterity with well-deserved renown.



ALEXANDER H. RICE, ESQ., MAYOR OF BOSTON.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST;

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

The young man accordingly gave his uncle a sketch of his haps and mishaps, to which the good marquis listened very attentively, and which occupied some few minutes, when, just as he was finishing by mentioning his application at the cottage for shelter, Helen Montauban entered.

She was beautiful and self-possessed as ever. A calm smile parted her lips and lighted her fine eyes, as she approached, and, saluting her father, gave to Louis, who advanced to meet her, her hand.

"My charming cousin!" exclaimed the young man, warmly, taking the offered hand, and kissing, with deferential affection, the fair cheek of the lady,—"my dear Helen, this is truly delightful. I am very happy to behold you again. How do you do?"

"Well, Monsieur Louis, I thank you. And you?"

"Admirably, my dear friend." And he seated himself by her side.

"You have, then, arrived at the chateau at length, Louis? It is sometime since we saw you," she said, regarding him with polite interest.

"Yes; it is a long time, I think, since we met, and I could not deny myself the pleasure of a visit to the chateau."

"Your journey, I trust, was a favorable one."

"Au contraire, ma chere cousine,—at least for a part of the way. A few drawbacks, such as travellers must meet with at times, but nothing very serious."

"My dear boy," said the marquis, "what then do you call serious? An attack from robbers, in my time—"

"An attack!" interrupted Mademoiselle Montauban, turning a shade paler, as her glance rested inquietly on the face of Louis,—"an attack! how, Monsieur Louis? You have been in actual danger?"

"No, my dear Helen,—no," the count hastened to say. "I was merely requested to deliver my purse, a simple affair, and, perhaps, one with which I may meet twenty times in my life. In your time, uncle," turning, with a smile, to the marquis, "there were, doubtless, more formidable characters to deal with than those whom I met last night, and then it is certain, also, that there were much braver men in those days to encounter them; now, perhaps, our brigands are greater cowards, and more easily frightened away; so a wayside battle with them is not such a terrible affair after all. I dare say you could have dispersed a dozen like those fellows of last night in less time than it took me to relieve myself of two or three."

"Flattery—flattery—all flattery!" cried the marquis, laughing, yet not displeased, perhaps, by his nephew's words. "You must recollect, my dear Louis, that my arm is not quite so strong now as it might have been once, and I cannot promise what I would do now, whatever I did in my boyish days, when I was a hot-blooded youth like you. Ah, those were different days, nephew!" And the marquis almost unconsciously sighed.

At that moment, however, the coffee was brought in, and the subject was abandoned. After the morning's repast was concluded, Louis drew his fair cousin out upon the paved terrace before the windows of the saloon, where they could sit conversing, while the early sunshine gilded the lovely landscape far and near, and resting sweetest of all in the charming valley that lay beneath the height of the chateau; gilding the rough walls of the humble farm-houses scattered among the trees with a rosy glow; touching with a more vivid tint the fresh verdure of the cultivated fields, and shining gaily upon the pretty little stream that wound its silver way through the valley, now hiding beneath the interposing foliage on its banks, now flashing out upon the view with a thousand glittering ripples, as the light morning wind played across its surface, or lying still and clear in some little sheltered nook, where, perhaps, the speckled trout played idly in the sunshine beneath the cool and silent surface.

It was certainly a beautiful morning, and Louis d'Artois enjoyed it thoroughly, as he sat by the side of his fair cousin on the terrace. It was a most sincere pleasure thus to meet with his old playmate and companion, after so long a separation. Louis regarded her with real affection, and had ever done so; for though with that calm and stately demeanor still unchanged, yet there was ever something gentler—kinder in her manner, when she addressed him, that pleased and won him.

She seemed even unusually lovely, too, this morning; for the cool, soft winds came freshly from the nearer hills, touching her fair cheek with a rosy tinge, and bringing a darker, clearer light to her beautiful eyes; and when, turning her face to him, she smiled, with more than her accustomed air of animation and enjoyment, saying, "What a charming hour this is, Louis!" he could not help expressing the thought that occupied him.

"Yes; but not half so charming as you are, *ma belle cousine*," he returned, gaily, yet earnestly, as he kissed her fair hand. "I was just deceiving myself with the idea that you were cheating me with a shadow; it was only when you spoke that I was undeceived. I forgot that the goddess—"

"Louis, no compliments!" uttered his cousin, imperatively. "Here comes my father."

CHAPTER III.

ROSE LAMONTE AND A LOVER.

It was on the night of the adventure of Count Louis, during his journey, that two men might have been seen emerging from the forest, and directing their steps in the road to the cottage of Hugh Lamonte, which Louis had left some ten minutes previously.

One of these, the elder, was a tall, sturdy man, dressed in the coarse garb of a peasant, and, as one could discern by the clear light of the moon, when she emerged, now and then, from the clouds that were slowly sailing across the heavens, possessing a rather rough physiognomy, though, perhaps, its coarse appearance was increased by the bushy, curling hair, the heavy beard, the dark moustache, and overhanging brows; for his features were by no means displeasing. At present, they wore a look of deep thought, an air almost of sternness, as he walked rapidly, and in silence, listening to his companion, who was speaking in low, but bitter and angry tones, and evidently on some exciting subject.

This man, whose dress was much the same as that of the first, save that a brace of heavy pistols—strange accompaniment!—were thrust into a broad belt tied about his waist beneath the rough jacket which he wore, had a less prepossessing appearance than the other.

Like that of his companion, his countenance was manborn and rude; but the expression of the features was sinister and forbidding, the features themselves, apart from their expression, anything but agreeable. You might have been assured a thousand times that he was nothing more or less than a simple and honest peasant, as he was generally understood to be; but for all that, you would have disliked to meet this man on the highway at midnight, or in the depths of the forest from which he had just emerged.

"I tell you," he was saying, vengefully,—"I tell you, if I have but the power, I will make him pay dear for this: two of our best fellows disabled, and my own brains nearly knocked out by that arm of his. Who would think it had so much strength? *Diable!* but it makes me ashamed."

"Chut, Gasparde!" said the other, a little sternly; "do you want to show your claws? Better speak a little lower, if you don't want to put your neck in danger. One can never tell how many ears there may be in these bushes along here."

"*N'importe*—I can shut them up, unless they belong to another like the one that dealt with me to-night. I shall feel his fist for a little while to come."

"Do you want to put yourself in the way of feeling it again?"

"Wait till I get on his track the next time, *mon brave!* I'll finish him neater than a butcher would a calf. I'll cure him of his impudence!"

"Better hold your tongue, comrade. Why didn't you cure him to-night?—three to one, and beaten at that! A fine story to tell the men!"

"Who knew he had his pistols? He must have found out before he started that somebody had drawn his teeth. Ah, he bit with them, I can tell you! If we had a dozen like him in the band, it would be worth something, captain. As it is, I'll take care he doesn't do us any harm, now that he has got off. If you had been there to-night, instead of minding something else, we might have sung a different tune; but now all the way to mend matters is to give him a little music to dance to. Ah! wont I make him caper!"

"Blockhead!" muttered the elder, with a frown.

"What do you say, then, captain?" asked his companion.

"Nothing, Gasparde. But here we are, and the light is burning in the window," as they reached the cottage.

"And Mademoiselle Rose waiting for her father, no doubt," added the other.

Without any rejoinder, the elder of the two knocked at the door. In a moment it was unfastened from within, and pretty Rose Lamonte opened it wide, uttering a joyful exclamation as she met the new-comer.

"Dear father!" she cried, gladly, "why did you not come before? I was beginning to be alarmed." And she threw her arms about his neck.

"Take care, *petite!*" he said, kissing her gently; "you will get wet; my clothes are none of the dryest, as you see. I came home as soon as I could, for the rain."

"Poor papa! yes—you are quite wet. It is a pity!" And with her hand in his, she was drawing him in, when her glance fell, for the first time, on the figure of the man behind him. She half started, and a slight frown was visible upon her pretty face, but she quickly dispelled it, and, nodding carelessly, said: "Good evening, Gasparde."

Then, without taking farther notice of him, she led the way to the kitchen with her father.

The man closed the door, and then following them, seated himself on a wooden bench by the hearth; while Hugh Lamonte (for the elder of the two was he), putting off his heavy hobnailed shoes, took them in his hand, and crossed the kitchen floor carefully, as one could see, to avoid soiling it as well as he could, saying, with a slight gesture, to Gasparde, as he passed through a door on the other side of the apartment: "Wait awhile, Gasparde,—wait awhile, and I will be with you again." And he closed the door behind him.

Meanwhile, Rose put away her wheel, swept up a few dead ashes lying on the hearth, and then busied herself about her father's supper, without once speaking to or in any way noticing the guest.

He, however, eyed her from time to time, as she moved about the room, with a glance which she evidently felt, rather than saw, to be fixed upon her, and which she as apparently studied to avoid. And truly there was nothing agreeable in the regards of this man, which were, certainly, close and pertinacious enough to be annoying. He was the cousin of Rose, the nephew of her mother, who was dead, and he dwelt in a village some five miles distant on the other side of the forest. Occasionally he came to the cottage to see her father on some errand or other, sometimes, too, without any visible object; so that it was not at all unlikely, when you could see nothing else for a reason, that the pretty face of Rose herself drew him thither, which was, after all, the case.

This, indeed, Rose more than suspected, from his having vaguely hinted something of the kind more than once, and that was partly the cause of her having saluted him so ungraciously to-night. She had never liked him; he was disagreeable to her, and the knowledge of his partiality for herself a thousand times increased her aversion to him. For even the love of a person whom we dislike and dread is odious to us.

So, as I have said, she busied herself about a thousand things to-night, while his unwelcome glance was upon her, wondering, inwardly, what could have brought him thither, and wishing, every moment, that he would go away. But her father lingered in his room, and Gasparde stayed, waiting for him, till the patience of the young girl was well nigh exhausted.

But before her tormentor took his departure, it was yet more severely tried; for after some ten minutes of utter silence, finding that she was determined not to speak, he opened the conversation on his own responsibility.

"Well, Rose," he said, "you are silent to-night. You are ill, perhaps?"

"No—I am not ill," she answered, coldly.

"You are not glad, then, to see me?" he continued.

"I did not say so," she replied, without looking at him.

"You will say nothing, Rose, that is pleasant or kind. Come, you might give me a friendly word when I have walked such a long way to-night."

"I did not give you the trouble, if it *is* a trouble."

"I came partly for the sake of being company to your father—that he can tell you," said Gasparde.

The pretty lip of Rose slightly curled. Her father need company!—a stout, bold, sturdy peasant, who was afraid of nothing human, and who, she very well knew, passed through the forest every time he went to market, and often returned after nightfall, too. "A probable story!" thought the young girl. "He only says it for the sake of appearing amiable."

"And so," she said, aloud, glancing, at the same time, at the strange adornments which he wore at his waist,—"and so, as my father was not able to take care of himself—" She paused a moment. He had not seen the quick glance which she cast at his belt as she spoke, and standing an instant with her eyes fixed on his face, in silence, she suddenly said: "What are your pistols for?"

He started, and put his hand to them, remembering with consternation that he had forgotten to conceal them before entering. Recovering himself, however, he answered, putting on a careless look:

"O, these are arms that I brought on purpose to-night; for you know it is a much later hour than the one at which your father usually returns, and they would be good for both of us to have, as we were coming through the forest, in case of danger; besides, I should not want to go back alone and unarmed at this time of night."

Rose gave a shrug, too slight for him to notice.

"I would advise you, then," she said, "to take them out as soon as you get home, if you are afraid to do so before; such things make one look more like a brigand than an honest peasant, and I venture to say you will stand a worse chance with than without them, if you happen to meet any one stronger (she was going to say, *worse*) than yourself."

Her tone was contemptuous enough for him to understand; but, without appearing to heed it, he said:

"O Mademoiselle Rose, if you think so, I will take them out, and leave them here until I come again."

"I beg you will do no such thing," she returned, coldly; "we dislike affairs of that kind very much indeed, never having been compelled to use them. My father is too poor and too humble and too honest to need them; so I should not like to have them seen here."

If she had been watching him closely, she might have observed something marvellously like a sneer on his face as she mentioned her father.

"O, I dare say, Mademoiselle Rose," he said, "your father has handled pistols more than once in his life. There are not many men who have not."

"Still, I repeat, we do not like them," she responded, "and had rather you would not leave them here." And then she was silent.

The stillness continued for some moments, while Rose wished impatiently that her father would make his appearance; but it was presently broken by Gasparde, who said, quietly:

"I have been thinking, Cousin Rose, as I came along to-night, of a very serious matter."

But as Rose did not once attempt to break the pause which he allowed to follow his words, by offering him the least encouragement to proceed, he mustered audacity without.

"I have been thinking for a long time," he went on, "that it is very lonely living without a wife, and as I am an honest fellow, likely to make my way in the world, though, perhaps, I am not so handsome a man as a pretty maiden might choose, yet I know, cousin, that you are too sensible a girl to refuse a good husband on that account, and will, perhaps, think reasonably of the affair. Will you marry me, Rose?"

"No, Gasparde, I will not," she replied; "and I wonder you ever presumed to think of such a thing."

"O, you are jesting, cousin,—you are jesting, surely," he said; "do but consider the matter. Come, I will make you a good husband, as I said before, though I think it hardly ought to be repeated."

"Hardly, indeed," she returned, slightingly, twisting his last words to suit her own fancy. "But for all that, Gasparde, I never will marry you, and you need not ask me again."

And, quite wearied with his pertinacity—indeed, with the very sound of his voice,—she went out and shut herself in her own room till he should be gone.

She had but just retired from the kitchen, when Hugh Lamonte re-entered it, bearing a small basket, which he gave to Gasparde.

"These are the things," he said. "But, Gasparde—those pistols in your belt?" and his glance rested upon them uneasily; "we forgot them. Did Rose notice them?"

"Yes; but I smoothed it all. She thinks, I suppose, I am a great coward. I made up a grand story of being afraid in the forest. Well, no matter. All the better—isn't it, captain?"

"She is as well not to know."

The father paused. His guest arose.

"Well, I am going, captain. Shall you be at the rendezvous to-morrow night?"

"Hush! do not speak loud. I cannot tell. It is probable, though. Good night." And he closed and barred the door behind Gasparde. And returning to the kitchen, he sank into a seat, with a bitter sigh.

"O, for your sake, my poor, innocent child," he murmured, "I would forsake this miserable way of life, but I dare not—I dare not!" and he covered his bowed face. Then, rising and pacing the room with an unquiet step, he went on: "Poor Rose! to think of the deceit—the crime, that surrounds you! even I, who should be honest, being the protector of a sinless child like you,—even I am unfit—ashamed, to look in your face! And you think me a good man! compelled to steal out in the dead of night to scenes of crime and darkness, and then return to meet your loving, holy kisses, and listen to your childlike words, that thrust a thousand daggers through me, because their purity shows me my own guilt in the blackest hue! O, Rose—Rose! to think of the wrongs I have done, and yours the greatest! Doomed to a life of toil and hardships, to the life of a slave, from the day when you first breathed the air of this most accursed dwelling, dreaming that I am innocent as yourself, and loving me with an affection that you never owed me. Yet, O, my darling! if, through your prayers, I yet turn away from sin, your mission in this humble place has not been a vain one; and when, one day, you are shown the deceit, the fraud, the dark wrongs done you by the one whom you love and reverence with a daughter's tenderness, may you not quite abhor me!"

A light footstep echoed without, and he dashed away a tear, while he turned for a moment to the casement, in order to gain composure ere Rose entered.

The door opened, and, cautiously, pretty Rose entered. A quick glance cast about the room assured her that her disagreeable cousin had taken his departure. She ran joyfully to her father's side, exclaiming:

"He has really gone, then! Why did he come to-night, dear father? I thought he never *would* go away."

"You do not like him, Mignonne?" asked her father, tenderly, as he kissed her and smoothed her bright hair with a loving touch.

"Like him?—no, papa, nor ever did. He is not a pleasant visitor, by any means. He—but you are not well; you are tired," she interrupted, as she detected, with her quick perceptions, the slight quiver in her father's tones, for he had not been quite successful in concealing his agitation.

"Yes," he said; "I am tired, dear child!" And he sighed.

"Poor papa! Well, you shall come and eat some supper. See, it is all ready, and while you are doing so, I will tell you something."

And persuading him to sit down at the table, she seated herself near him, and pressed him to eat. To please her, he made a pretence of supping, merely, for, in his downcast mood, he could scarcely touch a morsel; and to divert her attention from his troubled countenance, he said:

"Well, Rose, child, what is it you have to tell me? Let me hear it."

"Somebody has been here, papa. Can you guess who?"

"Not very well to-night, dear Rose. You must tell me instead."

"Well, then. It was the young Count Louis—the Count d'Artois, papa. He has come to visit the chateau, as we heard he was about to do."

At this, Hugh Lamonte slightly started. His knife dropped to the floor, and he quickly stooped to pick it up, exclaiming, "How careless!" Rising, he resumed his repast.

"The count has been here, Rose? What did he come here for?"

"For shelter."

Hugh Lamonte turned pale.

"Well, Rose,—for shelter? You are not very explicit. Shelter from what?" His tone was hasty and agitated. He seemed to be aware of it, for he added immediately: "You must talk both to and for me, dear child, to-night, and not leave me anything to do, for you see I am fatigued. Tell me all about it, Rose. What did he want shelter for, and what did he say?"

"It was raining very hard, you know, papa," she answered, gently, "and he was journeying to the chateau. He stopped until the storm was over."

"O, that was it, then,—the rain? Yes; I forgot. I am so used to storms myself—. But he has gone to the chateau, then? Did he say anything about—I suppose he has had a pleasant journey, and a safe one, so far?" And Hugh, while pretending to continue his supper, and speaking in a careless tone, marked carefully her manner and her replies.

"Yes, papa; he must have got nearly to his good uncle's by this time. I do not know what kind of a journey he has had; he said nothing about it, so, I suppose, it must have been pleasant. Yes; now I recollect, he said he came from Lyons, and on horseback, and he was going to the chateau, that was all."

He was silent for a little time, and seemed to be reflecting deeply. Then he said:

"Well, I am glad the boy is well and prosperous. I am glad we had a roof to offer him in time of need. May we have a shelter for him in more bitter extremities!" Checking himself, as his tone grew too earnest, he added: "I have known the young man, Rose, ever since his early childhood, though I have met him but few times, and he does not know me. We have received many kindnesses at the hands of the marquis and his family, and I am grateful to them, and would willingly render them any service in my power. I trust, one day, to repair, in some measure—" He paused again, abruptly, as if afraid of uttering too much. Then rising, he embraced his daughter with sad tenderness. "Rose," he said, "dear child, it is almost midnight, and I am keeping you here till you are weary. Do not sit up again for me, if I should not come home early when I have been away. You toil closely enough, without wearing out your bright eyes for my sake, too. You have a miserable life at best, my darling. Some day, perhaps, I shall be able to make it better, some day not far hence. You have been a good child, Mignonne."

"Father—dear father!" she said, saddened and pained by his manner; and winding her arms about his neck, she kissed him fondly.

"Don't, Rose," he whispered, putting her gently from him, and turning away from those innocent lips with a pang of distress. "Dear Rose, go; good-night."

"Good-night, papa." And, turning sorrowfully away, she went to her own little room.

"I wonder what it can be that vexes him?" she murmured, with the tears in her eyes, as she prepared to retire. "He seems so sad to-night. My poor father!"

And, meanwhile, Hugh Lamonte paced his own apartment with a stern brow and a heavy heart, in which a thousand racking and tormenting thoughts rioted. Lowly and humble seemed his daily life; honest and good, though poor, he himself esteemed, and yet secret sin and years of hidden anguish and remorse were daily and hourly eankering in his soul. The sturdy, honest-seeming, hard-working peasant, whom people beheld from day to day laboring from morning till night, and commended for his industry, was one of a band of robbers who infested the neighboring forests and towns, and not only a member, but the chief of the band. Under cover of his constant industry and the estimation of his neighbors, he led a life of hidden crime. But it was only in the darkness that he practised it; only when he could steal forth, after his innocent, unsuspecting child was sleeping (for even she knew nothing of all this), and no neighbor was abroad to watch his steps; and stealing back again ere the dawn, met her at the usual hour in the morning, and prepared to pass another day of rustic labor, and await another night of crime.

Thus it had been for years, and this was not his worst deed, either. Yet this man had not always been bad. Away back, in the lapse of time, shone forth the light of happy years, and innocent thoughts and deeds; of an unstained conscience and a pure heart; of a life that *once* was sinless. But he dared not look upon these things now.

For though he had long since sickened of these scenes of crime, and though he would gladly have forsaken them, he could not burst asunder the bonds that held and shackled him. He dared not seek a separation from the crew of desperate, lawless men who looked to him as their leader. There was many a dull gleam from the smothered fires of innocence in his heart, and the brightest, the most enduring, was his love for his child. For her sake, if not for his own, he would have abandoned his career of vice; but every yearning impulse for better things met with disappointment; at every turn, he felt how powerless he was for good.

And the consciousness almost maddened him. There were times when he would have plunged a thousand degrees deeper into vice than ever he had yet done, that he might stifle these better feelings—these promptings of the yet living monitor within, since they were in vain; and then it was only the ever-present image of his child that saved him,—the memory of her sweet face and innocent life, of her faith and of her love. Poor Rose!

It was this Gasparde—this man whom we have seen with him to-night—who planned the last expedition. They were Lamonte's men who attacked Louis d'Artois in the forest; and Gasparde was one of them. They were defeated, as we have seen, to the infinite surprise and secret satisfaction of Hugh, who, while he had been unwilling to give consent to the plan, and yet had not dared offer opposition to Gasparde, who was next to himself in authority, had yet managed to avoid joining in its execution. Indeed, his errand that day from home had been secretly to warn Louis of the danger awaiting him; but he had missed seeing him, and failed in his project. He did not know that the count had been warned, notwithstanding; and, knowing that the weapons of Louis had been rendered useless, in a measure, before his day's journey was commenced, was astounded to learn, on reaching the rendezvous in the forest, that he had baffled his enemies, and not only baffled them, but given them ample reasons for remembering him for some time to come. Gasparde himself, the first of the assailants, whom Louis had disposed of so summarily, had narrowly missed being killed outright; while the other two were injured in such a manner as to make it doubtful whether they would attempt another affair of the kind for some months.

That he was possessed of loaded pistols, was Gasparde's chief matter of perplexity, for he himself had taken care that the charges should be withdrawn, just after Louis had examined them to see that they were in good order, that morning, before setting out. He concluded that the young man must have re-examined them afterwards, and discovering the state of affairs, had repaired the mischief. How far he was right, the reader already knows.

Hugh Lamonte had reasons for not wishing to injure Louis d'Artois, or any of his people; and he earnestly desired to save him from the clutches of Gasparde, who had led this affair throughout; for he was more than apprehensive that if the count made a firm resistance, and gave them too much trouble, unless that resistance were overpowering, he would only exasperate his assailants, who might easily murder him in their rage and impatience. And now that he had indeed escaped, and left them with so severe a reminder of their defeat, Hugh trembled for him more than ever. He knew that Gasparde was enraged at the loss of the prize he had counted on, and yet more deeply at the treatment to which he and his men had been subjected, and that, if opportunity were given, he would be made to feel the vengeance of his desperate adversary, for Gasparde had sworn to make him pay dearly for that night's work.

Hugh felt troubled now for the future safety of the young man. It was his study how he might warn him of the danger which menaced him, so that he might avoid it. He knew that the neighborhood would be a dangerous one for him; he had even risked much in coming to the cottage that night; for if Gasparde had come a little earlier, he would have seen the count. At all events, Hugh thought it fortunate that Rose had not mentioned to her cousin the visit of Louis, and resolved to warn her concerning it.

These things occupied him long after Rose had retired, and it was not until an hour after midnight that he sought his own couch; yet he remained for some time, still, in a state of wakefulness, revolving a thousand affairs in his mind that had already brought many an untimely wrinkle to his brow, and many a silver thread to the rich brown locks that clustered about his head.

CHAPTER IV.

GASPARDE'S PERSEVERANCE. THE DAUGHTER OF A MARQUIS.

At the break of day, Rose Lamonte had risen, and was busying herself with her simple household affairs. Her father slept until an unusually late hour; but she would not disturb him, remembering his weariness of the night previous; so she set his breakfast to wait for him, and, sitting down in the sunshine by the door, took her little spinning-wheel, and applied herself to work with ready fingers, while she awaited his appearance.

Before the sun was two hours high, however, Hugh made his appearance. He seemed lighter hearted, by far, this morning; his slumbers had evidently refreshed him. Indeed, this was the case; and at the sight of Rose, with her bright face, and her pleasant smile, and the air of comfort and cheerfulness that everywhere was visible, betraying the beautifying touch of those fairy fingers of hers, he could not but wear a smile himself.

"O, you are better, papa, this morning; you are quite rested—are you not?" asked Rose, joyfully, as he gave her his good-morning kiss.

"Quite rested, Mignonne," he answered, with quiet cheerfulness, "and quite ready for breakfast, too," he added, with a smile, as he saw the repast awaiting him. "I have slept a great while,—have I not, Rose?"

"Not a bit too long, papa. I am glad you have slept so well. You will feel better for work to-day. You needed rest, after your long walk yesterday, and being up so late last night."

He ate his breakfast, and talked with Rose on one subject and another for awhile, then rising, he went to the door to look out. He stood there a moment, while his daughter was clearing the table, and instantly turning about, he said:

"Rose, do not speak to anybody of the count's visit here last night. To *anybody*—you hear, child?"

"Yes, papa."

He waited, reflectively, an instant, and then added:

"And especially to Gasparde."

Rose looked a little perplexed.

"No, indeed,—not to him. But why *especially* to Gasparde papa?"

"Because, I wish it, Rose. And if you should see the young count in this neighborhood again, you are to be equally silent; you must tell it only to me."

"Yes, papa." And though Rose could not divine her father's reasons for these directions, she was wise enough to ask no farther questions.

Hugh put on his hat, and went out, but returned almost immediately, saying:

"Rose, where could this have come from?" And he showed her a gold coin of considerable value.

"That? I am sure I do not know. Where did you find it?" she asked, in a tone of surprise.

"In the manger. Who has been there?"

"O, I know!" exclaimed the young girl, after a moment's thought. "It must have been the count, papa, for no one else has been there since you, that I know of."

Hugh looked at the money a moment, and a slight smile rested on his lip.

"The young man is very good, to pay so liberally for an hour's shelter in a poor man's hut," he said. "But he was delicate about it, too; that is, if—" He paused a moment, and then added: "Did he offer this money to you, Rose?"

"He offered me nothing, dear father, except thanks. Possibly he guessed that I would have taken nothing beside."

"Well—well, Rose; you may take it now, since he has left it, and put it away. We are poor, but not poor enough to need that. It may lie untouched—a keepsake of the count's. Mayhap we never shall see him again. And now, I am going up to the farm of neighbor Antoine. I shall be back by noon, I think. Good-morning, Rose."

He went, and left her standing there by the casement, still, with her glance resting thoughtfully on the gold in her hand, and a slight blush rising to her cheek.

But presently, putting the coin away in the box with her mother's picture, she turned away with a half sigh, and commenced setting the simple furniture of the apartment in better order, and then went out into the little garden belonging to the cottage to gather flowers. She plucked a small basketful, arranged them quickly and with exquisite taste, and then, tying on a little rustic hat, worn and old, but still very becoming, and made really beautiful by the lovely face and waving hair it shaded so coquettishly, set out on the road that led through the valley, among the distant hills, and far beyond, to the chateau.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

This was her daily custom, as long as the flowers blossomed in the cottage garden; for mademoiselle liked flowers, and there was no garden near the chateau, only thick woods, and the narrow lawn that surrounded the stone walls of the courtyard; so she engaged Rose to bring her the flowers she raised.

Rose was very proud of her flowers, and she loved them, too. This morning, she had brought the first of the rare white roses which had opened in the warm sunshine on her favorite tree, and, charmed with their beauty and fragrance, she could not help looking upon them with real affection, as if they were living things, as she walked along.

"I know Mademoiselle Helen will be pleased with them," she said, to herself, "they are so beautiful. And how magnificent she will be when she has some of the finest of them in her hair! But she scarcely needs them, she is so lovely already. If she only were not quite so haughty. But I think she is naturally kind-hearted. I wonder what her cousin, the young count, thinks of her? Surely he cannot but admire her."

With such reflections as these, she was continuing her way, when a shadow fell across the sunlit path, and startled her. Raising her head, she beheld her cousin Gasparde.

"Good-morning, Mademoiselle Rose," he said.

Carelessly and briefly, she returned his salutation, and was hurrying on, to escape from his unwelcome presence, when he laid his hand on her arm.

"Stop a moment, Cousin Rose; I want to ask you a question. I came over to the cottage a moment ago, and found neither your father nor yourself at home. I wanted to see him, on business. I caught sight of you coming along the road here, and so hurried on to overtake you, to ask you where he is."

"He is at the house of neighbor Antoine, I believe," answered Rose, coldly; "at least, he said he was going there. But let me go, if you please, Gasparde," and she slipped her arm away from his hand, whose lightest touch was disagreeable to her,—"let me go; I am in a great hurry. I am going to the chateau."

"O, are you?" he said, coolly; "then I will accompany you as far as neighbor Antoine's, where I may meet your father. One always likes company on so lonely a road as this." And he very quietly walked along by her side.

Rose was very much annoyed at this proceeding, and a sharp rebuke for his audacity was rising to her lips, but on second thoughts she repressed it; for she not only disliked, but feared him as well; and whatever she might have been tempted to say when at home, and under the protection of her father, she dared not provoke him now. So she was silent; but she made all possible haste, walking as fast as she could, and keeping her glance resolutely turned away from her disagreeable companion.

"Don't hurry so, Mademoiselle Rose,—don't hurry so," he said, as he, too, walked lightly and rapidly, to keep pace with her; "it never does one any good. A pleasant morning like this, and pleasant company besides, are two very good things, and it is not wise to place too light a value on them."

Rose made no rejoinder, but walked as fast as ever.

"So you are going to the chateau," he continued, glancing at her basket, "to carry your flowers, I dare say."

"Yes," answered the young girl, shortly.

"It is a great pity to carry so many fine flowers to one who pays you so miserably for them," he said; "better dress your own hair with them. They would become you a great deal more than Mademoiselle Helen."

The fair cheek of Rose colored with a deeper tinge. Gasparde's insolent advice, and yet more insolent flattery, incensed her.

"Mademoiselle Montauban is very good to me," she answered. "She gives me what my flowers are worth, to the last sou, and often much more. I shall carry them to her."

"Just as you please, my pretty cousin. I never waste words. One would be a great fool to do that."

He walked on by her side, whistling some gay air from time to time; but he did not speak again for a long while. Rose was in dread lest the subject of discussion which had arisen between them the night before should be renewed. But he kept on, whistling and meditating by turns, without recurring to it; and hoping, as they went on, that he did not mean to trouble her with it again, she began to feel somewhat relieved.

At length, however, he stopped whistling, and glanced down at his companion's face.

"They say the Count d'Artois has arrived at the chateau," he remarked.

Rose was silent, though she saw some rejoinder was expected.

"I suppose there will be gay doings there now," he went on, seeing that she did not mean to speak; "for the count is a gay man, and not a very good one, either," he added, maliciously, though he knew nothing whatever of the count's character. "People tell that he is a little too fond of cards, and a little too fond of wine, and a great spendthrift into the bargain."

Yet Rose was silent, though her cheeks grew hotter at his wanton words. It was nothing to her what character the gentleman might bear; for was she not almost an utter stranger to him? But she had seen him, and conceived a good opinion of him, and she was ashamed and indignant at Gasparde's mischievous, ill-natured remarks.

"Report says, too," continued Gasparde, "that he is about to marry his beautiful cousin, Mademoiselle Helen. The contract was made years ago. What do you think of all that, Cousin Rose?" for he was determined, by a direct question, to make her speak to him.

"I think you are very wicked and very disagreeable," she answered, plainly, "in pulling other people's characters to pieces, and a gossip who meddles with other people's affairs. Fie on you, Gasparde! I am ashamed of you;" and she hurried on.

"Hard words—hard words, Mademoiselle Rose," said Gasparde, speaking in a careless tone, and biting his lips, to conceal the vexation caused by her sharp reproof; "but coming from such pretty lips, I never could take them for earnest in the world. Do you know, Cousin Rose, I have heard it said that a woman ever treats worst the man she best likes; so I take your hard handling for so many compliments, and feel quite flattered by them."

She was more angered than ever, for he seemed quite serious in what he said; but fortunately, as she thought, they just then came up to the village, and she thought every moment that he would



ROSE ON HER WAY TO THE CHATEAU WITH FLOWERS.

leave her, and cross over to the farm of Antoine Lehrun, which was seen through the trees on the right. But he kept along with her.

"You are passing the farm, Gasparde; do you see?" she said. "I thought you were going there."

"O, I will go with you a little further, and stop there as I come back," he answered, carelessly. "Do you take me for an unmannerly churl, Cousin Rose, to leave a pretty maiden to finish her walk alone, after having gone with her so far? No—no! And, besides, there was something else about which I wished to speak to you."

Rose grew a little paler; but she neither looked at nor answered him. And still she hurried on, glad that she was so near the end of her walk, for she had almost reached the ascent to the chateau.

"Well, cousin," said Gasparde, "I hope you have thought better of the offer which I made to you last night."

"No, nor ever shall," she answered, resolutely, though with a slight tremulousness of tone.

"That is a great pity; for I am resolved to have you, at all events, my dear, so you need not be shy. We will consider that affair as quite settled. And now, there is another question still, Rose. I suppose *you* haven't seen this rascally young count of whom we have been speaking?"

There was a sneer in his tone. His evil glance, in a sidelong direction, scanned the young girl's countenance.

She did not answer.

"O, you wont tell, eh?" he said. "I suppose if I should ask a closer question, I might get you to talk. Was he at the cottage last night, or this morning?"

"I will not tell you," she uttered, trembling in every limb with fear and indignation. And she attempted to spring up the path; but he seized her hand, and prevented her.

"Not so fast, my dear. I must keep you a little longer. Listen, now. I know he was there, although you have been very careful not to tell me; for the tracks of a horse's feet and a gentleman's hoots are in the soil outside, the latter belonging to the count, I am pretty sure. I have his measure. *But he wont come there again*, mind that! Now, my pretty cousin, you may give me a kiss."

"Gasparde, let me go!" she cried, in terror and disgust, as he held her hand.

"O, you wont give me one,—will you? Why, then, I must take it."

"Must you? There are two words to that bargain, my man!"

It was a light form that sprang out of the thicket by the wayside; a resolute voice that uttered these words; a graceful arm, with iron force, that laid the rascal, at one stroke, prostrate on the earth. And Gasparde, lying at the feet of his assailant, was almost insane with rage. He had seen that form, heard that voice, felt the weight of that arm, to his cost before.

And Count Louis stood there quietly, as Gasparde rose again to his feet, shaking his clenched hand with muttered menaces, and seemingly inclined to return the attack.

"Come, you want some more, my fine fellow, I think," said the gentleman. "If that is the case, I can finish you as well now as any time. You deserve a sound thrashing, and I am quite willing to administer it. Are you ready to receive it?"

The man gave a vengeful glance, another warning with that clenched hand, and, turning, walked rapidly down the ascent, without uttering a word.

The count looked after him an instant, and then joined Rose, who, with blended fear and interest, had watched this brief scene.

"Ah, monsieur, I thank you very much!" she said, gratefully, as he advanced towards her.

"And I am very glad that I happened to be near," he returned, with a frank smile, "to chastise the insolent fellow. Why, he was over-bold, Rose! Who is he?"

"A worthless cousin of mine, monsieur," replied Rose, "who has undertaken to annoy me occasionally, of late. I hope his well deserved punishment will teach him better manners for the future."

"I hope so; but it will be best to beware of him now. You must keep, as much as possible, out of his way."

"That I have always done, monsieur. But he has never been so daring before."

"I think I heard him mention me, Rose. What did he say?" asked the young count.

Rose Lamonte blushed slightly, as she replied:

"He said that you should never come to the cottage again."

"Ah, yes; I heard it; I remember now. And he knew of my visit by the footprints? He must have been watching me closely. Yet, where could he have seen me? I only completed the journey from Lyons last night."

"He says he was at the cottage after I left, an hour ago, and seeing that the tracks came from the forest road, and having heard on the way thither that you arrived at the chateau last night, he must, I suppose, have concluded them to be yours."

"Ah, yes; that is it—that is it. And so he says it will be my last visit? Not with your leave to the contrary, my little friend; for it is necessary, I think, that I should accompany you home, to see that he does not trouble you on the way."

"Indeed you are very kind," said Rose; "but I think Mademoiselle Helen will send Jessie with me, if I ask her. I will not trouble you."

"No—no, Rose. It is a long and lonely way, and Jessie, I think, is none too brave. You will need more efficient assistance than she would be likely to afford, if he should undertake to renew his persecutions."

The young girl could offer no further opposition to his decision, and so she entered, without saying anything more, the great gate of the court, which he held open for her.

The good marquis was standing on the terrace steps, as they went up.

"Good-morning, my child," he said, kindly, to her. "Out so early with your roses?"

She smiled.

"Yes, monsieur; and they are very fine ones. See!"

"Yes, indeed. And you have brought a rare supply of them. But, after all, you will carry back more than you bring. Your walk has done you good, I see;" and he smilingly stroked her damask cheek, to which the exercise, and a little excitement together, had indeed brought the sweetest of roses.

Coloring still more deeply, our heroine, with laughing eyes, ran up the steps, and disappeared within the entrance of the chateau.

"Why, uncle," said Count Louis, gaily, as he looked after her retreating figure, and then turned to the marquis, "that was gallant, I must say. But—"

"But, I suppose, my dear boy," interrupted the marquis, in the same light strain, "you think that I should have left it for you to say instead? Not by any means, Louis. Rose is safe with my compliments. Heaven preserve her from those of a younger and handsomer man than myself! But, seriously, Louis, Rose is an innocent child, and I should not like to have you take pattern too carelessly by me, to whom she awards such freedom. And now, nephew, where did you come across Helen's little protege, this morning?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

As it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, so it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.—*Addison.*



ICE-BOAT IN THE BAY OF TORONTO, CANADA.

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

The accompanying engravings illustrate the way in which our Canadian neighbors contrive to make some of the moments of their long and dreary winter slip by pleasantly and happily. The first engraving represents a skating and sailing scene on the Bay of Toronto. The ice boats are generally simple contrivances, consisting of a couple of rough boards joined at right angles, with a skate at either end of the cross pieces, and a movable one on a pivot, which serves as a rudder. The largest boat in our picture is a more elaborate structure—quite a specimen of glacial architecture, and with its comfortable furs, affording suitable accommodations to its fair passengers. Before a strong wind these boats glide along with almost fearful velocity, and they can be made to lie very close to the wind on occasion. A fleet of these strange yachts, careering amidst a group of wheeling skaters, presents a very striking and animating spectacle. We wonder that amateurs of winter sports have not introduced them extensively into our vicinity. The boats should be made water tight to guard against the consequences of a sudden giving way of the ice. The second engraving shows the interior of an establishment at Quebec, on the Queen's Wharf, got up for the accommodation of a skating club, who were desirous of enjoying their favorite sport, sheltered from the weather and from the snow which so often and for so long a time covers up the skating fields in Canada. The floor of this building is inundated early in the season to the depth of about a foot—Jack Frost soon accomplishes the rest by converting it into a solid flooring of ice. On the area, crowds of both sexes assemble to take their diversion, the most fearless and graceful skaters being found among the ladies. The motions of the exercise are so graceful, that even the rotund Dutch women of Holland look attractive upon their glittering skates, but when such lovely creatures as the *Canadiennes* appear on the flashing steel, they are perfectly bewitching. They have adopted a sort of Bloomer costume, which is well adapted to the exigencies of skating, whatever may be thought of it as a street dress. No more attractive sight can well be imagined than that presented by this *glaciarium*.



WINTER LIFE IN CANADA—SKATING IN THE CLUB HOUSE, QUEBEC.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MARY.

BY WM. G. STORRS.

I have loved thee—I have lost thee!
Words of anguish ne'er can tell,
All the feelings that are riven,
And within my bosom swell.
None so blest, but must awaken,
Soon or later from the spell,
That surrounds the one forsaken,
By the loved—the loved too well.

We have parted, and the morrow
Wakes the anguish of to-day;
Suffering in silent sorrow,
Bitter pangs of misery.
Go thy way, in sorrow leave me,
Leave me to my depth of woe,
I would not that those shouldst listen
To my soul's convulsive throe.

I would hide within my bosom
All its bitterness and pain—
Hide the withering sense of madness,
Stealing through my reeling brain.
Thou hast never known the fullness
Of the heart that clung to thee—
Thou the light of my existence,
And of my dark destiny.

But I've hushed my heart's complaining,
Hushed its anguish and despair,
Mocked its woe by calmly wearing
An unruffled, quiet air.
I've gazed on thee, and turned to thee,
Thou wast my earth—thou my heaven—
Thoughts wildly struggling to be free,
Were from my full heart riven.

But 'tis past—and unavailing
Bursts the sigh, and rolls the tear;
Pride's within my bosom struggling
With the passion of despair.
Then farewell! no longer mourning
O'er the dark, unpleasant theme,
Swift my spirit is returning,
To my youth's first, brightest dream.

Dream of joy! thou dream of gladness!
Vision of seraphic peace,
Drive, O drive this fatal madness
From its last abiding-place.
Wake the echoes softly stealing,
Deepest music to my soul:
Mark the power divinely healing,
O'er its troubled passions roll.

Rise, my soul, in strength reviving,
Turn thee from thy bitter woe;
Let not life be spent in mourning
One fair image lost below.
Duty calls thee—stern, relentless,
Higher, nobler passions call.—
Wouldst thou be a slave forever?
Spurn the soul-benumbing thrall.

Then, on morning-pinions, mounting,
Seek the light, the heat, the sun—
There in soul-bathed beauty rest thee,
From thy task most nobly won:
I would mount the hill of glory,
Where sweet tones of music ring;
List the voice of passioned story,
Sweetly where the muses sing.

There no more shall misery pain thee,—
There shall woe be turned to bliss—
In the mystic halls of glory
Naught there reigns but happiness.
Then farewell all other visions,
Visions, save of future fame;
On the shining portals, write thee,
Write thee there thy humble name.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BLACK DOMINO.

A TALE FROM THE OPERA.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

CHRISTMAS had come, and with it the annual grand masked ball given by the queen at her palace at Madrid. In a small ante-chamber adjoining the ball-room, stood or rather lounged, two young men; Lord Elfort, an Englishman, and his friend, Count Julius. Apparently they had but just arrived, for Julius turned to his friend, almost overpowering him by the rapidity of his expressions of enthusiasm. Lord Elfort gazed languidly, with the air of one too much accustomed to such scenes to feel even a momentary thrill of pleasure at the dazzlingly brilliant scene before him. An expression of scorn curved his handsome lips, and, with a sigh of weariness, he threw himself upon a couch. His friend Julius looked at him with feelings of astonishment mingled with pity, and demanded the reason of his indifference, and before long he was made aware of the fact that Lord Elfort was vexed and dispirited by the loss of quite a large sum of money. It was not the actual loss which so vexed him, but because he had always been considered the best whist player in England, and yet the evening previous he had, while surrounded by admiring countrymen, lost his games, and to a Spaniard, one Horace Massarena. Julius rallied him upon it, and promised if he would come to his house after the ball, to give him a chance to win back his golden guineas and his lost reputation. But that proposition Lord Elfort declined, upon the plea that his wife was ill at home, and he also disclosed to his quick-witted companion that he was jealous of his wife, and feared this same handsome young Spaniard. Julius tried to reason him out of his absurd notion, proving to him his absurdity, by telling him, which was the truth, that his wife had never seen Senor Horace, nor he her. To all of these arguments he merely replied:

"My wife has expressed a wish to see him. I think he will bring me unhappiness."

Julius smiled an incredulous smile, as he replied with a slight expression of scorn in his voice:

"If she had cared very much about seeing him she would have appeared at the ball this evening."

"Yes, she preferred being ill. I thank her—but it is equal."

And espying Horace, Elfort declared he was going to dance, and disappeared into the ball-room.

Horace Massarena entered the ante-chamber and carelessly seated himself. Julius assailed him with the question as to whether he knew who his entrance had put to flight, but was answered in the negative.

"One of our allies—Lord Elfort! and one of our compatriots, for he has kinsfolks in Spain. He is connected by his wife to the Duke of Olivarez. Apropos of his wife; he has an idea that she is too well disposed in your favor."

"What unworthiness!" exclaimed Horace, his dark eyes flashing. "I do not even know the lady."

"Is it astonishing?" laughed Julius.

"Yes. The Count de San Lucar, my ambassador, entertains great affection for me—and to me, a poor man who has nothing, he wishes to give his daughter—a rich heiress—who is still in the convent, and I don't know whether I ought to accept."

"Sooner twice than once."

"I have come to you, the friend of my youth, to ask advice. Is it right to marry one when you love another?"

"I cannot tell, never having seen the lady in question."

"Neither have I seen her!" exclaimed Horace, petulantly, "and I complain of not having seen her, of spending my life in searching after her, and yet I never met her."

"Horace, my friend, are you out of your senses? You return from France, and the new romances published there, which—"

"Leave me them."

"Are dangerous to weak minds, undoubtedly have—"

"It was not in France! but in Spain, at Madrid. It was here, at the court festival that I saw her for the first time," exclaimed Horace, with a mixture of petulance and eagerness. "At the ball our queen gave last year at Christmas. Imagine, my friend, a—"

"Beautiful face and speaking eyes," laughed Julius.

"She was masked," replied Horace. "If you will listen I will relate my adventure. She was masked, but her form was elegant and her hands the most beautiful knight ever swore oath upon. In dancing—listen well—for I had invited her to dance, and her dancing—"

"Was ravishing," laughed Julius.

"No; she didn't know a figure—she knew nothing. It seemed as if this was the first time she had ever been to a ball. She continually asked simple questions, and in all her movements she mingled a grace and awkwardness perfectly charming. She took my arm and we promenaded through the gorgeous saloons, where everything astonished—everything charmed. But at each word I addressed to her she hesitated, she seemed embarrassed; and I, who am always—you understand—I sympathized with her and she had no fear, I no more. I cannot describe to you the charm she threw over the conversation in spite of her evident embarrassment; what wit and delicacy. I listened and admired. After a while she seemed to become more at ease, and was speaking with great fluency, when suddenly a little masque appeared before her, saying: *'See, the minute has arrived!'* and exclaiming 'already!' she disengaged her arm from mine and disappeared."

"O, yes! like Cinderella," exclaimed Julius, with a mock sigh.

"I tried in vain to detain her," said Horace, apparently unmindful of his friend's ejaculations. "'Adieu,' she said to me, 'adieu, Senor Horace.'"

"She knew you, then?" inquired Julius.

"I had told her, without her desire, my name, family, my hopes, all my thoughts, even, whilst of her I know nothing. Unwilling to lose her so, I followed at a distance. I saw her and her companion enter a public carriage with a light, springing step which enabled me to see her foot—the most beautiful foot in the world, and at that moment she let fall—"

"Her modest skirt?" inquired, very maliciously, Julius.

"No, no, my friend—her mask! I was near the carriage, at the gate—and never, never shall I forget that lovely face; those black eyes and exquisite features are graven on my heart."

"And the carriage turned into a brilliant, fairy chariot, and vanished before your eyes?" interrupted Julius, with a broad smile on his face.

"You mock me; I shall say no more." And Horace turned on his heel, and was for walking out of the room, when Julius seized him and promising with due solemnity not to jeer any more, Horace continued:

"I became aware that she was embarrassed because she had not her purse, and instantly stepped forward and offered her mine, which she accepted with a sort of graceful embarrassment. Some days afterward I received at my address a little package containing the moderate sum I had advanced, in a beautiful purse embroidered with pearls and gold, and in this purse was a paper, on which was written these words: *'The situation of ambassador's secretary, which at the ball you so desired, you shall have—this evening you will be appointed,'* and it was signed, *'The Black Domino.'* This evening she will return."

"Who told you so?" asked Julius, and it was no feigned interest he felt now.

"A secret instinct. Yes, my friend, it seems to me that she is always near me—and each instant I await her," said Horace, with eagerness.

Just then the music struck up a new dance, and Julius exclaimed, laughingly:

"Pardon, my dear friend—I have a partner who awaits me. I must leave you to the tender mercies of your fairy lady-love," and with a low bow and gay laugh he left.

When left alone, Horace exclaimed:

"He mocks me and perhaps with reason. It was in this very saloon that she first appeared to me. Perhaps she will come again." And Horace threw himself back upon the couch.

Just at that moment two masks entered. One, the shortest, was dressed in a dark purple domino, the other in black. The couch stood in such a way that the two dominoes could not see it as they entered, nor at all unless they turned round. The black domino turned to her companion and eagerly demanded if all arrangements were complete.

"Everything. The carriage will be at the gate upon the minute, and I will be faithful and watchful."

"Remember," returned the black domino, "one moment late, and we are lost!"

"Yes, I know it, and I will be watchful; and do you go in and enjoy yourself, and when the hour approaches, I will warn you."

Just then the black domino removed her mask and turned to enter the ball-room, when she espied Horace, who had closed his eyes and feigned sleep.

"O, heavens!" she exclaimed, while she hastily replaced her mask, "I thought we were alone."

"Rest easy, senora, he sleeps," replied her companion.

The black domino came forward to take a closer look at the sleeper, when she beckoned her companion to approach, and spoke in eager undertones.

"Great heavens! It is him—it is Horace! The young gentleman who protected us last year, Brigitta. Don't you recognize him?"

Brigitta looked at him carelessly, and then, as the orchestra gave the signal for the dancing to re-commence, she hurried to the door of the saloon, while her companion followed more slowly, stopping to place, as she passed Horace, her bouquet by his side. So slowly did she move across the room that the dance had already begun.

"O, senora, how could you, who have so little time, be willing to lose that fine bolera?"

"I will not be so tardy next time, Brigitta."

When the dance was ended Julius came in search of his friend Horace, whom he found fast asleep upon the couch. He shook his friend roughly by the arm, exclaiming:

"Just think of the delicious bolera you have thus stupidly slept through!"

Horace sprang up as if just awakened from a sound siesta, but at the same time, with a gesture he directed his friend's attention to the black domino, informing him in an eager whisper, that it was his fair unknown; and earnestly besought him to engage her companion in the purple domino for the ensuing dance, that he might have an opportunity of speaking unwatched with his masked inamorata. The music came floating through the room, and with a smile Julius approached the purple mask.

"I do not think, angelic mask, that you came to the ball to remain alway in this room, and if you will accept me for your cavalier, we will join the dancers."

Brigitta, for that was the name of the purple domino, took the proffered arm and entered the dancing hall, leaving Horace and his lovely unknown together. Angela was about following her companion, when Horace advanced.

"An instant, a single instant, senora!"

"What wish you, senor knight?" asked Angela, disguising her voice.

"Do you not know, senora? Is it necessary for me to tell you that I have recognized you?"

"You must be mistaken," she replied, her voice still disguised.

"Indeed! This bouquet will prove!" exclaimed Horace, as he triumphantly produced the bunch of flowers she had placed upon his couch when he pretended sleep.

"A ruse! a treason!" she exclaimed, laughingly.

"If I am guilty who is to blame? You, who have hid from me—you, who have the advantage of seeing my face while your features are hid from my eyes by the mask."

Angela, with a grace wholly her own, raised her mask. Horace was in transports, and exclaimed:

"O, it is her! I see her to my eyes as she has been to my memory!"

"You must banish that memory," said Angela.

"And wherefore?" demanded Horace.

"Because you will marry—will marry the daughter of Count de San Lucar."

"Never! never!"

"I have thought of this marriage for you; for you have nothing, and in order to sustain your name and birth, you must have a fine fortune," replied Angela, calmly.

"Madame!" exclaimed Horace, impatiently, "think less of my fortune and more of my happiness. Is is only with you—near you—and I declare to you I renounce this marriage, and all who propose it to me—I will never marry—or I will marry you!"

"Ah! who told you I could accept you? Who told you I was free?"

"Great heavens! It is impossible! married!"

"If that was so?"

"Ah! then I should die of grief and despair!"

"Horace!" exclaimed Angela.

"Why have you returned? Why come here?" asked Horace, coldly and despairingly.

"To say farewell—yes, Horace, to give you my last adieu."

"Who are you, then?"

"Who am I? A fairy, a good angel, who follows all your steps with a friendship that never changes."

Angela turned away her head as she said this, and in doing this caught sight of Lord Elfort; hastily replacing her mask, she exclaimed to Horace:

"Take care! they come!"

"What is it, madame?" asked Horace.

"Nothing—but be silent when milord comes here."

"Why?"

"Silence!" peremptorily exclaimed Angela.

Lord Elfort sauntered into the room and approached the two as they stood side by side. As he approached, the mask seemed troubled and grasped Horace's arm nervously.

"Why does my coming cause this domino so much trouble?" asked Lord Elfort, and he bent his eyes searchingly upon the black domino. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "that dress and mask—wholly the same. If I were not sure that my lady—my wife—was fortunately ill at home."

"Why does he regard you so intently and seem so agitated?" asked Horace, in undertones, of his companion.

"I know not," answered Angela, but her voice and figure trembled violently.

Lord Elfort approached Angela nearer, and bowing, said:

"Madame, will you allow me the pleasure of dancing with you?"

"I was about to make the same demand myself of madame," said Horace, bowing.

"I have then the prior claim," replied Lord Elfort.

"The claim is nothing; her wish alone gives the right," haughtily replied Horace.

"For rights, I have, perhaps, much the best," as haughtily answered Lord Elfort.

"Because," exclaimed Horace, fiercely, "madame deigns to accept me!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Angela; extending to Lord Elfort one hand, she said, "this dance with you—the next with you;" and her other hand she gave to Horace; then with a slight courtesy she left the ante-chamber for the ball-room.

Horace threw himself again upon the couch and was shortly joined by Julius. While they were talking, the purple domino entered, apparently in search of her companion. Happening to glance at the clock, she started and exclaimed:

"The hour! It is not possible! The clock in the dancing hall points only to eleven. Heavens! we are lost!"

Julius approached her and consoled her by telling her that the clock in the hall was slow, but that her companion, the black domino, had discovered it and left in haste. The mask seemed horror-struck to find she had not waited for her, and left precipitately. Horace then rose and entered the ball room by a door in front just as milord entered through another on the left. Lord Elfort dashed up to Julius and drawing him into a farther corner, hurriedly exclaimed:

"My friend, my friend—for you are my only one—I am trembling with rage—my wife is here!"

"It is impossible!"

"I have spoken with her myself!" exclaimed Lord Elfort, almost beside himself with rage. "I found her in here *tete-a-tete* with Senor Horace Massarena. You know the elegant figure and step of my lady—you know it as well as I. Eh! well, it was the very same. I have proofs, too. You know my lady, my wife, is of Spanish blood, the blood of the Olivarez—and, like all the ladies of Madrid, carries a handkerchief embroidered with the arms of the family. Well! the unknown—the mask—the domino—had broidered on the corner of her handkerchief the arms of the Olivarez!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Julius.

"I saw—I saw it with my eyes. I was furious. I thought I would snatch the handkerchief and mask, but I had no chance, for she suddenly quitted my arm and was lost in the crowd of black dominoes like her own. It was she. Did I not say that Horace de Massarena brought me evil? She came only to see him."

Julius besought his friend to be calm, and told him to order his carriage, and he would drive him to his home sooner than his lady could possibly arrive there, and he would be able to confront her. Lord Elfort dashed off, and while he was gone, Horace entered and was astonished to be saluted by Julius in this wise:

"Arrived at last, unhappy one. When I say unhappy one, I do not mean you alone—but I will not reproach you, for you know nothing—it is not your fault."

Eagerly Horace demanded an explanation of the words of his companion.

"I mean that your invisible fairy—the mysterious beauty, is no other than Lady Elfort!"

"No, no, it is not so! It cannot be!" exclaimed Horace, in despair.

"'Tis not thou who ought to complain. Her husband is furious—and knows all—find the lady—re-conduct her to her home. I, in the mean time, will take my lord in my carriage. I will make delays, that you may reach home first. Be calm and quick. I will make all the delays I possibly can. I go for the husband—seek you for the wife!"

So saying Julius hurried from the room, and as he disappeared the black domino entered.

"Fly, madame, fly—all is discovered! Lose one instant, and you are lost!" exclaimed Horace, in utter despair.

"Who has told you?" inquired the mask.

"The count Julius knows you, and—"

"Not in the least," Angela replied, with naivete.

"What falseness!" passionately exclaimed Horace. "The Count Julius told me your husband knew all."

"My husband!"

"Yes—Lord Elfort—who this moment returns to his hotel."

"Lord Elfort—my husband? Ah! that is amusing and very original," and Angela laughed gaily.

"You laugh? You dare laugh?" and Horace stamped his foot.

"Yes, truly, and not without reason, for I aver to you, senor, that I am not married. As a proof, in spite of what menaces me I will remain here three-quarters of an hour longer. Only three-quarters of an hour, not a minute more, and as a proof of my sincerity, I will remind you of the contre-dance which begins this minute."

"I am master of the time, and I prefer to talk to you, senora. Since you are not married, since you have never been—you have sworn it to me—as a proof, will you demonstrate it that I may not have a doubt left?"

"How?"

"By accepting my hand."

"Listen, Horace, and do not be angry; but truly, I cannot give you an answer now. I will continue your friend—do not press me for an answer."

"O, heavens! Swear to me, then, that I may have one consoling thought, that I may see you again, alone!"

"I promise it," said Angela, solemnly.

Just then the clock in the tower rang out the hour of twelve. The black domino sprang to her feet, and gazing at the clock in the hall, found it nearly an hour slow. She turned with dismay to Horace, who stood smiling, and in answer to her inquiring look, he said:

"A ruse, dear lady, to keep you by me a little longer."

She uttered a cry of horror.

"What have I done?" asked Horace, in trepidation; who saw, though he understood not the reason, that by his thoughtless act he had caused her much and great misfortune. He earnestly entreated to be forgiven.

"Repair your error by not detaining or following me, and I forgive you," and in an instant she was gone.

* * * * * * *

The day was dull and cold, and the gray walls of the parlor of the convent of the Annunciades looked dim and gloomy. The room was large, but the windows were narrow and deep-set. On the north side of the room were two gates leading into the courts of the convent; on the west side was the cell of the abbess, and on the east a small gate leading into the garden, and a large arch, through which was obtained a glimpse of the chapel. There entered from the chapel a figure in the dress of a nun; she raised her head and displayed the features of the purple domino of the preceding evening. She exclaimed, as she entered and found herself wholly alone:

"I have tried in vain to tell my beads and say my prayers, but it is impossible—I am too anxious. Sister Angela has not yet returned to the convent. A minute more and all the entrances will be closed, even the little garden gate. One hour and the matin bell will ring, and where is she and what shall I say when she does not appear? What scandal! I know the vows have not been pronounced—and I soon quit the convent to be married; but she—poor Angela, what has become of her? The future abbess of the Annunciada obliged to be discovered or lost in the streets of Madrid! If I could only conceal her absence for this morning—but here comes sister Ursula, the most deceitful and spiteful of all. By her manner she suspects all is not right. I fear she will soon know all, and be glad to do so, for if Angela is discovered or lost, she will be abbess."

Brigitta resumed her prayers and quietly saluted sister Ursula, who wished, she said, to see sister Angela. Brigitta corrected, rather maliciously the question, substituting abbess for the word sister, whereupon Ursula descanted upon the propriety of calling her abbess before she had taken the veil, because Angela D'Olivarez was rich and cousin to the queen; and informed Brigitta that her family was as noble and rich, and that Angela might be disappointed in her ambition; and further informed Brigitta that when Angela took the vow of poverty her property went to her only kinsman, Lord Elfort, a heretic. She ceased her speech, and again demanded to see sister Angela, and upon being refused, she declared that the abbess was not in her cell.

Brigitta was in despair, for her anxious ear caught the sound of somebody trying the lock of the garden gate. With sudden thought Brigitta told Ursula that if the abbess had left the convent she did so by the garden gate, for the key was not in its place. Eagerly Ursula went in search of the key. As soon as the door closed behind her, Brigitta produced a duplicate key, and hastily unlocking the gate, admitted Angela in the black domino, who had scarcely time to enter and close the door of the cell before Ursula returned looking disappointed, for the key was in its proper place. Just then Angela's voice was heard in her room, so all her malicious suspicions were dashed to the ground.

* * * * * * *

The parlor of the convent was filled with the most distinguished guests, among whom were Lord and Lady Elfort, Count Julius and Senor Horace de Massarena, all eager to witness the ceremony of appointing the future abbess. The moment arrived, and Angela, in her nun's dress and veil, stepped from her room. She stood a moment—then in a clear voice thus spoke:

"Sisters, dear sisters, our august mistress, the queen, does not wish me to be your abbess, and by her express commands I give to sister Ursula that title and supreme power. Her highness also desires me to choose, before I quit you forever, a husband—and this husband will you be, Horace?" And letting her veil slowly fall, she advanced towards Horace, who raised his eyes, and with a cry of joy fell on his knees at her feet. Then swelled the joyful chorus from all.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A FIDDLING DRAGOON.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

In 1809, under the reign of Joseph, Napoleon's brother, in Spain, a young sub-lieutenant of cavalry, in the service of this prince, was made prisoner by the Spaniards at Rivadeo. He was carried to Oviedo, the capital of the Asturias, with his brother, a lieutenant in the same corps, and several companions in arms, under the escort of a horde of soldiers and peasants, the latter, for the most part, armed with forks, pikes and spears. Compelled to march forty-two leagues in seven days to reach the city, in all the places they traversed, the prisoners were subjected to outrage and insult from a vindictive populace, exasperated against the French.

As soon as they arrived at Oviedo, they were thrown into the fortress, which was at that time entrusted to the care of a governor notorious for his bad disposition and severity to prisoners. After some hours of captivity, our young officer, who had studied music in his childhood, and learned to play on the violin at the age of seven, under the direction of a celebrated Italian professor, suffering more from his inability for want of an instrument to cultivate the art he loved so passionately, than from the deprivation of his liberty, ventured, under the pretext of having a secret to communicate, to inform the governor that he solicited an audience.

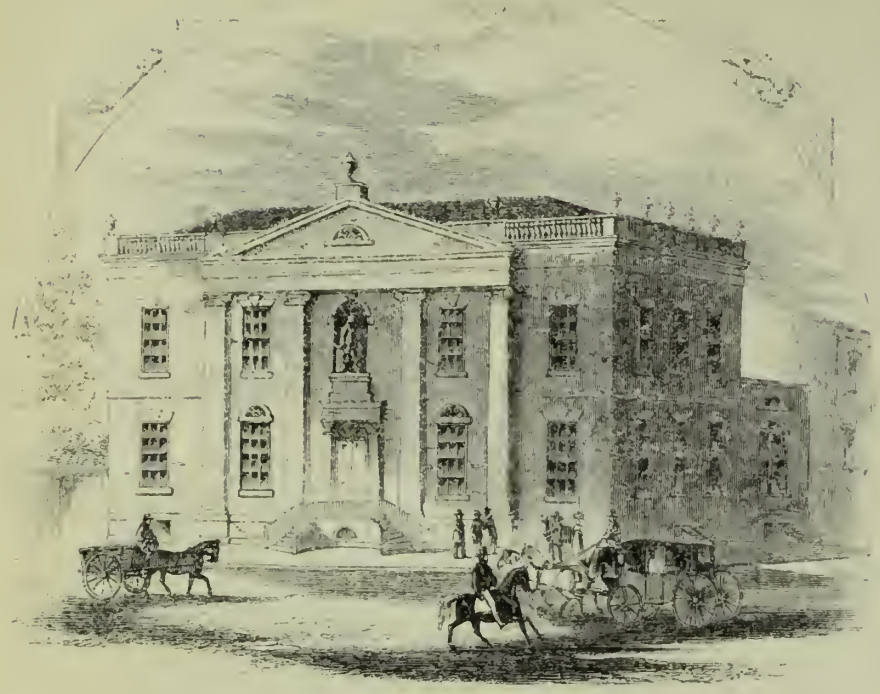
It was only after a thousand difficulties that the prisoner obtained permission to use his favorite instrument; and a banker of the city, who had formerly been an intimate friend of his father, then French consul in one of the principal cities of Spain, hastened to send him an excellent violin.

The jailer, who had never in his life heard tones of such suavity and harmony from any instrument, could not conceal his admiration and surprise, and boasted of the talent which had so speedily inspired him with ecstacy; and the governor, who was informed of him, soon sent for his young prisoner, suggesting that he should bring his violin with him. But the governor had so long enjoyed a reputation for ferocity and barbarity in the fortress, that our violinist, unable to hope that he would treat him with humanity, obeyed the order, attributing it rather to curiosity than to any other motive.

It was, therefore, with agreeable surprise that he received the most cordial welcome, and an invitation to produce the melodious tones so much vaunted by the jailer. He began by playing an adagio from the works of Haydn, a composer then unknown in Spain, and afterwards an andante from the quatuor of Pleyel, which he had arranged in chords in order to present the simple and graceful harmony. The execution of these pieces was sufficient to display all the fire and sensibility of his soul. The governor, who was sufficiently acquainted with music, in spite of himself betrayed his astonishment at each phrase, and, at the andante, unable longer to conceal the pleasure he experienced, he extended his hand to his prisoner, and confessed with visible emotion that it was the first time in his life he had been so moved. Afterwards he conducted him into his dining-room, and invited him to breakfast. He made him promise first, to say nothing about what had happened, to his unfortunate companions, assured him that he should want for nothing, that he would soften his position and that of his brother as much as possible, and said he had but one regret, and that was, that he could not grant him what he must most desire—liberty. From this time he was withdrawn from the common room, where not only prisoners of war but criminals were confined, and a private chamber was assigned him, in which he could devote himself entirely to the study of music. Our young officer even succeeded in improving the condition of his unfortunate comrades, for the hardened heart of the governor had softened by degrees, thanks to the tender and passionate performance of the young violinist.

He remained five months in this fortress, which was defended by four pieces of artillery, planted constantly before the prison to demolish it on the slightest attempt at insurrection on the part of the prisoners, or even at the approach of the French. Still, without thinking of the danger which threatened them, they resolved by common consent to attempt to recover their liberty, even at the peril of their lives. Our virtuoso placed himself at their head, forced the guard, and succeeded, not without difficulty, in joining the French army, which was encamped four leagues from Oviedo. He passed through the entire population, who were astounded at such boldness on the part of prisoners. The success of this attempt was not complete, for one of his brothers in arms fell at his side, stabbed to the heart by a poignard.

Our hero continued his military career without neglecting music, which had afforded him such relief, and he always recalled his adventure, and the different circumstances which had preceded it, with pleasure. Lagonnere, that was the real name of our artist, was made knight of the legion of honor, successively decorated with many orders, and appointed captain in the royal guard; but music having become a prominent taste with him, he resigned his commission and devoted himself to that art, in which he has obtained an honorable reputation as the composer of many graceful romances. The productions of the ex-captain are known to all the musical world, and this is fame enough.



THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

SCENES IN PHILADELPHIA.

M. M. Ballou, Esq.,—My dear Sir:—Permit me, according to promise, to resume the narrative of my visit to the Quaker city of Philadelphia. Agreeably to an appointment made with Mr. Anthony, the day previous, I accompanied him, on the morning of the second day of my visit, on a drive to the Aramingo Viaduct over Gunner's Run, about three miles from the city. With a clear sky, a beautiful road, no dust, and a fast horse, we speedily and agreeably accomplished the distance. Turning into a secluded lane, where we left our horse and vehicle, a walk of a few hundred yards brought us to the brow of a slight elevation, from whence we had a fine view of the viaduct, as seen in the engraving. Mr. Anthony, who was one of the contractors of the work, took a commendable pride in showing the bridge from every point of view, and explaining its peculiarity of construction, etc. From him I learned that it was found to cost less to construct the viaduct than to make an embankment of earth across the valley, with a tressle-bridge to span the little stream which winds its sinuous course therein. The cost of the beautiful work as it stands was, in round numbers, $25,000. The designs and plans were furnished by Strickland Kneass, Esq., of Philadelphia. James R. McClure was the engineer in charge, and Morrison & Anthony, the contractors. It was commenced April 21st and finished October 7th, 1854. There are five semi-circular arches, of 30 feet span each. The height from the ground to the top of the coping is 40 feet; width 20 feet, and the length 200 feet. The material is mostly brick, manufactured for the purpose. It was built for the Northern Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and is about four miles from their depot on the corner of Front and Willow Streets. A couple of hundred yards from this viaduct is another smaller one, over the Reading Railroad, also of brick. A train of coal cars on this road is seen through the arches of the viaduct in the pictnre. After sketching this interesting subject, and spending half an hour in rambling around its vicinity, visiting the country seat of Mr. Wright, through whose grounds the road has been cut, we sought our vehicle, and started to return. Striking across through what is called "The Rising Sun," we reached the outer end of Broad St., and thence to the city, we had a very pleasant ride, until we "struck the pavement," which somewhat disturbed the romance of the motion. The roads in this neighborhood, being wide, smooth and level, are given over to horse-racing and fast driving, somewhat like the Third Avenue of New York. On a pleasant afternoon, hundreds of vehicles may be seen gliding over them to various places of resort in the suburbs. The next subject which came under my pencil was the First Baptist Church, represented on the next page, on the corner of Broad and Arch Streets, now in the course of completion. This magnificent structure was designed by S. D. Button, Esq., architect of the Merchant's Exchange, and to him I directed my steps, after making a sketch of the striking edifice which does him such credit. Mr. Button not only furnished me with the information I desired, but was kind enough to supply me with a copy of his elevation of the church, which has aided me materially in making the accompanying drawing. The style which the architect has adopted for this *chef-d'œuvre* of his skill, is the Romanesque or Byzantine, which, together with the rich dark-brown Connecticut stone of which it is constructed, conveys to the mind an idea of the architecture of the mediæval period, so many fine specimens of which are still extant in England and Normandy. The size of the building is 72 feet front by 114 feet deep, while the principal tower with its lofty spire reaches a height of 225 feet. The interior arrangements consist of an audience room 65 by 75 feet in the clear, which space is not broken or interrupted by pillars or columns, the galleries being suspended, having no supports between the walls of the audience room, except the truss framing. The ceiling is 38 feet in height, and beautifully ornamented, while the walls are colored in imitation of stone. The gallery front, pulpit, organ gallery, etc., are appropriately and beautifully ornamented. Two magnificent staircases give access to the audience room, which has sittings for 1000 persons. The windows are enriched by stained glass, beautifully designed by G. J. Gibson. The lecture room, Sunday-school rooms, etc., are on the ground floor. Adjoining the church on Arch Street, is a four story, freestone-front building,

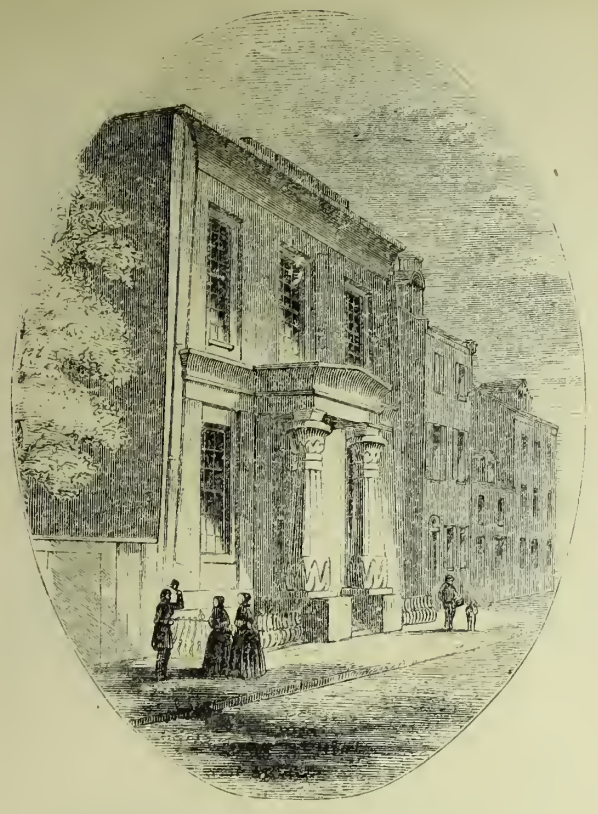


AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BUILDING.

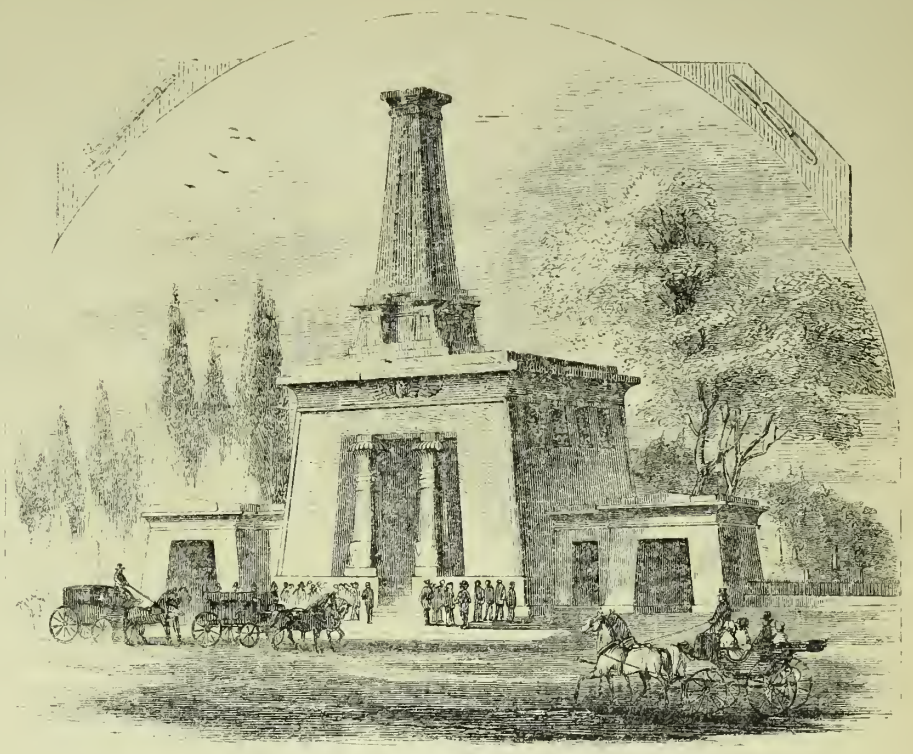
of a rich and chaste design, in keeping with the style of the church, which is intended for the parsonage. The church is nearly finished, the spire having reached a height of about 200 feet, and I presume it will be completed ere the commencement of another year. On my way down town, and while passing through Chestnut Street, my attention was attracted to the chaste, yet imposing façade of the building, No. 316, recently erected and occupied by the American Sunday School Union, a view of which is given herewith. Among the many institutions for the diffusion of Christian knowledge, there is probably not one which has been so efficient as this. It is worthy the aid and encouragement of every Christian, of whatever denomination or church. It grew out of the Philadelphia Sunday and Adult School Union, founded in 1817, the first year's receipts of which society amounted to $435 16. From this germ sprung a society whose yearly business now reaches nearly, if not quite, the sum of $150,000. The affairs of the parent institution were transacted in one of the apartments of No. 13, North Fourth Street, but on assuming a new name, and entering upon an enlarged sphere, the whole house was rented. In 1831, the operations of the Union having increased to $77,000 annually, larger and more commodious premises were sought and obtained at No. 146, Chestnut Street; but the growth of nearly a quarter of a century rendered still greater accommodations necessary, and in 1853, the premises now occupied by the institution were erected.



ARAMINGO VIADUCT, ON THE NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD NEAR PHILADELPHIA.



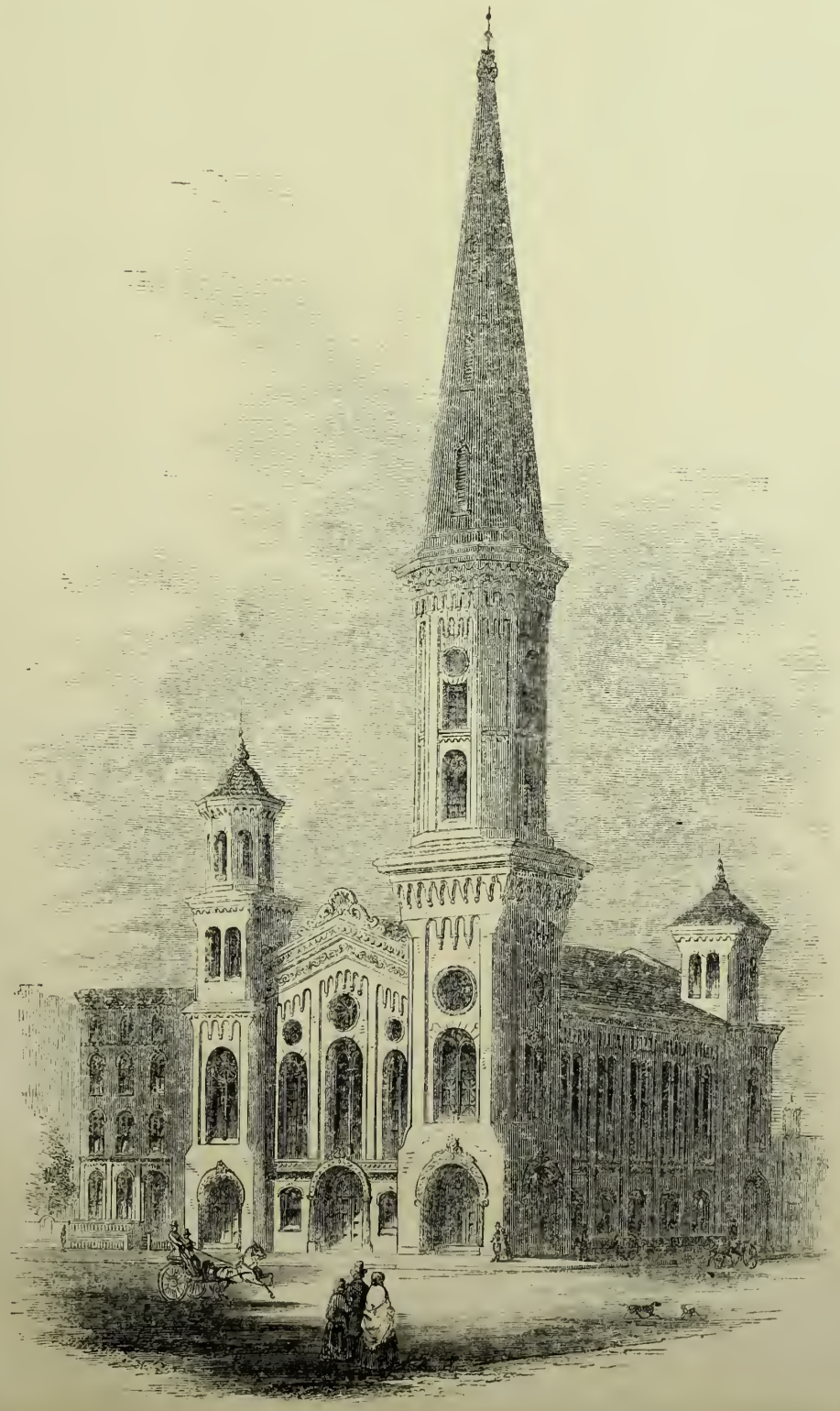
JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, PHILADELPHIA.



ODD FELLOWS' CEMETERY, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

The front on Chestnut Street, of which an accurate view is presented in the engraving, is appropriate and imposing. The design was furnished by John McArthur, Jr., and presents an entire front, from the pavement to the top of the main cornice, of Quincy granite, cut in the Lombard style. This new structure, including the ground and the fitting up of the premises for the business of the society, was erected at a cost of upward of $65,000. The voluntary contributions of citizens of Philadelphia towards the building are not far from $13,000. The buildings—for there are two—occupy a lot on Chestnut Street, between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets, 30 feet wide by 229 feet in depth, extending back to George Street. The main building on the Chestnut Street front extends to a depth of 80 feet, and on the George Street front is a warehouse, 100 feet deep, both occupying the entire width of the lot, leaving an interval between the principal buildings, of 49 feet, appropriated to the counting-room and other apartments, which are lighted by a skylight. At each extremity of the basement or cellar is a large furnace to heat the front and rear buildings respectively. There are also large fire-proof safes for stereotype plates. The remainder of the basement is occupied for the reception of printing paper, and packing boxes; and also an apartment for the storage of fuel. After my interview with Mr. Button, I called upon Mr. Rosenthal, who is getting up a large and handsome lithograph in colors, of the interior of the magnificent Masonic Temple, an exterior view of which was published in a recent number of the Pictorial. My object was to get a copy of the architect's design for your paper, but I saw at once that an engraving upon the scale which your space would admit of, would convey but a poor idea of the grandeur of this magnificent hall, and I abandoned the idea of attempting it. Mr. Rosenthal will present to the fraternity, ere long, however, a picture worthy a place in the parlor of the finest mansion. It is to be about 18 by 24 inches, and, being printed in colors, will have the appearance of the finest water-color drawing. After dinner, I visited, in company with Mr. Winch, the Philadelphia Library, situated on Fifth Street, below Chestnut Street, which is represented in the first engraving. The building is a plain, substantial-looking structure of brick, and has a truly venerable and antiquated appearance. Over the entrance, which is on Fifth Street, is a full length statue of Dr. Franklin. The Philadelphia Library Company was instituted in 1731, and is now one of the oldest and most extensive in the country. It owes its origin to Dr. Franklin and the members of a philosophical society called "The Junto." Its first efforts were comparatively feeble, but by the contributions of various public-spirited individuals, and by the addition and consolidation with it of three or four other libraries, its catalogue was increased to a considerable extent, and it was found necessary to erect a building for its accommodation. Accordingly, the edifice shown in the engraving was erected, and the society took possession of its new quarters in 1790. The corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the 31st of August, 1789. Among the most important acquisitions of the society, is the library of the Hon. James Logan, the confidential friend of William Penn, which consisted of nearly 4000 volumes, principally of works in the learned and modern languages of Europe. It is kept in a room appropriated for that purpose, and, by constant additions, has swelled to the number of 10,000 volumes. Combined with the company's library, the whole numbers about 65,000 volumes of the choicest and most valuable works upon every imaginable subject, embracing in their design either reference, instruction or amusement. The income of the society is about $6000, $4000 of which is annually expended in additions to the catalogue. The rooms are opened every week day from ten o'clock, A. M., until sunset. On the left of the main hall, as I entered, I noticed a quaint and venerable time-piece, said to have been the property of the "Protector"—Oliver Cromwell. It is certainly a very antique-looking affair, similar in shape and appearance to those venerable-looking and time-honored clocks which we frequently see in the wide and spacious halls and "keeping-rooms" of Yankee mansions of the olden time, whose monotonous click—click have recorded the lapse of time, and marked the "passing away" of generation after generation from time immemorial. I have no doubt of the fact that it was once in the possession of that lion-hearted man; but still there is great room for doubt, and hence the romance which might attach to it were the authenticity of the fact undoubted, is in a great measure destroyed. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in sketching various localities of interest in and about the city, all of which will, in due course of time, be furnished to your readers. I shall content myself with offering but two of these subjects in the present connection. The first is one of the numerous cemeteries in the vicinity of Philadelphia: it is that belonging to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. It is situated on Islington Lane, near the Ridge Road, about two miles from the northern boundary of the city proper. It covers a space of some thirty acres, and is intersected by wide and spacious avenues and walks, well graded and tastefully laid out. The first interment was made on the 5th of May, 1849, since which time a stone wall, surmounted by a neat iron railing, has been erected along the entire front. The buildings represented in the engraving consist of a main building and two wings, and were designed and erected under the superintendency of Messrs. Hoxie & Button, architects. They are constructed of brown stone, in the Egyptian style, and the centre or main building, which is intended as a chapel and offices, is surmounted by a tower, eighty-one feet high. The wings are used for carriage-ways and passages for foot passengers. The third Jewish Synagogue, represented in the first engraving on this page, is situated in Cronn, below Vine Street, and is also in the Egyptian style, and of brown stone. It is a neat and substantial structure, although the appropriateness of the Egyptian style to edifices of this character may be questioned. Having completed my business, and being desirous of spending the evening with my family, I took the cars at five o'clock, P. M., and was soon *en route* for home. On our way, we passed the wreck of the ill-fated train which had met with such a fearful accident at Burlington but a few short hours before, and our senses were horrified at the bloody evidences of wholesale slaughter. But as the affair is of recent occurrence, and as I have no wish to shock your readers with the details, I will pass by a scene which will never be effaced from memory, and under happier and more genial influences, subscribe myself,

Very respectfully, your Artist,
NEUTRAL TINT.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CORNER OF ARCH AND BROAD STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

A GIGANTIC ENTERPRISE.

In this day of stupendous projects, a new enterprise, however gigantic, scarcely seems wonderful in our eyes. If human ingenuity can connect the two continents, across the wide expanse of the Atlantic, by telegraph communication, it may certainly achieve a project recently started in England and France, to construct a tunnel beneath the English Channel, from Boulogne to Dover. Steps have been taken for the purpose of carrying out this magnificent enterprise without delay. In five years from this time, an atmospheric railway will, in all human probability, reduce to a speedy ride of twenty-five minutes the distance between the English and French shores. The length of the tunnel will be about 18 3-4 miles, and its cost, according to the estimate, some $20,000,000. M. Favre, a distinguished French engineer, has pronounced this stupendous scheme entirely feasible, and surveys have lately been taken preparatory to its commencement.—*Boston Chronicle.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ANGEL'S TREASURE

BY BLANCHE D'ARCOISE.

I gazed on thee—pale mother!
Sore grief enthrone I thy brow,
A type of that within thy heart—
It haunts my memory now;
And yet I told thee not my thought—
I felt that words of mine were nought.

I gazed around—in visions
I saw a maiden fair—
Within that homestead, flitting,
A brother with her there:
And dreamy tones of voices came
From youthful forms I may not name.

Dist thou not see, pale mother,
A cherub, dazzling bright,
Approach thee—bearing in his arms
An infant, robed in light?
Whispering in tones of music deep—
"Sister, the babe the angels keep!"

The leaves fall fast, pale mother!
The autumn breeze floats by;
There's grief within thy heart, and yet
There's faith within thine eye:
The leaves fall fast—but spring returns!
Spring for the soul—though nature mourns.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

It is odd enough, how husbands and wives *can* be so jealous of one another. There seems to be some secret *disease* in love, that makes one unhappier after he has got possession of his object than he ever was in its uncertain pursuit.

Mr. and Mrs. Salter were of this unfortunate description. They really loved one another almost to distraction, as the saying is. But love and jealousy being popularly supposed to go together, they, of course, thought it necessary to be jealous, and so completely overset the splendid dish of milk, the rising of whose cream they ought so patiently to have waited for.

There is no need of stopping to dwell on recitals of those single scenes that took place from time to time, in the married experience of Mr. and Mrs. Salter. Enough to know that all of them tended to but one single event, and that the grand crash and crisis of their matrimonial affair. The dreaded day might be put off for a time, but it would certainly come in the end. From the stern logic of events, neither of them could hope for escape.

Well, and finally it began to look as if it was coming indeed. The clouds were darkening and thickening in the horizon; the air began to grow chill and cold; the breezes to blow; and nothing was wanting now but the thunder and the lightning. But that was coming right along.

Odd as it may sound, it was not less singular in fact, that not only should Mrs. Salter be jealous of Mr. Salter, but that he likewise should be jealous of her. Such cross-wise suspicions are not very apt to be entertained. But in the present case, they helped to make the unfortunate matter infinitely more amusing.

Mr. Salter at last thought he had enough of it. He could live in this painful suspense no longer. He would satisfy himself for once and all, and so make an end of it. And Mrs. Salter happened to think just the same way, too! and exactly at the same moment! Oddest of all odd coincidences, but, nevertheless, wholly true.

A particular evening drew near, on which each party simultaneously resolved to carry their secret devices into effect. Neither let the other suspect aught of his or her intention, but set about the work with an earnestness quite worthy the strength of their love. It was soon after tea that the performances began. A cool evening in late autumn, when the streets were, some of them, thronged with people going out to be amused.

Mr. Salter put on his hat and coat, and passed out as if he were going back for a few hours to his business. He went, only as far as the first corner, however, when he suddenly turned, and came back on the other side of the street, till he reached the house exactly opposite his own. Mrs. Morse lived there, and she had the misfortune to be a widow. But she was young yet, and that was all in her favor.

Ringing the bell, the servant admitted him without delay, and conducted him into the presence of her mistress.

"I've got a secret," said he, as soon as they were alone, "and I wish you would help me find out what it means. I want to sit down here by one of your front windows, with no light at all in the front room, and just watch my front door."

"Why, Mr. Salter!" exclaimed she. "You—you aint suspicious of ——"

"I *am*, Mrs. Morse," said he, "and I only wish you would help me carry out my design. I believe I can very soon satisfy myself whether my suspicions are true or false."

There is an unaccountable something in the human heart, that (some people will insist) turns of a sudden, on particular occasions, all the honey of their natures into pure gall. If men did but hate one another half as hard as some women do, it is difficult guessing what sort of a world we should find ourselves in. Mrs. Morse, gentle as she generally was, immediately joined in with the suspicious husband of Mrs. Salter, more ferociously than he even dared to commence, himself.

So both of them sat down by the window, and closely watched the event of the evening, on which they had begun to count so confidently. At the same time Mrs. Salter was busily preparing herself to go out, for the purpose of making investigations of a very similar nature. She threw on her bonnet and shawl in a hurry, and started off to the store of Mr. Podgers, a mutual friend of the family. Mr. Podgers she designed for her escort on the errand she had undertaken; and she therefore acquainted him with the nature of the business in hand. He smiled, even while he most deeply sympathized, and appeared to enter zealously into her plan. Therefore he had his hat upon his head very soon, and he and Mrs. Salter were walking composedly through the door into the street. As soon as Mr. Salter saw his front door open, and his own wife emerge upon the sidewalk:

"There!" he exclaimed to Mrs. Morse, in a loud whisper, "you see *that*, do you?"

"To be sure I do," answered that lady. "Isn't it *shameful?*"

"Now will you go after her with me?" he persisted, rising in a hurry. "I want a good, reliable witness, you know. Will you go?'

"To be sure I will," she answered, just as unhesitatingly, and started to her feet. "I think 'tis *awful!*" One peg higher she had got in her indignation.

Mr. Salter's plan was to rush out and follow after his wife on the other side of the street. Taking the too willing widow, therefore, on his arm, he pushed along behind the wife of his bosom. Mrs. Morse kept talking to the injured husband, continually, in loud whispers; but the latter's passion would allow him to say nothing. Mrs. Morse, however, did not let his anger subside. She knew what kind of fuel was needed to make it flame.

They followed her till she reached Mr. Podgers's store. Then they saw her go in.

"There!" exclaimed the wronged husband again, "what did I tell you?"

"Sure enough!" said the widow. "Who'd have thought it?"

Delaying a few moments in an obscure spot, they presently saw Mrs. Salter coming out of the store, accompanied by Mr. Podgers.

"Now we'll hunt them down!" said the husband. "Now we've got them! There's no chance for escape here! But still, she shall have all the time she wants. Let's see how far she *will* go!"

So they followed on. First, Mr. Podgers and his friend pursued their way along till they came to Mr. Salter's own store. There they halted.

"They surely can't be going in *there!*" exclaimed the husband. "Yes—yes; they are!"

"No," said the widow, "it's only your wife! Podgers is waiting outside! What *can* it mean?"

It meant only this; that Mrs. Salter determined to be on the safe side to begin with, and therefore went to see if her husband *was in*, first. Her next step she had determined upon by herself. Accordingly she persuaded Mr. Podgers to go with her to Harmonic Hall,—not such a very appropriate place, either, for an *unharmonious* wife to frequent,—where she was very certain would be discovered some trace or another of her delinquent husband. And Mr. Podgers kindly went along.

Still pursuing what he thought the fugitives, Mr. Salter dragged his companion along after, until he saw his wife and Mr. Podgers enter Harmonic Hall. Then he stopped short; his knees grew weak, and knocked together; his breath came short and quick; and finally he mustered strength to cross the threshold, and go in.

But on the other aisle from that up which his wife and Mr. Podgers walked, he and Mrs. Morse took an obscure seat near the door, and watched eagerly every motion of their unsuspecting prey. The time passed heavily enough, to both parties. The last thing either Mr. or Mrs. Salter thought of, was the amusement that was proceeding. But by-and-by an interruption occurred. The performances drew to the close of their first instalment. A recess intervened, during which Mrs. Salter, after carefully surveying, as she thought, every quarter of the spacious room, rose and went out with the retreating crowds.

Mr. Salter's eyes, however, had no lid over them long. His sight was just then keener than any brier.

"Come!" called he to his companion. "We'll be after them! Let's follow on!"

And away they went, bobbing and bowing along, squeezing and jamming, puffing and pulling, all the while keeping their eyes on Mrs. Salter, and all the while taking care, too, that she did not chance to discover them. They followed out into the open hall. On went Mrs. Salter and her Podgers escort, and close behind followed Mr. Salter and his Morse companion and ally. Now it was getting to be a race—Podgers for home, and Salter after him. Podgers promising his friend that she might rely on him for that purpose any other evening, and Salter declaring in his bosom that he would never give it up in such a way as this.

But the Podgers party walked faster than the Salter party. The latter, in fact, very soon lost sight of the former, which served to confuse and confound them excessively. So in order to gain time a little, they turned down into a quieter sort of a street, and hoped to get to the door just as soon as they did.

Mr. Salter was very warm, and Mrs. Morse had become very much out of breath. But he kept perseveringly pulling her along, and she kept puffing and panting as near to his side as she could. Not a syllable was spoken by either, till they suddenly emerged upon the wider street again.

A gas lamp flamed brightly on the corner, and a lady and gentleman were walking briskly up towards them. They stopped a moment, and, without thinking what they were doing, looked straight in their faces.

The other party drew up, too. And who do you think they were, reader, but Mr. Podgers and Mrs. Salter! Instantaneously—powder never flashed quicker—they recognized one another. They all drew back and formed a circle.

"Mr. Salter!" exclaimed the wife, as indignant as she could be.

"Mrs. Salter!" exclaimed the husband, in the very same breath.

"Now I should like to know!" said she.

"What does this villany mean?" said he.

Both of them, it will be remembered, were in a state of jealousy bordering on madness, and each had been watching and watching for the other, all the evening.

"Now, madam," said Mrs. Salter, addressing the widow, "I wish you would just explain yourself! What are you enticing my husband away from me for, in this kind of way?" And she looked as if she was all ready to tear out little Mrs. Morse's eyes.

"Yes," answered the latter, "I think you'd *better* ask me such a question as that! What have I been doing but helping your own husband find you! and you, a *runaway!* off with another man!"

"Mr. Podgers," said Salter, squaring away at him, "what does this *mean?* Why are you out walking the streets, and going to places of amusement, with my wife? I want an explanation!"

"Yes, and why are *you* out," broke in his wife, "walking the streets, and going to places of amusement, with *other women!* Answer me that!"

"Stop, stop!" cried Mr. Podgers.

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Morse.

"It's only as a *favor*, and as a *duty* to your wife," said Mr. Podgers, "that I consented to accompany her. She must suffer enough, I think, without being taunted by you, *now!*"

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Mr. Salter, laying hold of his collar. "I'll have satisfaction out of you, if it costs me all I'm worth!"

"A pretty creature you are, I think," said Mrs. Salter to her husband, "to be off evenings with other women! I've been looking out for this a long while, and now I've caught you!"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Morse, "and we've been watching for just such a sight as we've seen this evening! We've been looking out for it; and here it is, sure enough!"

Mr. Salter felt a new light flash across his brain. At the same moment, another very strange coincidence,—Mrs. Salter thought she must have been illuminated by the same process. It wasn't the gas-light, by any means: it was something much brighter than that.

Husband and wife looked surprisedly in each other's faces. Then a sort of smile broke out over them. Then they advanced a step towards each other, and then each extended a hand.

"I see it all," said Salter, smiling and looking confused, "I've been too *jealous!*"

"And so do I!" added his wife; "I've been troubled with the same complaint!"

"Mr. Podgers," said he, "I humbly ask your pardon for what I may have spoken. I hardly know what I did say."

"And I yours, Mrs. Morse," added Mr. Podgers. "I am sure I thought all along there was *cause* for jealousy. But I see none now, whatever. How curious this all is!"

All moved away from the corner, and went into Salter's house, where matters were satisfactorily made up. Mr. Salter went out and ordered a game supper, and they sat down around it with quiet consciences and remarkable appetites. And across the table they became friends again. Mr. Salter forever after was a better husband, and Mrs. S. a more confiding wife. And it turned out that Podgers sometime afterwards married the widow Morse, and so all parties felt wholly reconciled to the temporary misunderstanding.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARPERS' CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—The last three volumes issued of this valuable series are—Xenophon's Anabasis and Memorabilia of Socrates, translated by Rev. J. S. Watson, Cicero's Three Books on Offices, with some of his essays, translated by Cyrus R. Edmunds, and Cæsar's Commentaries, with the supplementary books, attributed to Hirtius, translated by W. A. McDevitte and W. S. Bohn. These volumes are beautifully printed, of 12mo. size, and furnished with full indexes and copious notes. For sale by Redding & Co.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By JOHN BONNER. 2 vols. 18mo. 1855. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The idea of this was suggested by Charles Dickens's "History of England," and the author has been very happy in catching the spirit of his English prototype. He has told the story of our national fortunes in a very agreeable style, bringing the record down to the present time. For sale by Redding & Co.

FOREST HILLS CEMETERY. Roxbury: John Backuck. 1855. 18mo. pp. 237.

A very readable and interesting account of the establishment, progress, scenery and monuments of the beautiful cemetery of our sister city, illustrated by ten exquisite illustrations drawn by Worcester and engraved by Andrew. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

HENRIETTA ROBINSON. By D. WILSON. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 329.

Those who desire to know the particulars of the life of the notorious woman, known as the "Veiled Murderess," will find them in this work, which is illustrated by a steel portrait of the subject. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

ROSE CLARK. By FANNY FERN. New York: Mason Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 417.

We like this book far better than Ruth Hall. It is a more artistic performance, and more true to nature, because the author has not, apparently, undertaken to portray individuals from a single point of view. We have been taught to regard Ruth Hall as *une vengeance de femme*. In writing this book, the clouds seemed to have passed from her spirit, and the result is a far better production.

THE BALLOON TRAVELS OF ROBERT MERRY and his YOUNG FRIENDS over various countries of Europe. Edited by PETER PARLEY. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo.

Another capital juvenile, instructive as well as amusing and interesting. It is finely illustrated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

TEN YEARS AMONG THE MAIL-BAGS. By J. HOLBROOK. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp 432.

An admirable book, admirably written, instructive, interesting and amusing. Mr. Holbrook, the author, is a fine writer, and a man of letters in more than one sense. He details many ingenious frauds, and their still more ingenious detection. The illustrations are exquisite, and are from the pencils of Darley, Thwaits and Wallis. The book contains portraits of all the postmasters-general engraved on steel. We will not attempt to analyse the book, but advise our friends to buy it and read it for themselves.

MODERN PILGRIMS. By GEORGE WOOD, author of "Peter Schlemil in America." 2 vols. 12mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855.

The plan of this very able and original work was suggested by Hawthorne's "Celestial Railroad." It is an extended allegory. The different hotels at which the pilgrims stop represent different denominations of Christians, and different isms of popular theorists. The book is full of the happiest hits at prevalent "notions," including, of course, very many "Boston notions." Many well-known characters, introduced under various pseudonyms, are sketched with infinite spirit and effect. A book that will live and make its mark.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT.

BY SUE M. SCOTT.

Why rear a monument of stone to Washington's great name,
To tell the deeds of gallantry, of valor and the fame
That marked his onward course through life, and left no darkened page,
To dim the path of glory of the patriot and the sage?
Is not his memory revered by every honest heart?
Do not his counsels, pure and wise, of history form a part?
Is not his name a watchword still to nations far and near,
Who fight for homes and liberty, and all they hold most dear?
His monument is reared ere this within a nation's breast,
That nation for whose cause he prayed till 'twas by Heaven blest;
Nor will it fall, while there remains one patriot soul to tell
Of how he fought for life's best boon—sweet freedom—guard it well,
Ye sons of heroes!—'tis a boon ye should not lightly prize—
Hail, heaven-born Freedom! shout aloud, and laud it the skies!
Then, though ye build a monument of costly marble hewn,
And though his tomb at Vernon's mount with sweetest flowers be strewn,
The proudest monument will be that which is now enshrined
Within the pure and virtuous heart, the nobly gifted mind.
He needs no cenotaph to tell his virtue, truth and love,
They're graven on our history's page—recorded, too, above.
A heritage to us was left, worth more than sordid gold,
'Tis Independence—sound it forth, and all its good unfold—
Till every heart responsive beats, and joined is every hand
In sacred union, to protect our free and happy land!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CARD TABLE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Lydia Dearborn sat alone in her little sitting-room, and her countenance was sad and desponding. She was not over six-and-twenty, and though her face was pale and wan, yet she was beautiful. A warm fire burned in the grate, for it was winter, and the lamp upon the centre-table was lighted, for it was evening. She sat thus, trying to read, when the door was opened and a stranger entered. She started up with fear at thus seeing a strange man enter her apartment unbidden.

"Lydia—don't you know me?"

The woman started at the sound of the voice, and the blood rushed to her brow and temples. She took a step forward and gazed more sharply into the intruder's face.

"James?" she murmured, interrogatively.

"Yes, my sister. Didn't you know me?"

But, instead of answering in words, Lydia rushed forward and sank upon the man's bosom, and there she wept for joy. It was in truth, her own brother.

"And you didn't know me?" he said, with a smile, after he had taken a seat.

"Why, no, James. Five years have altered you wonderfully. But then that beard all over your face makes a good deal of difference."

"All the difference in the world, sister. Two years ago, while my ship lay at Canton, I had my beard all shaved off, and when I came aboard, some of my own men did not know me at first."

"Then I wish you'd shave it off now, for you look more like a bear than you do like James Barrows."

The brother laughed, and then the conversation ran for a while upon various topics suggested by the return of the loved one. James Barrows was now thirty-two years of age, and had been absent from his native city for five years, during which time he had had command of a fine ship.

"By the way," said the brother, at the end of half an hour, "I stopped in New York on my way here, and I saw Kate Waldron there. She told me she heard you say you wished your husband had never known me. Did you ever say such a thing as that?"

Lydia's eyes filled with tears in a moment, and a deep sob broke from her lips. Her brother was startled. He moved to her side, and put his arm about her neck.

"What is it, my sister?" he asked, anxiously.

"Alas, James, I will tell you. But first let me assure you that I did not mean exactly what I said to Kate. You remember five years ago, when you used to tell such stories about gambling scenes on the Mississippi. Ambrose asked you to teach him to play *poker*, as you called it. You taught him the game, and in one or two evenings you went with him to some social card parties."

"Yes, yes—I remember all that."

"Well—the spirit of gaming is now fastening itself upon him. I can see it plainly, though he tries to laugh away my fears. I know it is so, for I have been told by one who is my friend, and who told me out of pure friendship for Ambrose. But I have not yet dared to let him know how sure my information is, for he would be angry, did he know that any one had told this to me. O, I know his impetuous nature, and I fear he will be lost ere he is aware of it. Evil companions are leading him astray. *He* thinks them *friends!*"

"And do you think he has gone to the card table to-night?"

"I am afraid so. And if he does—O, I dare not think of it. He has much money with him. Before you came I was weeping over my fears. I have never let him know how much I knew concerning his course, for I feared 'twould only make him more excited. Alas! I know not what to do. I do not think he has yet lost much, but I *know* that he will never leave the fascinating habit until he is ruined, unless something can be done to move him."

"By my soul, Lydia," returned the captain, warmly, "I did teach Ambrose to play—though God knows I never meant to teach him to gamble—and I will cure him now if I can. Do you think he is at it now?"

"I think he would have been at home before this time, if he had not fallen in with some of his evil associates."

"Then you rest here while I go and find him. By my soul, I'll save him if I can."

"But you'll come back soon?"

James stopped and thought for a moment.

"I don't know," he said. "But don't you be worried. No harm shall befall Ambrose to-night."

It was just nine o'clock as Ambrose Dearborn entered one of the gaming saloons of the city. His business had kept him later than usual, and having made some fifteen dollars in trade since dark, he had determined to stake that amount upon the altar of fortune. His wife was right in her fears. The card-table had gained a fascinating power over him, and he had lost some heavy sums. But on the previous evening he had been cursed with a turn of winning luck, and had won back very nearly as much as he had lost, and he was now on his way to continue his luck! He meant only to play an hour or so, and then go home. He went up to the sideboard and took a glass of wine, and as he turned he met a stranger, who had seemingly come for the same purpose.

"Good evening," said the stranger, in a pleasant, tone, as he poured out a tumbler full of water from the pitcher and drank it.

Ambrose returned the salutation.

"I came in to take a few moments' recreation at cards," said the stranger, "but I find no friends here."

"So did I," answered Ambrose, "and my friends are missing."

"Then suppose we take a hand or two, just to pass away the time until others come."

"With pleasure," said Dearborn.

And accordingly the two sat down and were soon on the most friendly terms. The cards were dealt and for a while the playing was on a small scale, and the luck about even. By-and-by Ambrose began to win, and he went on until he had won over a hundred dollars. He would have felt ashamed, somewhat, had not his antagonist maintained such good humor, and smiled so kindly when he lost.

But anon the luck changed. Ambrose lost all he had won, and soon lost over a hundred dollars beside. He had just one hundred dollars more in his port-monnaie, and this he took out. A new hand was dealt—he cut the cards carefully—and he held four jacks. 'Twas the best hand by far that had been out during the game, it being the first "four of a kind," he had seen during the evening. He bet ten dollars. His antagonist covered it and went ten higher.

"I have an excellent hand," the stranger said, with a light laugh. "I have held better ones, but this is good. I shall bet high on it."

Ambrose did not speak. He was excited. He was afraid his antagonist would mistrust how good his hand was and stop betting. But the betting went on until Ambrose had placed his last fraction of the hundred on the table.

"Shall I go higher?" asked the stranger.

"As you please."

"Then I must say *a hundred better*. By the trump of trumps, you shall have a chance to make a pile this time."

Ambrose hesitated a moment, and then he placed his hand in his bosom and drew forth a package of bank notes. There were four thousand dollars in the whole. It was a sum he had drawn from the bank that very day. It was the accumulation of over four years' labor and economy, for the purpose of paying for his house and store. He drew out a hundred dollar bill, and covered his antagonist's last stake. He hesitated a moment more, and then he drew another hundred and "went that" over. The stranger "covered" the hundred, and "went *five hundred* better." Ambrose covered the five hundred, but he dared bet no more, and he called for his companion's hand. The stranger smiled as he showed it—*four queens!*

Ambrose uttered a deep groan as he folded his cards and placed them on the pack.

"By my soul, that's hard, my friend. But better luck next time. Come—I'll deal for you this time."

A new hand was dealt, and this time Ambrose won a hundred dollars. He began to revive. Next he won two hundred more. He went and got another glass of wine, and then returned in better spirits. But at the next hand he lost five hundred. His spirits sank again. But he was now resolved to play carefully and win back what he had lost, and *then* stop!

There is no need of following the game step by step. The man who held those cards was not a professed gambler, nor did he now gamble at all for his own amusement. But he had been among gamblers much, and he could handle cards as he pleased. And more still, he could handle a nervous, excitable man as he pleased. He kept Ambrose in good humor—let him have occasional flashes of luck—and finally, just as the clock struck eleven, Ambrose Dearborn staggered up from the table—penniless! All, all, was gone! His four thousand dollars—the sum which was to have cleared him from debt—the sum which he had seen steadily growing beneath his efforts for the last four years—was now swept away.

The young merchant staggered from the hall—he tried to borrow first, to borrow something to commence again to win back something—but no one would lend. He made his way to the street, and without noting his way he staggered on. By-and-by he came to a narrow alley which led down to the water, and he turned down upon the wharf, and sat down upon an old spar. He had been there but a few moments, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up, and by the moonlight he could see the dark face of the man who had ruined him.

"Why do you sit here in the snow?" asked the stranger.

"Leave me!" cried Ambrose, bitterly. "O, I never would see you more from this time!"

"But perhaps I may help you," replied the other. "You are young enough to learn."

"*Learn!* O, great heavens! and have I not learned this night what never—never—"

The young man burst into tears, and his sobs were deep and painful.

"Come, come," spoke the stranger, "stand up and trust me, and I may yet help you."

There was something so kind in the voice that Ambrose could not resist, and he arose to his feet.

"Ambrose Dearborn," spoke the strange man, "I have this evening taken from you over forty-two hundred dollars, and I do not think you can afford to lose it. Here we are, before God. Now promise me, upon your honor as a man, that you will never stake any amount at hazard again—that never again will you play at any game of chance for the value of anything—and I will restore to you every penny I have won from you to-night!"

The young man stood for a moment like a man in a dream. Then he caught his companion by the arm.

"You do not trifle!" he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"Give me the promise, and see."

Ambrose clasped his hands, and turning his eyes toward heaven he made an oath embracing just the proposition which had been made to him; and when he had done, his eyes sank to the snow-covered earth, and he burst into tears. The stranger took a roll from his pocket, and handed it over.

"Here," said he, "is the full sum—every penny—just as I took it from you. And now let us walk up into the city again. My way is toward Adam Street."

"So is mine," whispered Ambrose, as he clutched the money.

"Ah—then we'll walk together."

"But tell me what this means," the young man uttered, energetically. "Who are you, sir?"

"Never mind now. I shall see you again, and then I will explain. But let us be on our way, for it is cold here."

On the way the stranger kept up such a rattle of conversation that Ambrose not only had no chance to mention the subject of the evening's transaction, but by the time he had reached his own door his feelings had got back into their wonted channel.

"I would invite you in," he said, "but—"

"Never mind. Just let me step into the entry, for I want a light a moment."

Of course Ambrose could not object to this, and as he opened his door the stranger followed him in. He walked through the hall, and, as he opened the door of the sitting-room, his companion was at his back.

Lydia sat at her table, and her face was pale, but she had not been crying, for the words her brother had spoken to her before he went out had inspired her with a strange hope. She arose to her feet, and while her husband was wishing that his companion had remained in the hall, he was not a little startled to hear the said individual speak somewhat jocularly as follows:

"Well, sissy—you see I've brought him. And we are both of us all right, I can assure you."

For a moment the young man was wonder-struck, but the truth quickly flashed upon him. "Jim—Jim Barrows?" he gasped.

"*Captain* Barrows, at your service, sir. Ha, ha, ha—you didn't know me. He's just found me out, Lydia."

Ambrose tried to laugh, but he could not. He struggled a moment with the feelings that welled up in his bosom, and then, sinking down into a chair, he burst into tears. His wife uttered a quick cry, and started forward.

"Don't be afraid," gasped Ambrose. "I'm safe—safe. But I can't help this. Tell her, Jim—tell her all. Tell her all now, for she's a right to know."

The stout captain drew his sister upon his knee, and then related to her all that had happened since he left her.

"Ah, Am.," he concluded, "the moment I saw you take the second hundred dollars from your port-monnaie I knew gaming would soon ruin you; and when I saw you draw the package, I only knew that I should take them every one from you, and that any experienced card-player could have done the same. Now I taught you your *first* lesson in poker—this is *lesson number two*. I hope it may work well."

And it did work well. Captain Barrows remained with his sister a month, and then he went away. At the end of a year he came again, and this time he found Lydia happy as a princess.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

The accompanying portrait of a gentleman well known rom his connection with the American and European press, as a writer of ability, and also widely appreciated as a learned editor of books of rare excellence, was drawn expressly for our paper by Barry, from an excellent daguerreotype by Brady, of New York. Dr. Shelton Mackenzie first became known to the American public twenty years ago, as English correspondent of the New York Evening Star, of which the late Major Noah was founder and editor. His connection with that paper continued during Major Noah's proprietorship. Dr. Mackenzie, at starting (and for some time after) was the only paid and regular correspondent of any American paper. His letters touched upon a variety of subjects—politics, literature, fashion, fine arts, *scan. mag.*, and gossip of high life, interwoven with personal anecdote and reflections—forming a pleasant, lively, reliable melange of news and table-talk. They were very popular, and are said to have raised the circulation of the Evening Star from 3000 to 12,000 a day. At the same time their writer contributed largely to American periodicals and annuals of the day. At that time Dr. Mackenzie conducted one of the leading journals in Liverpool, and had been connected with the English press, as editor, since the age of nineteen. Born and educated in the south of Ireland, he devoted his earlier years to the study of medicine, but his literary bias was not to be repressed. At an unusually early age his reputation was so well established, that the University of Glasgow conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him—an honor which, at a later period, the University of Oxford also extended to him. After having been connected with the press in England and Scotland for about fifteen years, during which time he had contributed, in prose and verse, to nearly every periodical in those countries, from Blackwood to Punch, Dr. Mackenzie finally "pitched his tent" in London, where, in 1843, he published an art-novel called "Titian," which at once established him as an imaginative writer. The brilliancy and truth of his descriptions of Venice in this work are said to be surpassed only by the reality and fire of his historical sketches. In 1848 he produced a large volume on the legal-commercial subject of partnership en commandite, and, a couple of years later, collecting a variety of his stories and sketches from magazines and annuals, engrafted them, artistically enough, on a tale of "true love," and published them as "Mornings at Matlock." Three years ago, Dr. Mackenzie arrived in New York, where he found his writings remembered and his name well known. He immediately became musical and dramatic critic of one of the Sunday papers, a position from which he withdrew when he became attached to the New York Daily Times, as "literary editor" or book-reviewer. As a critic he is at once fearless and appreciative; and—but this appears too wonderful for belief—is said to *read* the books he *reviews!* It is as editor of standard works that Dr. Mackenzie is best known, at present, in this country. Since 1854, there have appeared with his liberal and most amusing annotations, "Sheil's Sketches of the Irish Bar," the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of Blackwood's Magazine, the "O'Doherty Papers," by Maginn, and the "Life of Curran,"—making ten volumes in about twenty months, besides a life of De Quincey, prefixed to "Klosterheim," many unacknowledged sketches in reviews and magazines, and an original work, bearing the suggestive title of "Bits of Blarney," and overflowing with Irish humor and eccentricity. At this moment there is announced another new work of fiction from his pen, as well as "The Poetry and Poets of Ireland," Maginn's "Shakspeare Papers," Lady Morgan's novels, and the "Prout Papers," to be severally enriched with his notes. "The Men of 'Ninety-Eight,'" an original work on Irish history, will soon be forthcoming, as well as a revised and enlarged edition of "Titian," and a volume of poetry, including all the pieces familiar to the American public, as well as "The Lion-Lady," about twelve hundred lines long, in Praed's mock-sentimental style, and never before published. The pervading personality, lively spirit and great accuracy of Dr. Mackenzie's notes as a book editor, constitute their value. His life has been passed in intimacy and correspondence with the leading literati and politicians of his time, and he has a remarkable memory for dates, events and persons, which overflows into expression when he puts pen to paper. Such, also, is his conversation—crowded with anecdotes of notable and noticeable persons and things, and no one would deem, from his lively conversation, that he had nearly exhausted libraries as a reader, and contributed to fill them as a writer.



DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.

The accompanying sketch by Champney shows us Miss Adelaide Phillips, as she appeared at the Boston Theatre, on the occasion of her recent debut in that establishment as Count Belino, in the English opera of the "Devil's Bridge." It is a scene from the second act, where Count Belino (Miss Phillips), disguised as an artist, confounds Baron Toraldi (Donaldson), by exhibiting a picture representing his (Belino's) wife, who is the victim of Toraldi's tyranny, protesting all the while in the descriptive song he sings, at the close of each stanza, that "it is but fancy's sketch." Paolo, introduced in the picture, is an attendant. Williamson's and Phillips's "Count Belino," in the days of the old Federal Street Theatre, are well remembered. The effect of these old associations caused a strong muster of the "Old Guard," as well as of Young America, to greet Miss Phillips on her re-appearance on the board. Miss Phillips labored under the disadvantage of coming before the public unsupported by a regular operatic corps, and yet, thanks to her eminent talent, and to the fact that all about her did their best to second her efforts, she produced a deep impression, and achieved an honorable triumph. The applause bestowed on her efforts was not a transitory expression of warm feeling; it was a legitimate recognition of the result of an ambitious, conscientious and enthusiastic study of art. Both in her concerts and on the stage, she exhibits the high cultivation of an organ, rich, powerful and expressive. Her finished execution surprises even her warmest friends, and what she has shown of her abilities gives the richest promise of the future. In opera, she is destined to go on conquering and to conquer. The vantage-ground upon which she stands is her histrionic ability. Trained to the stage from infancy, she treads it with fearless ease, and is able to give dramatic expression and effect to all she undertakes. Since she left us for Europe, her *physique* has developed with her voice, and she now adds a fine person to her musical attractions. To command the popular applause, it is absolutely necessary for a prima donna to be also an accomplished actress. Many an indifferent singer has succeeded on the stage from the power of expression and good acting; the *vox et præterea nihil* will not do on the lyric stage. With a fine voice, a fine figure, and easy familiarity with the stage, Miss Phillips has a triple title to success. She can command it anywhere; but it is here, where she has been known from childhood, that she will receive the most cordial and grateful encouragement. We all remember "Little Addy Phillips," of the Boston Museum, how intelligently she rendered juvenile characters—how, as she grew up among us, she passed from one role to another, as she grew from the child to the young lady. It was when no longer a juvenile phenomenon that her vocal gifts gave such rare promise as to attract special attention. Good judges saw that she only required good training to take high rank upon the lyric stage She was generously furnished with the means for accomplishing her artist destiny, and sailed for Europe full of high hopes and high purposes. We heard from time to time gratifying accounts of her progress, until at last the news reached us that she had appeared with brilliant success in an opera at Milan. She has now returned to us crowned with her Italian laurels to receive the yet more welcome demonstrations of a public endeared to her by so many fond associations. We congratulate her on her triumph, and most cordially wish her that brilliant future to which her talent, her industry, and her persevering directness of purpose so justly entitle her, and which an appreciating public are ready to award to her, as a deserved testimonial.



PAOLO—(FORRESTER). BARON TORALDI—(DONALDSON). COUNT BELINO—(MISS PHILLIPS)

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, AS COUNT BELINO, AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE INDIANS.

It appears that the Indians in the extreme West are again in arms, and likely to cause great trouble and bloodshed. It looks as if they were resolved to make a last despairing stand against the whites. We can hardly wonder at it. With civilization encroaching on the east and west, they are like the man whom a tyrant enclosed in an iron cell, the walls of which contracted, day by day and hour by hour, moved by ponderous machinery, until they met together, crushing him utterly in their awful contact; or, they are as if standing in the centre of a prairie with flames all around them converging from the influence of meeting winds. What shall be done with the poor remnants of the lordly races that once claimed this broad land for their heritage—not those who dare the ordeal of battle, but those who tacitly submit to the current of events? We bid them "move on;" but there will soon be no place to move them to. Their prospect is indeed a gloomy one. Green, the writer of an excellent work on Kanzas, meeting the question with the boldness of a frontiersman, is for cutting the Gordian knot with the sword. He says the Indians must be amalgamated with the whites or crushed, and he sees no other alternative; and he seriously recommends the policy of setting them to war with each other. "They have feuds enough, with little diplomacy and low pay, to impel them into a war of extermination. With replenished magazines, the strife would be brief and deadly; and it would matter little which fell soonest. False philanthropy might denounce the measure as cowardly; but then it were wiser to appropriate the public treasure to wholesome uses, while it is assuredly more merciful to crush out a fated race than to decimate them with the tortures of a century." We will not trust ourselves to make any comments on the above. The very best view of the Indians' future is appalling.

W. M. THACKERAY.—The English papers are rather down on the great novelist and lecturer for telling tales of royalty out of school—that is, on this side the Herring Pond. Why, my dear fellows, we knew all those things long ago, and acted on the knowledge in 1775, and thereafter.

FIGHTING EDITORS.—Two Spanish editors lately fought a duel with swords. It was absurd. They ought to have known that the pen is mightier than the sword, and assaulted each other n cutting paragraphs. A square of ridicule is worth a yard of cold steel, any day in the year.

NEW AMERICAN PLAYS.—Cornelius Matthews's comedy of "False Pretences" was not much relished by the New York critics. Boker's play of the "Bankrupt," written for Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, was quite successful.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mlle. Cruvelli, the singer, is to receive £35,000 a year for singing at the French opera—a fortune per annum.

.... Bread riots have become common in England, and will be elsewhere in Europe, if peace is not soon declared.

.... It has been remarked that the more *cheques* a spendthrift receives, the faster he goes on.

.... The speaker who "took the floor" has been arrested for stealing lumber. This does him a *deal* of harm.

.... When does a man look like a ball? When he looks round. This was made by a musical genius—A. Flat, Esq.

.... The New Yorkers consume one hundred million eggs per annum, and yet, like Oliver Twist, cry for more.

.... One day, our countryman, Dudley Selden, gave a dinner party at Paris, the next, he was a corpse. Such is life.

.... The Newark Daily Advertiser thinks Longfellow's Hiawatha ought to be referred to the "committee on Indian affairs."

.... Mr. Haskell of the Transcript has delivered a lecture on the history of newspapers, with great success.

.... One of our exchanges says a certain actor was called before the curtain and "crowned with a wreath of congratulations."

.... Sixteen new banking companies, with an aggregate capital of $4,075,000, are applying for charters in New Jersey.

.... Just as the people of England are worked up to the height of war fever, they are amused by stories of peace.

.... A mare fifty-two years of age recently died in France. Wasn't it a *mere?*

.... Our old friend, Lewis E. Josselyn, editor of the Lynn Bay State, has been chosen an alderman. Bravo!

.... Mrs. Bloomer has been lecturing on temperance in Iowa. We had almost lost sight of this much talked-of lady.

.... The name of a new German magazine, started in New York, is the "Deutsche Monats-Hefte." *Ya, mein herr.*

.... An Indian chief in Boston said our fashions were Indian —"men wear blanket; women paint face, wear feather."

.... The United States propeller Niagara, building at New York, will mount thirteen large Paixhan guns. Very pacific craft.

.... The latest swindling case is that of a man who told a Springfield jailor he was a police officer, and raised $25.

.... Mr. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) of the Post lately delivered his poem on the "Press" here with great applause.

.... Seventy male and four female converts, in the Illinois state prison, have recently been confirmed by the Episcopal bishop.

SOCIAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

The Philadelphia Ledger remarks, in the course of an article on extravagance in dress: "A fashionable lady spends annually on her milliner, mantua-maker and lace-dealer, a sum that would have supported an entire household, even in her own rank in life, in the days of Mrs. Washington." How suggestive is that brief sentence! What a field it opens for serious reflection and for grave comment! We do not wonder, when the wantonness of fashion runs riot to its present extent, when the evil influence of extravagance in dress is spreading, like a circle in the water, wider and wider, that the press, the most reliable guardian of social welfare in a republic, feels impelled to make the attempt to arrest its progress by earnest and timely remonstrance.

All attempts to control the caprices of fashion—and such attempts have been made in various ages by the pulpit and the press, or by both combined,—have signally failed, and always will fail, because mere taste is a thing which submits to no control or dictation. But extravagance is another thing—a social evil, affecting the general prosperity, and, therefore, a legitimate subject of discussion. Extravagance in dress once admitted, and fostered into a passion, goes on increasing with fearful rapidity. The splendor and magnificence of to-day becomes comparative poverty to-morrow. The lustre of ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry is pallid in the eyes of its possessor so soon as a fair rival displays twenty thousand dollars' worth on her person. The two hundred dollar Cashmere is too shabby for wear, if brought into juxtaposition with two thousand dollar shawls. And so the weary mortal—the husband of the fashionable woman, whose exchequer is expected to discount all draughts, must go earlier to his counting-room and drudge later at his desk, must extend his business more boldly and speculate more rashly, must contract within closer limits his periods of relaxation or mental culture, until at last comes the dire crash—the bankruptcy of health, fortune, perhaps honor, and another ruined family is added to the lamentable list of social failures.

And what is accomplished by this ruinous extravagance, this pomp and luxury of apparel? Is beauty enhanced thereby? Universal public opinion replies in the negative. The simply attired country girl, the neat little Parisian grisette, attracts more attention than the fine lady in her richest ball-dress. Nor is ugliness concealed by it. A splendid frame only makes the worthlessness of a painted daub more glaringly apparent. The wearer of costly finery gains absolutely nothing by her ruinous display.

But it has been said that extravagance in dress is productive of some good, that it stimulates industrial activity. But this is a sophism. Of what general benefit is it to increase the production of articles in themselves intrinsically worthless? If all other modes for the employment of capital were exhausted, if all the useful, all the elevating and refined arts had reached their highest development, then it would be time to talk of applying millions to the production of mere frivolities.

Fortunate would it be for American society if Fashion would abandon the career of dress for the culture of wit, of art, of literature; if the fine lady should pride herself on the culture of her mind, and not of the adornments of her person; if she should be prouder of her pictures and statues than her diamonds and opals. As it is, if extravagance in dress continues, then we shall witness the reproduction of these scenes which marked the decadence of the Roman empire.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.

This road is one of the longest single roads in the world. The length of all the tracks of the main road and branches owned by the company would form a single track 755 miles long. The number of employés is 500, the annual pay of which is about a million and a half of dollars; 203 locomotives and 3000 cars of all kinds are used on the road. The largest locomotives cost $12,000 each, from $6000 to $8000. A first-class passenger car costs about $3000, and a freight car about $600. The company has a telegraph with sixty agents, so that any occurrence on the road can be instantly made known to the officers of the road. Four compositors and half a dozen presses are constantly employed in doing the printing of this colossal corporation. Truly this is a gigantic enterprise.

SCOTT'S ENTRY INTO MEXICO.—Our next number will contain a splendid original design by Billings, of the same size as the Battle of New Orleans, representing the triumphal entry of Winfield Scott upon the Plaza of Mexico, at the head of the victorious American army. The splendid cathedral, a marvel of architecture, is beautifully drawn, and the general excellence of the picture renders it the most superb and graphic work of art we have ever produced in the Pictorial.

ROGUERY.—The English rogues have found out a new way of clipping guineas so as to make about three shillings off each coin. It is laid under a machine, which is subjected to great pressure from above, and at the moment the milling is cut off, a new is is formed. In comparing a sovereign thus "doctored," with a regular one, the size is at once detected, but casually not noticed.

NEW STEAM LINE.—Three new steamers will soon be running between Antwerp and New York. The company is a European one, the Rothschilds furnishing the funds. Passengers are to be conveyed cheap, and costly German goods will afford plenty of freight.

INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION.—During the year 1854, one hundred and sixty-five men were hung in the United States for murder. Of this number only seven could read or write. What a lesson!

WEAPONS OF WARFARE.

From the earliest period, that is, from the date of the first murder, the ingenuity of man has been taxed in the invention of methods to destroy his fellow-man. In this bright zenith of the 19th century, this age of enlightenment, this age of progress, of religious development, of eloquent peace societies, with world-wide ramifications and correspondence, the business of forging weapons of warfare is more active than ever.

"O, star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To bring us back the tidings of despair?"

But while we wait, with faith and hope, for the "good time coming," let us glance at our last page of the present number, whereon are assembled some of the implements which are to be beaten into ploughshares and pruning-hooks "one of these days." All of the weapons were drawn from the objects themselves by Mr. Kilburn, our artist, and for the privilege of sketching some of the rarer specimens of the warlike implements of uncivilized tribes, he is indebted to the politeness of Mr. Kimball, who has stocked the military department of his Boston Museum with a choice collection of these curiosities. It is enough to make one shudder to look at this array, and think what it is designed for—the taking of human life. But on the heads of the aggressors rests the blood-guiltiness of war, not on those who use these weapons in defence of "their homes, their altars and their fires." We proceed briefly to enumerate the arms delineated in our large engraving. No. 1, the Malay Dagger or *Krees*, a formidable and cruel weapon. No. 2, Malay Sword. No. 3, Chinese Sword. No. 4, New Zealand Battle-Axe, made of stone. No. 5, African Spear. No. 6, New Zealand stone War Club. No. 7, South Sea Island Battle-Axe. No. 8, Arabian Spear. No. 9, Hottentot War Club. No. 10, African short Lance. No. 11, African Powder Horn. No. 12, Machine for throwing Darts from Congo. No. 13, Friendly Islands War Club. No. 14, Marquesas Isles War Club. No. 15, Marquesas War Club. No. 16, Patagonian War Club. No. 17, Battle-Axe from Navigator's Isles. No. 18, Tahitian Bow. No. 19, War Club from Navigator's Isles. No. 20, Loo Choo Island Bow. No. 21, Quiver of Arrows of leather from Africa. No. 22, War Club from Feejee Islands. No. 23, Horn Bow from Upper California. No. 24, Double Dagger made of horn from Cape de Verde Islands. No. 25, War Club from Papua Islands. No. 26, South Sea Islands Dagger. Nos. 27 and 28, Sword and Spear with shark's teeth, from King's Mill Group of Islands. No. 29, Dirk. No. 30, Cannon. No. 31, Mortar. No. 32, Poisoned Arrow from Borneo. No. 33, Cannon. No. 34, Howitzer. No. 35, Minié Rifle with Sword Bayonet (the sabre-fusee of the Chasseurs de Vincennes). No. 36, Colt's Revolver. No. 37, Cannon Balls. No. 38, Chain Shot. No. 39, Officer's Sword. No. 40, Iron Tomahawk. No. 41, Pistol. No. 42, Two-handed Sword. No. 43, Cutlass. Nos. 44 and 45, Chinese Guns. No. 46, Sabre. No. 47, Dagger. No. 48, Indian Scalping-Knife and Sheath. No. 49, Patagonian Shield made of bark. No. 50, South Sea Island Shield of wood. No. 51, Osage War Club. No. 52, Indian Lances. No. 53, Indian Shield. No. 54, Indian Sword. No. 55, Indian Tomahawk. No. 56, Sling. No. 57, Indian Bow and Arrows. No. 58, Indian Quiver of Arrows. No. 59, Scimetar. No. 60, Indian Powder Horn. No. 61, Indian stone Tomahawk.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Henry Harris, of Chelsea, to Mrs. Sarah Shortwell; Mr. Joseph Meyer to Miss Eliza Lovejoy; Mr. George L. Richardson, of New York, to Miss Charlotte S. Hyde, of Malden; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Joseph F. Came to Miss Anna S. Otis; by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. J. H. C. Sistermans to Miss Louisa Hollingworth; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. David H. Grows to Miss Harriet E. Sprague.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hutchins, Mr. James Sullivan to Miss Harriet E. Stone.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Emerson, Mr. William H. Cades to Mrs. Sarah M. Lane.—At East Weymouth, by Rev. Mr. Potter, Mr. Augustus Pratt to Miss Emeline S. Gardiner.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Dwinell, Mr. Charles Collins to Miss Elizabeth Orne.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. Josiah F. Dudley to Miss Susan Degroo.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Patch, Mr. Samuel S. Roundy to Miss Emma J. Bancall.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. Thomas McCabe, of Bath, Me., to Miss Ann M. Dyer.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. George Lennon to Miss Anna Harmon.—At Princeton, by Rev. Mr. Wickes, Mr. Edward E. Hartwell to Miss Carrie D. Mirick.

DEATHS.

In this city, Capt. Frederick Wm. Bridge, 52; Widow Sarah Comerais, 75; Mrs. Catharine K. Sackett, 47; Mrs. Abigail Brown, 72; Miss Ellen Goggin, 18; Miss Mary C. Meacham, 35; Miss Helen V. Allen, 18; Miss Charlotte F. Barton, 26.—At Chelsea, Mr. Wm. Holmes, 42.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Lydia Edward, of Newburyport, 68.—At Brookline, Mrs. Susan C. Hanson, 36.—At West Cambridge, Mr. Thomas H. Teel, 64.—At Medford, Dea. Edward W. Fay, 36.—At Quincy, Mrs. Esther, widow of the late Dea. Samuel Savil, 90.—At Lynn, Widow Susan W. Long, 76; Mr. Sylvester P. Flint, 70.—At Salem, Mrs. Catherine Henderson, 37; Widow Sarah Willis, 56; Mr. Lawson Pratt, 45; Widow Mary Pearson Brooks, 44; Mr. Henry W. Rogers, 31.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Clarissa T. Sawyer, 37.—At New Bedford, Miss Hannah Mosher, 70.—At Westport, Mrs. Sally Upham, 80.—At Palmer (Three Rivers), Mr. Ebenezer Baker, a soldier of the Revolution, 92.—At Saco, Me., Mr. Mark Fernald, 66; Capt. William Mureh, 83.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. George Fernald, 60.—At Goodrich, Mich., Dr. Cyrus Baldwin, a native of Worcester Co., Mass., 81.—At Natchitoches, La., Henry D. Wakefield, M. D., formerly of Boston, 41.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by
M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

KIND SMILES FOR ALL.

BY FREDERICK FARMENTER.

The sunshine beams on all alike,
On rich and poor the same—
Ne'er heeding once the dress or look,
The station or the name;
Then why not we with equal love
Look kindly upon all?
On him who dwells in dreary hut,
Or him of palace hall?

O, it would lighten many hearts,
And ease them of their load;
And it would gain for us new charms,
Thus reaping what we've sowed;
Then let us wear kind smiles for all,
For rich and poor the same;
And they will gain for us, at least,
Kind blessings on our name.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TITHING-MAN.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

To what obscure corner of the earth has he been banished!—or *where*, this side of Pluto's dominions, has he taken refuge—this tithing-man? Where is he? Render, can you guess?—has any one noted his departure? You all remember the *tidy-man*, as he was called, especially if you are old enough to be ranked among the "fogies"—yes! I knew the recollection would be forced home upon you at last. You see him distinctly now, as in the old time, though indeed he is but a memory picture to-day, and almost a *myth* in the opinion of many; whereas, in the old time, he was a real flesh-and-blood personage—eating and drinking, walking and talking, and even *sleeping* like other people. I often think of him, and as often as I do, the idea occurs to me that if any are extant now, they should be numbered among the veteran "whips" and "whittlers," for the office has passed out of account (even as the stage-coaches and jack-knives have gone out of use), and all evidence of their past existence will soon be forgotten. In our juvenile days it was a post of stupendous magnitude. We looked upon the tithing-man with a mixture of dread and veneration, such as no other character could inspire. Through a species of childish fear, we were led to recognize him as the greatest of all earthly dignitaries; and when in our unguarded moments we had been guilty of some youthful indiscretion, the mere mention of the tithing-man's name, with some vague speculations regarding our personal welfare, would prove a sufficient guaranty against a repetition of the offence.

We imagined him endowed with more than ordinary powers of penetration (what in after years we should have mentioned with greater significance as *lynx-eyed*), an eye to every unruly thought and misdemeanor on Sabba' day; a quality which caused us to walk straighter, and conduct ourselves with more humility and decorum, than we might otherwise have been inclined to do at all times. We remember how he used to stand in the church-porch, with that old, solemn, impressive look overspreading his face, with never an intermittent smile, regarding us boys; and *woe* to the unlucky urchin who was caught whispering, or attempting to play off some juvenile prank in the gallery. The eyes of the tithing-man were always upon him, and he was positively certain of receiving a visitation from that terrible functionary sooner or later.

Yes, we have a distinct recollection of the tithing-man, though, as an offset against this, a very indistinct *one* of almost everything else contemporary with him. Well do we remember a little incident in connection with our youth, and the unhappy discovery of our doings, at the time, by that august personage, causing us to tremble for hours after experiencing the first great shock (which, for the first five minutes, had the effect to leave us completely wilted and limber as a rag), and the fear and anxiety which naturally followed, partly from the dread of exposure, and partly from our immature notions of a certain *dark* hole, not very definitely described (the very mystery of which rendered the whole thing a hundred times more impressive), was awful—awful in the extreme!

It was on a Saturday afternoon (how old we were we do not precisely remember); school did not keep; but it happened to be at a season when the kite *mania* was at its height. We had ransacked an old trunk in the garret (conceiving even then a penchant for variety), and had appropriated to our use for kite purposes a few breadths of a cast-off silk habit of our mother's, thinking with the precocious aptitude of a whipster that a black one would be viewed as a *rara avis*, where white only had been the rage.

Our task, on the eve of its completion, although we had labored in the meantime with the utmost diligence, had consumed the entire afternoon; thereby debarring us the pleasure of witnessing its heavenward ascent that day. We went to rest that night, and saw the black kite in our dreams. It rose up before us in our imagination like a sentient thing. Sometimes we caught delicious glimpses of its long and gracefully swaying tail; then it would suddenly disappear, as though whipped off by some stately witch or fairy, and then the unfortunate kite would come plunging down, down, to our great anxiety and distress, leaving us the next moment wide awake, but trembling all over like an aspen.

The next day being Sunday, we were of course doomed to forego our enjoyment till Monday, though we crept up garret three times before going to church, in order that we might gaze our fill upon this wonderful production of our boyish hands, and anticipate somewhat in respect to the unalloyed pleasure which we might hope to experience on the morrow.

Between service we held a most agreeable conversation with our dearest friend, Tim Darley, a bold, daring boy some two years our senior, and a thorough connoisseur in all matters relating to kites. He commended our odd freak, and evinced a disposition to become our patron. Indeed, he manifested a strong desire to inspect on that very day the product of our quaint conceit; so, after some demurring on our part, it was finally arranged that we should remove it after tea, and convey it to Laurel Bottom, a deep valley which nestled among the hills at some distance from the house.

Never shall we forget our anxiety on that occasion. The faintest puff of air, or the slightest rustle of a leaf, caused us to tremble with apprehension; and then we would pause and turn round as often as once in ten paces, expecting every time we did so to behold the tithing-man in hot pursuit of us. At length we reached the valley, and found young Darley perched on a rock, with a large ball of twine at his feet, keeping a sharp lookout for breakers.

"Well, now, that's about ink-stopper!" said he, after a careful and confident examination, and bestowing on us a leer of approbation. "Now, I wonder who'd a thought of building a black kite, if you hadn't?—I guess I shouldn't, though! My gen'us runs into a different kind—long lines, lanterns, and all that sort o' thing. Did you see the last one I built, though!—six feet high—fact!—tail, twenty-eight feet long, with seventy kinks in it; line!—my golly, 'twas a *whopper!*—more'n a thousand yards on't!"

During these remarks, Darley had busied himself in attaching the ball of twine to the kite.

"Now," said he, "let's try it a bit, just a *bit*, and see how she hangs. You'll want to fly it the first thing in the morning, d'ye see!—an' if 'taint hung right, I'll hang it for you *now*, right away. I've got the string in my pocket, an' a jack-knife *ter* boot. Come, now, wont ye!"

We shook our head dubiously. First, the sin had occurred to us, and secondly, another idea of far greater magnitude—the tithing-man! We were taught to fear God, but in reality we made much less account of the Deity, to be plain, than of this stupendous functionary.

"But you don't know—you see you haint got the *kink*, like me, of hangin' them. Now, I don't believe there's any great sin in just flying a kite Sunday. The birds fly Sunday, and I don't believe there's any hurt in a kite's flying—keep a sharp lookout for the *tidy-man*, that's all!"

We protested, "No, God would see us!"

"*Pshaw!*" answered Darley. "God don't care! He likes to see folks enjoy themselves, he does; He'd like to see it go up, too—He aint like the *tidy-man*, He aint! Come, now, I'll let her up a piece, an' when she gets fur'd enough, you just hollo 'whoa!' an' I'll pull in."

We made some further opposition, but as the kite moved gracefully upward with a steady, aspiring stateliness, our admiration usurped the place of fear, and we stood gazing upon the wondrous spectacle with dilated eyes.

"Say when it's enough," said Darley, "and I'll stop."

But I couldn't find it in my heart to stop it. Never had I watched the ascension of a kite with such trembling interest. I had made a multitude of kites before, all white, but this was something new; it was mine—my idea—I had invented it. The notion of a black kite had first occurred to me, and to no other body. Tim Darley had said so; he was a critic—he knew! His word was law among the boys. The kite was already a thousand feet high, and steadily bearing upward, when our twine gave out—and O, how my heart bounded when Darley turned his animated face upon me, and said, "It is a go, Slingby, it *is*, let Peters and Flunco say what they like." (These were two other boys who had set themselves up as leaders in opposition to Darley.) "An' this 'pint' shall stand, now, if I have to fight a dozen battles to make 'em see it!"

Scarcely had he uttered these words when his flushed face suddenly grew white with fear, and pointing towards the brow of the hill, we saw with horror the gaunt figure of the tithing-man bearing down on us with a velocity equal to the "seven league boots" of that renowned hero, Mr. Jack, the Giant-Killer!

"We must run for it!" said Darley, with a pale but firmly compressed lip. "I can run as fast as you, and wind up while I am running. Strike right through the 'Run,' and I'll follow!"

The "Run" extended for about a mile through the valley, and terminated in a dense swamp of cedars and hemlocks, allowing us an excellent opportunity to test our mettle "and our speed of foot." We had at least eighty rods the start of the great parish dignitary, and Darley, who was only a few paces behind, kept cheering us all the while with the presumption that the kite might yet be saved. Suddenly we were arrested by an exclamation from behind—"By jingo, it's a goner, and half the line *ter* boot!" And turning, we beheld our darling kite disappearing, with many an awkward lurch and lunge, behind the sharp ridge of hill. The line had parted, and it was too late now, to think of its recovery. The tithing-man observed our perplexity, and giving up the chase at once, darted up the hill in hot pursuit of the kite.

After this, for a full hour we continued to skulk among the rocks and bushes, expecting every moment to see the tithing-man return, but he came not; and at length, with apprehensive hearts, and a sheepish expression in our faces, we bent our reluctant steps homeward. To the anxious inquiry of our parents, we made some evasive reply, and crept off early to bed, with a stricken conscience and a heavy heart. The next morning (and indeed for months afterwards), in passing and re-passing the residence of the tithing-man, we had the mortification to behold the dear kite suspended to one of the great beams in Mr. Bugbee's shop, where it was suffered to remain, a severe lesson to the culprits, and a warning to all evil doers.

SPLENDID PRIZE OFFER!

SOMETHING REALLY WORTH STRIVING FOR.

Being resolved to increase the present unequalled edition of "Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion" to the number of

150,000

copies weekly, the proprietor has determined to send abroad through the Union the following inducement for post-masters and other energetic and industrious persons, *male or female*, to obtain and send to us clubs for our illustrated journal. For this purpose,

TWELVE ELEGANT AND RICH PRIZES

are offered, and will be faithfully awarded as agreed herein—a purpose which shall be personally carried out by the proprietor who pledges himself to its impartial and honest execution. The intrinsic value of the prizes is over

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

so arranged as to be divided among the individuals who shall forward to us the twelve largest clubs of subscribers for the "Pictorial" between the 1st of December, 1855, and the 1st of February, 1856, being a period of about *sixty days*. When it is remembered that the agent has to work with, not only the most attractive, but positively

THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD!

it will be realized how easily subscriptions can be procured anywhere.

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion

is now in its tenth volume, the new volume having commenced on the 1st of January. It is the only illustrated paper of its class in America and the pioneer of illustrated papers on this side the Atlantic. It is elegantly printed on the finest of satin surfaced paper, containing *sixteen* super royal pages in each number, with an average of *twenty illustrations weekly!* These engravings are large and artistic in execution, embracing every current topic of interest, including rural scenery, maritime matters, architecture, noted localities all over this country and Europe, likenesses of eminent characters, male and female, at home and abroad, processions, celebrations, natural history, battles, fortifications, and, in short, every theme of general interest, forming an elegant

ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF THE TIMES.

Besides the illustrations, it contains eight or more super royal pages of *original* sketches of adventure, tales, poems, biographies and choice miscellaneous reading (no advertisements will be admitted), altogether forming a delightful weekly visitor to the home circle, and making two elegant volumes each year for binding, of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

We have commenced the new volume of the "Pictorial," as above, with what we unhesitatingly pronounce to be the best novellette we have ever printed. It is the first story we have ever published *without knowing who the author is!* This work needs no name to make it popular. For intricacy of plot, delicacy of description, pathos, delineation of human nature, dissection of the motives of daring men, the tenderness of the female heart, and the power of secret motives, this story will stand unrivalled. It is entitled:

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

We shall fully illustrate this remarkable story, and our readers may confidently expect to be deeply entertained and interested in its weekly perusal. We are resolved the coming volume shall be the best we have ever yet issued.

THE PRIZES!

To the person who sends us the *first* largest club, we will present an elegant first class PIANO FORTE, rosewood case, of the best Boston workmanship, warranted in all respects. Value $300

To the person who sends us the *second* largest club, we will present a superior ENGLISH LEVER GOLD WATCH, with a rich gold chain, seals and key, new and warranted perfect in all respects. Value. 200

To the person who sends us the *third* largest club, we will present a library of ONE HUNDRED BOUND VOLUMES of new and valuable books, embracing biographies, histories, novels, records of travel, etc. Value 150

To the person who sends us the *fourth* largest club, we will present a superb ENGLISH DOUBLE BARRELED GUN, silver mounted, with shot and powder pouch, game bag and fixtures, a reliable weapon. Value 100

To the person who sends us the *fifth* largest club, we will present a LADY'S GOLD WATCH, new, elegantly set in gold, with a rich enamel back, best Geneva workmanship, and warranted. Value 80

To the person who sends us the *sixth* largest club, we will present a superior ENGLISH SILVER LEVER WATCH, new, and warranted in all respects a perfect instrument and timekeeper. Value 60

To the person who sends us the *seventh* largest club, we will present an elegant AMERICAN RIFLE, silver mounted, new, and of the best make, with powder-flask and fixtures—a superb weapon. Value 55

To the person who sends us the *eighth* largest club, we will present a fine RIDING SADDLE and BRIDLE made *to our own order*, of the best English stock, by William Holmes, 21 Tremont Row, Boston, with curb and snaffle bits and all the fixtures perfect. Value 50

To the person who shall send us the *ninth* largest club, we will present a richly wrought Purse, suitable for a gentleman or lady, and containing thirty GOLD DOLLARS. Value 35

To the person who shall send us the *tenth* largest club, we will present an ENGLISH SILVER WATCH, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Value 25

To the person who shall send us the *eleventh* largest club, we will present a fine heavy GOLD SEAL RING, elaborately wrought, and with the initials of the person who wins it cut upon the stone. Value 20

To the person who shall send us the *twelfth* largest club, we will present five large and beautiful STEEL ENGRAVINGS, each one exhibiting some interesting scene, framed in gilt, parlor ornaments. Value 18

Every prize offered is new, just from the manufacturers, and may be seen at any hour of the day, by calling at our publication office.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year $3 00
4 subscribers, " " 10 00
10 " " " 20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis. All who exert themselves are sure of remuneration.

Any person sending us *fifty* subscribers, shall receive the eight volumes complete of our "Pictorial," elegantly and uniformly bound in full gilt, with illustrated title-pages and indexes, containing nearly *ten thousand* fine illustrations, the price of which is sixteen dollars.

It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us as fast as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore, as soon as ten or a dozen subscribers have been obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names, at the same rate, and they will be duly credited to the account of the person sending until February 1, 1856.

It is not required that the entire club should be from one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post office, but all subscriptions must come through the same agent in order to be counted to his or her credit.—This prize offer cannot be applied to any regular wholesale agent of our paper. The clubs must be *bona fide, and each name be sent with the money.*

The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

Sample copies of the paper furnished gratis when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

☞ In writing letters, please be careful to write name of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

An edition of the Bible, recently published at Nashville, is said, by the Southern Christian Advocate, to be the first that has ever been printed south of the Ohio and Potomac rivers. —— There are some fat and some very lean livings in the English established church. For instance, we read that the rectory of Stutsbury, in Northamptonshire, which the late Rev. E. M. Mount enjoyed for forty-one years, is of the annual value of five pounds, and without a church or residence. This extensive piece of patronage is stated in the clergy list to be in the gift of the lord chancellor. —— Three members of the Hutchinson Family have selected claims near Glencoe settlement, in Minnesota, where they intend hereafter to reside. —— The English language is now so generally studied by reading people on the continent, that the great publishing houses of Leipsic—the German mart of the book trade, where the publishers have an exchange of their own—find it their interest to reproduce in cheap form the original text of American books. The cheap editions of Tauchnitz (the Harper of Germany), are to be found in all the bookstores of Europe. —— A project is on foot for the establishment in Winchester, Va., of a college of high grade, to be under the control of the Odd Fellows. —— The Hon. Hamilton Merritt, of Canada, has come out in favor of extending the reciprocity treaty to manufactures, and abolishing the custom houses on both sides the line. This would be an important step—one which would probably lead to our supplying the Canadians with every description of manufactured goods. —— A paper has just been started in Richmond, Indiana, called "The Broadaxe of Freedom and Grubbing Hoe of Truth." —— The firemen of New Orleans having broken up their organization and surrendered their machines, on account of a new ordinance, the mayor has issued a proclamation calling upon the citizens to form volunteer associations to act in case of fire, until the new system can be organized. —— Major J. Smith, a member of Gen. Harrison's staff at the battle of Tippecanoe, died in Indiana on the 24th ult —— A new college is projected in Ohio, to be located at Hillsborough, in Highland county. Benjamin H. Johnson, a deceased merchant of that place, left $10,000 to endow a professorship if a university should be established there within six years, and steps have been taken to that end. —— The receipts at the Pennsylvania State treasury department during the year ending December 1st, were $5,590,474 11, and the expenditures, $5,385,705 52. —— There are in the United States 750 paper-mills in actual operation, having 2000 engines, and producing in a year, 270,000,000 pounds of paper, which is worth, at ten cents a pound, $27,000,000. To produce this quantity of paper, 405,000,000 pounds of rags are required, 1 1-4 pounds of rags being necessary to make one pound of paper. The cost of manufacturing, aside from labor and rags, is $4,050,000. —— The mammoth steamer Vanderbilt was launched in New York, in the most satisfactory manner. —— Capt. John Norton, of Dublin, Ireland, has patented a mode of using fulminating powder as a priming for cartridges, so as to cause an explosion through the unbroken cartridge case; also for puncturing the case of cartridges at the base, to enable the charge to be ignited from the flame of the cap of the nipple. —— Mr. J. T. Jackman was killed on his farm, two miles from London Mills, N. H., in consequence of a tree falling upon and crushing him. —— At a recent meeting of the National Institute, Mr. Cones gave some interesting views on an analogy which appeared to exist between the line of the simultaneous action of an earthquake, as traced out by the distinguished Professor Rogers, and the lines or axes of the winter storms of our continent, as appeared from the researches of Professor Espy. —— Gunpowder, which was ten cents a pound in New York on the opening of the war, has advanced to twenty cents. —— Milton was a cobbler's clerk, and also derived a precarious subsistence from teaching in a country school. Shakspeare, until honored by royal notice, was scarcely considered a respectable vagabond; Otway and Goldsmith perished in want, and Chatterton sought refuge from despair in suicide. —— The New York Times says that one of the oldest wine dealers in that city has offered $1000 that there is not a gallon of genuine old Port wine in the whole city of New York!

THE GULF STREAM.—Lieut. Maury gives some very rational views respecting the formation of the Gulf Stream. Its waters, he says, have an equatorial warmth, and are more salt than those through which it runs, thus showing that they have been subjected to the process of evaporation in the warm latitudes, and are bearing off the residuum of salt to mingle with the fresher waters of the northern seas. They part with their heat in the higher latitudes, and there, chilled by mingling with the common mass, they change their direction, rush southward, and displace the heated waters of the equatorial regions.

THE FIRST CLOCK.—It is now about five hundred years, according to the best information obtainable on the subject, since the first clock was invented and put into operation; and for more than two hundred years their manufacture was carried on only upon so limited a scale that kings and nobles alone could purchase them. At the present time a time-piece is the commonest, as it is also one of the cheapest, household articles.

HER OLD TRICKS.—Lola Montez, on her late passage to Australia, attempted to stab the mate of the vessel, for kicking her offending lap-dog. Everybody remembers how she horse-whipped a Russian aid-de-camp, for ordering her off the parade ground at St. Petersburg.

DUFF'S NEW SYSTEM OF BOOK-KEEPING—192 pages, royal octavo. Harper & Brothers, New York. Price, $1 50. Sanctioned by the New York Chamber of Commerce as "The most perfect combination of science and practice yet published."

Wayside Gatherings.

In New York there are said to be two hundred astrologers, clairvoyants and fortune-tellers.

The "Highlands" of the Hudson were called by the Indians Matteawan, meaning the country of "good fur."

The Morse and House line of telegraph between New York and Washington, pays seventy per cent. net, upon the paid up capital.

The Memphis Bulletin says Mr. Couldock is the best actor ever seen on the boards in that city, "unquestionably."

The necessaries of life are terribly high in Baltimore, and there is also great scarcity of employment in that city.

Three sellers of spoiled meat, at Memphis, were recently sent to the workhouse for sixty-four days. Served them right.

Mr. F. Hoyt, who resides at South East, N. Y., has in his well a trout which he put in twenty-five years ago. He is about a foot long, and large in proportion.

Richly cut glass must be cleaned and polished with a brush, and like a plate, occasionally rubbed with chalk; by this means the lustre and brilliancy are preserved.

Three ladies, mother and two daughters, gave a young man in Brooklyn a severe cowhiding lately. He had circulated injurious reports in regard to one of the young ladies.

It is but eleven years since the telegraph line, of forty miles in length, of Professor Morse was built, and now there are not less than 32,000 miles of telegraph wires on our continent.

Mr. C. Hall, of Davenport, Iowa, keeper of a dance house, advertises that the liquor law and the Sunday law have ruined his business, and he is obliged to offer his house for sale.

The census returns give the entire population of New York as 3,466,188. At the last census, in 1850, the population was then 3,095,394. The population of New York city is 629,810.

A decree and alimony in $500 has been allowed in the divorce case of Clementina Booth vs. Junius Brutus Booth. The parties are well-known stars in the theatrical world.

J. A. Savage, a returned Californian, who committed suicide in New York, lately, left behind the following warning: "Beware of the mischief-maker. Beware of the woman with a long tongue."

Social parties are quite the rage in New York at this time. The opera is thinly attended, while every night there are some half a dozen jams in the palatial mansions of the fashionable avenues.

A resolution has been introduced into the South Carolina legislature, for the purchase of statues of Moultrie, Marion, Sumpter, Hayne, McDuffie and Calhoun, and also of a sarcophagus for Mr. Calhoun's remains.

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, has received from his friends a new overcoat. He is as enthusiastic about it as a boy in his first boots, and says: "It fits us as well as though we had been melted and poured into it."

Twenty-five years ago, Iowa was a wilderness tenanted only by the savage. Now she has a civilized population estimated at six hundred thousand, and constantly increasing. The emigration this year has been very heavy.

There are at the present time in the parish prison in New Orleans, under sentence of death, no less than five persons who were convicted of capital crimes last winter and spring in the First District court in that city.

The proposed national monument at Plymouth is to consist of a colossal figure of Faith pointing to the skies, made of granite, and seventy feet high. With the pedestal it will form a monument one hundred and fifty feet high.

A French colony in the Crimea is one of the rumors of the day. Such an arrangement, it is contended, would afford an outlet for the inflammable part of the Parisian population, and thus take away one element of revolution at home.

Captain Robert Henderson, toll-keeper at the upper bridge, in Belfast, was found in an upright position, recently, reclining against one of the piers, drowned. It is supposed that he accidentally fell into the water. His age was about eighty.

A church of twenty-six Baptists, with their pastor, have left Mechlenburg, Germany, for the United States, driven here by persecution. At Memel, in Prussia, the Baptists are receiving large accessions, notwithstanding the intolerance from which they suffer.

The Providence Tribune says that St. John's church, of that city had done an act of unusual justice, by guaranteeing to Rev. Dr. Crocker, who has served them more than half a century, a liberal support for life, together with an annuity to his family.

The South Carolina Conference have resolved to sell their interest, as individuals, in the stock of the South Carolina Railroad Company, "because the company would work on the Sabbath day, and they did not wish to partake in making money on the Sabbath."

The pork trade is more lively in Cincinnati than it has been for several years. At several establishments, sixteen hundred hogs are killed daily, and if all the establishments that are proposed are put in operation, at least ten or twelve thousand hogs will be there slaughtered daily.

It is estimated that there are sold in the markets of New York, during the year, 40,000 woodcock, 35,000 partridges, 10,000 rabbits, 20,000 canvass back ducks, 5000 brants, 2000 mallard, and 30,000 black ducks, 5000 wild geese, 10,000 dozen of plover and snipe, and 25,000 wild pigeons.

In the house of representatives of Pennsylvania, in 1833, while a bill granting pensions to certain revolutionary veterans was pending in that body, Mr. Matthias moved to add a gratuity of $40 to one Sarah Cross, "*the sweetheart* of an old soldier," which motion prevailed, 45 to 36.

As a lady, who had been to Columbus, Ga., after a faithless husband, was returning to her home, near Macon, a short time since, her child, an infant in her arms, died on board the cars. She was alone, but received all possible attention from the conductor and passengers, who made up a purse for her relief. It was a sad scene.

The Rev. Mr. Damon says that during a residence of twelve years at Honolulu, he did not know of a single instance of a vessel, sailing under the Hawaiian flag, that left port on the Sabbath. Mr. Damon expresses his belief that the Christian element is more influential among the Hawaiian people than any other nation that can be named.

It is claimed that the Hollanders first invented the right process for keeping type in forms. John Van Der Mey, of Leyden, is said to have been the inventor, and the art was lost to the Dutch at his death. Again, it is claimed that at the beginning of the eighteenth century, a Scotchman, named Ged, took casts from type, and struck off sheets; but in 1795, one Firman Didot, in France, invented the present method of casting plates from type, and gave it its present name, stereotyping.

Foreign Items.

The Bishop of Lincoln, England, has a new work in the press, with the title, "The Church of Christ during the First Three Centuries."

Water is scarce at Jerusalem. In building a school-house that cost £600, Bishop Gobat was obliged to pay £60 for water to mix the mortar!

A pretty young English lady had her veil torn by the fragment of a shell thrown from the northern to the southern side of Sebastopol, lately.

A bookseller of Helsingfors on recently applying to the police for a passport to Sweden, was refused one, on the ground that no books were now wanted in Russia.

The celebrated mill of Alphen, on the Rhine, which tradition assigns as the birthplace of the famous Dutch painter, Rembrandt, has lately been destroyed by fire.

A great exhibition is in contemplation in Vienna, for 1859, and it is even said that the plan of the building has already received the approbation of the emperor Francis Joseph.

There is great destitution in Italy on account of the failure of the vintage and the crops. The poor in the mountains think the kernels in the cone of the pine tree a great luxury.

In the French army the soldiers during the winter wear wooden-bottom shoes. The result is, that the French army is less afflicted with toothache and rheumatism than any army in the world.

The Turkish government has exempted the town of Kars from all taxation for three years, as a reward to it for the devoted attention bestowed on the garrison by the inhabitants during the entire progress of the siege.

Sands of Gold.

.... Never anything can be amiss, when simpleness and duty tender it.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Nothing more detestable does the earth produce than an ungrateful man.—*Ausonius.*

.... A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.—*Hume.*

.... Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that, and manage it against despairing thoughts.—*Shakspeare.*

.... It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goethe.*

.... Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing good, though the ungrateful subjects of their favors are barren in return. —*Rowe.*

.... True fortitude is seen in great exploits that justice warrants, and that wisdom guides: all else is towering frenzy and distraction.—*Addison.*

.... It is the bounty of nature that we live, but of philosophy that we live well; which is, in truth, a greater benefit than life itself.—*Seneca.*

.... The human race are sons of sorrow born, and each must have his portion. Vulgar minds refuse, or crouch beneath their load; the brave bear theirs without repining.—*Thomson.*

.... He lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise, if he takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a better value. —*Fuller.*

.... It is much easier to ruin a man of principle, than a man of none, for he may be ruined through his scruples. Knavery is supple, and can bend, but honesty is firm and upright, and yields not.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet? Because it is always in fun.

A genius has just invented a stove that saves three-quarters of the wood, while the ashes it makes pays for the remainder.

"There, John, that's twice you have come home and forgotten that lard."—"Really, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."

An Irishman, who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

Mr. Gripes, the usurer, to whom a sixpence always looked as large as a cartwheel, is in the habit of holding his breath while the tailor measures him, so that his garments will require less cloth.

An Irishman called in great haste on Dr. Abernethy, stating that: "Be dad, me boy Tim has swallowed a mouse!"—"Then, be dad," said the doctor, "tell your boy Tim to swallow a cat."

Belvidera—It seems cruel to kill so many animals for us—thirty-six poor squirrels put to death to make a muff for us! Emily—Yes, it is cruel. Why don't the monsters take their skins off *without killing them?*

The following is the substance of a story going the rounds:—A stuttering boy gets used to the round-faced figures on old-fashioned tombstones; afterwards he happens to shoot an owl—"There it is," he exclaims; "I've sh—sho—shot a *cherubim!*"

A young gentleman, very conceited and vain of himself, and who, by-the-by, was rather despised, with a face much pitted by the small pox, was addressed by a chap, who, after admiring him for some time, said, "When carved work comes in fashion, you'll be the handsomest man I ever put my eyes on."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

IMPLEMENTS OF WARFARE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. X., No. 3.—WHOLE No. 237.

THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.

The recent visit of a party of full-blooded Chippewa Indians to our city has afforded us the opportunity of presenting to our readers a group of red men as they appear in their native dignity, contrasted with the miserable and degenerate specimens of the race we see in our streets at rare intervals, peddling baskets and moccasins. It is very rarely that we meet, on our seaboard, with a fair representation of the lords of the forest. Some eighteen years since, a delegation of Sacs and Foxes were here, among whom were Keokuk and Black Hawk's son, and the visit was something more than a nine days' wonder. They visited the State House, where they were received and addressed by Governor Everett, and afterwards exhibited some of their war dances and ceremonials on the Common, in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. The group of red men here depicted were drawn for us by Mr. Barry from a photograph by Masury & Silsbee, and each head is an accurate likeness. The artist has done himself great credit by this spirited representation. The Indians of this party rejoice in names which, though they may appear musical to Indian ears, do not strike us as being particularly dulcet, and we doubt whether even Mr. Longfellow, notwithstanding his most skillful management of Indian nomenclature in Hiawatha, could manage to weave them into melodious rhythm. We have numbered the individuals composing the group [*See page* 37.



1. MAH YAH-CHE-WA-WE-TONG.
2. A-YAH-BE-DWA-WE-TONG
3. WAB-BE-DE-YAH.
5. KE-BE-DWA-KE-YHICK.
8. NAH-NAH-AUG-A-YASH.
4. NE-SHE-KA-O-GE-MAH.

THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

The young count related to his uncle the incident which had occurred during his morning's ramble. The good marquis listened with interested attention, and strongly evinced sympathy.

"The rascal!" he said, indignantly, as he heard of Gasparde's rudeness. "I am glad you gave him a suitable correction. That fellow marry Rose! Why, I would sooner see him wedded to a bear!"

"Then that is his object?" queried Louis.

"Yes; and it will be defeated. I wish she were out of his way, though. Poor child!"

"It is to be supposed that her father will resent his insolence."

"O, undoubtedly—undoubtedly, Louis. He is a stern man, that Hugh Lamonte, and will teach Gasparde his business after this. You have not seen Hugh, my boy?"

"No; he was not there last evening. But I wonder, uncle, that I have never seen Rose before, when I have been here."

"You know you were here only for a short time, at the last visit, three or four years ago; and, perhaps, you may have seen her then without noticing her particularly. She could not have been more than twelve years of age then; she is not sixteen now, and must have been a mere child."

"What a pretty creature she is! One would never imagine such loveliness as hers to have been nourished within the walls of a forest *chaumiere*. And her father a peasant! Who and what is he besides? for that he is something more, with such a child as that, I am convinced."

"You may well be justified in your conclusion. I, myself, have been inclined towards it more than once, when I have seen and conversed with him. As I said before, he is a strange, stern man, silent and reserved, and almost a hermit, as one might say. He seldom leaves home; works in his little garden, and tills the thrifty patch of soil adjoining it from morning till night, or cuts in the forest the wood which is to serve for his winter's fuel, and often a load to carry to the town on market days, with the produce from his land, as may not be required for his own use. He has, I think, no enemies; yet he seems disinclined to court the friendship of any, though the few neighbors about him, among the farm houses, are kindly disposed towards him, and every one of them loves little Rose. He is apart from them—a distinct character."

"And a peculiar one, from your description."

"Precisely. He lives a peasant's life, and wears a peasant's garb, and yet he can assume—ay, and he does, at times, the bearing of a very king. The humility of his position is belied by the spirit and demeanor of the man. He is uncommunicative, distant, almost haughty, towards all others; to his child, he is the tenderest, most affectionate of parents."

"You interest me, uncle. How long have you known this man?"

"He came into the neighborhood some twelve or thirteen years ago, and settled in the place where he dwells at present, remote from every other habitation. His wife, it is supposed, or has been gathered from some remarks made by him or Rose, was dead. Rose herself was then a little creature of, perhaps, three or four years. A peasant he may be by birth, but I do not believe it. I cannot treat him like one. I confess, he perplexes me."

"I do not marvel at it. What a mystery the man must be! I have the greatest curiosity to behold him."

"That you will doubtless do, sooner or later, though it will be with difficulty, I think, that you will obtain communication with him. But here comes our Rose of the wilderness."

And, as he spoke, the young girl appeared at the door.

"Uncle," said Louis, "I must go back with her, to see her safely to the end of her way. She may meet that insolent fellow again."

"You are right, my dear boy,—you are right," returned the marquis.

"Well, Rose," turning to her, "you are going?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Well, a pleasant walk to you, and be sure to tell your father to look after Gasparde, that he does not annoy you again. My nephew here is going to attend you as far as your walk extends. The next time you have flowers to bring, we will send some one to come with you. Do not come alone, my child."

He stroked her brown hair, with a kindly smile, and Rose, thanking him, bade him good-day. The young count walked by her side in silence during the time occupied in descending the height upon which stood the chateau. He could not help observing how much more beautiful, if possible, looked Rose this morning, than when he had first seen her, although, even then, it was as if he had suddenly come upon some lovely picture touched with the warmest coloring and most perfect grace of the painter's art.

Then the evening light had shed the mellow glow over her with a soft splendor, that imparted to her countenance a tone of subdued brilliancy, that had given to those sweet hazel eyes a darker shadow and a clearer light. Now, with him, upon the hill-side, when the morning sunbeams, only half shaded from her face by the wide brim of the hat she wore, boldly kissed lip, and cheek, and brow, and the fresh, laughing south wind rippled her chestnut hair, and lent her a bloom fitting a forest nymph, as she was. The Count Louis mentally pronounced her to be the loveliest child he had ever beheld. Fancy already saw the outline of that fair countenance transferred to the carefully collected treasures of his portfolio, the hand was only waiting opportunity to stamp the veritable impression there.

"How pretty she is!" thought the count; "and she is only sixteen."

And it was not her face alone that was thus charming, as he shortly found, nor the innate grace of her manner; for Rose Lamonte possessed quick and delicate perceptions, a refined love of the beautiful, and a mind cultivated to a degree extremely unusual in one of her station, yet scarcely surprising in her. For both her father and Mademoiselle Montauban had taken pains to improve a naturally fine intellect, that expanded daily with the care bestowed upon it; and Louis was more deeply gratified than he could express, on recognizing this mental worth, combined, as it was, with such physical perfection.

It was well that Rose had had such instructors. Helen Montauban herself, possessing attainments fully equal to the intellectual superiority that had distinguished her from childhood, had perceived with pleasure the extent of force with which the mind of the young girl was endowed; and, arousing from her ordinary indifference and stately repose, interested herself in its culture, to a degree that was fully repaid by the result of her labor. Rose, from her tenth year, had thus been the protege of Helen; and though the calm and undemonstrative bearing usual with the latter had never been so far laid aside as to permit any decided show of affection between them, yet our pretty Rose was grateful to her, and liked her, and Mademoiselle Montauban really liked Rose in return.



COUNT LOUIS ON A SKETCHING EXCURSION.

Hugh Lamonte, too, as we have said, shared in the cultivation of her mental powers. No one knew how he had gained this knowledge which he had imparted so freely to his daughter. The possession of such acquirements was incongruous with the circumstance and position of the man; but it was of a piece with the rest of the mysteries which surrounded him. No wonder that sweet Rose Lamonte had thriven under care like this.

A brief walk it was from the chateau to the cottage. So, at least, it seemed to the count. He smiled as they reached the door.

"How soon we are here!" he said. "I think the distance must have been estimated incorrectly. I think we have been hardly half an hour in coming. Is your father at home, Rose?"

He was not there. Louis did not go in, but stood an instant by the door, and looked about him.

"What a pleasant little place this is!" said he. "Rose, I should like to take a sketch of it, some day, with you sitting just here in the sunshine in the doorway, at work."

He paused a moment longer; bent to inhale the fragrance of the mignonette in its box on the window ledge, and then turned to his pretty companion again.

"Mind what my uncle told you, Rose," he said.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Adieu, my little friend." He touched her hand in a half-assured clasp.

"Adieu, monsieur. You have been very good to come so far with me."

"It was a pleasure." He smiled, turned away, and was gone.

And Rose, after a moment's thoughtful glance at his receding figure, went in, and prepared her father's dinner, against his return.

* * * * *

"I will have no insolence, Gasparde, mind that! You will keep away from Rose in the future. She detests you, and your language and conduct of this morning fully justify her in so doing. I warn you. You know my character; beware of arousing me by a repetition of this."

Hugh Lamonte, at sunset, had been standing at his door, and Gasparde, returning to his home, beyond the forest, from the village, where he had passed the day, was obliged to pause on the path leading past the cottage, to receive the stern reprimand of the former. He feared Hugh; he could not escape, by a display of his usual bravado, the bitter severity of Hugh's words, and, in these circumstances, his last resort was a sullen silence, which indicated the spirit in which he received them.

Rose had reported to her father the impertinence of Gasparde, and the relation incensed him to the highest degree. Always detesting the man, though he had never yet come to an open rupture with him, the occurrence of to-day had aroused him to an extent beyond endurance. He had reached home some fifteen minutes after the return of Rose from the chateau, and waiting ever since for the appearance of Gasparde, intercepted his way. Sharp and humiliating were the father's words; and Gasparde, though his blood boiled, though he would have been glad to wreak his hatred on him then and there, yet dared not betray the tempestuous fury that raged within. He listened, with folded arms, his brows beat into a hateful scowl, and his fierce eyes, avoiding those of Hugh, fixed on the earth, where he pushed and rolled around with his foot a piece of dried stubble, with a mechanical motion, of which he was scarcely aware; for he was listening—listening. And he longed to strike to the earth the man who stood before him.

"Do not come hither again. Keep where you belong, among your fellows. I shall be *there* to-night, at the rendezvous. And it will be near the last time, to give you orders. I must clear my hands of this business soon. I am getting sick of it."

He spoke in a low and moody tone, and his eyes, also, were bent to the earth. He did not see the eager, lightning-like glance that Gasparde raised to his countenance as these words were uttered.

"Getting sick of it, is he?" muttered the fellow to himself. "Good! I shall have a rare sweep of it, when I get affairs under *my* management. You will abdicate, monsieur, in my favor. Excellent!"

"Go," said Hugh Lamonte, coldly, at length, as he looked up once more,—"go; it is sufficient—the lesson which I hear the count has taught you this morning; otherwise, you would receive from me now something more serious than the reproof I have given you. Go!" And he turned and went into the cottage, shutting the door behind him.

"O, I will pay you finely,—wont I, monsieur?" muttered Gasparde, between his clenched teeth, and making a menacing motion towards the direction. "And the count, too. I have a reckoning with both of you, a long one. Never fear but I will pay it well; and then for my pretty Rose, of whom you are so jealous!"

He took the forest road once more, and walked rapidly forward, revolving in his mind many a scheme of vengeance that had ample time for arriving at maturity. To what point would not his malice extend? Once master of the horde that now called Hugh Lamonte captain, and then?

CHAPTER V.

A CHAPTER OF INCIDENTS.

A WEEK after his arrival at the chateau, Louis stood, one morning, on the terrace with his fair cousin, Helen Montauban, and evidently prepared for a stroll in search of amusement, judging from the gun and sketch-book he carried.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Away so early, Louis?" asked Mademoiselle Montauban.

"Even so, Helen. I am going to spend an hour in converse with Dame Nature, whom I have so sadly neglected since I came here, that I scarcely dare look her in the face. An hour, and perhaps two; in proportion to the variety of the entertainment which I find."

"Then, if that is the case," returned Helen, in her calm, silver tones,—"if that is the case, we shall hardly see you again till night-fall. You will find no lack of amusement, as you may

declare yourself, if you have not forgotten your former visits hither; though they have been few enough, I confess."

"O, I know there is no neighborhood more beautiful than this in the country," respounded Louis. "Game for my bag and food for my pencil I shall find in plenty, and I will lay at your feet the spoils of both on my return, my fair lady-cousin. But as for extending my wanderings to the borders of the night, that would not be quite to my fancy. I shall be back here before noontide."

"That is well. And pray, Louis," she added, with impressible earnestness,—"pray do not go too deep into the forest. Remember your adventure there not seven days since. My good father will be quite alarmed about yŏu, if we do not see you at dinner."

"Depend upon me, Helen; I shall keep to my promise. At noon, we shall be examining together the contents of my *portfeuille*. Let me see you, my sweet cousin, watching for my returning steps from your casement. Mind, I shall look for you. And now, *au revoir!*"

Lightly he touched his lips to her fair hand, and, turning, descended the sloping path that wound irregularly down the height.

A slight blush rose to her beautiful cheek, as her glance followed, for an instant's space, the handsome figure of the young count; and it deepened when, at a little distance, he looked back, and seeing her still standing there, waved his hand to her. Hastily she left the spot, and re-entering the chateau, seated herself in the saloon by a window, at her embroidery. Here, putting the drapery aside, she could observe the receding figure of her cousin while pursuing, with slow and thoughtful fingers, her favorite employment, until Louis had disappeared from sight, and there was no outward attraction to break the rose-hued thread of meditation that wove itself in and out among the clustering buds and leaves expanding into life under her magic touch. The marquis was in the library among his books, lost to the exterior world, and wrapt in learned lore. Helen had no companion there in that wide saloon, save her own meditations; but they were sufficient entertainment for one like her. Besides, they had no stint of food this morning.

And now, let us follow Louis. Charmed with the loveliness of the morning, by the soft sunshine that brightened all the air about him, and touched with a tender glory this wide and beautiful landscape, and glistened on the far blue waters of the winding river that blended with the sky; by the gentle airs that whispered and sighed about him, now kissing his fine brow, and lightly playing with the waves of his soft brown hair, now seeming to the young man's poetical fancy to breathe into his ear the pleasant memories of olden days, he wandered on and on, scarce marking the way he took, nor yet caring; for the happy reveries that this lovely, silent atmosphere about him engendered were even more agreeable than the exercise of those pursuits which he had strolled forth avowedly to enjoy.

But, as it naturally happened, he had continued to follow the main road leading from the chateau past the village, and onward to where it reached the forest, branching off into two distinct paths, one of which wound on through the forest, and the other skirted it to the left.

But he had only just passed the low hills that hid him from the chateau, when he awoke from these reveries, and now found himself pursuing this path, which was often hedged on either side with timber, and ever and anon opened on wide fields, that gave one delicious glimpses of the far-stretching landscape, and the blue river that wound its quiet course along beneath the still air and the lovely sunshine of the morning. And here and there rose abrupt masses of rock by the way, clothed, perhaps, with verdure, and crowned with foliage, or else standing bare, and craggy, and gray, presenting their jagged fronts boldly to the wayfarer's eye.

His morning's work was before him. Where were the sketches he had promised to show to Helen on his return? Turning his attention to the beauties of the quiet scenery about him, Louis paused now and then along the path, to add some charming *morceau* to the collection of fine drawings in his book, remembering his cousin's peculiar taste, and selecting such points as he knew would best please her. And wandering slowly still, he came at last within sight of the little dwelling of his pretty friend Rose.

Then Louis thought of the wish which he had expressed to her. The cottage was at a distance yet; he wished to gain a more distinct view of it. Perhaps he should discover Rose herself seated at the door, and his scene already laid out for him.

He hastened forward. The turn in the path formed by abutting banks was soon reached, and the half-hidden cottage was in full sight now; and yes, there sat Rose at the door, working with her needle. He paused a moment to contemplate the scene. This little cottage, or farm-house, so rude and plain in exterior, yet discovered to him through that open doorway, where the morning sun shone in so softly, one of the prettiest pictures in the world. The inner room was partly seen, looking as bright, and clear, and fresh as hands could make it; and the pretty fairy guardian of this pleasant *menage*, with her household labor completed for the morning, sat there in the sunshine, working busily, her head bent, so that she did not see Louis, and her small hands glancing back and forth, as she sewed, with a motion that made them, in their light employment, seem all the more graceful.

She was looking so lovely, in this position, that Louis hastened to commence his sketch, lest she should change it. Yet a nearer view was needed; and, silently as possible, he moved forward, so as to trace her features distinctly, and at the same time to avoid disturbing her. Rapidly, and with a grace and vividness of touch that did justice to its present subject, Louis worked. It was the loveliest picture he had attempted that day, and he enjoyed it. Not many minutes was he in completing it, and then he advanced with a quiet step up the pathway to the door.

But Rose Lamonte was as busy with her thoughts as with her needle, and she did not hear the approaching footstep. It was not until the shadow of the young man's form fell across the sill, that she was aroused from her reverie. She looked up then, and started with some slight surprise on beholding the count. Immediately recovering herself, however, she welcomed him, with a smile, and hastened to offer him a seat.

He accepted it, and sat down near her. He had met Rose but twice before; yet it was in such circumstances that the awkwardness and constraint of first acquaintance was in a measure unknown to them, and it was the easiest thing in the world to fall into conversation now. He almost forgot that their acquaintance was of so recent a date, indeed.

"Where is your father, Rose, this morning?" he asked, at first. "I hoped to see him."

"I am sorry he is not here, monsieur," returned the young girl. "But he went to the forest, something more than an hour ago, to gather roots for me, and I do not know how soon he will come back; perhaps he may be on his way home now. I suppose that monsieur le marquis and Mademoiselle Helen are well to-day?"

"Quite well, Rose. You have not been up to the chateau since last week, I think?"

"No. I do not think I have stayed away from there for so many days together in all the years since we came here. It seems a strange thing to inquire after them," said Rose, looking up.

"My uncle and Helen were mentioning it yesterday," rejoined Louis. "They intend sending for you to-morrow."

"O, I will not trouble them so far as to do that," responded the young girl. "I do not need any one to come for me now, because I can come alone quite as well. Will you be so good as to tell Mademoiselle Helen that I will come to-morrow?"

"I will do so—certainly," answered Louis. "But where, then, is that troublesome cousin of yours? Has he gone away?"

"Yes, monsieur. I hope we shall never see him again," she said, with a slight shudder of aversion. "My father spoke very sharply to him, and sent him to a place a great way from here. I do not know what place it was; my father did not tell me. But he says Gasparde shall never come back until he learns to be less insolent."

"What a relief that is, Rose,—is it not?" said Louis, with a smile.

"Ah, yes, indeed, monsieur! I disliked him extremely. You did not see him that day? I was afraid—" She paused, and Louis answered:

"No—I did not see him. But I was not afraid for myself; I did not think of myself. The man was a coward. He would not dare to attack, openly, a person stronger or more active than himself. Nevertheless, I am glad he has gone—very glad."

"And I am equally so, monsieur. But," she added, "I think he must have been very angry with my father, for sending him away. I know that he was so when my father spoke so sharply to him, though he made no reply, I was told. I am afraid he will do him a mischief, if he has the opportunity." And she sighed.

"O, do not fear that, Rose—do not fear that," the young man said, kindly. "He cannot injure him, unless he returns hither, and, in that case, you would surely be warned of his neighborhood. But this subject is not a pleasant one—is it? Suppose I try to banish from your memory, for the present, the image of this wicked man, and we will talk of something rather pleasanter. Tell me who and what this is, my little friend."

He had opened his *portfeuille*, and now, as he spoke, passed to her the sketch which he had taken fifteen minutes previously.

She looked at it, and a bright smile shone in her hazel eyes.

"Monsieur," she said, "it is my own little home. How faithfully you have sketched it! There is the mignonette on the sill; and my pretty cat, asleep by the box, in the sunshine; and one edge of the book-case, which you can see within, and which hangs close beside the window. You must, then, have drawn this before I saw you—before I heard you coming just now."

"Yes—exactly; before you saw me. But there is something, Rose, which you seem to consider of less consequence than your cat and the mignonette, since you do not mention it. I wonder if you have observed it. Who is it that sits by the door, sewing? My cousin Helen?"

"No, monsieur; it is not your cousin. You did not mean it for Mademoiselle Montauban. It is, I think, Rose Lamonte."

"You are right. It is Rose Lamonte. Well, Rose, I took this without your knowledge, therefore, I suppose I should ask your permission to retain it. But I do not anticipate a refusal. I do not know that I shall heed it, if one is given."

"In that case, monsieur," returned the young girl, smiling at his frankness,—"in that case, it would be useless either to give or withhold permission. It is yours, however, by right, monsieur."

"Then I will keep it. And now, since the morning is nearly gone, I think I can stay no longer. I should like to see your father, Rose; but since he does not come, I must wait until another time."

"I am sure he would like to see you," said Rose. "And now I think of it: he bade me thank you, in his name, if I should meet you again, for your interference in my behalf the other day."

"I was glad that I happened to be near, to chastise the scoundrel," responded Louis; "and I shall be well satisfied if the lesson proved to be one of lasting service. If not, I shall be only too happy to repeat it. Now, I must be gone. Do not forget that my cousin wishes to see you, Rose, to-morrow."

"No, monsieur. I will come."

And bidding the young girl adieu, he turned from the spot to retrace his homeward way.

"How pretty she is, how innocent, how childlike, how charming!" said Louis, mentally. "One cannot but be attracted towards her." He walked on, meditating as he went.

"And so that ruffian, Gasparde, is gone," he said, again. "Good! It will be worse for him if he comes into the neighborhood, and attempts to molest her again. Poor little Rose!—little forest blossom! Would that thou wert in safety!"

Wrapt in deep thought, he continued his way. His eyes were bent to the ground, and he walked slowly along the path.

Suddenly he heard a merry voice whistling some light air, at a distance. It aroused him from his reverie. Looking up, he beheld a man approaching him, who was then, perhaps, fifty yards from him. This man, as soon as Louis lifted his head, suddenly broke off the lively air with which he had been amusing himself, and seemed to regard our hero earnestly. Then as suddenly he recommenced whistling, fixed his glance in turn upon the earth, and, with head slightly bent, advanced.

"Who can it be?" thought the count. "He seems to recognize me, at all events. And it strikes me that he is endeavoring to conceal his features."

And such, truly, appeared to be the case. Yet it was no one whom Louis remembered to have seen before. This man was dressed in the garb usual to the peasants of the country, in stature of about medium rank, and proportionate size. His features were partially concealed, as he held his head down. But Louis, as he came nearer, was more curious to behold them than he would have been if the man had not endeavored, with such evident studiousness, to pass unnoticed. A sudden thought struck the count.

"Can it be Gasparde?" he said to himself. But the idea was immediately banished. Had he not been assured that Gasparde was away? The man came nearer, still whistling. "I will know who he is," firmly resolved Louis.

As they approached closer to each other, the young count caught a glimpse of those features. He started, with an involuntary exclamation, and stopping short, laid his hand on the man's arm.

"My friend," he said, "you will oblige me by pausing one moment. I desire to speak with you."

What if it should be a mistake after all? But no! The man stopped at this quiet, yet peremptory summons, ceased whistling, and taking off his large hat, looked Louis in the face, saying, respectfully:

"I see it is useless, monsieur le compte. You are determined to know me."

"Your own fault, mon ami,—your own fault," laughed the count, with an air of good humor. For, in this person, he recognized the one who had appeared to him in the forest on the night of that memorable attack, to warn and arm him against the approaching danger of the way. The face, well marked by the assistance of the lightning then, had been carefully remembered since.

"But how is it that you know me so well, monsieur?" asked the man. "I scarcely imagined that you would."

"You must be sensible, my good friend," returned the count, "that neither the place, persons nor occasion were those liable to be easily forgotten. A man seldom meets such a dozen times in the course of his life. Did I not tell you that I should remember you?"

"Just so, monsieur. Still—"

"But I do not often forget faces, especially those met with in times of danger. Yours I kept for the remembrance of past deeds, and the score of a future reckoning. But you speak as though you had wished me to forget it."

"I was not over-desirous, monsieur le compte, that you should remember it," answered the man.

"And why not? You are not sorry for helping me, I trust?"

"No, monsieur; nor unable or unwilling either, for that matter, to help you again, if you should need help. And, my faith! but I am afraid you will need aid most sorely, if things prosper as they have begun," he added, in a lower and half-musing tone.

"What do you mean?" queried the count, not a little puzzled.

"What do I mean, monsieur? Why, the fact is, it would be hard to tell. How do I know what is to happen?"

"What was that muttering for, then? What is your name? Tell me that. You refused to tell me on the first occasion of our meeting. Tell me now. It cannot harm you."

"You will promise, monsieur, never to whisper a word concerning my share in that night's scrape, nor whatever I may do for you hereafter?"

"Hereafter? You perplex me. But I promise—I promise, my good man. Now tell me your name."

"It is Jacques Leroux, monsieur."

"Jacques Leroux!—well, I shall remember now. But come, sit down on this bank by the roadside a moment. I wish to talk with you."

"Very well, monsieur. Only I warn you, you must not ask too many questions. It is enough that I was inclined to help you that night. You must not inquire too closely into the why and wherefore of the secrecy."

"Let me ask what I please, Jacques. You are not forced to answer, if you do not like. In the first place, then, how did you come to know all about the affair in which I was engaged?"

"That, monsieur, is one of the questions which I must decline to answer."

"Why did you conceive so great an interest in me—a stranger?"

"That I cannot tell, unless it was because I liked your appearance."

"You had seen me before, then?"

"I had seen you before, monsieur."

"Where—when?"

"It would do you no good to know."

"You are cool, Jacques. I see I shall gain no satisfaction from you. But, at least, let me know to what part of the country you belong, and whether I shall ever see you after this."

"I am not conscious of belonging anywhere in particular, monsieur, though one may be apt to see me most generally in this direction. I dare say we shall meet very often, if you remain at the chateau up there."

"You spoke of my needing assistance at a future day. Do you think it probable that I shall?"

Jacques smiled at the well-contrived query.

"I do not say. One may very often need help, you know; especially when one has enemies. The old fable of the lion and the mouse is as useful to-day as ever it was."

"Where are my enemies? Who are they?"

"You know best, monsieur, whether you have gained the ill-will of any one."

"You mean—but no! What should you know concerning that? You—"

"I mean, monsieur, to speak in so many plain words, that ugly cousin of pretty Rose Lamont—Gasparde. I should hardly dare to utter his name aloud, but I know that he is not within earshot by a long way."

"You do know, then, that he is my enemy?"

"As far as jealousy can make him, monsieur. And though he is away now, it does not follow that he may not harm you some day. He did not fancy your treatment of him the other day. But now, monsieur, I have lingered here long enough. I must budge. I am going to see Hugh Lamonte."

"Ah!" exclaimed the count; "then you know Hugh?"

"Yes, monsieur. I help him, sometimes, in his garden. He wants me this morning. I must be on my way."

"Very well. But we shall see each other again, Jacques?"

"Doubtless. Good-morning, monsieur."

"Good-morning, my friend."

And the young count pursued his way, thinking, with some curiosity, and not a little perplexity, of his new acquaintance.

"That accounts for it," he said to himself. "He learned the story from Hugh, I suppose, or overheard something. But I wonder how he became acquainted with the danger which was awaiting me that night? However, I suppose I must not trouble myself about it."

And Jacques pursued his route to the dwelling of Hugh Lamonte—of his chief. For though Louis had no suspicion of it at present, this man was concerned, though in no very important degree, with the very gang who had sent out men to waylay him in the forest. This was the secret of his knowledge respecting their business.

CHAPTER VI.

A SECRET ENEMY.

A MONTH passed. Louis had intended to leave the chateau at the expiration of a month. It went by, but still he lingered; and, as he had no pressing business elsewhere, he said to himself that the summer might wear away as well here as in places where he might not like so well to stay. So he was in no hurry to depart.

Time passed very pleasantly at the chateau. A great portion of his days was passed indoors, in the society of his uncle and his beautiful cousin, Helen; and the remainder was spent in the open air, in the pursuit of his favorite amusements. Louis was as fond of sketching as ever, and nearly every morning he might have been seen roving about the neighborhood in search of food for his pencil, as we have already seen him, returning at noon, to display to Mademoiselle Montauban the result of his labor; though, on the first occasion of this kind, it must be allowed that the exhibition of his sketches was subjected to some slight reserve, the picture of Rose and her dwelling being withheld. For what reason, however, he himself, perhaps, scarcely knew at the time.

He had seen Rose two or three times since that visit, both at the chateau and at the cottage, where he had met her father, also. The admiration of Louis for our pretty heroine certainly was by no means on the decrease; while Hugh Lamonte was an enigma to him. The peculiarity of this man's appearance and manners, so inconsistent with his position, was a matter of no little perplexity to him as to others. The gravity and reserve of Hugh, accompanying a kind of *hauteur*, which, at times, betrayed itself in his intercourse with those with whom he had any dealings, were so many subjects of mystery. But it was a mystery not likely soon to be solved. Nobody knew anything concerning him previous to the time of his coming to occupy his present abode. His former place of residence was unknown. Conjecture had done her best, and the mystery remained a mystery still.

Louis often spoke with his uncle on this subject. The good marquis could only shake his head in perplexity.

"He is a strange man, that is all I can say, my dear boy," said he; "and yet there is something about him which attracts me. That lofty sternness which he sometimes wears strikes one most strangely. I never observe it without thinking of—"

"Of what, monsieur?" asked Louis.

"Of my—of Henri—your uncle, my boy. We quarrelled once, he and I, and he wore just that look and manner afterward. You never saw him, Louis." And the good marquis sighed.

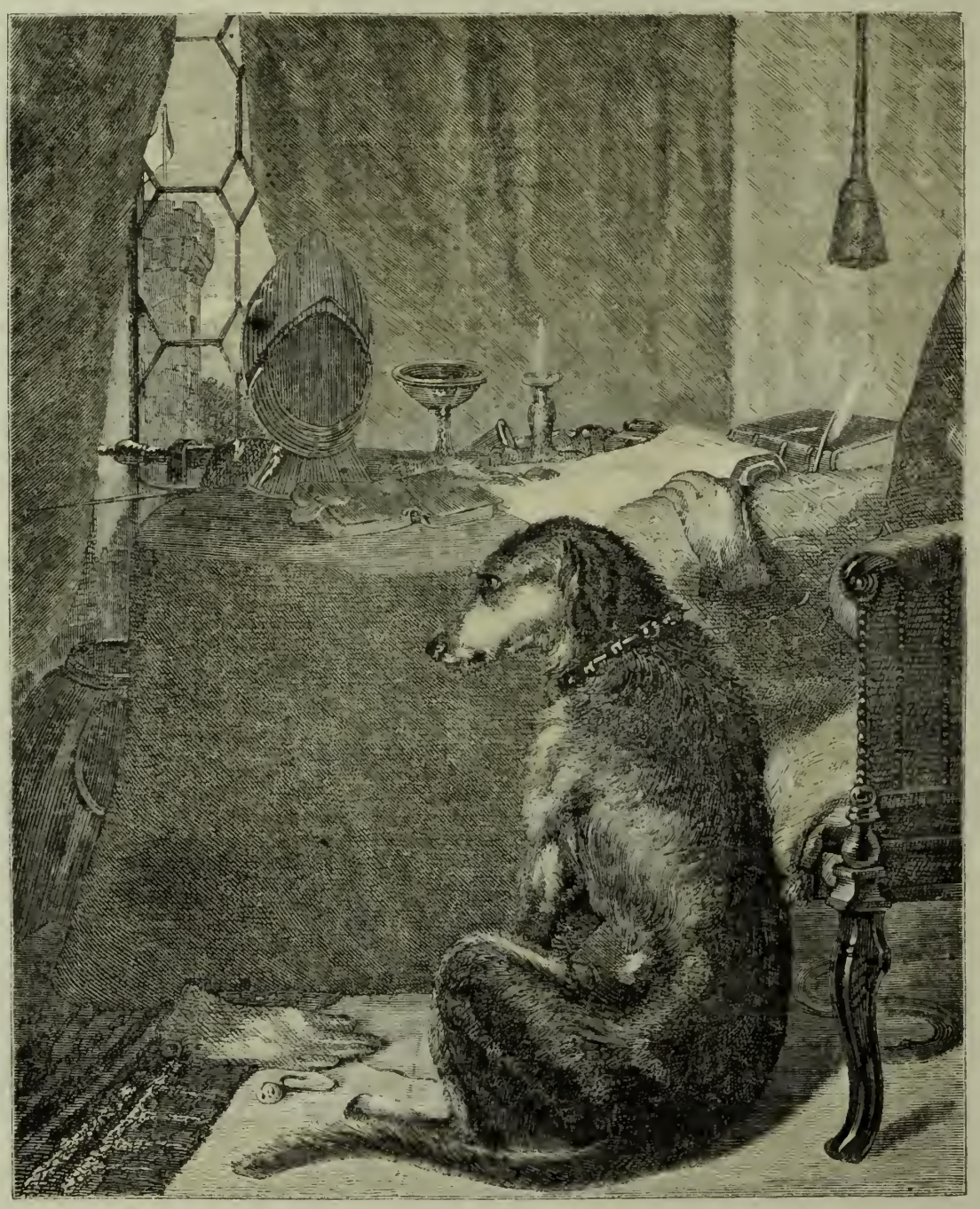
"What was the reason of the quarrel, uncle?" asked Louis.

"It is a long story. I cannot tell you now," was the answer; "but, some day, perhaps, I will relate it to you."

It was no uncommon thing now for Louis to encounter Jacques Leroux, now, in his usual strolls about the neighborhood. They often met; and the young count, feeling an interest in this rough, but evidently honest-hearted fellow, who had taken pains to render him a service, spent many an hour in conversation with him while reclining on the banks of the valley stream, engaged in angling, or roaming over wood and hill, with his beloved *portfeuille*; for Louis was an unwearied artist.

And now, our hero might have been seen visiting the cottage, too, occasionally, to rest, during his rambles; and, strange to say, Hugh Lamonte treated this new-comer with a distant kindness, far different from his usually unsociable demeanor. He unbent somewhat from his natural reserve; and as this restraint was, in a measure, dismissed, Louis was astonished to discover the extent of his knowledge—the depth of his mind, which, like himself, seemed unfitted for a rank so low. And yet this astonishment, he knew, was scarcely warrantable, since, he reasoned, he should have anticipated no less from this man.

And, all this time, Gasparde was away. Hugh and Jacques alone knew where; for the former, Hugh Lamonte, uneasy at a neighborhood so little to be desired, had despatched him to manage the affairs of that portion of the horde engaged in the contraband trade, well reasoning that, being as far distant as the coast itself, he had nothing unpleasant to apprehend from him. Gasparde, as may be guessed, had been no little dissatisfied with this arrangement, and resolved to return, secretly, as soon as an opportunity presented itself.



HIGH LIFE.

It was one day, when Louis had been rambling about during the whole morning, that, wearied out, he threw himself beneath the shadow of a tree to rest, in the midst of a small grove half-way between the chateau and the cottage. He had a book with him, and opening it, soon became deeply engaged in its perusal. Perhaps he might have passed half an hour thus. At the end of that time, however, he closed it, and taking up his gun, which he had thrown on the turf beside him, he took his way towards the road, which was not many steps distant.

But he had hardly reached it, ere a bullet whistled through the air, struck his left arm, ploughing up the flesh as it went, and continuing its course till it lodged in the trunk of a large tree by the roadside.

It had evidently proceeded from some place very near the spot which he had left; but he had no time to look for the source of the compliment, for the warm blood already poured down his arm, saturating completely the sleeve which covered it. Hastening on, he sat down by the trunk of the tree which had received the bullet, and taking his handkerchief out, folded it into a bandage. At that moment, raising his eyes, he beheld Jacques Leroux coming along the road from the village. He called to him, and the man ran up.

"What's the matter now, Monsieur Louis?" he asked, in some surprise. "Shot in the arm? Winged like a wild fowl! Why, what—" He glanced at the gun that the count had again laid down, and Louis recognized the impression which he entertained.

"Well, my good fellow," he said, lightly, despite the slight faintness he felt from the loss of blood, "you do not think I would commit intentional suicide—do you? and if I did, I should certainly select a surer spot than this. But I am glad you are here. This one-handed work is rather awkward. Let the sleeve stay; I can see to it after I get home. Just fasten the bandage about it tightly, if you please,—so. That is it. Be sure the knot is fast."

And, during this time, Louis had concluded, since Jacques had drawn his own inferences, to let him keep them, and tell him nothing concerning the actual state of the matter; for a thought had suddenly occurred to him, as he endeavored to account for the case himself, which made him resolve to trust his own dexterity in finding out the truth, and keep silent on the subject until then. For whoever had fired this shot at him was an enemy, since he could not bring himself to believe the deed unintentional. And what enemy had he besides Gasparde?

Determined to know something more of this affair, he kept his knowledge to himself, and rather encouraged than corrected the belief of Jacques, that he had accidentally discharged his own gun, and thus caused the wound.

He left the vicinity of the grove, leaning on the arm of Jacques, for the faintness had not yet left him; the impulse to go back and search the place for some trace of his unseen assailant yielding to his present actual inability to do so. He returned to the chateau, and there, unwilling to alarm his uncle or Helen by an account of this occurrence, entrusted secretly to his valet the charge of dressing the wound, which was not nearly so serious as the flow of blood had led him to believe, and which he was confident of healing in a week or two. The slight indisposition succeeding he passed off as a somewhat severe headache. His valet was trusty and faithful, and, with skillful management, the affair remained silent.

Meanwhile, Louis passed several days in deep reflection. A double object occupied his attention, which was, in part, the discovery of the present whereabouts of Gasparde, whom he believed to be in the neighborhood without the knowledge of Hugh Lamonte; the other point the reader will presently understand.

A half-perfected scheme was in progress of completion. For a time, as we have said, he meditated on this, and finally laid it out to his own satisfaction.

By this time, his arm was almost entirely healed. He had remained within doors for some days; but now resumed his usual out-of-door amusements, taking good care, however, to avoid every place wherein a foe might lie concealed.

Some careless inquiries which he made of Rose and her father, assured him that, even if Gasparde were in the neighborhood, they were unconscious of it. He resolved to set a watch, however, to ascertain the amount of correctness in his suspicions.

One day, very shortly after the occurrences above recorded, Louis received letters from Lyons which seemed to interest him very deeply. Business of some importance, he announced, obliged him to leave the chateau sooner than he had intended. The good marquis expressed the utmost concern and regret at hearing this.

"Why, my dear Louis," said he, "I counted on keeping you for months yet. Why will you go? Surely you can submit to your agent, or avocet, all affairs of business for the present."

"My dear uncle, the case is imperative," answered the count.

"Then, as soon as this affair is transacted, you will return to us? I will hear of no refusal."

"I promise you, monsieur, I will return."

The matter was settled.

Helen Montauban had waited silently for the decision. She made no attempt to urge Louis to prolong his stay. She did not even express a regret at the announcement of his intended departure on the following day; but a closer observer might have seen the emotion which she felt. And she received the parting kiss of her handsome cousin with a smile.

"My dear Helen," he said, frankly, taking her hands in his, "tell me that you are sorry to bid me adieu, or I shall not believe it."

"I *do* regret your departure, Louis," she answered, in a low, clear tone; "but why should I display it? You say your business is imperative, and I would not detain you. Besides, you are to return."

"Yes—I shall return," he echoed. "Adieu, sweet cousin!"

"Louis," said the marquis, as he accompanied his nephew to the gate of the court, "you must mind and come back as soon as possible. If the plan which I mentioned the other day succeeds, Rose will be an inmate of the chateau before winter. Poor little Rose! one cannot but wish to see her in such circumstances as seem more befitting her. Helen needs a friend and companion, too, and both will be benefited. If Hugh Lamonte will consent to part with her, she shall come. The first thing that put this plan into my thoughts, was the persecutions of that fellow, Gasparde. I wished to remove her from his way. To be sure, he is not here at present, but then there is no knowing how soon he may return. I shall talk with Hugh—I shall talk with him; and Helen will use her influence too, I know, for she likes Rose. So when you return, you may, perhaps, find another cousin, Louis."

"Your plan is an excellent one, my dear uncle," returned the young man, "and I wish you all success. Depend upon it, the endeavors which you and my cousin make, for the benefit of Rose, will not be thrown away."

The gate of the court closed; the guest was gone.

Slowly rode master and man down the valley to the little *auberge* by the roadside, and here Louis dismounted. Immediately, as he did so, there came from an inner room a young man, who, appearing at the door, made a respectful obeisance to Louis, saying:

"*Bon jour*, monsieur le compte; you see I am punctual."

"Good!" answered the count. "How long have you been here?"

"*Depuis trois heures*, monsieur,—three hours, fully, I think."

"That is well. I see you do not forget your master's habits. But come; we must have a room in private for a little while. Francois!" to his valet, "get down, and wait awhile. My good man," he continued, addressing the *aubergiste*. "I wish to transact some private business with this person. Your little apartment within there will do excellently well. Come, Robin!"

The bustling and diminutive *aubergiste*, rubbing his skinny hands, and repeating, in a cracked voice, "Yes, monsieur le compte,—yes, monsieur le compte; this way, if you please, monsieur!" led the way to a small room opening back from the public one, and waving the aforesaid hand towards it, with an air most laughably grand, returned to the door looking into the inn-yard, to talk with Francois, who did not seem to be in the pleasantest of moods.

"You have got your spade and its accompaniments with you, I presume?" inquired, meanwhile, the young count of the man he had met here, as the two entered the little room together.

"Yes, indeed, Monsieur Louis, and one or two changes of apparel. It is for no more than a month or two, I think you said?"

"That is all."

"Then, I dare say, I brought sufficient with me; more than that might be thought superfluous, you know. We must be natural."

"Yes—yes, Robin. It is all right. Shut the door, now, and be careful there is no chance for eaves-droppers."

They went in, and the door was closed upon them.

Some twenty minutes might have elapsed, when it was re-opened, and they came forth again, the young count striking from his varnished boot one or two straws with his riding switch, and bending his head to conceal a smile that curved his moustached lip; while his companion, with less apparent restraint, was laughing outright—a low, musical, but hearty laugh. He quickly grew grave, however, and said, aloud, as they proceeded to the outer door, where the inkeeper was still standing, and endeavoring to draw the unusually gruff Francois into something like conversation:

"You think, then, monsieur lo compte, that I shall get employment somewhere about here?"

"O, doubtless—doubtless, Robin!" was the reply. "You will have my certificate of character, if it is required; but your face will do as well, if I am not mistaken."

"Ah! you are very good, I am sure, monsieur le compte."

"Well—well! I need not tell you to behave yourself, Robin. I wish that you may meet with good fortune."

"Thank you, monsieur," returned the other, gratefully. "I shall endeavor to do credit to your recommendation."

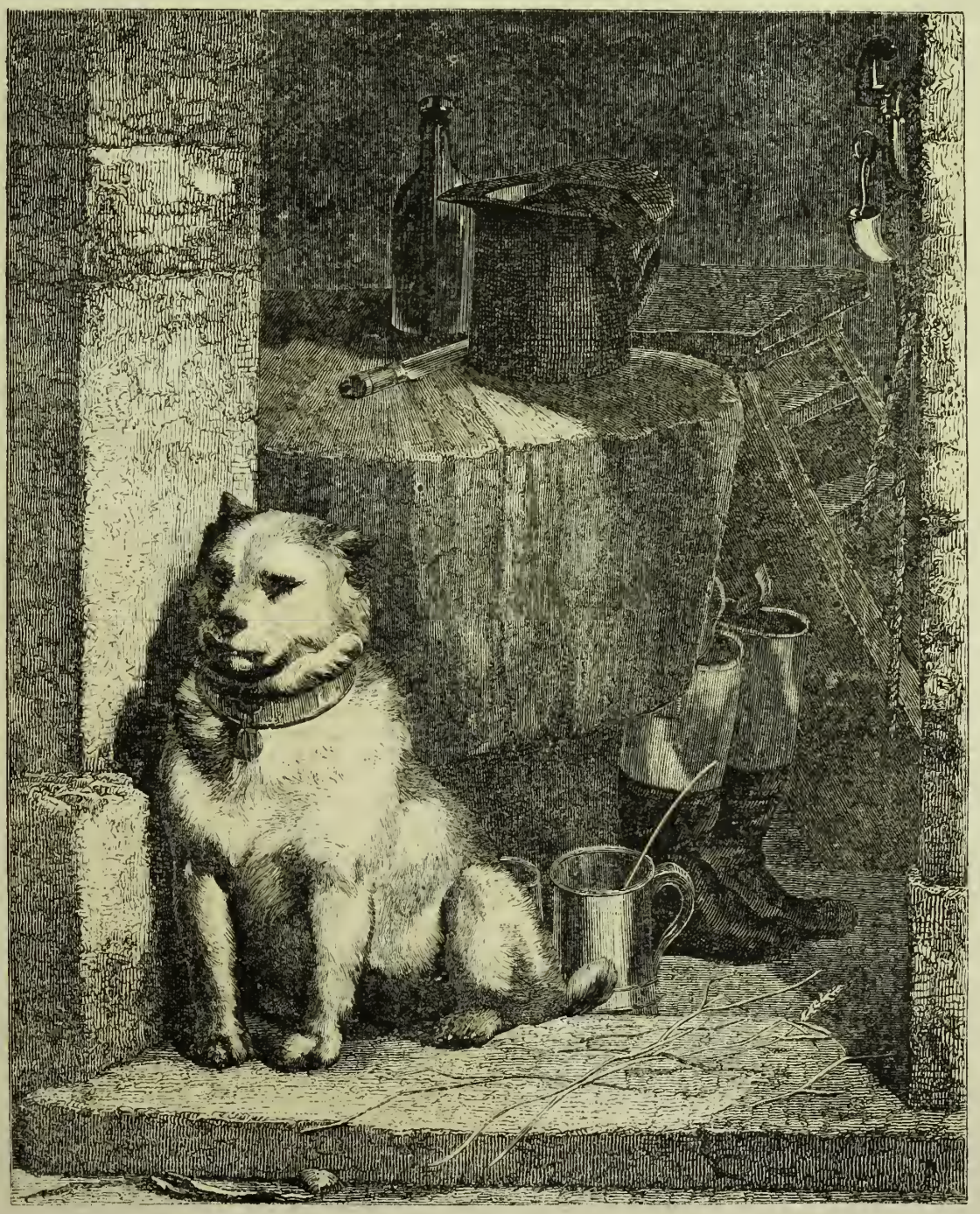
"Do so. And now, adieu! Adieu my good man!" to the little *aubergiste*, and dropping, as he spoke, a piece of gold into his hand, the count passed out and sprang to the saddle.

"Ah—well!" muttered Francois, crossly, as he mounted his own little hack, and glanced surlily enough towards his master; "if young people *will* turn into wild geese, I do not know who will repent but themselves."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

We present on this and the preceding page two very fine wood engravings from celebrated paintings by that prince of English animal painters, Sir Edwin Landseer, who, by the power of his genius, has raised his branch of art to a very high rank. In the portraits of animals, Landseer has accomplished what Vandyke, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Stuart accomplished in their portraits of men and women. He has given us not merely form but character. The difference between his pictures and Herring's, is precisely that between genius and talent. In the designs before us, the contrast between high and low life is as strongly marked as if, in the place of the two dogs—the gentleman's greyhound and the servant's bulldog,—we had the dandy and the flunkey in *propria persona*. The greyhound in "High Life" is the aristocrat of his race. He is surrounded by the tokens of luxury and elegance—a latticed casement, a silken bell-pull, a chased goblet, helmet and sword, books and manuscripts, and costly gauntlets. Look on the other picture. What a John Bull of low caste is the sturdy, surly dog that sits by the wall! How essentially vulgar are those top-boots, and the pipe and pot! We can picture the owners of those interesting canine specimens—the one a curled darling of the drawing-room, like Henry Pelham or Beau Brummell, an habitué of Almacks and the clubs; and the other a Sam Weller, rejoicing in a livery hat, a green cut-away and white cords, the oracle and magnate of the servants' hall. Though a capital painter of horses, Landseer's *forte* is dogs. He paints them as if he loved them, and how well he has studied them, the pictures given on these two pages will show.



LOW LIFE.

THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.—[Continued from the first page.]

Our readers will thus be enabled to identify them by the following list: No. 1, Mah-yah-che-wa-we-tong (the beginner), a war chief. 2, A-yah-be-dwa-we-tong (the ever-speaker—an ominous name for an orator). 3, Nah-nah-aug-a-yash (the closing of his feathers). 4, Ne-she-ka-o-ge-mah (the only chief). 5, Ke-be-dwa-ke-yhick (the crier between the heavens). 6, Wab-be-de-yah (round setter). These Indians came from White Oak Point, Minnesota, a locality about three or four hundred miles beyond St. Paul, on the Mississippi River. They were sixty-one days on their journey, reaching the Mississippi by means of canoes and 120 miles on foot, thence by steamers and railroads, obtaining, for the greater part of the way, free transportation from the various corporations. They were accompanied by the Rev. James Tanner, a half-breed missionary, educated and employed by the American Unitarian Association, a man of good natural talents improved by culture, and of liberal and practical views. He served them as an interpreter. Mr. Tanner states that the tribe is in a low condition, owing to the bad influences by which they have been surrounded. The dress of these strange visitors was a mixture of savage and civilized costume. One of them being asked why the Indians did not copy the fashions of the whites, replied, "We think we started your fashions; your men now wear blankets as we do, and your women paint their faces and wear feathers,"—quite an original aboriginal *bon mot*. Shortly after the party arrived at the Bromfield House, they made an investment in Yankee hoots, and it was quite amusing to see them shuffling about the slippery floors and up and down stairs at the hotel in unmitigated cowhides, running the risk of breaking their necks every moment. The delegation represented about half the Chippewa nation, numbering about 200,000 souls, and they stated here that they were going to Washington to lay before President Pierce certain grievances and wrongs which they say have been perpetrated by government agents and Indian traders, and also to obtain their dues for lands taken from them. During their stay, with their interpreter, and accompanied by Rev. Dr. Miles, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, they visited the Hancock school, where the children entertained them with a few songs. Mr. Tanner, who is a very good speaker, then addressed the children, made some remarks on the benefits of education, contrasted the light of intelligence and civilization in which his hearers lived with the intellectual darkness that brooded over the region of the red men, and urged the pupils to make the best of the golden opportunities and privileges they enjoyed. At the close of his remarks, he introduced to Mr. Allen, the teacher, and his pupils, Mah-yah-che-wa-we-tong (the beginner in speaking), saying: "He is our civil and hereditary chief. This title of civil chief is a great favor, seldom conferred, and only upon him who has shed his blood for his country." Mah-yah-che-wa-we-tong took Mr. Allen's hand, and said, in his native language: "I take your hand, and I greet you as a brother. And in so doing, I greet and take by the hand all of these your pupils. I thank you for your sympathy. These five men who are with me are chiefs in their own land. We looked with sorrow on the destitution and ignorance of our people. We felt that we wanted our children taught to be like children of the white men. We knew that our time and our money had been wasted, that our nation were more degraded than they were thirty years ago, and that a great mistake had been made. So I rose up, and said to my people, 'I will go to seek redress—aid. I will obtain teachers for our children.' Then these five chiefs who are with me rose up, also, and said, 'We will go.' So we started, and sixty-one days have we travelled, and thus far have we come. We are glad to meet you, and to take you thus by the hand." The visitors took their leave, after the singing of the Missionary Hymn by the children. During their stay, three of the chiefs, accompanied by Mr. Tanner, attended a public meeting of the Young Men's Christian Union, in Bedford Street, on which occasion a very large number of ladies and gentlemen were in attendance. The meeting was opened by singing one of Dr. Watts's hymns, commencing:

"Come let us search our ways and try
If they be just and right:
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?"

After a prayer by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Sweetser, in the course of some appropriate remarks, alluded to the presence of the Indians, and said that a few evenings since the relations of our nation with the Indians had formed the subject of discussion, and now his hearers had the opportunity of hearing the red man's story from his own lips. He gave an interesting sketch of the Chippewas—the largest of the Indian tribes. He was followed by Mah-yah-che-wa-we-tong, whose address was flowery and full of metaphor and illustration. "He hoped that the young white men of America would be like young vigorous trees, beneath whose protecting arms the weak and weary, the sad and the oppressed, the faint-hearted and the down-trodden, would find shelter and repose. He said that he had been asked the number of chiefs in his tribe. He would reply now that they had but one chief, and he was the Great Spirit—the Father of us all." In the course of his speech, the Atlas says:—"The chief related the struggle which has lately been going on in his tribe between the old fogies, who are in favor of retaining 'chieftainship,' the war path, and kindred institutions, and the younger natives, who go for the introduction of the arts of peace, civilization, and Christian teachers. 'Young America,' it is believed, will carry the day, and the old chiefs sit in their wigwams smoking their pipes in the gloomiest and most copper-colored discontent." Other remarks were made by his companions, and produced quite an impression on the white audience. From this city the delegation proceeded to Washington, where they attracted great attention, and were, for the time being, the lions of the day, though the inhabitants of the Federal city are favored with frequent visits of members of the north-western tribes. We trust that the government will be liberal in their treatment of the few scattered remnants of the tribes who were once the undisputed lords of this great continent.

THE SIGHT OF BIRDS.

Pigeons find out newly-sown fields immediately, and will frequently go several miles to a field the very first morning after it is sown. Wild ducks, that feed at night, are equally quick in finding their food; and, in this case, I would be glad to know what sense they employ. The red deer invariably knows when the shepherd's patch of grain is fit for his food, and will frequently come down in such numbers as to eat up the entire crop in a single night. The carrier-pigeon finds its way home, take it what distance, and any way covered up, you will. Toss it up in the air, and, after circling for a few moments, it adopts its line of flight, without hesitation, and without mistake. Audubon furnishes an instance of the exercise of this faculty, in his description of the razor-bill:—"The instinct or sagacity which enables the razor-bills, after being scattered in all directions, in quest of food, during the long night, often at great distance from each other, to congregate toward morning, previously to their alighting on a spot to rest, has appeared to me truly wonderful, and I have been tempted to believe that their place of rendezvous has been agreed upon the evening before." Man probably surpasses birds in the extent of vision, as much as a bird surpasses man in sharpness. Ross, in his voyage to Baffin's Bay, proved that a man, under favorable circumstances, could see over the surface of the sea one hundred and fifty miles. It is not probable that any animal can equal this in extent. In sharpness of sight, on the other hand, birds greatly excel us. The eagle, soaring at such a height that he seems a mere speck, sees the grouse walking in the heather, which it so closely resembles in color, as readily to escape the sportsman's eye. Schmidt threw to a considerable distance from a thrush a number of beetles, of a pale, gray color, which the unassisted human eye failed to detect, yet the bird observed them immediately. Many birds readily perceive insects on branches where the sharpest sighted person could detect nothing. The sparrow-hawk, with a sense of sight exceedingly acute, discerns small birds from an incredible distance, and seizes upon them with wonderful velocity.—*Illustrations in Ornithology.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictoriat.]

A BALLAD WITHOUT AN "S."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

[Composers of music have often complained of the constantly recurring sound of the letter "s," and expressed a wish that it could be omitted to a greater degree than it is from the songs and ballads of the English language. It occurred to me that a brief copy of verses, intended for music, might be written, quite free from this objection, and the result was as follows:]

The dawn came up, the lovely dawn—
Light, light along the lake, the lawn;
The bell rang out a tender tune,
That melted in the blue of June.

Within the chapel by the wood
A lonely maiden went to brood,
And murmured forth a matin prayer
For him, who deemed her true and fair.

He voyaged o'er the rolling wave,
And, firm and loyal, bright and brave,
Reflected on the happy day
When he might bear the maid away.

Homeward he came in one brief year,
And Time had made them doubly dear—
And lo! a bride and bridegroom good
Within the chapel by the wood!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IRENE'S LOVER.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

A FEMALE relative told me a story the other day, which I think worth relating. She has the art of telling such things charmingly, and I cannot, without vanity, hope to emulate her vivacity and originality of style. It must not be supposed for a single moment that the narrator is old and ugly; she is simply ripe and pretty.

"All young ladies," she commenced, "have their prejudices, and I had mine, of course. How could I expect to enjoy special immunity from the peculiarities of our sex? I had a strong aversion to red hair and round shoulders. You smile at my straightforwardness, but it is well to be plain. Plainness of speech secures a ready comprehension, and prevents the confusion of ideas. But I must be systematic, nor put events out of their consecutive order. You must know that in my younger days I was called—"

"Handsome!" I added, impertinently.

"Handsome," she resumed, not in the least discomposed.

"Indeed, you could be called so now, without much exaggeration," I said. "I can well imagine that you had a symmetrical figure, graceful manner, and a face to please young gentlemen. And perhaps you were something of a coquette, too?"

"My *personnel* was considered attractive," she replied, "but there was much inward deformity. I took a superficial view of the world, men and manners, and the true ends and aims of existence were very imperfectly comprehended. I loved to be flattered. The voice of adulation was full of melody. It made my heart beat with intense satisfaction to be styled a charming girl by the beaux. But I was somewhat trammelled in my movements, for I was bargained away when I was an infant, to a little boy in aprons (the son of "a friend of the family"), whose aspirations at that time never reached higher than a stick of candy or a whip.

"The engagement was brought about through the instrumentality of a wealthy uncle, who imagined he owed a debt of gratitude to my little urchin's father. Providing his wishes were consummated, his fortune was to accompany me, after his decease, and when the transfer of my person had been legally made. To this singular compact all parties assented, save my juvenile mate and myself, we being too young to interest ourselves in such profound matters.

"The name of my destined husband was Frederic Ross. The Ross family resided in a distant State, and I reached woman's estate without being blessed with a single glimpse of my prospective lord. I heard, through my uncle, that Frederic behaved well in college, and was a young man of brilliant promise. Such tidings pleased me; but I was much more interested to know the color of his hair and what kind of an appearance he made personally. Many times I wished to inquire concerning the particular shade of his locks, but lacked courage to put the momentous question. Everything depended upon that. If he was orthodox in that important particular, all would be right, probably—provided he were not round shouldered. Even round shoulders might possibly be pardoned, but red hair—never! That was too flagrant a breach of propriety. Certainly the progressive age in which I lived was much too enlightened not to frown upon such an obstinate departure from the standard of human beauty! The laws of nature were so well understood, and physiology was too much studied and taught.

"One day, upon returning from the village (where I had been for the benefit of my wardrobe and the shopmen), being considerably fatigued, I hurried into the parlor rather unceremoniously, to rest myself upon the sofa. My confusion was not slight when I discovered that comfortable seat occupied by a young man. A single look assured me of two or three disagreeable truths. The first item was shocking and worst of all: he had faded red hair! It was long, too—as if he were proud of his infamy! His face was pale and thin out of all good taste, his eyes sunken and dull, and his whole making-up wanting, I thought, in vivacity. He turned towards me; a faint glow tinged momentarily his cheeks. Rising, he said, with evident effort and painful embarrassment:

"'I am Frederic Ross, and you are doubtless—'

"'Yes,' I interrupted, adding coldly, 'how do you do?'

"While he was stammering something about the awkwardness of self-introduction, my mother entered and kindly endeavored to put Mr. Ross at his ease by some good-natured remarks; although I am inclined to think she had purposely contrived that our first meeting should take place in that way. When we were alone, she wished to know how I was pleased with my future husband; in answer to which I made a very unclassical allusion to a skimmed-milk diet in connection with the young gentleman alluded to.

"'You must conquer your prejudices, my dear Irene,' said she.

"'My repugnance to red hair was born with me,' I replied.

"'It is an unreasonable antipathy,' she affirmed.

"'It is constitutional,' quoth I.

"'He has graduated with honor,' persisted she.

"'With a red head!' said I.

"'His prospects are promising,' she continued.

"'His hair will never change color,' I asserted.

"'But his *mind*, my child!'

"'But his *body*, my mother!'

"'He will rise to distinction.'

"'He will die of consumption.'

"'He has a good character."

"'He has round shoulders.'

"'That's because he is so studious. He will inherit your uncle's property.'

"'But his hair, mother, will always be red!'

"My good mother said I had singular notions, and ceased to argue the case with me, leaving the task to Mr. Ross to overcome my antipathies. I had opportunity to observe Mr. Frederic more critically; but I must confess that my judgment did not soften. His personal defects assumed greater magnitude; and so far as his powers of pleasing were concerned, he did not manifest marked abilities. He was at first reserved and not at all at ease; but his embarrassment soon ceased.

"I expected to be troubled with particular attentions—to be the continual subject of his gallantries; in that I was also mistaken. He treated me with politeness, yet never went out of his way to say a civil thing. Upon the subject of our engagement he was absolutely silent; indeed, judging from his manner, he seemed to have forgotten that such a matter had ever occupied anybody's mind. This conduct appeared strange. Why did he not approach the subject at once, so that I could smile at his presumption and bid him go away? I wished him to do so, and gave him favorable opportunities to make the momentous avowal. I remained in the parlor with him the very next morning after his arrival, for that event to happen. Mr. Ross managed to give the conversation a very general direction. He talked about books, men and the world, and sensibly, too. Play the lover he did not; nor did he give evidence of being pleased with my face, which I had reason to believe was attractive to young gentlemen of his age.

"He requested me to sing and play, and although I knew I could do both creditably, he heard with as much indifference as if it had been a hand-organ performance, nor deigned a word of praise. I believed that I did not wish his commendation, but I had been in the habit of receiving it from others, and was disappointed at his silence, which my vanity prompted me to attribute to a want of ability to appreciate just execution and true harmony. I internally resolved never to gratify him again in an attempt at music. Very ordinary topics were then discussed. Presently the conversation flagged—Mr. Frederic yawned, walked across the room two or three times, and then resuming his seat, absolutely became absorbed in a book! And that, too, when *I* was his companion!

"I had feelings of resentment which I encouraged. His red locks looked odious. Had he the arrogance to set himself up as my superior? A cadaverous youth charged with a little third rate Latin, a smattering of French and other tongues, with a slight acquaintance with the classics, obviously thought himself a person of infinite consequence! Did he imagine the thing was all settled between us, and I should be unwilling to lose such a prize? That was possible, but I would show him, anon, that he was deluding himself.

"My cousin Anabel Bryant came to spend some weeks with us. She was young, winning, witty and pretty; yet, as a faithful storyteller, I must say that I was generally esteemed the best looking. The apathy of Frederic Ross vanished like morning dew before the smiles of Anabel. If she conversed, he listened; if she sung or played, he praised; if she was playful, he was ready to smile; if we walked, his arm was at her service.

"'I like the turn affairs are taking,' I said to myself, not unfrequently, 'yet I think the fellow is not greatly enamored with his bride elect.'

"Days elapsed—but Frederic Ross remained our guest. We were much together, but Anabel only had the ability to draw out his powers of mind. His knowledge proved deeper than I had given him credit for. When interested and aroused, his conversational abilities were wonderful. His faculty of description was really fascinating; he could paint common occurrences in colors new and pleasing, and invest whatever subject he chanced to touch upon with a freshness and novelty that might have charmed one having no antipathy to rubescence in hair.

"I was surprised at the revelations time was making in his character. I began to discern, through the mists of prejudice, that he was singularly gifted. But what if he was? What if he had genius, even? Would the possession of the rarest endowments change the odious hue of his locks?

"Anabel loved to talk of him; and when I reminded her, as I was sure to do, that he was not good looking, she would reply that he had an inward beauty that was of far more value. We rode on horseback when the mornings were pleasant—Anabel, the red-haired youth, and I. My cousin could ride well, and so could Irene Bryant—Irene Bryant was myself, you know. My lord, in prospective, generally attached himself to Anabel at such times, showing her a thousand little attentions which he did not deem it worth while to offer to the stately miss who was destined and specially set apart for his wife. To avenge myself for these continued slights, I found various means to annoy and render him uncomfortable. I aimed many a sly shaft of ridicule at his head, which I am sure struck deep and wounded. He sometimes evinced the pain of the infliction, but never failed to turn it to my discredit when any skill of his could do so.

"Frederic was a severe critic, and when he caught me in the meshes of his subtlety, he was positively pitiless. He seemed to know my weak points, and loved to scathe me with his biting sarcasm. As we grew to know each other better, the strangeness wearing off by frequent contact, his sarcasm seemed to harden into downright animosity. My own wit was sharp and stinging, but I found in Frederic my full match. I always affected never to feel the power of his criticisms, or the significance of his polished irony, yet sometimes it was difficult to conceal the pain I suffered.

"One dewy morning, which I well remember, we went to ride according to custom. Anabel rode a white horse, Frederic a red, and I a coal black. I whispered to Anabel, as we started, that Frederic's steed was well matched with his head. She laughed, and he whose name had been mentioned looked back with a lurking smile upon his lips.

"'Young ladies should modulate their voices to a softer key when they whisper,' said he.

"I blushed with conscious guilt, while he appeared to enjoy my confusion with an insatiate relish.

"'Comparisons are proverbially odious, I believe,' I coldly remarked.

"For the first time Frederic looked at me as if demanding a little less hostility on my part. But he was by no means vexed, nor did he appear to remember long my foolish levity. The pure, exhilarating air and the exercise put my cheeks in a glow, and Anabel seized the first opportunity to assure me that I never looked so bewitching. Several amiable persons have gone into pen-and-ink raptures about woman on horseback; but Frederic never manifested much of that kind of admiration in my presence—save a few enthusiastic exclamations for the grace of Anabel.

"We dismounted at a beautiful spot for a walk through certain zigzag paths leading among trees and shrubbery, and along the banks of a small lake. Anabel playfully took Fred's arm, and I perversely lingered to allow them to enjoy what was apparently so delightful, viz., the society of each other. I paused by the margin of the water. The sun kissed its glassy surface, and mirrored numberless pleasant shapes in its clear depths. I sat down upon the bank awhile, and then looked for the lovers; for lovers I now considered them. I saw them at a goodly distance, in most amicable nearness. She was listening with downcast eyes to something he was saying—words of interest, no doubt—a declaration, perhaps. I arose and walked away, not wishing to behold longer a scene so sentimental. It was all very fine, unquestionably, for Mr. Fred to come to see *me*, and pay court to my cousin. It was very right, too, for him to treat me with entire indifference—not to say a harsher word.

"'But he has red hair,' said I to myself, 'and so he may do as he pleases.'

"At my right, among the rocks, some rare flowers were growing; so I diverged from my way to pluck them. When I had gathered those, I went in pursuit of more at a greater distance. I discovered one of peculiar beauty growing upon a broken and mossy ledge. I hastened to possess the flower, and was in the act of stooping to break the stem, when a rustling in the grass close by drew my attention; then there was a slight rattling and a horrible sibilation that made me shudder. I turned my gaze towards the sounds: I saw a slimy head upreared and a monstrous rattlesnake rolling himself in a coil. Fold after fold was placed one upon another with frightful ease and precision. I met the reptile's glassy, terrible eyes, and stood petrified and helpless. I tried to cry out, and emitted some kind of a sound, but it died away in my throat overcome by the intensity of my emotions. I did not withdraw my eyes—I could not—there was a satanic power in the creature that held me fast. I strove to shake off the dreadful spell, but my impotency was horrible—my feebleness, agony. The consciousness that the serpent, perhaps, had power to change my very loathing to fondling, dismayed me most of all. Yes, that must be so! already an hundred brilliant colors were flashing from his piercing eyes. A gorgeous circle of purple and gold and pink and orange, of red and green and silver, formed about his head. His body quivered and undulated, and swam in a sea of light; while his head oscillated from side to side with a gentle, wavy motion, which nothing but the snake can imitate.

"The eyes dilated, and gleamed and burned into my brain like heated irons. Presently I saw many eyes instead of two, glittering like polished steel, floating before me, revolving in circles, emitting hues indescribably bright and varied. A sound reached the senses, singularly penetrating and soft, not unlike the melody of the æolian harp when the wind is gentle and constant. Its very monotony had an awful fascination in it; every faculty seemed surrendered to the baleful influence that fastened me to the rock. I was all seeing and hearing—the air teeming with dazzling eyes, shimmering lights, rubescent circles, and darting rays of flame beautifully soft. Now with all this fearful delusion upon me I knew perfectly my situation, and struggled against the foul enchanter with an intensity that bathed my forehead in perspiration.

"It could not long continue—the serpent would soon be coiled about me—his red fangs fixed in my shuddering flesh! Where was Frederic? Heavens! with what agony did I mentally make that inquiry. A dreadful dizziness seized me—an awful mist full of gleaming stars swam before me, while that low, monotonous wailing was in my ears.

"I knew no more. When I became conscious, I was in the arms of Frederic, and Anabel was lying fainting at my feet. When I opened my eyes, Fred was looking at me tenderly, and trembling in every limb. I shuddered and closed my eyes, while he assured me many times that the danger was past, and the serpent killed.

"I did not recover from the shock immediately, but was quite ill for a week, during which time Frederic manifested much interest in my welfare, showing less attention to Anabel. When I was strong again he relapsed into his former manner, and flirted with my pretty cousin. He had so softened my prejudice by his kindly deportment, that I could not so well bear his indifference. My feelings were softened; I owed him a great debt of gratitude. He had snatched me from a fearful danger at a moment when I would have given almost life itself for the power to call him to me. I said I would remember it and put it to his credit; and I intended to keep my word.

"I was walking in the garden one day, when I was joined by Frederic.

"'I was seeking you, Irene,' he observed.

"'That is singular,' I replied with a smile.

"'I leave you to-day, and it is proper that I should have a few moments' conversation with you before I depart.'

"He paused, thinking I might reply; perceiving I remained silent, he proceeded:

"'The object of my visit is too well understood by you to need a single word of explanation. It was unwise in our friends to imagine that a contract made by them would be recognized as binding by both parties concerned, when they should be of an age to decide for themselves. The human affections cannot be disposed of or bartered away. The sentiment of love is a thing wholly involuntary, and therefore cannot be controlled. I perceived that my presence was disagreeable to you from the first, and resolved not to persecute you with solicitations, or persistently obtrude my society upon you. I will leave you to judge if this resolution has not been observed. I came with a heart unengaged, and found you beautiful and accomplished; but I have not declared myself, and now renounce all pretensions to your hand. That it has cost me a sacrifice, is true.'

"Frederic stopped again and showed some emotion, which surprised me, as I had never seen him display much feeling. I rather doubted his ingenuousness, when I considered the terms of intimacy subsisting between himself and Anabel.

"'Has the sacrifice been *great*, Mr. Ross?' I asked, with a faint smile.

"'Greater than you would believe, I imagine,' he replied, with bitterness.

"'And yet you have borne it very well,' I observed.

"'I have needed firmness,' he returned, gloomily.

"'And the society of Anabel!' I added.

"'Anabel could tolerate me, Irene could not,' he rejoined.

"'You have found a sympathizer, doubtless, that will more than make amends for my unkindness.'

"'I do not affirm that you have been unkind—but indeed, you have made me suffer. Your coldness has chilled me, and your sarcasm has at times been cruel. But for the sentiment your beauty inspired, and the better nature which I am confident lurks behind your severity, I should have left your hospitable roof long ago.'

"'And my pretty cousin?' quoth I.

"'Irene, it is you who have kept me here, not Anabel!' exclaimed Frederic.

"'Mr. Ross, such an avowal seems utterly inconsistent with your conduct,' I spiritedly asserted.

"'Miss Bryant, you lose sight of the deportment you have studiously observed toward me—your sleepless sarcasm, your icy politeness, and, I might add, contempt. But I will not prolong this interview—our first and last. I shall never seek to gratify the wishes of our mutual friends against your inclinations. I am sure you have not known, and do not now know me. Irene, I love you; but after this hour, it is probable that we shall never meet again in this world.'

"'Where do you go?' I asked, nervously.

"'To Europe,' he answered.

"I felt my heart beating violently.

"'You speak with an appearance of frankness,' I said, not without some effort to maintain my calmness; 'but the declaration you have now made should have been made long since.'

"'Perhaps so; but the time for regret and recrimination is past. I shall bear away with me a heavy and disappointed heart. But I do not reproach you, nor will I. Nature has made me as I am; and I cannot'—and he looked at me searchingly, curling his nether lip contemptuously—'*make one hair white nor black!* I chanced to hear accidentally a conversation concerning me between yourself and mother, which, though it wounded, was, perhaps, a deserved check upon my presumption,' resumed Frederic, with increasing severity of tone. 'But, as I observed, nature will not bow to your caprices nor mine. It is possible that my soul is not deteriorated by the particular shade of my hair, and that sedentary and studious habits bend the figure somewhat; but I hope neither are legitimate subjects for ridicule. If I have caused you pain, forgive me, and remember that a scene like this will not again occur. In the years to come sometimes think of Frederic Ross, and what he gladly would have been to you—friend, lover, husband. But enough! Irene, farewell!'

"He hurried away, leaving me pale and trembling. I raised my hand to entreat him to stay a moment longer, but the gesture was unheeded—he was gone—I was alone. I was miserably unhappy. I wished to weep, and even pride could not restrain me; I sat down and the tears flowed. Why did I abandon myself to grief? Whence arose my agitation? I was afraid of such startling queries, and shrank from them. I was too much of a coward to look within; I knew not what I might find there; there might be that which was deformed. What a strange declaration Frederic had made! In love with *me!* What an idea! And what a curious way he had of showing his affection!

"'Irene!' said the voice of Anabel.

"I did not answer, and she came along and discovered me.

"'So you have driven away Frederic Ross?' she said.

"'If I have, you can recall him!' I retorted, attempting to smile, to banish all traces of emotion.

"'You estimate my power over him too highly,' she returned.

"'I think one word in your softest key would change his purpose,' I added.

"'Come, Irene, be ingenuous,' resumed Anabel, earnestly. 'Has not Frederic confessed that he loves you?'

"He said so,' I responded, concealing my face with my hands.

"'Frederic is truthful. And you really dismissed him, Irene? O, how blind you have been to his merits—what a stranger to his noble nature!'

"I covered my face with my handkerchief. I remembered the time when he saved me from the fascination of the serpent.

"'Curb your pride, Irene; speak to me frankly and ingenuously. Do you wish Frederic to go?'

"There was a momentary struggle in my heart. The words came hard, but I spoke them: 'not if he loves me,' I said, faintly.

"At that instant some one rushed from the adjacent shrubbery and knelt at my feet. I looked up—it was Frederic. He caught my hand and kissed it; he protested to the depth of his passion; Anabel had vanished—and—and Fred, after all, had it as he would."

"And so you forgave the red hair?" said I.

"Yes," added Irene, with a blush, "I forgave the red hair, and regret only that I cherished such an unworthy prejudice so long."

"But your husband's hair is not very red," I remarked.

"No, it has grown darker since; its red and faded appearance was produced in a measure by a brain fever which he had while in college, in conjunction with medicaments which were applied for the purpose of relieving his sufferings. But I learned a valuable moral, which I trust will last me through life—*Never judge hastily.*"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GHOST OF SAN FRANCISCO.

BY "THE LADY OF SHALOTT."

A few years ago, San Francisco was merely a town of tents, as everybody knows, and as many have sad cause to remember. The hardships of a four or six months' voyage in search of this gold-growing region, were but the beginning of sufferings. It required a hardy constitution to endure the test of climate and "camping out," yet in store for the voyager. The most robust, after a few months' exposure to the hot, mid-day sun, the chilly, searching night-winds, and the drenching rains which often floated away his tent, was constrained to wrap himself in his blanket, lie down in a corner and shiver himself into a shadow. He had little sympathy and little aid, for his companions were too much occupied with their own doleful battles with the "shakes," to do else than laugh at their fellow-sufferers.

The lily-handed gentleman's son, who had thought to gather gold without labor, grew disgusted and dispirited, and was an easy victim to disease; and the hearty worker, unused at home to more than paper fingering, soon exhausted his strength in his new callings of cartman, carpenter, painter or well-digger, as the wants of the hour demanded. Fevers were ready for such. The new comers who arrived almost daily in scores, were as impetuous as the old, and passed through the same routine of labor, sickness and death, till at last the undertaker's profession was the most thrifty of all. So great was the mortality, that, as during a pestilence, the dead were often rolled up in their blankets, boxed in rude pine coffins, and hurried away in carts for burial, without a friend to know or care whither they were taken.

Sometimes a few followed on foot, tramping slowly along the sandy road that led to the cemetery. Its site was a long valley reaching from the bay to the ocean, and walled in on either side by barren sand-hills. It could boast no shade but a few scrub oaks, and its countless mounds had no other monument than wooden tablets, upon which the names of the sleepers were rudely carved with a jack-knife, or painted in black. Grave-diggers were always in the gloomy valley, making homes for the dead faster than houses for the living could be fashioned in the young city of tents.

The black wagons in which the dead were brought, were drawn by mules; and the driver, astride of a coffin, whistled as he went, or was not loath to clamber down from his ghostly load and beat his stubborn mules with sticks, and howl curses in their unheeding ears. Arrived at the open graves, he tumbled out his fearful freight as roughly as if life had never rendered it sacred; and the receivers, with feelings equally calloused, pushed the coffins one by one into the narrow cells, and let them drop with a heavy thump that seemed enough to wake the dead.

At this period of mortality among the gold-seekers, there came down from the mines a New Englander who had so well lined his wallet with the yellow scales that he wisely determined to return home and invest it in a Berkshire farm. While making preparations for his return voyage, he found a temporary home in a wooden domicil, respectably kept by two shrivelled sisters. One was a tall, gaunt woman who looked as if she might have prowled along a storm-lashed beach by the side of a wrecker husband. The other, of less stature, was sullen in her nature, moving about like a mummy with revived power of locomotion, and forever brooding upon some great wrong. But Zed Wheeler was a great talker, and his hostesses were the best of listeners. It was not long therefore, before they knew Zed's history from the time he was a little tow-headed urchin, turning somersets in the mud, till he had arrived at his present six-foot stature; and, delighted with his own account of himself, he did not cease till duly established in his own opinion and in that of his auditors, as the princely hero of his placer.

Before the ship in which he expected to embark was ready to sail, Zed had lost his strength and voluibility on a sick-bed. In a week his face was pale and pinched. No strangers could be more studiously attentive than these antiquated maidens. They prepared nourishing delicacies for his taste, bathed his burning temples, administered cordials, and resorted to their own valuable store of medicine and their own experimental skill, in the absence of an available physician. Those who dropped in thought the miner had fallen into the hands of good Samaritans. But when poor Zed, in the weakness and nervousness of disease, watched his grim nurses, he could think of nothing but the stories of ogres that had frightened his young fancy when he lolled with his playfellows in the shadow of his father's hay-stacks.

At length Zed began to recover and to talk. His attendants looked at each other significantly. I suppose they were congratulating each other in their own smileless way—foolish Zed imagined they were grimacing with disappointment at not having his gold. But events often take an unexpected turn. Zed died as soon as he began to recover.

The sisters looked sorrowful at the loss of their hoarder, and made loud lamentations and a long shroud for him. While they hastily stitched at the white robe, they whispered and looked oft at the sheeted corpse. Were they afraid the dead man would arise and accuse them of guilt? Did the silence frighten them? Or did they sadly miss his voice?

A few hours after the undertaker bustled in, quickly disposed poor Zed in a pine coffin, nailed it tight with a few hard strokes, and slid it into his black wagon with three or four others. The driver cracked his whip and jolted away on a quick trot towards the dismal valley of graves.

"Who have you there?" shouted the digger, as he leaned for a moment on his spade, watching the new arrival.

"I'm sure I don't know. That's none of my business," was the grumbling reply.

"Well, dump 'em out quick," said the waiting worker.

Thump! thump! thump! There they all lay on the ground, waiting to be hidden under the sod. The men lighted their pipes anew, and a half uttered joke was upon their lips, when a low moan, distinctly heard, cut short the words and left them gazing at each other in a shock of fear. They listened intently. A louder groan succeeded, and then a weak voice begged:

"Let me out! let me out!"

Words fairly uttered brought the bystanders to their wits. Singling out the coffin whence the sound proceeded, they were not long in prying off the top. Up rose Zed Wheeler—slowly enough. The rough tumble of the box had aroused him. He was bewildered at finding himself so nearly buried alive, and the two workmen could not yet be assured that the tall, white-robed, cadaverous figure before them was not a true spectre, and indeed, Zed was not quite sure himself. The driver was careful not to turn his back towards the doubtful apparition till he beheld it sitting upon the coffin in the black wagon, recounting a veritable history, with his last recollections of a heavy drowsiness, and the voices of his ogre nurses discussing the hasty disposal of his body and appropriation of his gold.

As the wagon rattled into the city, the citizens stared in amazement to behold a ghost in the hearse, and not a few, in superstitious fear, made a clear passage before it. The guilty sisters were greedily weighing gold when Zed's spectre appeared to them. Shrieks, confusion and arrest followed; but, as their victim gathered up his gold and took passage in the first ship for New York, they were released for want of evidence that they had administered narcotic poison to their guest.

The ghost of San Francisco can be seen any day on some of the Berkshire hills, stalking over the broad acres, and leaving tracks too life-like to have been made by boots more spiritual than those of Zed Wheeler.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or cliquo. This work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.



GENERAL SCOTT'S TRIUMPH



T ENTRANCE INTO MEXICO

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A BALLAD.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

In the twilight I was sitting,
One sweet evening long ago,
And my lover, bending o'er me,
Whispered all I wished to know;
"Wilt be mine, dear Fanchette?" said he—
Playfully I answered, "No."

Little did I think that Felix
Would not take that word in jest,
When I once with smiles and blushes
My deep love for him confessed;
Might he not have guessed its meaning,
What that playful "no" expressed.

Proudly, proudly, did he leave me;
"Go," I said, "thou now art free!"
And the shadow of the demon
Pride moved dark 'tween him and me.
Life's wrecked hopes then drifted from me,
Down despair's tempestuous sea.

Still the shadow fell between us,
Felix sought my side no more.
Then a suitor came to woo me,
High the name and rank he bore;
Never such a knightly lover
Village maiden had before.

Ah, by many racking feelings
My young heart was sorely tried,
In the pangs of proud resentment,
Sure I thought my love had died,
Till the demon whispered to me,
"Be the courtier's honored bride.

"Well thou'lt punish cruel Felix;
Ah, 'twill wring his heart with woe,
Vain remorse will fill his bosom,
When he'll see thee grandly go
To the courtier to be wedded,
Meet it is it should be so."

In the chill November twilight
Sadly did I sit alone,
Listening to the wind of autumn,
In the leafless forest moan;
Mourn, O wind, earth's desolation.
Breaking heart, bewail thine own.

Thus I murmured, "Cruel Felix,
Couldst thou my repentance know—"
But my Felix, bending o'er me,
Whispered, "Fauchette, will I go?
Darling Fauchette, will I leave thee?"
Once again I answered, "No."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MYSTERIOUS HUNT.

BY MAJOR WEBBER, THE HUNTER-NATURALIST. *

Tim Blake was my bosom friend. We had camped out together, we had fought, hunted, and made merry together, and we had not a secret in our two breasts which had not been duly discussed together—*not* a secret, did I say? Ask Tim (or, rather my friend, the Hon. T. Blake, from L—— county, V——; for he has lost the hearty "Tim," and plain "Mister," and is now long time in the sere of honorable), ask Tim if he remembers *the* secret of his old friend, Joe C——; or, if he is slightly oblivious (and old men sometimes get so), ask him to tell the story of the "Mysterious Hunt," and you will see his eyes gleam again with the fire which once burned in them, and the laugh which was once so irresistible to young and old, flush that still handsome face. Perhaps the old lady his wife, if she is beside him, will remonstrate a little; but Tim will only say, while he takes her chin between his thumb and finger, "Never you heed, little woman! You have not had the worst of the joke, I hope!" And then you will be gratified with the sounds of as hearty a "No, no, that I have not!" as ever came from woman's lips, to the mortification of a discontented old bachelor.

Tim was the gayest and handsomest young officer in the — regiment of dragoons, on the Rio Grande line of operations in Mexico. No expedition was too daring, no scheme too reckless, no adventure too much for him to aid in the accomplishment of it; and, last, no maid too fair, or too coquettish for him to woo. Yet Tim was true to his friends—as true as brave; and no man or woman ever accused him of falsehood—though many a young heart would gladly have won so gallant a companion to claim him as its own henceforth.

But I mean to tell you, good reader, in confidence, and some shame for the deception, of the *one* secret which I had hid in my breast, and of which my best friend, Tim, had not a dream; though I must now confess, that more than once I had seen his eyes twinkle a little too knowingly, when he had accidentally caught me gazing raptly on a certain ring which graced my smallest finger. Tim, however, did not, or could not, know that this ring had its counterpart on the hand of the loveliest little maiden in all the town of D——. No, I had told him that it was the gift of my sister, and assented, when he asked if he might have her if he could win her!

Assented! To be sure, I did! What had I to fear?—did I not love her dearly, the sweet Lizzette? Had I not wooed her many a day and long?—was she not given me by her parents?—had not all the neighbors said she will be the wife of Lieutenant C.? Yes, and more than that; had she not herself been kind and gentle? Had she not laughed at me for my awkward love-making, and my grotesque figure? Had she not pouted when I went hunting with only "Blue-buck" for my companion? And had she not said, "Yes, you like that great-eyed pony better than little Lizzette! But, better than all, had she not wept when I went away! And when I asked her to exchange rings with me, she had not refused, although the teasing darling had said, "You will give it to a pretty Mexican girl, with eyes like your pony's, and in memory of him," and then darted off, and laughed at all my protestations to the contrary? Ah, yes, I could surely say, you may have her, if you can win her! And, in my magnanimity, I used to write to her in praise of my gallant friend; and many a time has she sent gay messages to Tim, which I somehow forgot to deliver, but, nevertheless, had fictitious replies always ready for my next letter. It was very base, no doubt, but then Tim had never heard of her; at least I thought so.

"Yes, yes, friend Tim, she is thine, if thou canst win her, the darling Lizzette!"

"And the darling Lizzette, is she then so pretty, and gay, and loving? But Joe, my good chum, I thought you said your sister's name was Carrie."

I had turned and started half erect; I suppose I looked very wild, for Tim shook me heartily by the shoulder before I finally realized that I had put my secret in jeopardy. I sank back on my camp-chair, and with both elbows on the table behind me, and my hands hanging loosely, and in a desperate effort to look cool, said:

"Lizzette, Lizzette! Who is Lizzette? Surely you are dreaming, Tim! Certainly Carrie's name is Carrie!"

"Certainly Carrie's name is Carrie," repeated my friend after me, with a dolorous voice; "but, Lizzette, this 'darling Lizzette,' whose name thy voice softens in the utterance of, tell me," and he laid his finger upon my dangling hand, ay, upon the ring, "is Lizzette she whom I *may* win if I *can*? Again, then, my friend, consider my tender, susceptible heart; remember, 'lead me not into temptation.' Think of my poetical imagination, which sees only angels in women! Can you, do you still assert, I may win if I can the donor of this ring?"

As Tim went on, his voice grew more earnest, his large eye darkened and flamed with the light of a loving soul, his calm but beautiful lips, with the glow of a baby's bud-mouth upon them, grew still, and a solemn shade threw itself over his whole manner, which made me pause. But I paused not long. I was too confident in my little beauty; and beside, I never meant to let Tim see her, at least until she was mine!

"Yes, certainly; win her in welcome, if you can, my boy! I'll run the risk, let her name be what it may, Lizzette or Carrie, Carrie or Lizzette! Win you may, if you can, and there's my hand on it, Tim!" And I stretched out the ring-hand to him.

He took it in both his, and gazing a moment on the ring, said:

"And when I win her, you will of course transfer to me *this*, and the exchange shall be the betrothal, ha, Joe?"

"Pooh, pooh! you are making a serious business of this, Tim! Don't I say yes, yes, certainly! Let's go shoot a bear; we've had no steaks this week or two."

"Agreed! Are the boys ready? And 'Blue-Buck'—do you ride the pony? Do you know, Joe, I believe that pony has the greatest share in your heart, after all?"

"May be so! may be so! But let's be off."

Off upon that unfortunate hunt, when, in an unexpected rencontre with a party of guerillas, my ring, Lizzette's ring, fell, snapped in twain by a glancing sabre blow, from my finger! What availed my hearty curses at my ill-luck? What the pommelling to the poor foe who had caused the mishap? All my tedious aftersearch proved useless; I could not find my treasure! But I did not tell Lizzette in any future letter. I had not the courage.

Six months had passed. I was at home once more, but by all ill-fortune, who should accompany me but my handsome friend Tim, and my cousin, Lawrence G. Lawrence G. was betrothed to my youngest sister Julia, and had been a most constant correspondent with her during all our long absence. He was a clever, and a lucky fellow, too; but of him more anon. * *

I had seen dear Lizzette, whom I found as gay as a bird, prettier than ever, and, need I say it, far more bewitching! I had been received with the most charming naiveté; she had not even asked me about the ring. She had teased me about "Blue-Buck" as provokingly as ever before; she declared that she had heard *all* about my last love-affair (to be sure she had), but then she accused me of want of confidence. Why had I not told her about the gazelle-eyed, she should say rather, pony-eyed ("Blue-Buck" was a small Arab horse of the finest blood) Spanish girl? O, but she knew more about it than I had any idea of; besides, she had been in constant correspondence with a young friend of mine!

"Ah, Lizzette, who—"

"Never mind, sir. I have heard many a tale, 'ower true,' no doubt. But do tell me, if you please, did Captain Tim *really* send those surly replies to all my kind greetings? My appreciation of him, then, did not touch his hard heart? He is invincible to all attacks, military or civil, hey? And you could not induce him to come home with you? And he is—is married, you think?—and—"

Thus she rattled on, I all the time in terror lest she should spy the absence of the ring, and thankful at any rate to be released from the explanation which would, of course, be demanded. So I laughed, and tried to smother the anxiety which so foolishly filled me, as to who was her "constant correspondent." When I at last rose to go, she said:

"Wait a minute, and I will go with you. I want to see Julia, and Lawrence, and—"

"And who?"

"Why, and your mother, and—and the young—members of the family—all of them. I have not seen them for two days—an age!"

Her eyes twinkled mischievously as she said this soberly. As she was about to leave the room, I caught her hand, but quickly dropped it as her eyes fell upon mine, and thrust them both into my pockets. Her eyes flashed a little with an extraordinary expression of mirth, but she said nothing, and stood apparently waiting for me to speak.

"Lizzette, I have to make a call upon old Mr. Q. to-night—besides, Julia is coming to see *you*, and Carrie is gone—"

"O, you want to be excused; you wish to meditate a little; I shall drive from your imagination the young Spanish girl, with pony-eyes, and—well, well, tell young—never mind, I believe he will be here presently. O, you are a funny creature! And so you want to call upon old Mr. Q.? A pleasant evening to you. Will you not be at home before midnight? We are to have a dance, and Julia and Carrie have invited several young ladies to meet your friend."

She walked gravely out of the room. I had sunk back into an armchair, covered my eyes with my hands, and was puzzling my brain to conceive how I was to get out of the dilemma! If I introduced her to Tim (confound the fellow), he was sure to fall in love with her. And how could I prevent it? Had I not given him permission?—pledged myself, if he could win the donor of the ring, that I would yield! And Lizzette could never care a whiff for me, when she contrasted my lean, ugly figure with that of the handsomest man in the — regiment. No, no, I was doomed! There was no hope for me, and I actually groaned, but at the same instant sprang completely out of my chair; for if an adder had stung me I should not have been more shocked than when a light finger fell upon the ringless finger, and Lizzette's voice gravely exclaimed:

"Where, tell me, where—"

"O, I'll tell you all about it, if you will only promise not to—"

"Has my bonny laddie gone?" continued Lizzette, as she waltzed gaily towards the door, singing these last words of the song, and at every turn of her trim little form casting a glance from her bright eyes, which conveyed to me either reproach or a perfect knowledge of something. But how could she know? That "constant correspondent!" But then I never told Tim how the ring was lost! Could he be the friend she kept referring to? My head was in a whirl. I rose mechanically, and offering my arm, which Lizzette did not take, we walked down the village street to the home of my youth. Tim had gone! O, that he might not return (at least to-night), was my inmost prayer. And it seemed probable that my prayer was likely to be granted. Hours flew past—still we saw no Tim! How gay we were, to be sure! Only Julia and Lizzette *would* set apart too much! But they were so lovely, with their bright heads mingling curls; and the charming blush tinging Lizette's cheek, almost equalled by that on Julia's. What could they be talking about—or whom, rather? Was it your humble servant? Yet when I approached they seemed to be half vexed, and Julia pettishly exclaimed: "There, brother, I do wish you would go dance with Laura P.;" and Lizzette added, "Or sit in the corner and dream of the Spaniard."

At nine o'clock it was proposed that the horses should be brought, and all take a gallop over the beach to the hotel at the point, some five miles off, have a dance, a supper, and home again. Of course I eagerly complied with the unanimous wish. The horses were soon ready, and away we went, I, conscious that I never was half so graceful as on horseback, where my tall, lithe figure certainly showed to advantage—Lizzette had said so, frequently. And if I could make Lizzette renew her promise to be mine—why, then, I did not care a straw for all the Tims in the world! But the wilful coquette, she laughed at me whenever I approached the subject. Once she seemed to listen; but removing her tiny gauntlet, she waved her hand, the ring flashed, and she galloped off, laughing more teasingly than ever. The wicked little coquette! What does she mean? I'll ask her if she has ever heard about the loss of that confounded ring. But she is superstitious. If she knows that it is gone—that I have lost it, she will say it is bad luck; and then how *can* I win her again before she meets that Tim?

I grew sulky, I lagged behind, though "Blue-Buck" was all impatience. Presently the gay party had dashed a mile or two across the beach. I could see them dimly against the horizon, as the moon rose solemnly above the bed of the ocean. A few faint sounds of laughter, and they were gone—Lizzette and all.

I dismounted, and passing the bridle over my arm, sat down upon a pile of red rocks which ran abruptly into the sea. All was still, save the tumultuous beatings of the waves, and the silvery dash of white spray which fell at my feet. The stars, growing pale as the moon arose, cast yet bright eyes upon the swell of waves; the long and blending lines of flaming gold and silver, which lay in the moon's wake, heaved and trembled, glittering a wondrous zone upon the undulating yield of waters. Far to the right and left, the long sand-beaches stretched out—two white arms clasping the dark landscape beyond.

Silent and sad I sat. No sound of thundering bass, nor shrilly treble aroused me; my thoughts followed Lizzette. Suddenly my horse neighed and started back, dragging me nearly over from the rock. At the same moment, a pair of huge black eyes gleamed into my face, while a growl and snarl loud as twenty cats and dogs could have made caused me to spring to my feet. But the eyes still followed mine on the same level, only grown wider and more brilliant. To my horror now, I perceived that the eyes belonged to what seemed to be some immense nondescript (possibly monster of the sea), which was strangely white, and apparently rigid as marble, and to sail with a solemn motion rather than walk. My first glance quickly discovered it to be agile enough in this motion, when, putting spurs to "Blue-Buck," I dashed towards it at the full speed of desperation. Agile! By Jove! the creature

* Author of "Shot in the Eye," and other border sketches.

fled backward with the speed of lightning! In whichever direction I went, there those bright, astounding eyes were, always just in front of me!

Fleeing backwards ever as if pursued, it yet pursued me. I became as deeply enraged as terrified, and with renewed speed attempted to trample down with the hoofs of my horse that hideous form. I felt its hot breath on my cheek; I could see the slow pulsing of the broad white chest, so closely did I press upon its flight. Yet ever and anon it would utter the dreadful growling and snarling which I had first heard. I grew frantic, I plunged my horse with mad leaps apparently against it, yet he met no resistance—it fled ever backward. My poor horse trembled and snorted; we were bathed in perspiration; while, as we grew faint with the terrible struggle, the strange phantom seemed to grow colder, larger and whiter. Its grim mouth opened with a more savage gape, showing within huge tushes, which threatened to tear us, could it but check its own backward speed, or our headlong gait should precipitate us into its fathomless, glowing throat, although all seemed so supernaturally cold and white without. My pistol was in my hand, and I stretched it out to fire the contents down its throat. It yelled in snarling defiance. I fired, and it sank into the sea over the edge of the cliff.

At this moment I heard some one singing, and in another instant Tim made his appearance. I called to him, and at any other time would have laughed at his look of wonder.

"What, the deuce, Joe! Did you just fire?—been hunting this time of night, and on this beach?—and for what kind of game, pray? And—good heavens! where are your sisters Julia and Carrie, boy?—and—"

"Why, where should they be, to be sure? Now, I remember, you were to follow; so I waited for you here—and Tim, my good fellow, such a chase as I've had! But, thank heaven, I shot him! And so we'll follow Lizzette and the rest of the party to the —— Hotel. I'll try to forget my rencontre with that monster."

"Lizzette did you say, Joe? Who is she? Your sister Carrie says her name's not Lizzette, but—there, don't turn pale, man! What *is* the matter?"

But I did not reply. I mounted my horse, and we dashed off—for gleaming at me, wider and wider, and more intense than ever, came that pair of eyes, as the thing slowly raised itself above the edge of the cliff. I must away, even at the risk of losing my Lizzette. "I cannot stay," I motioned aside, "for another rencontre. Another chase with that hideous foe would drive me to madness, or the committal of any desperate deed. No, no!—on, on, dear Tim, and I will show you the loveliest girl in D."

But why torture myself with the recital? Enough that I introduced Lizzette and Tim!—that, as if they had been lovers as long as their lives were, they, Lizzette and Tim, wandered off, and confidential seemed their communings. Never had Tim seemed so tender, nor so handsome; never had Lizzette been half so bewitching in her coquettish beauty. They walked in the moonlight together, they danced together (I could not dance), they sang together. I could not stand it, and I withdrew from the gay company. I sat moodily on the greensward, when suddenly—was it the white monster?—no, no! it was Tim and my Lizzette (*my* Lizzette?) approaching, his arm already about her waist! I sunk back and groaned aloud. "Where, tell me, where is my ring, monsieur?" I sprang to my feet, I rubbed my eyes—could it be possible? Where am I?—and what is Lizzette laughing at as she stares at me in merry wonder? "You are just dressed to go out! Where is Tim?"

"Where is Tim? Now, what a question! You know he is at your father's house; and I know, if you do not, that Carrie and my dearest cousin Tim are to be married to-night at 9 o'clock, and that I am invited to the wedding—and that Julia and Lawrence are to be married at the same time, and I suppose you" (and she pouted charmingly, and half turned away, as she continued,) "would marry the Spanish girl, if you had a chance, at the same time. But, tell me, where is my ring? Did you give it to her?"

"No, dear Lizzette, I will tell you the truth. I lost it in that unfortunate—"

"Bear hunt! O, fie, sentiment and bear-steaks!"

"Listen, listen, darling Lizzette! It was not the bear, but a frightful—I mean, a great pair—goodness, I believe I have been asleep!"

"To be sure you have, and I have waited this five minutes for you. But do tell me now soberly, where *is* the ring?"

And I tried to tell the story, but I am afraid I told it rather awkwardly (but with all the earnestness which my full heart contained), and the little beauty repaid me with a kiss, and the surrender to me of her hand, and the broken ring, which, it appeared on further investigation, had been picked up by Tim himself, and mischievously sent to Lizzette as the lost treasure of some annihilated Mexican.

Lizzette, of course, had recognized it; and the two wicked cousins, who had grown up together until Tim went to West Point, had constantly corresponded without my knowledge of either fact.

And so there was a triple wedding; for Carrie and Tim (who had been long smitten with each other through the descriptions of Lizzette and myself), that they might not be behindhand, made up a somewhat sudden match. Such was the sequence of the "Mysterious Hunt." As for myself, I never saw the "pony-eyed" monster again!

Silence is the only mode of triumph for all who are attacked. It wearies out the Cossack charges of the envious; the savage skirmishing of enemies; it secures an overwhelming and complete victory. What is more complete than silence? It is absolute. Is it not one of the modes of being of the infinite?—*Balzac.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

BY IDA RAVELIN.

"Fair Josephine! a varied lot was thine,
From that bright time in childhood's happy hours,
When thou didst wander in that tropic clime
Midst Martinico's green and fragrant bowers—
Till, as a queen, thou reign'dst in troubled France,
Its jewelled diadem upon thy brow,
By stern Napoleon placed—thy winning glance
Subduing him to whom all others bow.
Yet sad thy fate!—its brilliancy how brief!
Thy heart's sweet fervent love, how thrown aside!
How rudely shattered was thy fond belief
That love, pure love, forever would abide,
When in the soul ambition reigned supreme,
And banished gentle thoughts of thee, sweet Josephine!"

Amid the luxuriant vegetation that characterizes the tropical region might be seen, in the island of Martinico, near the middle of the eighteenth century, the dwelling of Josephine Tascher. It was near the close of an unusually warm day, even in that sultry clime, that the young and beautiful Josephine descended the steps of the piazza and proceeded slowly amid the flowering shrubbery to inhale some of the sweet breeze, which was now gently waving the myriads of blossoms surrounding the house and plantation, filling the air with fragrance.

Accompanied by her favorite attendant, Euphemia, the fair girl wandered forth, her clear, sweet voice now carolling some melody, and then breaking the deep stillness by her ringing laughter. As the lady and her maid proceeded thus merrily along, suddenly they came upon a group of negro girls listening with breathless attention to an old witch-like woman, who appeared to be telling their future destinies.. As the graceful figure of Josephine emerged from among the trees, the old woman started, and fixed her large black eyes upon the laughing countenance turned towards her. Slowly she approached the group of credulous girls, and as she drew near, the fortune-teller took her somewhat reluctant hand, and began to trace in its soft palm the rosy lines by which she pretended to read futurity.

"Those flowers in thy hair, fair girl, look bright and beautiful among the glossy braids; but brighter yet shall gleam the diamonds of a royal diadem upon thy noble brow! Nay, smile not so mockingly; for sorrow—sorrow deep and bitter, too—is mingled in thy strange fate."

But the smile increased, and a merry laugh mingled with the rustling of the branches, as she turned from the half sad, yet half indignant gaze of the old woman towards home.

Sunset was slanting upon the lawn, and upon the brilliant flowers, imparting to them strange and gorgeous beauty, as Josephine tripped gaily along the winding path, bordered with rare tropical plants, leading to the house; and the delicate rose-tint upon her fair cheek deepened as she saw, half reclining upon a hammock swung from one post to another of the piazza, her affianced love, the young Viscount Beauharnais, who was so deeply absorbed in the perusal of a letter, that he noticed not her approach till a shower of blossoms fell upon the open page from her hand.

Josephine was soon seated at his side, listening to the contents of the letter; for it contained the consent of the viscount's French relatives, who had hitherto been opposed to the alliance—much more to their immediate union. * * * * *

A few years elapsed, and in the hall of a magnificent chateau in the south of France, might be seen the beautiful and accomplished Josephine seated by the side of her husband, and gazing with maternal pride and affection upon the sweet countenances of her children, Eugene and Hortense Beauharnais, who, tired of play, were seated at her feet, with their sweet, upturned faces gazing lovingly upon their mother's countenance.

Years passed, and with their flight came changes, such as time brings to mortals, reminding them of the nature of all things worldly, which pass away "like the baseless fabric of a vision"—changes sad, indeed, for Josephine!

Daylight was fading gently away, and the last rays of the setting sun lingered upon the glittering domes and lofty spires of the proud city of Paris, as if reluctant to withdraw his beams from so much grandeur. Few of those bright though declining rays entered into the dark and cheerless prison-cell, where, upon a rude bench, her beautiful eyes fixed in utter hopelessness on the grated window, was the graceful form of Josephine Beauharnais. It was not strange that despondency rested on the pale countenance, for the morrow's sun was to dawn on her execution, and memory was taking a farewell glance into the magic mirror of retrospection.

Vividly were the scenes of her girlhood depicted by the enchanter—that happy time when all was viewed in those bright but delusive colors in which hope loves to paint futurity. Then came the recollection of that sweet time when the affection of her husband and the caresses of her lovely children realized her dreams of bliss. Then a deeper shade of sadness rested on her brow, as she thought of the alienation of that husband's love—of her final separation from him—and the consequent poverty of herself and children. Then memory brought more recent events, when, like a true-hearted woman, she became reconciled to him who had so trifled with her love, as the stirring events of the French Revolution, in which he was involved, brought danger around him. Then a deep shudder passed over her delicate frame, as the last fatal scene, when the guillotine added the beloved one to its long list of victims, passed before her, and when she was dragged within the gloomy walls of the prison dungeon; and now, as the tears were falling fast over her colorless cheek, suddenly, as if in mockery, flitted before her the prediction of the fortune-teller in her youth. And as she thought bitterly of those false words, a man, who entered, communicated some of the strange events of that troubled period, and Josephine Beauharnais was pronounced at liberty! * *

It was a cold day in December; but the immense concourse of people heeded not the weather, as they poured into the cathedral of Notre Dame. In that building were assembled persons of all ranks, from his holiness of Rome, in the jewelled tiara, down to the lowest class of the Parisians, to witness the coronation of that extraordinary man, Napoleon Bonaparte the conqueror, and his wife—and that wife was Josephine Beauharnais! Again had she confided her heart's love to another.

Soon after her liberation from prison and re-union with her children, Josephine mingled once more among the circles of the polished Parisian society; and the accomplished Viscountess Beauharnais was ever a star among the host of literary characters that filled the salons of Paris at the close of the eighteenth century. In this society she met Napoleon Bonaparte, then a general in the French army. He admired and courted her; they were married, and soon after, by his wonderful talents, he placed himself at the head of the French nation, and dictated to one half of Europe.

All was silent in that vast cathedral, and every eye was fixed upon the lovely countenance of Josephine. And as the imperial crown, sparkling with the rarest gems, was placed upon her dark tresses, with tears trembling upon her silken lashes, and her delicate hands crossed upon her bosom, the prediction of the fortune-teller in her distant island home flashed across her mind; and raising those long lashes heavy with tears, she half expected to encounter the dark glance of the witch, but her eyes only met the proud yet tender gaze of her noble consort, Napoleon. Yes, the diadem of an empress rested on her brow. She was happy once more, but—was it to continue?—or was sorrow, bitter sorrow, again to overwhelm her?

Poor Josephine! Well might words of sadness fall from her lips, as seated near her fine conservatory at Malmaison, she reflected upon her sad fate. The breeze gently fanned her burning brow, vainly offering the fragrance of a thousand blossoms it had caressed, for it could not alleviate the broken heart. Napoleon, from motives of that cold, calculating policy that alone seemed to fill his heart, had procured a divorce and married the archduchess of Austria, although he allowed Josephine to retain all the pomp that characterized her station as the empress.

But how could this repay her for the love that she had wasted upon him, and for which her heart still sighed? Not long was it before a procession, composed of the representatives of the most powerful monarchs of Europe, the most celebrated persons of the age, and a long train of weeping poor, followed her to her "long home," where a monument of white marble, erected by her children, Eugene and Hortense, marks the resting-place of Josephine.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Voyages, Travels and Adventures of G. Wert Go-Ahead in Foreign Parts. Edited by Peter Parley. New York: J. C. Derby. 12mo. 1855.

A very handsome, illustrated volume, just the thing for juvenile readers. The traveller makes his way all over Asia, and describes eastern scenes with singular spirit and vivacity. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Stories of Genius. By Barbara Hopland. New York and Boston: C. S. Francis & Co. 1855. 18mo.

This volume embraces, the "Son of a Genius," the "Daughter of a Genius," and "Alicia and her Aunt," most valuable stories for the young, and standard works of their class. The volume is rendered additionally attractive by engraved illustrations.

Men and Women. By Robert Browning. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 351.

The imprint of "Ticknor & Fields" on a title-page is an unerring indication of the excellence of the work they herald. The volume before us is full of genuine poetry, and is a most acceptable New Year's gift to the reading public. Here are lyrics and ballads, which will be read again and again, and learned by heart. Among them, "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came," will be, we predict, an especial favorite.

Holiday Presents.—Crosby, Nichols & Co., of this city, have just published "Fanny Gray," a little story illustrated by colored figures, and "Harry and Aggie: or, The Ride," in a similar style. The figures are detached, and susceptible of many ingenious combinations. Just the things to amuse intelligent children.

The Home Garner Gathered. By Mrs. Mary G. Clarke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 414

A handsome illustrated volume, embracing articles from many authors, male and female, in poetry and prose, on topics connected with the pleasures, the duties, and the interests of home. It far more than fulfils the modest indication of the title-page and dedication. For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

New Music.—Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published "Les Huguenots," a brilliant composition for the piano, by Gustave Satter.

The Irish Abroad and at Home. Reminiscences of an Emigrant Irishman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 358.

A most amusing picture, painting the Irish in court and camp, with souvenirs of the "Brigade," historical sketches, brimfull of fun, frolic, wit, humor, sketches of character and glances at history. The most readable volume we have met with for many a long month. For sale by Redding & Co.

History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain. By Wm. H. Prescott. Boston: Phillips & Sampson. 1855. vols. 1 and 2. 8vo. pp. 1219.

The most encouraging feature in the present aspect of literary affairs is the avidity with which the public purchase and read works of solid value and good taste. Bancroft's, and Prescott's, and Macauley's histories have attained a sale only to be reached by a popular novel; and only ample provision made beforehand enables publishers to supply the current demand. We predict that this great work—we should perhaps say *the* great work of Prescott—will be equally popular with any of its predecessors. It will when completed cover a vast field. The first two volumes bring us down to 1568—scarcely the commencement of Philip's alarming demonstrations of power; but though scarcely more than a prelude, they are replete with the deepest interest. Mr. Prescott has clothed the dry bones of history with flesh and blood, and conjured up breathing and living actors to perform their parts again before our eyes. His exquisite style, so fascinating, that whatever he writes is sure to be read with delight, lends these historic pages a charm that no reader can withstand.

Villages and Farm Cottages. By Henry W. Cleveland, Wm. Backus and Samuel D. Backus. New York: D Appleton & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 189.

The object of this work, illustrated by 100 fine engravings, is to furnish plans for building country-houses at moderate cost, and for laying out and ornamenting grounds. The authors are practised and experienced men, and their taste is unquestionable. For sale by Redding & Co.

Dickens's Little Folks. New York: Redfield. 6 vols. 18mo. Illustrated by Darley.

This series is prepared by a lady, with a view of furnishing children with books of a vigorous and manly tone, combined with a plain and concise style of narrative. Characters are selected which cannot fail to interest and improve children, and the stories of these little heroes are told in the author's own language. The leading characters in this series are Little Nell, the Child Wife, Oliver Twist, Smike, Florence Dombey and Little Paul. The idea is an excellent one, and has been admirably carried out. These works may be obtained of Messrs. Sanborn, Carter & Bazin, Cornhill, neatly put up in a case.

The Private Correspondence of Henry Clay. Edited by Rev. Calvin Cotton, LL.D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 642.

The private correspondence of a man so eminent as Clay could not fail to be interesting. His own letters are necessary to throw a light upon his character; and fortunately a large number are here published for the first time. The volume also contains letters from some of the most eminent men of the 19th century, European and American. For sale by F. Parker, 50 Cornhill.

GEORGE S. HILLARD.

The accompanying portrait was drawn for us by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Whipple & Black, and is an excellent likeness of the original. George Stillman Hillard is a man very well known to Boston, somewhat so to New York, and nowhere unknown as an agreeable and correct speaker, a writer of exquisite English and charming fancy, and a whig politician of conservative and carefully considered views. He first became visible to the naked eye of the public by an oration in 1831, on taking the degree of Master of Arts at Harvard University. The subject was a mature one for a youth of twenty-three—"The dangers to which the minds of young men in our country are exposed." This performance was so thoughtfully beautiful, that it confirmed the current suspicion that "Hillard might be somebody." He then passed through the Cambridge Law School, and made his law theories practical by serving an apprenticeship in Charles P. Curtis's office in Boston, upon leaving which he opened an office for himself as an attorney of the Suffolk bar. Charles Sumner, Robert C. Winthrop, and other men who now play leading parts on the stage of life, at the start were his compeers, rivals and friends. When the race of a complete career is all closed they may be again abreast as at the beginning, though now wide intervals in political note and position yawn between them. In 1835, Mr. Hillard pronounced the Fourth of July oration before the authorities of the city of Boston. It was very original and manly in its thought, and uncommonly fervid and fanciful in its phrases and diction. No cheap, commonplace twaddle about patriotism and liberty, and eagles and bonfires, tagged together by the everlasting phrases which year after year rise like stale incense around the genius of American liberty on her birthday; wise and appropriate suggestions, branching out into applications new and forcible, and all clothed and embroidered in a glowing vesture, such as talent alone can breathe over the most hackneyed themes. That speech, we think, first turned the mind of Boston sympathizingly toward him. And from that day onward he has been one of the "Boston boys" of whom she has been especially proud. Truth first, pocket and position afterwards, has been, so far as we can discern, his reigning maxim. And in his whole course, from that Fourth of July when he stepped over the threshold of notoriety, to the moment when his physiognomy at the head of this sketch meets the reader's eye, we cannot deny that honest purpose, sometimes perhaps mistaken, and disinterested integrity and uprightness have been the corner stones of his character. The official points in his life are few and not very brilliant, indicating rather the faithful public servant and good citizen than the politician dexterous to catch the whiffs of popular applause, and cunning to mount upon the hobby-horses of philanthropy. No bright sinecure place has ever paid him for services to what he has considered the true faith, and no seat honorable enough to give fame and name by its own importance has ever fallen to his lot. In 1845, he was chosen to the city council, of which he continued a member till 1847, and was for two years president of the board. He has been one of the representatives in the State legislature, and a State senator in 1849. In this latter position it was that he had a severe verbal passage-at-arms with the present Massachusetts senator, Hon. Henry Wilson. The conflict, however, left no scars of bitter hatred on either side. Each of those gentlemen, we believe, thinks highly and respectfully of the other. Mr. Hillard was also a member of the constitutional convention that met at the State House in 1853. It was in this body that he manifested the best spirit, the bravest heart, and the eye single to what he thought just and right, careless of consequences to his personal interests. In reply to one of the frequent attacks made upon Boston, but from a somewhat more reputable source than common, Mr. Hillard spoke in a strain of bold and vigorous defiance, which this great municipality, with its net-work of busy interests, all of which are at the mercy of constitutional lawgivers, cannot soon forget. With daring ardor he concluded his remarks on that occasion — he had been more plain and homely and direct by far, than usual, and he surprised the house by the spirit with which he dashed off his concluding sentence — "Let gentlemen henceforth know that when Boston *needs* a defender, I am on hand." Mr. Hillard's literary and legal labors have occupied much more of his time than his political toils. His writing is clear, delicate, yet strong, sensible and sometimes splendid in its rhetoric. The schooling of the academic groves is chastened by the familiarity with the practical affairs of men. An edition of the poetry of Edmund Spenser, in five volumes, with an introduction and notes by him, gained him a permanent niche in the libraries of scholars. He wrote also a memoir of Henry R. Cleveland and a memoir of Captain John Smith, and edited one or two reviews for a time; but the first literary performance in which he grasped a wide-spread repute, was his twelve admirable lectures for the Lowell Institute, upon Milton. In them he breathed forth an eloquent sympathy with the blind bard, and a deep and critical appreciation of the grand old master's mind. Crowds thronged the hall, and universal approbation rewarded the lecturer. No course more popular was ever given upon that foundation. His last important work, "Six Months in Italy," is a beautiful, critical, learned and historical picture of Italian scenery and Italian art—not the mere social or geographical surface of life, but upon all things, especially upon artistic things, he presents us with the complete and independent views of a master mind. It must always be the vade-mecum of the intelligent traveller. It was republished in London, and was there most favorably received. Its title is unpretending, but its position is permanent. Mr. Hillard is now, we believe, at work upon a volume which shall make more fully known to our country the hitherto little understood genius of Walter Savage Landor; and this, we see by the publisher's announcement, is to be followed by an elementary reading-book, which, from his approved scholarship and established name, may become the classical standard in this part at least, of the country. His legal life, like almost all lawyers, is unfurnished with popular incidents. He has been, until recently, the city-solicitor, and we believe gave general satisfaction by his studious and clear management of the details of that duty. Should he do no more than he has done, the country may properly say, that the bright hopes which Mr. Webster expressed of him, in his famous seventh of March speech, have been already justified. For purity of character, devotion to duty, courageous defence of the attacked, exhibited in conjunction with a refined classical taste, a remarkable command of language, and a convincing eloquence, are alone satisfactory elements of an epitaph.



HON. GEORGE S. HILLARD.

SIMPHEROPOL.

We present herewith a sketch, drawn on the spot, showing the interior life of Simpheropol, in the Crimea. It represents the Café National, with a group of its customers sitting round on the semi-circular divan, enjoying the pipe, that indispensable oriental luxury. Commencing from the right hand, the first and second of the company are Tartars of the Crimea; next is a merchant of Sinope, of the better class; next is a Tartar; a Turk from Mecca; a wealthy inhabitant of the Crimea; and a Turk of Mecca; the whole presenting an interesting scene of Crimean costume and manners. Simpheropol, or *Akmetchet* (the White Mosque) is the capital of the Taurida and the Crimea, and lies in a central position, about forty miles northwest of Sevastopol. It is built on the banks of the River Salghir, in a rather unhealthy situation, and consists of two parts; one, built by the Russians, in the modern style, the other, which is occupied by the Tartars, is venerable for its antiquity. In the modern portion are the government offices and a very handsome cathedral. We extract the following notice from Oliphant's description, the most reliable authority to which we have access. "When the Crimea was ceded to Russia in 1781, the picturesque old town of Baktchiserai was considered unworthy of being the chief town of the new province, and a gay modern city was laid out on the plains of the Salghir, dignified with an imposing Greek name, and built in true Russian taste, with very broad streets, very white, tall houses, decorated with very green paint. If the population consisted entirely of Russians, the interior of the town would be as far from realizing the expectations which its outward appearance is calculated to produce, as Kazan or Sarntov; but fortunately for Simpheropol, it was once Akmetchet, and the inhabitants of Akmetchet still linger near the city of their ancestors, and invest the cold monotony of the new capital with an interest of which it would be otherwise quite unworthy. Formerly the second town in the Crimea, and the residence of the *kalga sultan*, or vice-khan, Akmetchet was a city of great importance, adorned with palaces, mosques and public baths. It has now exchanged the eastern magnificence of former days for the tawdry glitter of Muscovite barbarism. The streets inhabited by Tartars are composed entirely of blank walls, and would therefore be the dullest place imaginable were it not for the people who traverse them."



SCENE IN THE CAFE NATIONAL, AT SIMPHEROPOL.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE "AMERICAN."

The most effective means our countrymen have employed for advancing themselves and their nation has ever been the newspaper press. Editors and printers have always ranked high among us, and been mixed up with every great movement, pacific or military. Whenever we captured a city during the Mexican war, there we established an American newspaper—and very able sheets were these journals which the war gave birth to. When Scott was reviewing his army in the Valley of Mexico, having occasion to publish some proclamation, he asked: "Does there happen to be a printer among you? If so, let him step forward." *Him* indeed! Why, two hundred stout "typos" with "shooting sticks" advanced two paces to the front. There was a plethora of printers in the ranks—enough to set up a president's message in ten minutes.

These remarks are suggested by seeing before us a large weekly sheet, entitled the "American," edited by Americans, printed in the president's English, and published right under the nose of Louis Napoleon, in the capital of France. It is not, however, a political journal, but a gossiping sheet, giving all the current chit-chat of the day, with a large amount of advertisements, and serving as a sort of guide to Americans in Paris. Really, those happy dogs have enough to amuse them about this time. Why, there are twenty-five theatres and circusses in full blast every night—and then the balls at the Valentino, Vauxhall and the Winter Garden, to say nothing of the approaching masquerades at the Grand Opera!

"For the carnival's coming,
Guitaring and strumming,
And masking and mumming."

If our runaway friends are melancholy in the gay capital, they must be confirmed hypochondriacs, beyond the reach of Dr. Fun.

CASTELLAN.—Madame Castellan is to sing at the San Carlos Theatre, Naples, during the carnival. She is immensely popular in Europe. What a delicious little creature she was when in Boston—the prettiest, the most intellectual looking of prima donnas, with a throat like a bird's. Read painted a capital portrait of her.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS EXILE.—Victor Hugo, the great French author and orator, driven from France by Louis Napoleon, and from England by the British government, is now in Spain. Why don't he come to Boston and write plays for Mr. Barry?

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL is always for sale at all of the periodical depots for *six cents* per copy; but the best way to obtain it, in a neat, clean form, and at the *earliest moment*, is to subscribe direct to the office of publication.

SPLINTERS.

.... Professor Elliott lately made a balloon ascension by moonlight, calling by the way at several castles in the air.

.... Mrs. Winn, of Georgia, lately recovered $7000 damages of the Macon and Western Railroad for injuries in a collision.

.... Three Germans have lately committed suicide in New York. Is the rage for the "sorrows of Werther" revived?

... The Russ pavement in New York is considered a failure. The *rus in urbe* will never do, we fear.

.... A man who had his arm broken by a railroad accident, was offered a free ticket for life. Insult to injury!

.... One of our merchants has lately been shipping cannon and balls to China, to supersede fire crackers.

.... Mr. Barry, of the Boston Theatre, recently had a "benefit as was a benefit." He richly deserved it.

.... The new insane hospital to be erected at Northampton, Mass., will be a fine building, and accommodate 250 patients.

.... Emma Barnes, who shipped on board the James Ray, at Philadelphia, as a sailor, was found out to be a sailoress.

.... The towers of the suspension bridge at Rochester which fell lately, were restored with great despatch.

.... George C. Bovey of Bath, Me., has contracted to build the capitol of Nebraska Territory for $500,000.

.... A Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Times, says the allies are going to destroy Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. We'll see.

.... An old man of sixty, a graduate of Dublin University, was arrested for stealing a coat in Cincinnati. He is an inebriate.

.... A man in Baltimore drank a pint of camphene lately in default of alcohol, and it killed him.

.... It is said to be more difficult than dangerous to keep small bills on hand during bank panics.

.... A Mr. Harvey Moore is said to have discovered a new way of navigating the air. We doubt it.

... Rev. Wm. Burke, one of the oldest settlers in Ohio, lately died, aged 82. He saw the whole growth of that great State.

.... The shoemakers have good times, because every shoe is *soled* before it goes into the market.

... Robert Schuyler, the defaulter, is said to have died at Genoa. He was poor in spite of his frauds.

.... Two boys in North Easton, Mass., lately shot at their father's legs, mistaking them for rabbits. Queer!

.... The drovers and cattle dealers in New York had a meeting lately, and denounced the cattle-brokers severely.

.... J. B. Gouriet, the oldest literary man in France, lately died in the almshouse at Paris—a sad end!

SHIP BUILDING.

The New York Tribune, in a recent article, containing many excellent ideas, says: "Ship building was never thought of as belonging to the category of fine arts, though it had been carried on ever since the earth was peopled; yet it may be called an American art, because it has here reached its highest point of excellence, just as sculpture and temple-building, which were old arts before Athens was founded, culminated in Greece. There are now on the stocks in New York two ships, which are as well entitled to immortal remembrance as the Parthenon, and their architect is as deserving of renown as Ictinus of Athens." The vessels alluded to are the "Niagara," built for our government, and the "Adriatic" for the Collins line, the architect of both being Mr. George Steers, whose universal fame dates from the victory over the royal British yacht squadron, won by his incomparable yacht America, a victory as much more honorable than one gained upon a stricken field, as the arts of peace are more noble and ennobling than the arts of war.

We are scarcely disposed to challenge the justice which ranks ship-building as one of the fine arts. A ship of George Steers, or Donald McKay, or D. D. Kelley, is as much an original creation as a statue, a picture, or a poem. These men, and many of their professional brethren, are not mere copyists or servile imitators of established models—their productions are the result of original conceptions. Harmony and proportion, flowing lines and perfect symmetry, elements of beauty and power in a picture and a statue, are combined in these brave ships that walk the waters like things of life. And there is no creation of human art that appears fairer to the eye than a beautiful ship, poised truly and securely on what is pleasantly but erroneously termed her "native element," with all the bravery of her white sails, piled up tier on tier, like terraces of snowy clouds, till, diminishing in aerial perspective, they seem to melt softly into the blue sky, swept by her streamers like rays of rosy light.

And when we think of the destiny of those winged messengers—how they are to bear glad tidings of salvation to distant lands—how they are to carry food to distant starving mouths—how they are to return from long voyages, burthened with freights of gold and spices, with rich silks and luscious fruits, how they go to and fro like shuttles, weaving the unseen threads of gold that link together nations widely remote in a community of interests—how, when those threads are rudely snapped, they sweep the main fraught with the thunder of insulted nationality—then we are ready to class them with the brightest and bravest productions of human genius, and to rank their builders with the Phidiases, the Angelos, the Raphaels, that have crowned art with an imperishable halo of glory.

GREAT INCREASE.—For the last three weeks the daily increase of our subscription list has surpassed any like experience in newspaper business, which we have realized in sixteen years of active connection with the press. Names and money have flowed in upon us from the furthest extremes of the country, as well as from our immediate neighborhood—for our PICTORIAL is not a *local* paper, being, on the contrary, designed for every home, north or south, east or west. This complete success is very gratifying to us, showing, as it does, that the improvements we have gradually but steadily introduced into our illustrated paper, meet with universal favor.

PARK BENJAMIN.—This gentleman has recently completed a highly successful course, or rather tour, of his popular lectures in our Western towns and cities. The papers speak in encomiastic terms of his lectures in Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Columbus, Cleveland, Pittsburg, and other places. He was invited by the Mercantile Library and Young Men's Associations, which, by the way, we are glad to see multiplying in all parts of the country.

LECTURES.—The editor of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL would reply to numerous calls upon him to lecture in various parts of New England, that he can only comply with such demands upon him in this connection, as shall admit of his returning to Boston at an early hour each morning. To lyceums in the vicinity of this city, any evening will be given which is not already engaged.

BE PARTICULAR.—No matter on what business you write a letter, be careful always to date it clearly, writing the name of your post-office, county and State plainly, as well as your own name with distinctness. All these, so plain to the writer, often become incomprehensible puzzles to a second party.

AGRICULTURE.—There are to be two grand agricultural fairs in France, in May, 1856, and May, 1857. The prizes will be numerous and valuable, and open for competition to all countries. In agricultural machinery, the United States bids fair to carry off the palm.

BINDING.—We are receiving the past volume of the PICTORIAL from our subscribers, at the rate of two hundred per day, to be bound up in our neat and uniform style, full gilt, with illumined title-page and indexes, at a charge of *one dollar* each.

CLUBS, CLUBS!—Let all persons who are striving for the prizes, forward us the subscribers' names as far as collected, with the money, and then add to the list as many names as they can procure up to February 1st, when the prizes will be awarded.

A DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLER.—Dr. Barth is quite a lion in London. He brings to the fashionable drawing-rooms the very latest scandals from Timbuctoo.

SCOTT'S ENTRANCE INTO MEXICO.

The large picture which occupies pages 40 and 41 of our present number was drawn expressly for us by Billings, and engraved by Andrew, and reflects the highest credit upon both these artists. So admirable are the drawing, grouping and effect that, as we gaze upon the design, imagination supplies color and motion, and we seem transported, by the magic of art, to that scene of triumph which rewarded the brief but sanguinary toils of the American army in Mexico, and added fresh laurels to the brow of its heroic leader, renewing for him, in 1847, the excitement and the honors of 1814. We behold him on his proud war-horse, surrounded by his gallant staff, distinguished in their bearing, but dressed with the simplicity which befits soldiers of the republic. Near in front, the Mexican populace, with swelling hearts, gaze sullenly upon the deploying column—on the ranks of these men—every one a hero, who have been "baptized in fire and come out steel." Huge, towering and imposing rises the vast cathedral, the most magnificent temple of worship in America, and surpassed by very few ecclesiastical edifices in the old world. The scene, contemplated at even this distance of time, thrills us with strange emotions. It was on the 14th of September, 1847, at eight o'clock in the morning, that Winfield Scott entered the Grand Plaza with his escort. Quitman and Smith, with their commands, had preceded him. As the veteran general appeared, escorted by his staff and cavalry, the band of the dragoons struck up the national air, "Hail Columbia!" the air was rent with the shouts of the victorious soldiery, and the stars and stripes were given to the breeze from the "Halls of the Montezumas." Cortez had triumphed here three centuries before, and now, over the descendants of the Spanish *conquistador*, a general of another race triumphed in his turn. To distant observers, the campaign of Scott seemed hardly less daring than the expedition of Cortez. It was with a handful of men that Scott beat the modern Mexicans, as with a handful of Castilians the Spanish general overthrew the empire of the Aztecs. But Scott commanded Americans—men of heart and hand—freemen, who voluntarily followed a banner that had never been lifted in an unholy cause, and had never been trailed in the ignominy of defeat. He was seconded by officers than whom no braver or better ever led troops into the fire. His campaign was a romance from its commencement to the final triumph we have illustrated. On the 26th of March, 1847, Vera Cruz surrendered; April 19, the Mexicans were defeated in the bloody affair of Cerro Gordo; the 20th of August witnessed the victories of Contreras and Churubusco, when the enemy stood at bay in the basin of Mexico; Molina del Rey was taken Sept. 8, and Chapultepec stormed on the 13th of the same month. On the ensuing day, the city surrendered and was occupied. Scott's effective force in the last engagements was only about 8500 men, and opposing him was a vastly superior body of men, fighting for their homes, their altars and their fires. The news of our triumph soon sped to the remotest quarters of the globe, and its influence abroad was incalculable.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. Charles J. Schirer, of Charleston, S. C., to Miss Mary Jane Lawrence, of Medford; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Albion P. Maxwell to Miss Mary C. Johnson; Mr. Thomas Kelly to Miss Ann L. Berry; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Benjamin Blanchard, of Charlestown, to Miss Vianna Colman; by Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. James R. Hale, of New York, to Miss Sarah Frances Demeritt; by Rev. Mr. Wines, Mr. J. Jewett Wilcox, of St. Louis, to Miss Sarah E. Cofran.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Tappan, Mr. Justin Winsor, of Boston, to Miss Caroline T. Barker.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. Ammon Rodgers to Miss Anna D. Laws, of Boston.—At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Murray, Mr. Edward W. Jacobs to Miss Eliza W. Poole.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Andrew Newcomb, Esq., of West Newbury, to Miss Eliza F. Evans.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Eldridge, Mr. Charles Sowle, of South Gilboa, N. Y., to Miss Phebe A. Pettis.—At North Adams, by Rev. Mr. Meredith, Mr. Amos R. Houghton to Miss Jane L. Wells.—At Springfield, by Rev. Dr. Ide, Mr. E. William Barker, of Hartford, Conn., to Miss Emilie L. Wight.—At Greenfield, by Rev. Dr. Chandler, Mr. Moses P. Bascom to Miss Lydia P. Smith.—At Nantucket, by Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Nathan Parker, to Miss Elizabeth G. Clark.—At New York, by Rev. Mr. Balch, Mr. Wm G. Odell to Miss Louise, daughter of Benj. D. Brush, Esq., all of that city.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Ebenezer Franklin, 71; Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts, 31; Mr. Alexander Chandler, 58; Mr. Pompey Thurston, 68; Miss Belio F. Sherburne, 18.—At Charlestown, Mr. James Everett Damon, 22.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Elizabeth Sweeney, 63.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Lydia L. Cutter, 36: Mrs. Mary Smith, 48.—At Malden, Mr. Samuel Albert Cox; Mrs. Julia White, formerly of New York, 52.—At South Reading, Mr. David Foster, 84.—At Salem, Frederick Howes, Esq., 73; Widow Deliverance Courtis 76; Miss Elizabeth Bullock, 78; Mr. James Beird, 52; Miss Mary Symonds, 71.—At Newburyport, Widow Jane Auhin, 72.—At Newbury, Capt. Samuel Merrill, 82.—At Worcester, Miss Emma P. Parker, 54; Mr. Luther White, 21.—At Millbury, Mr. Levi L. Gould, of Boston, 30.—At North Fairhaven, Mr. Bethuel Dexter, of Marion, 71.—At Pittsfield, Mr. John White, 70; Miss Semantha Ahbe, 42.—At West Granville, Mr. Christopher Rose, 62.—At Northampton, Mrs. Lucretia C. Perry, 50.—At Greenfield, Widow Abigail Pierce, 60.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Lucy Folger, 67; Mr. James Barnard, 82.—At Harvard, Mr. Silas W. Holman, 41.—At Sherburne, Miss Mary Bullard, 73.—At Kingstown, George R. Leake, Esq.—At Keene, N. H., Mrs Betsey Leonard, 101.—At New London, Conn., Mr. Jonathan Colt, 85.—At Johnstown, N. Y., Mr. Joseph Balch, a soldier of the Revolution, 96.—At Utica, N. Y., Rev. James Fountain, 69.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	1 00
10 " " "	2 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PAST.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Deep in my heart at last,
I fold the joys of yore;
The spirit of the pleasant past,
Beloved forevermore.

Spirit of better days,
God grant that I be true,
In all my work, in all my ways,
To something pure as you!

May ne'er the shade of crime
Or folly put to shame,
Remembrance of that blessed time
Ere tempting evil came.

With cold, reproving eyes,
At memory's thrilling call,
God grant that ne'er to me ye rise,
Like Samuel unto Saul!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

MARY GOLDTHWAIT sat by the well-filled grate in her father's drawing-room. It was on a cold evening in winter, and the wind howled mournfully around the street corners and through the narrow lanes and alleys. Mary was a pale, slim girl, but possessing a beauty which even the most fastidious could not have questioned. Her hair, which was of a deep, golden brown, lay neatly waving upon a brow as pure as snow, and the soft, lustrous eyes, which seemed to have the same deep golden hue, shed a light from the soul which could only have emanated from a source of purity and worth. She had seen eight-and-twenty years of life, and yet she remained a maiden, beneath her father's roof. A close calculator of physiognomy would have said that Mary had some heart-grief that made her look so pale. So she had, though perhaps no one save herself, on earth, knew all her heart-secrets. She had lost a beloved mother when she was twenty, and since that she had seen one brother and one elder sister laid away in the tomb. She sat now with her small white hands clasped over her bosom, and her eyes turned downward till the long lashes lay like golden pencillings upon her cheek.

Near her, in his great armchair, sat her father. He was a tall, slim man, whose head was white, and whose face was deeply furrowed by the hand of time. There were some kind marks upon his features, and some hard, cold ones; but now he looked troubled and unhappy.

"Mary," he said, in continuation of a conversation already commenced, "for eight-and-twenty years I have found a home for you, and your every wish has been promptly met and answered. Your good has been my highest aim, and your peace and happiness my only joy. You are advancing in years, and soon your father must leave you alone. But I—I—cannot leave you at the mercy of the cold world. Now a good home is open to you, and you must accept it. Men might call me selfish could they know all my motives; but I am sure you will not. A crisis has come; a volcano has grown up beneath my feet. In a few more short days it must whelm me in utter ruin, if I be not saved. Mr. Smith has asked me for your hand. He has seen you at church, and he has watched you narrowly. He loves you. He is wealthy—more wealthy than your father was. And he holds notes of mine, too—notes to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars."

"But your name is not alone on these notes?" gasped Mary.

"No—only the first of four, but I am holden for the whole. Yet the quarter part of that is more than sufficient to ruin me."

"And Mr. Smith makes my hand the equivalent?"

"Yes. Or—I must say, he has not said so. But he knows my situation, and knowing it, he has asked for the hand of my child. Ah, Mary, it does seem to me that God has kept your hand till now, that it might be the means of lifting your old father up from ruin. You have even rejected suitors whom I have favored; but I do not think you have rejected a better man than Mr. Smith."

Ah, that old man had forgotten one! He had forgotten a bright-haired youth who once laid his heart at Mary's feet. But that was long years agone, and his mind went not back so far.

"Now what shall I tell Mr. Smith?"

"My heart is all broken and torn," she said, gazing sadly into her father's face, "but my hand is free. Tell Mr. Smith this. Tell him I will give my *hand* to save my father, and forget not to tell him that my *heart* is not in the trade, for I would not deceive him."

"O, you will love him, Mary. He has promised that you shall have all you can ask for, and I know he will be kind."

"I have said that I will marry him," the fair maiden returned, "and so you may tell him. But you would only cruelly deceive him did you tell him no more. Tell him my father has cared for me and protected me through a weary life, and that now I am ready to save that father from ruin. Tell him this, and then he shall know all."

"I shall tell him to come to-morrow evening, Mary; for so he wishes. O, I know you will be happy. He will make you one of the best of husbands. He is rich—very rich."

"In what, my father?"

The old man started at those words, for they were spoken very strangely.

"In the goods of this world, and in—in—honor and manhood," he replied.

Mary did not speak further, for she wished not to worry her father. She knew that his soul was already tortured by misfortune and commercial calamity, and she would not make her sacrifice for him ungrateful, by casting a shade of reproach upon him.

Ere long old Andrew Goldthwait allowed his feelings to run in a more pleasing channel. The ruin which had stared him in the face was to be averted, and in his soul he believed that his child would not be one whit worse off for the transaction. He knew Mr. Smith to be wealthy, and he believed him to be a kind and honorable man. He fancied, too, that he could look into and read his daughter's heart. He thought she wept and sorrowed for the mother and brother and sister she had lost, and that she objected to this match because she had resolved not to marry. But he flattered himself that at the end of the first year of married life he should find her a happy wife.

On the following evening Mary again sat by the grate, in the drawing-room. She was alone now, and her face was more pale than usual. But she was calm—as calm as the marble statue that stood near her.

The outer door was opened, and she heard the tread of heavy feet in the hall. Then the inner door swung back and her father entered. She looked up and she saw another man—it was he to whom she had promised her hand; the man whose money was to save her parent.

Mr. Goldthwait introduced Mr. Smith. Mary arose and extended her hand. It was cold, but it did not tremble. She looked up into his face, and she saw a man of medium height, with a high brow, dark eyes, and a neatly trimmed beard. He greeted her politely, and then took a seat.

Some half an hour was spent in conversation, mostly between the two men, and then the remarks grew gradually less, until a silence ensued. Nearly ten minutes elapsed before another word was spoken, and the stillness was becoming oppressive, when the visitor broke the spell.

"Miss Goldthwait," he said, in a low, soft tone, "you are of course aware of the object of my visit here this evening, and I know you will pardon me if I speak plainly."

Mary looked up, but she made no reply. The tones of the speaker's voice were so kind and gentle that she began to pity him. She felt that he ought to go and find some wife who could love him.

"Your father has spoken plainly with me," resumed Mr. Smith. "He has told me that you fear you have no heart to give, but that you will yet be my wife. Yet he assured me that you will learn to love me in time. I once thought I should never love again, but the sight of your face dispelled the illusion. I will tell you all, and then you shall judge for yourself whether I even have a heart for you."

Mary had now fixed her eyes steadily upon the speaker, and her features had assumed an eager, wistful expression.

"Long years ago I loved a beautiful girl, and she loved me in return. I was young then, and I only thought of love, and I did not dream that fate could crush my soul's dearest hope. That fair girl was all to me. I held her in my soul as my very life, and not a thought had I of the future but 'twas of her. And I knew that she loved me as well, for she had told me so a hundred times. But a terrible crash came upon my joys. My idol's father was wealthy, and I was poor. He was a merchant—I only a humble clerk. When I told him of my love, he spurned me from his door, and bade me never enter it again. O, Heaven! what a wreck of soul was that! Who shall picture the utter midnight of the blasted and broken heart? Who shall tell its wailings and its deep, dark griefs? All crushed and broken down, I fled from the place where my love had grown up, and in the heat and whirl of business, I tried to forget my sorrows. Worldly fortune seemed to single me out as its especial favorite. My wildest and most reckless transactions turned out well, and money seemed to fly out, as if by magic, from everything I placed my hands to. Thus passed away eleven years, and then I came to this city, where I settled down. That was one year ago. I saw you, I loved you; you opened my crushed heart and let the tide of love forth. I asked the merchant again for his child, and—and—"

The speaker's lips trembled, his bosom seemed heaving with a powerful emotion. "Mary," he said, in a breaking tone, "I have asked thy father, and he has told me—yes. Will you be mine?"

The maiden had no more doubt. Years seemed to have passed like magic from the calendar of the past; it seemed only yesterday that a loved youth told his tale of love, for since then only grief had been hers, and grief was no more now. She sank forward, and on the next moment she was clasped to the bosom of the man who for long years had possessed her heart.

"*James Smith!*" gasped the old man, starting to his feet in astonishment.

"Yes, sir," returned the younger man, looking up through his tears, but yet holding the loved one in his embrace.

"The James Smith who used to be my brother's clerk?"

"Yes, sir—the very same. Do you retract your promise?"

"No, no, no! O, my soul, no! Take my child—take her, and if you love her, forgive her father."

"Ah," replied the happy suitor, as he led Mary to a seat, and then reclined by her side, and drew her head upon his shoulder, "if I forgive, then I must remember a wrong, and that I will not do. Let us forget all of the past but its joys, and look to the future for what duty and true love can give us. I am now content."

"And so am I," uttered the aged parent.

"And what say you?" asked James, gazing into Mary's face.

"Ah," she replied, in a tone too deep for mere passing emotion "content were too poor a word to tell all I feel. God grant that I forget Him not in this great joy!"

SPLENDID PRIZE OFFER!

SOMETHING REALLY WORTH STRIVING FOR.

Being resolved to increase the present unequalled edition of "Ballou's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion" to the number of

150,000

copies weekly, the proprietor has determined to send abroad through the Union the following inducement for post-masters and other energetic and industrious persons, *male or female*, to obtain and send to us clubs for our illustrated journal. For this purpose,

TWELVE ELEGANT AND RICH PRIZES

are offered, and will be faithfully awarded as agreed herein—a purpose which shall be personally carried out by the proprietor, who pledges himself to its impartial and honest execution. The intrinsic value of the prizes is over

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

so arranged as to be divided among the individuals who shall forward to us the twelve largest clubs of subscribers for the "Pictorial" between the first of December, 1855, and the 1st of February, 1856, being a period of about *sixty days*. When it is remembered that the agent has to work with, not only the most attractive, but positively

THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD!

it will be realized how easily subscriptions can be procured anywhere.

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion

is now in its tenth volume, volume *tenth* having commenced on the 1st of January. It is the only illustrated paper of its class in America, and the pioneer of illustrated papers on this side the Atlantic. It is elegantly printed on the finest of satin surfaced paper, containing *sixteen* super royal pages in each number, with an average of *twenty illustrations weekly!* These engravings are large and artistic in execution, embracing every current topic of interest, including rural scenery, maritime matters, architecture, noted localities all over this country and Europe, likenesses of eminent characters, male and female, at home and abroad, processions, celebrations, natural history, battles, fortifications, and, in short, every theme of general interest, forming an elegant

ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF THE TIMES.

Besides the illustrations, it contains eight or more super royal pages of *original* sketches of adventure, tales, poems, biographies and choice miscellaneous reading (no advertisements will be admitted), altogether forming a delightful weekly visitor to the home circle, and making two elegant volumes each year for binding, of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

We have commenced the new volume of the "Pictorial," as above, with what we unhesitatingly pronounce to be the best novelette we have ever printed. It is the first story we have ever published *without knowing who the author is!* This work needs no name to make it popular. For intricacy of plot, delicacy of description, pathos, delineation of human nature, dissection of the motives of during men, the tenderness of the female heart, and the power of secret motives, this story will stand unrivalled. It is entitled:

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

We shall fully illustrate this remarkable story, and our readers may confidently expect to be deeply entertained and interested in its weekly perusal. We are resolved the coming volume shall be the best we have ever yet issued.

THE PRIZES!

To the person who sends us the *first* largest club, we will present an elegant first class PIANO FORTE, rosewood case, of the best Boston workmanship, warranted in all respects. Value..... $300

To the person who sends us the *second* largest club, we will present a superior ENGLISH LEVER GOLD WATCH, with a rich gold chain seals and key, new and warranted perfect in all respects. Value..... 200

To the person who sends us the *third* largest club, we will present a library of ONE HUNDRED BOUND VOLUMES of new and valuable books, embracing biographies, histories, novels, records of travel, etc. Value..... 150

To the person who sends us the *fourth* largest club, we will present a superb ENGLISH DOUBLE BARRELED GUN, silver mounted, with shot and powder pouch, game bag and fixtures, a reliable weapon. Value..... 100

To the person who sends us the *fifth* largest club, we will present a LADY'S GOLD WATCH, new, elegantly set in gold, with a rich enamel back, best Geneva workmanship, and warranted. Value..... 80

To the person who sends us the *sixth* largest club, we will present a superior ENGLISH SILVER LEVER WATCH, new, and warranted in all respects a perfect instrument and timekeeper. Value..... 60

To the person who sends us the *seventh* largest club, we will present an elegant AMERICAN RIFLE, silver mounted, new, and of the best make, with powder flask and fixtures—a superb weapon. Value..... 55

To the person who sends us the *eighth* largest club, we will present a fine RIDING SADDLE and BRIDLE, made *to our own order*, of the best English stock, by William Holmes, 21 Tremont Row, Boston, with curb and snaffle bits, and all the fixtures perfect. Value..... 50

To the person who shall send us the *ninth* largest club, we will present a richly wrought Purse, suitable for a gentleman or lady, and containing thirty GOLD DOLLARS Value..... 35

To the person who shall send us the *tenth* largest club, we will present an ENGLISH SILVER WATCH, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Value..... 25

To the person who shall send us the *eleventh* largest club, we will present a fine heavy GOLD SEAL RING, elaborately wrought and with the initials of the person who wins it cut upon the stone. Value..... 20

To the person who shall send us the *twelfth* largest club, we will present five large and beautiful STEEL ENGRAVINGS, each one exhibiting some interesting scene, framed in gilt, parlor ornaments. Value..... 18

Every prize offered is new, just from the manufacturers, and may be seen at any hour of the day, by calling at our publication office.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,..... $3 00
4 subscribers, " " 10 00
10 " " 20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis. All who exert themselves are sure of remuneration.

Any person sending us *fifty* subscribers shall receive the eight volumes complete of our "Pictorial," elegantly and uniformly bound in full gilt, with illustrated title pages and indexes, containing nearly *ten thousand* fine illustrations, the price of which is sixteen dollars.

It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us as fast as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore as soon as ten or a dozen subscribers have been obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names, at the same rate, and they will be duly credited to the account of the person sending until February 1, 1856

It is not required that the entire club should be from one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post-office, but all the subscriptions must come through the same agent in order to be counted, to his or her credit.—This prize offer cannot be applied to any regular wholesale agent of our paper. The clubs must be *bona fide, and each name be sent with the money.*

The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

Sample copies of the paper furnished gratis when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

☞ In writing letters, please be careful to write names of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Among the more recent exports from California was a cargo of *shovels!* —— The projected foundation of a first class university at Troy, N. Y., seems likely to be soon carried out, the subscriptions now reaching $170,000 towards $200,000 needed for the commencement of operations. —— The Western people denominate as *wild cat* all their irresponsible bank paper which is floating in the country. —— La Grua, the handsomest and youngest prima donna on the stage, has taken Rio de Janeiro by storm. The Emperor of Brazil has presented her with a pair of diamond ear-rings worth 25,000 francs—$5000. —— The horses find the new pavement on Washington Street a "hard road to travel." —— The Washington Union states that the law requiring the pre-payment of postage in no respect affects letters sent from foreign countries—pre-payment of which is optional with the writer. —— All the chestnut trees throughout Rockingham county, N. C., and the surrounding counties, have died this season. —— R. W. Pease, a medical practitioner of Syracuse, states that lard is a complete antidote to strychnine. He instances several experiments to the point, one of which, tried by himself upon a cat, was perfectly successful. —— The South Carolina Senate has passed a bill repealing the usury laws. —— An ardent Southerner, who has just been enraptured by "Rose Clark," has written a letter to Fanny Fern, begging her to send him one of her old gaiter boots. —— The city of Kars (cars)—Newark, N. J. —— The wheat now held by the millers of Rochester, N. Y., is valued at over $1,000,000. The milling business for 1855 has been uncommonly lucrative, and their profits foot up more than $500,000. —— The Barnstable Patriot says that of the six prisoners in the House of Correction in that town, the oldest is but 18 years of age, one is only 10, three are only 14, and one is 16. —— A propeller, of 500 tons burthen is now building in New York, to run between Fairhaven, Mass., and New York. —— One enterprising Broadway merchant, says the New York Times, exhibits in his shop window a "Staff of life," to wit, a loaf of bread some four feet long, nearly as lean as a staff should be. —— It may not be generally known that, by a law of April 12th, 1854, raw cotton is made free of duty in Belgian ports. —— Healey, the well-known artist, who recently returned from Europe, it is said, is about to take up his residence in Chicago. —— Saw dust is now used in many stables in this city in place of straw. —— The Sisters of Charity are about to establish a hospital and a young ladies' seminary at Alton, Illinois. —— A bill has been introduced in the South Carolina Senate to punish factors and commission merchants for fraudulently conveying to their own use any cotton, rice, or produce. —— Mr. Theodore Fay, the U. S. Minister in Switzerland, it is said, is now engaged, and has been for years, in writing a history of the Swiss Republic. —— A Connecticut man named Alvah Harris, was fined twenty dollars and costs at Providence, lately, for selling turkeys by balances that were so defective that he got pay for an extra pound on every fowl he sold. —— It is said that the family of Mr. Asaph Wales (ten in number) was the only one remaining in Norfolk in which a case of yellow fever did not occur during the lamentable epidemic there. —— A Mr. John Costigan, who sued the proprietors of the Albany Transcript for libel (as he imagined), bringing two suits of $5000 damages each, failed to make out his case, and the jury rendered a verdict for the defendents. The second suit was dismissed. —— Towns bearing the names of Inkermann, Balaklava, Varna, Alma and Raglan, have already been organized in Canada. —— Hincks, the sculptor, has been engaged on a head of Longfellow, and a half length of Halleck. He has also drawn a picture of oriental life, representing Bayard Taylor smoking a pipe in oriental costume. —— Much excitement has been created in St. Paul, Minnesota, recently, by the action of the trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, in letting the sacred edifice for a concert by the Hutchinson family.

THE "LITTLE TREASURE."—This is the title of an excellent play recently performed in London, New York, and this city. It is an adaptation from the French. The events follow each other with railroad rapidity, showing how much can be crowded into an hour on the stage: "Gertrude believes her father in India at 9 P. M.; discovers that he is in London at 9.5; resolves to see him at 9.15; arrives at his house, 9.30; takes him back with her, 9.45; effects reconciliation between her parents, 9.55; gets a husband for herself, 9.59; curtain down, 10 P. M."

BABYLONIAN LIBRARIES.—Colonel Rawlinson has just discovered among the ruins of ancient Babylon, an extensive library—not indeed on printed paper, but impressed on baked bricks. Just think of a bookseller announcing that he had just baked a treatise on astronomy; and of a critic's complimenting a publisher on a work's being done remarkably brown; or of a gentleman of Babylon carrying home the advance pages of the last new novel in a hod! What jolly times!

THE STAGE.—The New York Sunday Times thinks that Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne has improved from seeing Rachel, and says: "We note the fact with pleasure, as affording an evidence that the example of the great tragedienne will not fail to have a beneficial effect upon the American stage."

NOISY CARRIER'S BOOK AND STATIONARY CO., No. 77 LONG WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Incorporated according to an act of the Legislature of California, January 1, 1855. CHARLES P. KIMBALL, President.—TRUSTEES—Charles P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibben, G. B. Haywood.—CHARLES GALACAR, Agent, NEW YORK. 3—8m

IMMIGRANTS.—The number of immigrants which arrived at New York up to December 12, last year, was 127,595, against 298,994 for the same period in 1854—a falling off of 171,399.

Wayside Gatherings.

A new and splendid Masonic temple has just been finished in Manchester, N. H.

The Baltimore papers speak highly of a beautiful *barkantine*—a new class vessel.

An autograph of Benedict Arnold was sold recently in Boston for $4 50.

The yellow fever still lingers in New Orleans, notwithstanding the advent of winter.

The census of Illinois shows a population in that State, of about 1,300,000, against 805,018 in 1850.

Gold has been discovered near the Rocky Mount, Franklin Co., Va. A company is preparing to work the mine.

The amount required for the support of the Philadelphia public schools during the coming year, is $595,600.

The homœopathic physicians of Illinois have just held a convention at Peoria and organized a State medical association.

The Pekin Plain Dealer says the Illinois Hedge Co. have set out 200 miles of Osage Orange hedge in Tazewell county.

A tall cast-iron shot tower has recently been erected in Centre Street, New York, and is the only one of the kind in the world.

A terrible famine prevails at Cape de Verd. The people are devouring the carcasses of their dead cattle, and the stalks of the banana.

A project is on foot for the establishment in Winchester, Va., of a college of high grade, to be under the control of the Odd Fellows.

The Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D., has been chosen president of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, in place of Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, resigned.

The extension of the new treasury building, it is said, will obstruct the view of the president's house from the capitol and Pennsylvania Avenue.

Two ladies of fashion, in St. Louis, have recently died suddenly. Cause—arsenic taken in small doses, to give brilliancy to their complexions.

A writer complains, with justice, we think, of the manner in which the congressional library has been fenced in—denying free access to the books by visitors.

The volcano, or "burning lake" of Kilauea, situated in the island of Hawaii, one of the Sandwich group, is in active eruption. It is a "lake burning with fire and brimstone."

The Advertiser states that the stock for three swift American steamers, to ply between Panama and Valparaiso, has been nearly taken up by capitalists, chiefly in Boston and New York.

In Chicago, a few days since, while the judge of the recorder's court was trying a case of horse stealing, his own horse and buggy were stolen from the vicinity of the court room.

The first session of the thirty-fourth Congress will, most probably, be a very protracted one, as it is proposed to refer Longfellow's "Hiawatha" to the Committee on Indian Affairs.

Chev. Hulsemann has been received by the president as Austrian minister resident. Mr. Henry Bosch has also presented his credentials as charge d' affairs of the king of the Belgians.

Michael Sweeny has been arrested for placing obstructions on the line of the Milwaukee Railroad. Twice before on this road, have trains been thrown off by obstructions placed on the track.

The Newburyport Submarine Company have closed their operations for this season. Their last work was the raising of a wreck in Portland, that had been bedded in the mud for five years.

M. L. Sweet, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has a hog whose live weight is 1200 pounds. He measures nine feet from the end of the snout to the root of his tail, and his body is three feet deep.

The New York Evening Post says M'lle Nantier Didiée, who recently appeared at the Academy of Music, is, with one exception, the finest contralto singer that we have had in this country.

The buttons on the coat of John Hancock were of silver, and of American manufacture. The device was a shepherd shearing his sheep—the motto, "you gain more by our lives than by our deaths."

The president has granted a pardon in the case of Capt. Kelleridge, late of the steamship North Star, who was tried and convicted of firing a loaded pistol at one of the waiters of that ship, and he has been set at liberty.

Six years ago, Mr. Van Renssalaer, now of Albany, buried one of his children at Cherry Hill. Recently the body was taken up for removal, and upon examination was found to be in a perfect state of petrefaction, as solid as marble.

A constable in Indiana recently traced a very delicate piece of stolen lace to the possession of a servant girl, who, finding she was discovered, quickly put it in her mouth and swallowed it; when, believing it *out of his jurisdiction*, the officer left her!

Charles Jerome shot an owl near New Haven, Conn., measuring five feet from tip to tip of its wings; its legs and belly were of a beautiful tan color, its back a dark brown, and its ears uncommonly long; it had a beautiful set of claws, each fang more than an inch in length.

"In point of style," the London Athenæum says of Mr. Prescott, "he ranks with the ablest English historians; and paragraphs may be found in his volumes, in which the grace and eloquence of Addison are combined with Robertson's majestic cadence and Gibbon's brilliancy."

An exchange states that Mr. William Hood, a drover of Chester county, Pa., was drugged and robbed of $1000 at Wilmington, Delaware, recently. The thief must have closely resembled the famous outlaw of Sherwood Forest, as the police took him for *Robbin' Hood*.

The dead letter branch of the Finance Bureau was never before half so efficient as at present. Nearly one and a half millions of dead letters were opened during the last quarter. Three thousand letters, for that period, contained money to an amount exceeding $18,000, about seven-eighths of which has been promptly restored to its owners.

Bread riots are becoming common all over Great Britain. While the working-classes are clamoring by thousands for bread, the queen, as some one says, "is in her parlor eating bread and honey, perfectly indifferent to the sufferings of her wretched subjects!" The war is literally eating up England, and the end is not yet.

Mr. Ridgeway, civil engineer and geologist, estimates the total amount of merchantable coal in Hampshire and Hardy counties, Virginia, at 1,560,000,000 tons, at the lowest calculation. Within the area of the coal measures he locates 375,000,000 tons of nodular argillaceous iron ore, besides 135,000,000 tons of the "siliceous fossiliferous" variety of ore in the rocks of the Knobly mountain.

Foreign Items.

The admiralty have extended the age for admission into the British navy from fourteen to fifteen years.

Mustapha Bey, son of Ibrahim Pacha, had, by the last account, arrived in Cairo from his tour through Europe.

It is affirmed in Paris, that Russia has been obliged to purchase corn in Germany; but the assertion greatly requires confirmation.

Great indignation is being expressed by antiquaries in Europe, at the closing of the Museum of Private Antiquities, in Naples, by order of the king.

From statistics recently published in England, whilst the average duration of human life is estimated at thirty-three years, that among the Friends is an average of fifty-one years.

A slight difference which had arisen between Greece and the United States of America has just been terminated, to the mutual satisfaction of the two governments.

The clerks in the telegraph office at Berlin are locked up during the time of business, and for two or three hours afterwards, so that they may not be able to betray the secrets of customers.

The Trieste Gazette says the Greek government has agreed to pay to the American citizen King a compensation of 138,000 drachms for his land at Athens, which was taken from him.

Count Onwaroff, a distinguished Russian philologist, and author of several highly esteemed works, died recently. He was for some time president of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

Dr. Mohl, professor of the University of Heidelberg, has discovered in the monastery of St. Paul, in Corinth, a manuscript of the elder Pliny, containing nearly the whole of the seventh part of the Natural History, lib. 11 to 14.

Sands of Gold.

.... Love is not love when it is mingled with respects that stand aloof from the entire point.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Nor love thy life, nor hate; but whilst thou livest live well; how long, how short, permit to Heaven.—*Milton.*

.... Our repentance is not so much regret for the evil we have done as fear of its consequences to us.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... The man who will live above his present circumstances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them.—*Addison.*

.... Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.—*Colton.*

.... Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell: though all things foul would wear the brows of grace, yet grace must still look so.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Be not penny-wise. Riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves; sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more.—*Lord Bacon.*

.... Sincerity is like travelling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves.—*Tillotson.*

.... There is as much greatness of mind in the owning of a good turn as in the doing of it; and we must no more force a requital out of season, than be wanting in it.—*Seneca.*

.... To tell your own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are entrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.—*Johnson.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is an andiron like a yardstick? Because it has three feet.

A very mean man is standing upon his own dignity—the smallest kind of a platform!

What is the difference between a butcher and a gay young lady? The former kills to dress, while the latter dresses to kill.

"I am very much afraid of lightning," said a pretty lady. "And well you may be," replied a despairing lover, "as your heart is made of steel."

The following toast was given at a recent celebration:—"The rights of woman; if she cannot be captain of a ship, may she always command a *smack*."

"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen."—"O, yaw," was the reply, "I know de reason for dat; *mine modder was a woman.*"

"It is not proper for you to play school, my dear, to-day, for it is Sunday."—"I know it, mother," replied the little girl, "but it is *Sunday* school that I am playing."

Our old friend, Mrs. Partington, was very indignant on hearing that the Russians had taken *flight;* at the same time she observed that it must have been an outlandish sort of place at best, for *she* couldn't find it anywhere on the map.

An exchange says, "that the 'schoolmaster is abroad' in Chicago, is evident to us from a sign we saw painted upon a shop window, a day or two since, on the north side. It read something like this: 'Pise nutts pop Kake Beer cigars and boardeing.'"

"There's our Gershom," said Mr. Shelton, "he must go off to the city, to get his living by his wits."—"Well, how did he make out?" asked a friend. "Ah," said the old man, with a sigh, tapping his forehead significantly, "he failed for want of capital!"

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber,	one year	$2 00
4 subscribers,	" "	7 00
10 "	" "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

ST. PETERSBURG—QUAY ON THE VASSILI-OSTOROFF.

RUSSIAN SCENES.

The first of our engravings on this page represents a scene on one of the fine quays of St. Petersburg, with a couple of itinerant pedlers vending their wares. One of them is a fruit dealer; and his little tray suspended round his neck is loaded with luscious grapes and peaches, exceedingly tempting to the group of children, whose nurse is haggling about the price. The other bearded fellow, with his cups and can, is a vender of qvass, a beverage much relished by the Russians. The second picture shows a group of peasantry in the environs of St. Petersburg, in their holiday costume, which, in the case of the women, is exceedingly rich and picturesque. It consists of a bright crimson, yellow or green brocaded silk petticoat, a white linen chemise with full sleeves, and a kind of strap or braces across the shoulders, of the same material as the petticoat. The pavoinik, or head-dress, composed of satin or velvet, is highly ornamented. The female servants in St. Petersburg are the most gaudily dressed persons in the street. In Russia the lower orders still cling to the national costume.

FETE COSTUME OF RUSSIAN PEASANTS IN THE ENVIRONS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1856. $3.00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X., No. 4.—WHOLE No. 238.

THE STEAM FRIGATE MERRIMAC.

The engraving below, drawn for the Pictorial by Mr. Hill, a marine draughtsman of great excellence, represents the noble steam frigate as she now appears, rigged and equipped for service, with all her guns on board. The first of the fleet of steam frigates ordered to be built by Congress, she has been constructed with extraordinary celerity, considering her vast size. It is only about sixteen months since her keel was laid. In a twelvemonth thereafter, she was successfully launched from the first shipyard at Charlestown, in the presence of an immense concourse of admiring spectators, presenting a spectacle of great interest, which we illustrated at the time of its occurrence, in number two of the last volume of the Pictorial. Her model is a beautiful one, and reflects the highest credit on the ability of Mr. Lenthall, the chief of the bureau of construction. To Mr. Delano, naval constructor of the Charlestown navy-yard, and Mr. Melvin Simmons, master carpenter, the practical carrying out of the naval architect's design is to be credited. These gentlemen may well be proud in their share of this floating leviathan, for she is four thousand tons burthen. The huge cannon, which show their grim muzzles through the port-holes, were cast at Alger's foundry, South Boston. She is a propeller, pierced for seventy guns, but will carry only fifty at present. We regard the steam frigate Merrimac as a complete success, and cannot but rejoice at this commencement of a steam navy worthy of the name. Heretofore our steam vessels have been anything but creditable to the country. The best of them could not compare with inferior vessels of the same class in the French and English navies, and their performance was anything but satisfactory. The completion of the Merrimac commences as we hope, a new era. We can send this fine vessel to any quarter of the globe, with the full confidence that she will excite admiration and respect. We are well aware that a steam navy is costly; but yet we believe there can be no better investment of the public money. It is absolutely necessary to keep pace with other nations in our provisions for defence. To be completely prepared, armed at all points, is the surest way of preventing aggression, and we all know how much cheaper prevention is than cure. A squadron of sailing vessels can be soon equipped, and in case of war, our mercantile marine might be largely drawn upon for the exigencies of the government. But a steam navy cannot be created on the spur of the moment. Notwithstanding the zeal and industry displayed in building the Merrimac, we have seen that sixteen months were required to complete her, and this despatch is cited as extraordinary. Our government has done wisely in not waiting for the emergency, to commence the good work.



UNITED STATES STEAM FRIGATE MERRIMAC.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST;

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW CHARACTER INTRODUCED.

On the day of the count's departure from the Chatean Montauban, there stopped at the cottage of Hugh Lamoute a young peasant, dressed in coarse but neat garb, and carrying across his shoulder a heavy stick, on which swung a bundle neatly tied up in a large cotton handkerchief.

This person was of something above the medium height, light and athletic in form, and with straight, shapely limbs, whose grace and activity his rude dress could not conceal. His countenance was a fine, frank and pleasing one; the features indisputably handsome, and the complexion slightly darkened, evidently by exposure to sun and wind; while the simple openness and honesty of his manner, with some natural grace of address, could not fail to please one.

At the invitation of Hugh Lamonte, he entered and sat down, stating that he had come from Avallon, and desired to obtain employment in this neighborhood.

"What kind of employment do you seek?" asked Hugh.

"I am a gardener, monsieur," answered the young man, respectfully, "and if I could have the care of a garden somewhere about here—"

"But," interrupted Hugh, in a thoughtful tone, as his glance rested musingly upon the young man, "we do not need gardeners about here. Up in the village, where the people are all farmers, they take care of their own gardens. Besides, it is late in the season for that work."

The young man blushed, as he returned:

"O, I know that, monsieur,—I know that; but I would be willing to work for so much the less."

"Good! But still, although I think you deserve it, it is not very likely that you will find employment of that kind. If it were the spring instead of near the autumn now, perhaps the marquis might take you. But as it is, you must think of something else. You are really in need of work, I suppose?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Why did you leave Avallon? There should be plenty of labor there for one so light and active as yourself."

"I got tired of staying there, monsieur. But I bring a certificate from my former master, who comes to reside there a few months in the year."

"Who was he?"

"The Compte d'Artois, monsieur."

"The Compte d'Artois!" Hugh regarded the young man fixedly for a moment, till the red color flushed into his cheek again. "Let me see your certificate, if you please," he said.

The man drew it forth and gave it to Hugh. It said simply:

"This certifies that the bearer, Robin Marron, is industrious, honest and temperate, and will be found faithful and trustworthy by whoever may need his services. He has been employed by me for some years in the capacity of gardener, and is well skilled in his business. He parts from me by his own desire.

"(Signed), LOUIS, COMPTE D'ARTOIS."

"That is well," said Hugh, quietly, as he returned the paper, "and speaks excellently for you, Master Robin. But it will not be of much use here, I am afraid. Is there nothing else you could do?"

"O, yes, monsieur," answered Robin. "I like this neighborhood, and I have some fancy for farm work. Doubtless I could make myself useful to some of your neighbors."

"Well, it is a busy time, and there is every chance for one who comes recommended like you. Extra work-people are wanted by several of the farmers. There is Antoine Lebrun and Pierre Martin, both of whom I know need one or two more men. They live something like a mile or two beyond here. You will, without doubt, find work among some of them."

"Thank you. I will try them," returned Robin, rising, and taking up his stick and bundle, which he had laid beside him on the floor.

"Well, Robin," said his host, with grave kindness, "I wish you may meet with success."

"Thank you, monsieur. I hope so. I have come from some distance, and so long as one kind of business cannot be obtained, another must content me. I do not wish to go any further, and if I can get farm work, I will."

"I should like to hear how you make out, Robin."

"That you shall know, and welcome," responded the young man; "for, if you have no objection, I will come and tell you myself."

"That is well," said Hugh, briefly, and with a kind nod. And Robin, giving a pleasant good-day to Hugh, and to Rose, who had all this time been seated silently at work by the casement, went on his way to the farm of Antoine Lebrun.

Hugh Lamonte stood with folded arms in the doorway for a moment, looking after him. Then, with an air of thought, he came back into the room.

"A handsome fellow—was he not, Rose?" he said; "and deserving, too, I think. One sees honesty written on his face. I trust he will be successful."

Rose blushed slightly at her father's words; for, to tell the truth, she had herself remarked the unusual beauty of the young man's features, and the intelligence stamped upon his fine open brow, and beaming from his clear, frank eyes. But she evaded the answer to the first of her father's remarks, and returned, without raising her glance from her work:

"Yes—I hope he may get employment, papa. But I was surprised to hear that he had been in the service of the Count d'Artois."

"Yes—yes; so, I confess, was I," said Hugh, reflectively; "and he has come, too, on the very day of his master's departure from here. If they had met—if Robin had been in the neighborhood a few hours earlier, the count himself might have obtained a situation of some kind for him at the chateau."

Hugh paced the floor awhile in silence; and Rose continued to work busily, also without speaking. Both, however, were thinking of Robin. Both were interested in him. Hugh more so than might have been warranted by the usual reserve he displayed towards others; and with an undeniable desire for his welfare. He meditated a long time upon the appearance of the young man, which had struck him peculiarly, and then left Rose at her sewing, while he repaired to the little field to work.

A few days after the first visit of Robin, he came again to the cottage. This time he announced to Hugh and Rose that he had obtained work at the farm of Antoine Lebrun, the first place at which he had applied. It is needless to say that both were glad to hear of his good fortune.



ROBIN THE GARDENER.

It was at sunset when Robin came. He had come immediately on finishing his day's work, and Hugh invited him to stay with them an hour or two. This invitation Robin was nothing loth to accept; for it was given with a degree of cordiality that was rare with Hugh; and whether the beauty and shy grace of young Rose had any influence in Robin's decision to remain, we leave others to judge. At all events, when he had stayed perhaps two hours, and was taking his departure, Hugh invited him to repeat the visit. And Robin answered, quietly:

"You are very good, monsieur, and I confess that I am only too glad to come; for I am somewhat strange yet among the work-people on the farm, and being in a new place, it makes one rather lonely. And I feel more acquainted with you, perhaps, because this was the first place at which I sought for work. I shall be pleased to come, monsieur, and then, it may be, if I come early enough, that mademoiselle," glancing towards Rose, "will show me her garden, of which I hear you speak."

Hugh promised that this should be the case. And Robin departed.

For two or three days, now, the young man did not make his appearance. Hugh Lamonte looked for him at sunset, but he did not come; and Rose said to herself, "He does not desire very earnestly to see my garden." Yet she took unusual pains with the flowers when she helped her father, morning and night, in the garden; for she thought that *he might* come at any moment, and then she should like to have it looking as well as possible, since he must have seen so many handsomer ones than this.

Finally, on the third day, in the middle of the afternoon, Robin appeared. Hugh was surprised at seeing him so much earlier than usual, since the usual hour for leaving work was at sunset. But Robin said that Antoine Lebrun had allowed him to come earlier, because he had done more work on the two preceding days than any other of the men. And he had wished to see mademoiselle's garden in full daylight.

So Robin was conducted to the garden, and here, although he praised its beauty, yet he also found ample space for improvement, and volunteered, if Hugh was willing, to come down and work in it occasionally.

As there appeared to be no serious objection to such a proceeding, the arrangement was made; and nearly every afternoon, thenceforth, Robin came half an hour before sunset, and with spade, rake, scissors and pruning-knife, busied himself in the gar-

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

den, making such alterations for the better and training the favorite flowers of Rose so skilfully, that they became even finer and more abundant than they had been in the earlier part of the season, when they seemed to want no addition to their beauty.

And while Robin worked among the flower-beds, Rose sat at the garden door, with her sewing, or embroidery, or, perhaps, a book; for Robin, she was pleased to find, was as fond of books as herself, and many a pleasant half-hour was passed thus by them. Robin had no father, no mother, no sisters, nor a home, such as others had, and he told them that this seemed like home to him. He always hastened to the cottage as soon as he was released from work and had eaten his supper, and not unfrequently remained a part of the evening with them. These visits were pleasant ones. Robin enjoyed them, and Rose always liked to see him coming; while Hugh Lamonte, though he said little on the subject now, seemed to regard him as a welcome visitor. Rose sometimes wondered at his evident liking for the young man, being usually, as he was, of a mood so unsocial; but she could not but admit that for one so handsome, so amiable and kind-hearted as Robin, to win the friendship of those about him, was not at all strange; and, therefore, it was less surprising, that as every one else seemed to like him so well, that her father should be also attracted towards him.

* * * *

The Marquis of Montauban, late one afternoon, made his appearance at the cottage of Hugh Lamonte. This was no common occurrence; for visitors were generally rather repelled than attracted by the reserve and taciturnity of Hugh. The marquis, noble and wealthy as he was, was, perhaps, as frequent a guest there as any of the neighbors from the village; and his visits were not many. But he came here whenever he was in the immediate neighborhood, and though Hugh relaxed not in the least from his customary coldness—nay, though it was even perceptibly increased on such occasions, the good marquis would not seem to be awed by his strange manner, let the real effect be what it might.

This afternoon, Hugh Lamonte, with Robin, who had just come from the farm, and our pretty Rose, were together in the garden, when a knocking was heard within the kitchen, and Rose, being nearest the door, ran in to see who was there. The marquis was standing by the casement.

"Good evening, my child," he said, kindly, as she entered. "I have come to see your father. Is he at home?"

"Yes, monsieur," answered Rose. "I will call him."

She went out and informed her father of the desire of the marquis, and while he entered the kitchen, proceeded to assist Robin in tying up a rose-bush, which had been bent down by a shower on the previous day.

And while busying herself thus, her thoughts wandered from the task which employed her fingers. For Rose was wondering what could be the business of the marquis with her father. That he had actual business to transact with him—that this was not a mere visit of compliment, or neighborly kindness, she was persuaded; for there was something in his manner, and in the very direct desire to see her father, that convinced her of the fact. Mechanically her fingers moved in executing their part of the task, and her fixed and absent glance fully denoted a mind occupied with some matter entirely foreign to her present employment.

Robin's thoughts were wandering, too. He proceeded with his work quite as heedlessly as Rose herself, though it was evidently of her that he was thinking; for his handsome dark eyes rested from time to time on her face with an expression of interest and concern,—an unquiet expression, one full, at the same time, of curiosity and disturbance.

It was not until a small knife which he retained in the right hand, while tying up the tree, slipped down, and cut one of the young girl's fingers, that either of them was reminded fully of the actual work which engaged them. The pain of the wound forced a

subdued exclamation from the lips of Rose. And Robin, alarmed, caught the little hand in his own.

"I have hurt you," he said, gently; "I am very sorry. How careless in me!"

"No—no! it is nothing but a scratch," smiled Rose, bravely concealing the momentary suffering,—"it is nothing but a scratch. Here is my handkerchief; will you bind it up for me? There is lint in my box in the kitchen; but the handkerchief must suffice now, for I do not care about going in just at this moment."

And Robin was only too glad to staunch the flowing blood, and bind up that little white hand. He sat down on the bench beside her, and folded the handkerchief around it tenderly and carefully; and when he had done, he held it still a moment, and then bending down, laid his cheek softly against the tiny wounded member, in releasing it.

"I am sorry I hurt you," he said again, lifting his handsome eyes to the blushing face of his pretty companion.

She colored more warmly, but did not speak, and then they turned once more to the rose-bush, though now Robin was obliged to work alone, since Rose could no longer assist him. He tied it up in silence, and then sat down again with Rose, to read to her by the soft sunset light from a book which he had brought with him.

It was twilight time when the marquis left Hugh, and getting into his carriage, drove away in the direction of the chateau. They heard him go away—Robin and Rose. But Hugh did not come out again; and when they went in, they found him seated by the table, in the gathering dusk, and leaning forward on it, with his face buried in his hands.

He rose immediately on their entrance, and went to get a light; but he did not speak, and as the flare of the light shone on his countenance, both observed that it was unusually pale. Perceiving his silence and depression, Robin, filled with sympathy for him, shortly withdrew, without inquiring into its cause; for he saw plainly that Hugh was not ill, but that something unpleasant pressed upon his mind had taken place within the last hour.

As soon as Robin was gone, Rose went to her father, and sitting down by him, begged him to tell her the cause of his downcast appearance. But he would not reply to her troubled inquiries.

"Rose, my dear child," he said, tenderly and sadly, "I cannot tell you what it is that affects me; at least, not now. Do not ask me. Be happy, and do not trouble yourself about me." It was all he would say; and the depression which that visit of the marquis had left on him continued to mark his manner from that time.

Rose was anxious and uneasy. That this sudden change had been caused by something said or done during the time in which he had conferred with his guest, she could not doubt. And if so, what could that cause have been?—what was its nature? She exhausted her imagination with vain endeavors to guess at the truth. All remained in darkness. She retired to rest unhappy and perplexed. All night her dreams were filled with the image of her father's pale, unquiet countenance; and in the morning, she met him again, only to meet, also, with the reality.

But he worked as usual in the garden and the field all day; he made no allusion to the occurrences of the past evening, and affairs went on with the same quiet regularity as ever, at the cottage, without bringing any further unpleasant consequence from the visit of the marquis than what already displayed itself in her father's altered demeanor. That of itself was sufficiently productive of anxiety to Rose.

Robin made his accustomed visit at sunset. It was a relief to her; for if it could not divert her mind from the thoughts of her father's sadness, it at least served to break the almost insupportable silence that had reigned within the cottage all day long.

To-night, Hugh would not join them in the garden, but remained in the kitchen, reading, or seeming to do so. And Robin and Rose sat in the garden together, without working as usual, for she could do nothing but think of her father, and the young man, sympathizing deeply and earnestly with both, tried to console and cheer his fair companion with hopeful words and soothing tones. And Rose could not but take a sad pleasure in listening to his words, for Robin's friendship had already become dear to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TENDER DECLARATION.

THERE was a knock for admittance at the cottage door. Hugh Lamonte started uneasily from his chair. Every knock—every approaching footstep, of late, he imagined to be that of the Marquis of Montauban; for a time of restitution was coming, and it was to cost him dear. He hastily crossed the room, and flung the door wide open. An angry exclamation burst from his lips. Rose, seated by the casement with her sewing, trembled and turned pale; for the new-comer was Gasparde.

"Good afternoon, uncle," said the rogue, frankly.

"How, Gasparde," uttered Hugh, in incensed astonishment, and without noticing the salutation,—"how come you here? I thought you were at—"

"Why, so I was, monsieur,—so I was," answered the man, quietly; "but the fact is, I had some business with you," he added, in a lower tone. "And more than that," he continued, assuming an expression of the deepest seriousness, "I have come to ask your pardon, and that of Mademoiselle Rose, for my old behaviour; and I honestly hope you will forgive me."

Hugh looked at him, half incredulously, and with a searching glance he stepped back a pace, but made no answer. Gasparde followed up the movement, and stepped just within the door, so that he now beheld Rose. Apprehension and annoyance were plainly expressed on her countenance as she beheld him. He looked as unprepossessing as ever, though his words were certainly very fair.

"Good afternoon, Cousin Rose," he said, with gravity; and noticing the indication of her disposition towards him in her countenance, he hastened to add, with an air of penitence and sorrow: "O, I see, Rose, that you have not forgotten how I used to annoy you. I know I do not deserve that you should; but I confess I had hoped you would overlook it by this time; for I am sincerely sorry for my impertinence."

The young girl made no reply at first, the suddenness of all this astonished her.

"You will not forgive me, then?" he said, with a downcast air. "Well, it serves me rightly, I own. But I must say I am very sorry since, although repentant, I have not even the satisfaction of a pardon."

Hugh Lamonte stood silently regarding him with a half-angry, half perplexed air. He doubted whether to put faith in the fair declaration of Gasparde.

"Cousin Rose," said the latter, again, deprecatingly, "I promise you that I will never behave so impertinently again. I wish you would try to forget my insolence, and forgive me."

Rose looked up.

"Since you are sincerely repentant, Gasparde," she said, "I will endeavor to do both." And then she resumed her work.

"And you also, sir!" said Gasparde, turning to Hugh.

"The less said about that the better," returned Hugh, dryly; "but you may be grateful to Rose for forgiving you, which is more than you merit. And now, if you wish to say anything to me, you must come into the garden, for I am going there." And picking up his tools, he went out, without saying another word.

Gasparde followed, with downcast eyes and humbled manner; and Rose, truly confident in his sincerity, was almost sorry that her father treated him so ungraciously. She had some curiosity to know what could be his business with her father; but that was impossible. They remained in the garden for some time—perhaps half an hour; then both re-entered, Hugh saying to his companion:

"Well—well; come again to-morrow, and, meanwhile, I will think about it."

"That will do," returned Gasparde. And as he crossed the room to the opposite door, he nodded to Rose, saying, respectfully: "Good-morning, cousin."

"Good-morning, Gasparde," she responded, as he went out.

When Hugh had shut the door and come back into the room, Rose could not but see that he was more thoughtful and gloomy than before; but to her anxious inquiries as to the cause, she could obtain no satisfactory answer. All day he preserved the same moody air; and Rose was unhappy, alike in being unable to divine the cause of his increased perplexity and trouble, or to alleviate it. He had not yet made any allusion to the object of the marquis's recent visit; but she knew that he was thinking of it continually. She knew, however, that she should only annoy him by seeming to notice his mysterious dejection, and so she became silent.

In the afternoon, Robin came as usual, after his day's work was done, and Rose even persuaded herself that he, too, seemed somewhat serious. He went out into the garden with her father, and thence to the field; and she could see them standing there, as if talking together, for a long time. They did not work as usual. The sun set and the twilight gathered soft and dim, and the full moon rose large and clear, shedding a glow of solemn radiance all over that humble *chaumiere* and its humble surroundings, the two peasants standing there together in the field, and the little figure of Rose, who sat by the open casement, leaning on the sill; and still Hugh and Robin did not come. At length, however, they left their post, and came slowly up through the garden. They were conversing still.

"What is it about, I wonder?" asked the young girl, mentally.

The two entered. Robin did not speak; but Hugh advanced straight to Rose.

"Rose, *ma fille*," he said, gently, "here is our good neighbor Robin, who wishes to marry you. What do you say to it?"

"Wishes to marry me?" iterated the young girl, faltering and blushing.

"Exactly. Is it not sufficiently plain?"

Rose was silent, her eyes cast down to the floor, and her fair cheek reddening still deeper. The tears fast gathered in her eyes. Robin wished to marry her. Hugh turned away, and, with folded arms, paced the room. Robin came to her side.

"Dear Rose," he said, softly, taking her hand, "your father has told you what I asked him. It is true that I wish to marry you, if you are willing. I did not think you disliked me. Will you show me that you do not?"

She did not answer, but sat with her eyes still cast down, and her hand in his.

"I know, dear Rose," he said, again, "that I am asking a great deal. I came here only a few weeks ago, and I was a stranger. I came seeking for work, and found it. I am poor, and have yet no home of my own, but that I trust to have some day, if the *bon Dieu* is willing. I love you, Rose, and I ask you if you will promise to marry me when I am rich enough to buy a little farm of my own."

"But—my father?" she hesitated, raising her eyes sorrowfully, as she thought of his loneliness. "No—no; I cannot leave him!"

"Rose," said Hugh, turning to her, "the future is not in your hands. Do not think of me. If you love Robin sufficiently well to marry him, answer him at once. All will be well."

"Then I will marry you, Robin," she said, in a low tone.

"You will forget that I am poor, and a stranger?"

"I do not need to forget it," was her answer. And her glance of timid, affectionate confidence was raised to his.

He bent forward with a thrill of inexpressible delight, and pressed his lips to those of the blushing girl.

"And you will never break your promise, though you should meet with trial, and temptation, and danger?"

"No; never—never, Robin! But why do you fear—and what?"

"I cannot tell you, Rose. But it will be a long time before we can marry, perhaps; for I will not ask you to share my lot with me until I have risen higher—far higher than I am now. And no one knows what may happen in that time. It will be a long time," he continued, after awhile; but I shall be patient; for I want to rise to something better than I am now, Rose. You are too good to marry a farmer, or a gardener. For your sake, I shall strive to render myself something higher than either."

"You need not be better than you are, Robin," said the girl, gently.

"But I mean to become more worthy of you, nevertheless," was his rejoinder.

And now Hugh Lamonte turned to them.

"Since this is done," he said, "I give you both my blessing. Rose, my child," and he laid his hand solemnly on her fair head, "be true to Robin until he comes to claim you, and you will be rewarded."

There was a moment of deep silence. The young lover bent down, and tenderly kissed his betrothed bride, from whose gentle eyes the tears stole down.

And through the opposite casement glared and gleamed a pair of fiendish eyes upon that little group. The brigand-lover, Gasparde, had heard every word—witnessed every look and action within. They did not see him; they did not hear the bitter curses hissed through his shut teeth, nor mark the clenched hand that menaced them.

* * * * *

The next day, Robin came again.

"Rose," he said, "I saw, yesterday, going away from here, when I was coming down, a man whom I think I have seen before. Do you know who it was?"

"You mean, I think, Gasparde, my cousin. But hush!—here he comes."

And at that moment, the individual designated entered the cottage door. He made a civil obeisance to Rose and the young man, and accosting Hugh, requested, in a low tone, to speak with him alone.

The two retired, as before, to the garden. There a somewhat lengthy conference was held, during which time Rose and Robin were conversing together indoors, and Gasparde's name was not unfrequently mentioned in the course of their dialogue. The young man seemed to be somewhat interested in him, and asked several questions concerning him, by which he gathered the knowledge that Gasparde had sometime very deeply offended both Rose and her father; but he also heard of his having come the previous day to make apologies for so doing.

And, meanwhile, Hugh ended the colloquy between himself and Gasparde in the garden, when they prepared to re-enter the house. The countenance of the former was gloomier and darker than ever.

"Captain," said the man, "I don't remember having seen that person in the kitchen before. I suppose you wont think it impertinent if I ask you who he is?"

"He is to become the husband of Rose," returned Hugh. "His name is Robin Marron." And he glanced closely at the countenance of his companion, to detect some signal of his feelings at this announcement. But all was undisturbed there.

"So Rose is to be married?" said Gasparde. "Well, he will make her an excellent husband, I hope; and I wish her much happiness, with all my heart. I suppose, monsieur, you have not forgotten the time when I wished so earnestly to marry Rose myself—have you? But," he continued, with a countenance of honesty, though a slight and well-contrived air of awkwardness accompanied the confession, "I am going to be married to another young girl, at some distance from here, shortly."

And the lie was believed. They went in, and Gasparde remained a short time longer, affecting an air of the most perfect friendliness towards Robin. And when he took his departure, to return to the village, Robin accompanied him. They went along the road talking together of one thing and another in a careless way, speaking on a great many subjects, and dwelling on none long, till they came to a little grove, past which the road ran, about half way between the cottage and the village.

"A pleasant place yonder," observed Robin, nodding his head towards it.

"Yes—yes; pleasant enough," responded Gasparde: "but I dare say there are pleasanter places."

"Just so, my friend," rejoined the young man; "you are right. And those that have more agreeable associations, as well. For instance, if a man had been shot there by an unseen enemy, the place wouldn't be *quite* so attractive as many another."

He glanced casually at the face of his companion as he said it; but beneath the careless tone and manner was a meaning, and in that glance he read, like lightning, the expression of Gasparde's face. It was one of sudden, startled uneasiness. The man looked quickly up at him, without an answer. The effect was satisfactory. Robin went on:

"I had a master formerly, who was, one day, wounded in the manner which I have described, and in that very wood which we have passed."

"And he told you about it?" said Gasparde, watching Robin closely.

"You are right. He told me about it."

"Did he guess who fired at him?"

"I suppose so. Though he kept it to himself. He said he meant to punish the rogue when he could catch him."

"Who was your master, if I may ask?"

"The Compte d'Artois. You may have heard of him possibly. But I must bid you adieu, my friend; for here I am at the farm."

"Adieu!" returned Gasparde; and he continued his route to the *auberge*, muttering, "I have you now, my master! You think I am cowed—do you? Ah! wait—only wait! You are taking a great deal of trouble to win my pretty cousin; but I shall have her yet! Only time—time. I will let you just grasp the prize, and then tear it from you. The later my vengeance, the sweeter it will be!"

And Robin entered the farm kitchen, saying, mentally: "Then it was you, after all, my man? But since you are inclined to be civil at present, I think your misdeeds may pass. So long as you give no trouble, you will meet with none."

It was sunset again, and our pretty heroine, Rose Lamonte, was returning from the Chateau Montauban, whither she had gone early in the afternoon to see Mademoiselle Montauban, who, she was told by her father, wished to speak with her on a matter of importance. With a light and happy heart, Rose had gone to meet the lady, and, three or four hours afterwards, was returning home, with tears in her eyes, and a step very different from that usual with her. She had seen Mademoiselle Montauban, and not only her, but the good marquis; and despite her gratitude for their kindness, and their evident interest in her welfare, she could not help being sad at what they had told her.

Walking slowly along, wrapped in sorrowful meditation, she was suddenly aroused by the voice of Robin pronouncing her name. He was just going down to the cottage.

"Why, what ails you, my Rose!" he asked, tenderly. "You are weeping! Why is this?"

"O, Robin, my father is going away!" was her sad answer.

"Going away? Ah, how sorry I am for you, dear child! But how soon is he going, and where will he go to?"

"I do not know. He did not tell me; Mademoiselle Helen told me, and she knew nothing further than what I have just said to you. But I am afraid it will be very soon." And the tears chased each other over her fair cheeks.

"Why did he not acquaint you with this fact, Rose?"

"Indeed, I do not know. Perhaps he had not the courage. Poor papa! And besides, the marquis and Mademoiselle Montauban are to keep me at the chateau until he returns: that was why she wished me to come up this afternoon, to tell me of this, and so he left it *all* for her to tell."

"I knew you were going to stay at the chateau, Rose, but not that your father was going away. I learned it from him last week," said Robin.

"You did? and you did not let me know!"

"He preferred that I should not then. But do not weep," dear Rose!" said the young man, soothingly; "he will return, and, perhaps, will remain away but a short time. And it will be pleasant for you to be at the chateau a little while, only I am afraid you will forget me—will you not?"

"Ah, how can you think so?" asked his companion, in a tone of gentle reproach. "You know, Robin, that I could not forget you!"

"Forgive me, Rose! I would not wound you needlessly. But you know there is such a difference—"

"I could know no difference that will affect my love for you, Robin," returned the young girl, with a slight blush, while her tone was earnestness itself.

"Ten thousand thanks for the assurance!" he said, gently clasping her hand in his own.

They walked along in silence till they neared the cottage, and then Robin said

"I will not go in to-night, I think, dear Rose. You will have a great deal to say to your father, and you will be better alone. To-morrow I will come. You will know then, I dare say, on what day he is going, and can tell me. I should like to hear." He bent down and kissed her. There was sympathy and tenderness in his glance and caress. "Good-evening, Rose!" he said.

"Good-evening, Robin!" she returned, with a sad smile.

She went in. Her father, standing in the opposite doorway, looking out into the garden, turned quickly and beheld her. He held out his arms.

"Well, you know now," he said, with sorrowful gentleness, as she came up to meet his sad embrace,—"you know now, Rose?"

"Yes, father,—I know: you are going away. But it will not be long before I shall see you again? You will come home soon?"

Her glance was anxious—her voice tearful. He averted his countenance a moment. He could not answer her.

"Tell me, dear father," she urged, putting up her little hand, and turning his rough face softly towards her,—"tell me you will come back soon."

"I do not know; do not ask me, I entreat, Rose!" He spoke with the desperate energy of sorrow.

"But *where* are you going, and how soon, papa?"

"I cannot tell you where I am going. But it may be to Nantes or Bordeaux. And I am going in two days."

"In two days?—so soon! O, papa!"

She sat down, poor little Rose, and covering her face with her hands, wept sadly. Hugh paced the floor with folded arms, and despair on his dark countenance.

"O!" he muttered, with fierce grief, "has not my revenge turned upon me?"

The next evening Robin came. He seemed more serious than usual, and heard of the arrangements for the departure of Hugh, in silence. At length he said: "You are going, then, the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, and Rose will go to the chateau to-morrow evening. The marquis and his daughter are coming for her."

"Yes, Robin," she said; "to-morrow evening I shall be gone."

Robin sat down by her, and took her hand in his.

"Rose," he said, "do you not think this makes me as sorrowful as you can be? What shall I do when you are here no longer? I cannot see you in your new home as I have seen you here. I cannot come there in my rude dress, though, one day, I mean to make myself worthy to enter even that proud place; there is nothing for me to do but to go away."

"Ah, Robin," uttered Rose, with tearful eyes, "do not go! What shall I do with no one left?"

"Do not weep, mignonne!" entreated the young man, sadly; "can you not see it is for the best? I cannot stay here without meeting you daily, as of old. And we may not meet now you are to dwell at the chateau. We both would be more unhappy should I stay. If I go away, I may gain some situation where I may obtain wealth, and rise gradually to a position worthy to come back and win you. Now, Rose, tell me I may go."

"Go, then, if it must be so," she responded, striving to check the fast flowing tears. "But I shall be so lonely!"

"Nay, you will bear this more calmly soon; and then, in new scenes and new faces, you will forget the sorrow of parting, in the hope of meeting again."

"And you will go, Robin?"

"You yourself will leave home to-morrow evening. Since I am to depart, also, the sooner it is over the better. Is it not so?"

Tears were his only answer.

"Let me go to-morrow morning, Rose. I cannot bear to see you go away—to wait till you are gone."

And thus it was.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CITY OF LISBON, PORTUGAL.

THE CITY OF LISBON.

The city of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, as seen from the Tagus in the manner indicated in our engraving, presents a beautiful appearance. Its terraced hills, rising in amphitheatrical array, its churches, convents and houses, the castle battery that frowns defiance on the foe, and guards the city with its triple tier, its picturesque ruins, and the clumps of foliage that here and there evince careful culture, all these features combined, make up a landscape which gladdens the eye of the arriving traveller. But of no city in the world may it be said more truly than of Lisbon, that "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view." Enter it, and you find the streets narrow, steep and filthy, and the houses, with few exceptions, old-fashioned, inconvenient, mean and dirty. The change from the Tagus to the town itself is like going from a choice seat in the theatre, during the representation of a fairy spectacle, behind the scenes, and finding all the illusory splendors of the stage vain and deceitful. Yet we must not condemn it in round terms. The want of cleanliness and the meanness of which we speak are confined chiefly to the old town. The new part of the city, rebuilt after the great earthquake of 1755, which threw down many houses and destroyed 60,000 inhabitants, possesses many claims to attention on account of its architectural elegance. This portion is situated in the valley between Castle Hill on the east and the hills of San Francisco and Do Carmo on the west. The streets here cross each other at right angles, are kept comparatively clean, and are bordered by fine structures. Three streets, called respectively, Gold, Silver and Cloth, extend about half a mile north and south, having at the latter extremity the Praça do Commercio (Commercial Square), surrounded on three sides by the Naval Arsenal, the Exchange, Custom House, India House, and other public buildings, with an equestrian statue of Joseph I., in bronze, in the centre. Another square, the Praça de Figueira, a very picturesque place, and used as a public market, is to the north. The National Theatre, a handsome edifice, stands on the Rocio, the site of the old Inquisition buildings. There are also some other squares and promenades. The western part of the city affords the most agreeable dwelling-places. The principal church, the Cathedral or Patriarchal Church, is on the slope of Castle Hill. There are various scientific and literary institutions in the city which our space does not allow us to numerate. Lisbon is finely situated for commerce, its harbor being one of the best in the world. Its exports consist chiefly of wine, oil, fruit and silk. These amounted, in 1843, to nearly two millions of dollars. The population is about 280,000. It was anciently called Olisipo or Ulysipo, as some suppose, on account of its being founded by Ulysses. It was captured by the Moors in 716, and remained in their possession till 1145. It was taken by the French in 1807, but resisted an attack from Massena in 1809. The harbor of Lisbon is one of the finest in the world, and the quays, which extend more than two miles along the banks, are convenient and beautiful. Fort St. Julian, built on a steep projecting rock, marks the north entrance of the Tagus; and on it is a lighthouse, rising 120 feet above the sea level. Two large banks, called North and South Cachops, obstruct the river mouth, and on the middle of the latter stands the Bugio fort and lighthouse, the latter being 66 feet high. The least depth of water on the bar in the north channel is four fathoms, and in the south six fathoms; and there is little danger in entering the port, except during ebb tides, which run out at the rate of seven miles an hour. Inside the harbor, the water, from nearly 20 fathoms in mid-channel, shoals gradually to the edge; but in some parts vessels may come within 200 yards of the shore. Lisbon, however, with all the advantages of its position and the excellence of its port, which commands the navigation of the Tagus, holds but a low rank in respect of commerce and industry. Bad laws and an inefficient police have paralyzed industry of every description, in the place.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

BERWICK ACADEMY, MAINE.

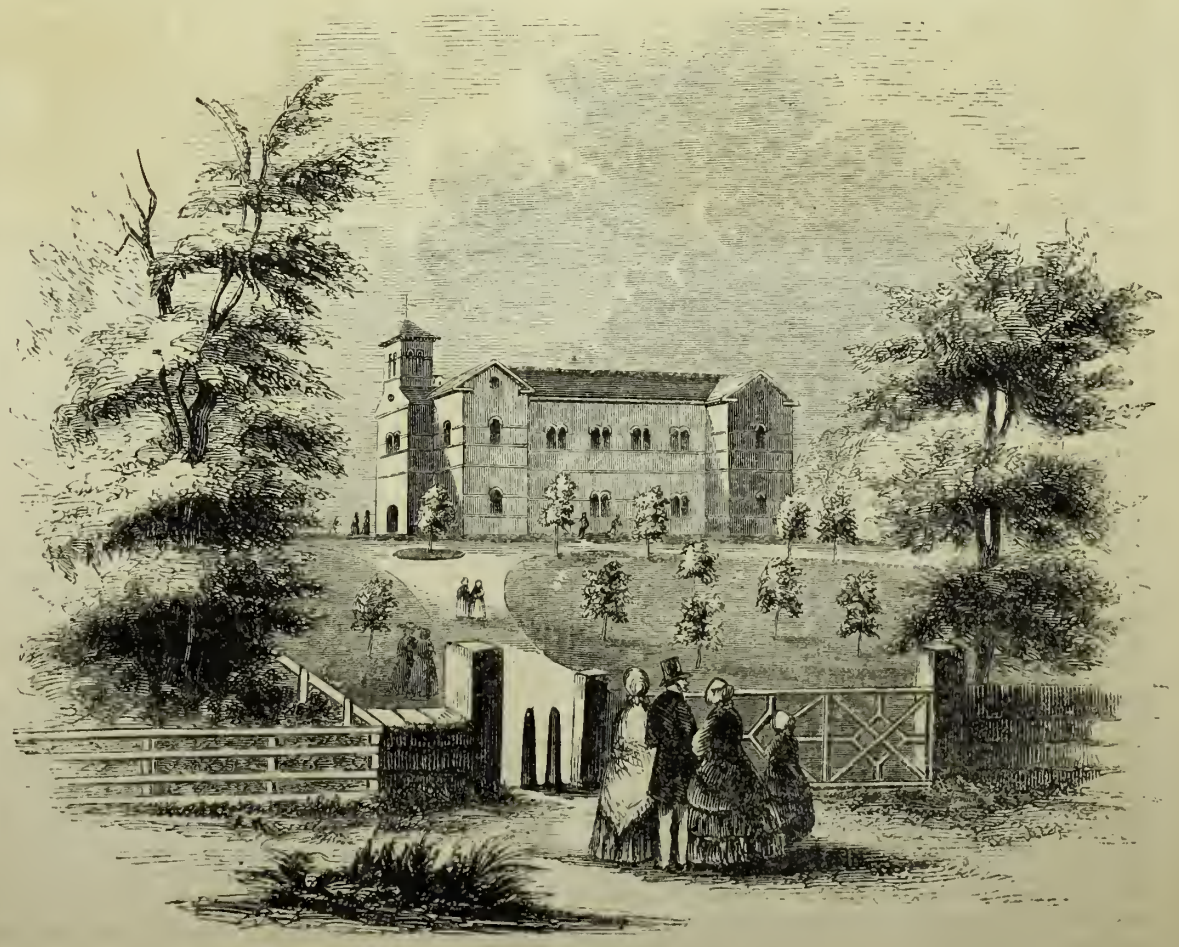
The view of Berwick Academy on this page was engraved expressly for the Pictorial, and is an accurate representation of the building, which was designed by Richard Upjohn, Esq., the architect of Trinity Church, New York city. We have selected this subject for illustration as it is the oldest academy in the State of Maine, having been founded in 1791. The present edifice was erected in 1853. It stands on a lofty and healthy site in the village of South Berwick. Its charter bears the handsome and bold signature of John Hancock. The land on which it stands came to the institution only one remove from the red man, the original possessor of the soil. A number of gentlemen, distinguished for learning, talents, enterprise and liberality, were engaged in the initiative step of its creation. Among these, the Rev. John Thompson deserves honorable mention. He was a man of liberal education, and a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1765. In January, 1791, Mr. Thompson rode on horseback to Boston with the charter, to lay it before the General Court of the State of Massachusetts. The dedication of the first academy took place May 6, 1793. Mr. Thompson, having acted as its president for twenty-seven years, died in 1826, at the age of 89. In 1792, it was assisted by a grant of land from the legislature. Among the trustees and active and liberal benefactors of the institution, Hon. John Lord, Edward P. Hayman, Thomas Coggswell and J. H. Hobbs, Esq., occupy a front rank. The original building, together with a valuable philosophical apparatus, was burned two or three years ago. There have been seventeen preceptors, only six of whom are living. The number of pupils was originally limited to forty, and it was designed for boys exclusively; but in 1795, females were admitted. In 1818, the late Hon. W. A. Hayes was elected a trustee, and the institution immediately felt the influence of his cultivated and energetic mind. In 1830, he proposed the erection of a more suitable building, with accommodations for a large number of pupils of both sexes. The institution voted to appropriate the sum of $1500, provided a like sum should be raised by subscription. In a short time, Mr. Hayes succeeded in raising in the village of South Berwick the generous sum of $1700, $500 of which he gave from his own purse. He continued to watch over his favorite institution till the period of his death, April 15, 1851, in the 68th year of his age. In that year, on the night of the 27th of August, the building was destroyed by fire. The present academy was erected in 1853, by Mr. Francis B. Hayes, of this city, the son of the gentleman whose services to the institution we have briefly noticed. Mr. Hayes is President of the Board of Trustees, and is believed to be founder of a scholarship which will be attached to Harvard College, another scholarship having been founded by Benjamin T. Tredick, Esq., of Philadelphia. The purpose of these scholarships is to provide two of the best scholars in the classical department of the academy with the means, in part, of pursuing their collegiate education. Each of the scholarships will furnish the sum of one hundred dollars annually during the period of the student's residence at college, the amount thus received to be returned from time to time after his graduation, in accordance with a liberal plan. This is a novel and valuable feature, and well worthy of being followed by similar institutions. Among the benefactors of the academy, we must not omit to mention Hon. John Lord, who was one of its most active trustees for twenty-four years, and who left at his decease a bequest of $500, the interest of which was to be devoted to furnishing each pupil with a copy of the Holy Scriptures. The bequest was accompanied by the condition that a chapter of the Bible should be read by the students daily, morning and evening. Since 1817, when the avails of the Lord fund were first realized, 1240 copies of the Scriptures have been distributed among students of the academy. A boarding-house in the immediate neighborhood has been established for the accommodation of the pupils, who are there placed under the immediate supervision of Dr. and Mrs. J. B. M. Gray. Dr. Gray, who has charge of the classical department, is a graduate of Oxford College, England, and is well known to scholars in this country by his elaborate edition of the "Ajax" of Sophocles. Mr. William S. Palmer, a well-qualified instructor, is at the head of the English department. Prizes are annually distributed among the most meritorious pupils, from the proceeds of a generous donation from William L. Coggswell, Esq., the librarian of the Astor Library, New York. The institution is in the most flourishing condition, and nearly two hundred pupils are now availing themselves of its educational advantages. It is one of the most interesting features in our social organization, that the facilities for education are so widely diffused and so generally appreciated by our population. Such institutions as Berwick Academy deserve to be cherished.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, JAMAICA PLAIN.

The engraving above is an accurate view of the pretty Episcopal church and annexed parsonage house, situated near the centre of the village of Jamaica Plain, not far from the main street, in the immediate vicinity of the old Warren estate, and of Col. Fessenden's residence, and not far from the Baptist and Unitarian churches. The Rev. Mr. McRay is the clergyman of St. John's church, and his society is a large and flourishing one. The church as the engraving shows, is a neat and pretty building, and stands in a pleasant, sequestered spot. We think, as a general thing, that sufficient attention has not been paid in New England, to the location of our churches and their immediate surroundings. They are very apt to stand in barren public places, without a shrub or a green tree to relieve them. St. John's Church is not open to this objection, and produces a fine effect, not only from its quiet beauty, but from that of its position. The scene we have engraved is but a single one of the many attractive features which make the village of Jamaica Plain one of the most attractive in the neighborhood of Boston. Pretty churches, elegant private residences, gardens, hills, clumps of forest, winding lanes and hedgerows crowd its precincts with all the elements of rural beauty. Nor must we forget that beautiful sheet of water, Jamaica Pond, embosomed in gentle hills, which has so many enchanting features on its surface during the pleasant days of summer, and in winter is the theatre of gay and exhilarating sports. Jamaica Plain is a bright pearl in the coronet of rural gems which encircle Boston like a tiara. The proximity of this village to the city, and the facility of intercommunication, makes it the chosen residence of many of our business men, who have here some most beautiful estates.

MONTEZUMA AT DINNER.

In his Table Traits, Dr. Doran gives the following account of the magnificence of Montezuma's palace and table, at the time when Cortez invaded Mexico: "On the terraced roof of his palace, thirty knights could tilt at each other, without complaining of want of space. His armories were filled with weapons almost as destructive as any to be found in any of the arsenals of civilized Christian kings. His granaries were furnished with provisions paid by tributaries; three hundred servants tended the beautiful birds of his aviaries; his menageries were the wonder and terror of beholders; and his dwarfs were more hideous, and his ladies more dazzling, than potentate had ever before looked upon with contempt or admiration. His palace within and without was a marvel of Aztec art. It was surrounded by gardens, glad with fountains and gay flowers. One thousand ladies shared the retirement of this splendid locality, with a master more glittering than anything by which he was environed—who changed his apparel four times daily, never putting on again a garment he had once worn, and who, eating off and drinking from gold (except on state occasions, when his table was covered with Cholulan porcelain), never used a second time the vessels which had administered to the indulgence of his appetite. It is said eulogistically of his cooks, that they had thirty different ways of preparing meat—a poor boast, perhaps, compared with the Parisian *chefs*, who have six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs. Three hundred dishes were daily laid before the monarch; and such as were required to be kept hot at table were in heated earthen stands made for that purpose. And it is even asserted that this autocrat occasionally killed time before dinner by watching the cooking of his viands, a practice in which, according to Peter Pindar, that honest old English king used to indulge, who dined off boiled mutton at two, and to whom the funniest sight in the world was the clown swallowing carrots. The ordinary dishes of Montezuma consisted of very dainty fare—namely, domestic fowls, geese, partridges, quails, venison, Indian hogs, pigeons, hares, rabbits, and other productions of his country, including—it is alleged by some and denied by others—some very choice dairy fed baby, when this choice article happens to be in season! In cold weather, enormous torches, that not only flung forth light but warmth and aromatic odors, lent additional splendor to the scene; and to temper at once the glare and the heat, screens with delicately droll devices upon them, framed in gold, were placed before the brilliant flame. The sovereign sat, like his links, also protected by a screen. He was not as barbarous as most Christian kings of France, who fed in public; nor was he personally tended, like them, by awkward Ganymedes of a middle age; but still he surrounded himself with all the luxuries of royalty. Four Hebes stood by the low throne and table of their master, and these poured water on his hands, and offered him the napkin, white as the driven snow, or as the cloth on which the four hundred dishes stood waiting his attention. Women as fair presented him with bread, but even these fair ministers retired a few steps when his sacred majesty addressed himself to the common process of eating. Then a number of ancient but sprightly nobles took their place. With these Montezuma conversed; and, when he was particularly pleased with a sage observation or a sprightly remark, a plate of pudding bestowed by the royal hand made one individual happy, and all his fellows bitterly jealous. The pudding, or whatever the dish might be, was eaten in silent reverence; and while an Aztec emperor was at meat, no one in the palace dared, at the peril of his life, speak above his breath. Montezuma is described as being but a moderate eater, but fond of fruits, and indulging, with constraint upon his appetite, in certain drinks which were of a stimulating quality, such as are found in countries where civilization and luxury were at their highest."—*New York Tribune.*



ACADEMY AT SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BACHELOR'S REQUIEM.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

Gone to the grave! with no wife near to cheer him,
No children to kiss him, no friends round to sigh—
Alone—with his head on an empty cigar-box,
His feet on the fender—he laid down to die.

Dying alone—with no friends to surround him—
But the rats and the mice that gaze awe stricken on—
Who left their rich meal of his boots and his papers,
To finish their feast when his spirit has gone.

Haggard and worn are the bachelor's features;
His cheeks are all sunken, his brow coldly damp,
His eyes black as coals, with one faint spark to light 'em;
And this is the end of the merciless scamp.

He writhes 'neath the last pang of torturing conscience,
His bosom is heaving—that never heaved yet—
He thinks of the thousands of hearts he has broken,
Of the thousands of loves he has won—to forget.

Hark! there's a rustling of robes in the entry,
And, daintily treading, come pretty, young feet;
The door swings wide open—the ghosts make their *entree*,
The flirt and his victims on earth again meet.

There were bright, giggling maidens and beauteous ladies,
Arch, mischievous girls, with much fun in their eye;
And withered old maids, and half-crazy young dames,
Who called in to see the old bachelor die.

He gives them one glance, and his eye flashes fury—
He turns to reproach them—alas, they are gone!
The rats and the mice have empanneled a jury—
The bachelor shivers, and dies all alone.

Alone in his glory! with empty old bottles,
And tailors' and boot bills, and club bills around,
With one hand convulsively clutching the poker,
And the other a crushed billet-doux, he is found.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

My next door neighbor, such was the Widow Sinclair two years ago—she is called Mrs. St. Clair now that she resides in the large and beautiful dwelling which overlooks the spot where her little log cabin once stood—my neighbor was a firm believer in the goodness of Providence, and in the perfect adaptation of its dispensations to the wants of mankind; and everybody respected her for that unwavering faith. But it was sometimes very trying to those who were tasting the waters of affliction, to listen to the good lady as she stirred up that bitter cup of which her friends were drinking, in order to find the drop of sweetness in its dregs.

How our hearts swelled with indignation, as Mrs. Sinclair came bustling through the little circle who tearfully and in silence had gathered round the young wife of the itinerant preacher, so suddenly, and in such an awful manner deprived of her husband, to offer her consolations! and what a look of bewilderment rested on the face of the stranger, as she imperfectly gathered the import of the lady's words!

The event which had seemed so mysterious to us, was perfectly plain to our neighbor. It was a blessing in disguise! The young lady would now escape the hardships and sorrows of a missionary life, and be able to return to the distant luxurious home which she had forsaken for the love of her husband and her God, and that heart, almost dead with anguish, was exhorted to bless Heaven for this exhibition of its mercy.

My neighbor was called upon, at length, to practise what she preached; and though every eye wept with hers when she laid her husband in the grave, we could not refrain from glancing stealthily through our tears, at her countenance. But though in addition to the loss of her husband, and a very severe loss it was, she was compelled to part with the handsome property she supposed herself and her son entitled to, bravely did she bear up under her trials. The still unfurrowed, rosy cheek did grow thin and pale, and the eyes, whose brightness fifty years had failed to dim, could not hold back their tears, but still Mrs. Sinclair would talk of the goodness of Heaven. The reasons why she was so afflicted seemed to her very apparent, and it was herself who spoke the words of consolation—we all grieved—when her son was obliged to relinquish his studies and leave his home to labor for the support of himself and mother; for in all our settlement there was not a young man so beloved as George Sinclair, nor one whose absence from our little society would have been as much felt as we knew his would be.

And yet my neighbor had one sore trial, for the infliction of which she could find no reason, and from the weariness of which there was no rest. It was not forgotten even when her great troubles were upon her; and time, which subdued her other griefs, seemed only to give new strength and bitterness to this. It would finally be the death of her, Mrs. Sinclair often declared, and we did not know but it would.

And what was this terrible trial? Poor, little, friendless Rika! One would not have supposed, to look on the cowering form, the pale, thin face, and the soft blue, downcast eyes, to listen to the sweet voice as it whispered, rather than sung, those strange, plaintive songs, or murmured in her broken English, that her presence could have excited in any individual, and especially in my kind neighbor, whose great heart seemed to have a corner in it for every suffering one, any other emotion than that of pity. And yet it was little Rika, who, Mrs. Sinclair thought, would be the death of her!

It had been a few months before she became a widow that little Rika had come to the dwelling of my neighbor. It was a bitter cold night. The wind howled and moaned as it swept over the bleak prairie, bearing away in its strong arms the heavy masses of snow which fell like avalanches from the dark heavens. The owls hooted from out the branches of the roof trees; from every direction the prairie wolves were answering to the calls of their companions, and now and then the baying of the more formidable timber wolf fell dismally on the ear. The unhoused droves of cattle were huddled together in the dense oak copse, whose withered but still thickly clustering leaves afforded them no indifferent protection from the blast, and the young colts were finding a shelter among the stacks of hay, or around the cabins of their owners, their pretty bright eyes peering through the uncurtained windows, and their little noses pressed softly against the frosty panes.

It was dark and cold and dreary enough without, but how warm and quiet and cosy within the dwelling of the Sinclairs. The house was but a log cabin, but its appearance denoted that its occupants were in very comfortable circumstances for new settlers, and were disposed to enjoy the comforts at their command. A neat paper-hanging concealed the coarse hewing and the mud plastering of the walls, a thick wool carpet covered the floor, the plump, soft bed in the corner was curtained with snowy muslin, the mantel-piece showed a brace of silver candlesticks, whose nice tapers were diffusing a brilliant light through the apartment; the tea-table which had been standing in the floor for a couple of hours was set with real china and silver; and Mrs. Sinclair, who thought it no waste of time to spend a few moments just to please herself and her husband, had attired her in a rich, cherry-colored silk, twisted her still fair brown hair into wavy ringlets, and fastened her prettiest collar about her neck with the delicate ruby pin—the gift of her husband many and many a year ago. That ruby pin was not often worn, for it was a treasured thing; perhaps Mrs. Sinclair selected it that night, from among her few ornaments, that it might recall pleasant thoughts; for the lady's feelings, for some reason, were very strangely disturbed.

It might have been because the water had twice simmered away in the tea-kettle, the nicely-browned and buttered toast looked so uninviting now, and the baked sweet apples which had so plumped up in the rich cream, were shrivelled and cold; perhaps she was impatient to read to her husband the letter from their son, who, though he seldom failed to be at home on Saturday evening, always sent a word to his parents by the weekly mail. But the ruby pin acted not as a charm to-night; Mrs. Sinclair was very much displeased at the protracted absence of her husband. He had a severe cold now, and the lung fever was in the family he had gone to visit. She saw no reason why he should endanger his health for the family of that young, able-bodied man, who, though he had been some months in the settlement, had refused every offer of labor, and lived entirely on charity. She would never consent again that her husband should lift a finger to help them.

Poverty—Mrs. Sinclair did not arrive at this conclusion till she had waited two hours the return of her husband, and her supper was quite spoiled—poverty was less a misfortune than a crime, and she resolved, sitting there in her comfortable rocking chair before the blazing hickory fire, that she would never again encourage the vice.

She did not imagine how soon she would have an opportunity to show her disapprobation of it, for while these thoughts were still in her mind, the latch of the cabin door was slowly and hesitatingly lifted, and a bundle of rags, so one might have supposed it to be, fell in upon the floor. Mrs. Sinclair could hardly believe her senses when the object lifted itself from the ground, and a pair of soft blue, lustrous eyes—how wild and despairing was their glance!—looked out from beneath a mass of tangled and frozen hair, and a face almost skeleton-like, and colorless as the snow which had filled every fold in her garments, met her gaze.

The young girl belonged to no family in the settlement; it was a face she had never looked on before; and in her present state of feeling, the expression of that countenance was as disagreeable as it was strange. She read in the creature's face, at the first glance, so Mrs. Sinclair often declared to her neighbors, the whole history of the trouble she would cause her; she was certain, even at the moment when the young girl, after glancing around the apartment, came tremblingly towards her, and sinking on her knees before the lady, touched those icy lips to her hand, that she might as well nourish a viper in her bosom as give protection to the child; and though, when that hand which had never before been closed to the suffering, instinctively, so Mrs. Sinclair declared, thrust the girl from her, the young stranger, still kneeling on the floor, pressed her attenuated hands to her heart, and then pointed upward, and the lady plainly enough understood the mute language—*God's child*—she still would not open her heart to the sufferer. However, with the firm resolution that she would send her from the house the next morning, she lifted her from the floor, warmed and fed her, and put her into a cot beside her own bed.

The tears rained down those pale cheeks as these kindnesses were shown, and she murmured softly in a strange language, though it seemed rather to herself than the lady, for after that first rebuff, the girl dared not raise her eyes to Mrs. Sinclair's face. The next day and the day following were as disagreeable as that dreary night had been, and consequently Mrs. Sinclair's determination in regard to little Rika—her name was all the lady had learned respecting her—was not carried into effect; and though the resolution to send her from the house was always in her heart—I ought to say, always on her lips—the girl still remained.

Mr. Sinclair learned a day or two after, that on the night the child had come to his house, several emigrant teams, bound for Fort Independence, had passed through the neighborhood; but his increasing illness had caused him to drop the inquiries he had at first prosecuted, and after his death it never occurred to Mrs. Sinclair that any effort to find a friend to the girl would prove successful. Little Rika could not give much information respecting herself, as she did not understand a word of English. All which could be learned from her was that her mother and herself had come to America a few months before—that on their way to California where the friend they were in search of was residing, as they supposed, the intelligence of his death had reached them, and the news had cost her mother her life.

When little Rika was better able to express her thoughts, she never reverted to her past history, and Mrs. Sinclair made no inquiries of her. Time had only confirmed the opinion that she would always be burdened with the girl.

Our settlement is not composed of a curious, gossiping people; we knew that the poor dwelling into which Mrs. Sinclair removed on leaving her own pleasant though humble home, was comfortable, and that she needed no pecuniary assistance from her neighbors, though we had supposed that every dollar at her command had been employed in fitting out George for California. We knew nothing more of her affairs except what she chose to tell us, and her communications were confined to one subject, and that was poor little Rika. Even of her son she told nothing; we only heard, occasionally, that a letter post-marked at California came to our post-office for Mrs. Sinclair. But George had promised us that whatever his fortune might be, he would return to the settlement in three years; and the period had just expired, when, riding in the direction of my neighbor's dwelling, I saw a handsome buggy—any other mode of conveyance than our heavy lumber wagons was at that time a novelty in our settlement—a handsome buggy, drawn by a span of splendid grays, stop at Mrs. Sinclair's door. It needed but a glance to tell who was its occupant, despite the huge whiskers and bronzed complexion; that lithe, graceful form, more rounded now than it had been years before, could be none other than George Sinclair.

In a moment he was folded in the arms of his mother, who was sobbing like a child; we learned afterwards that his return was almost as surprising to her as if he had risen from the dead. I urged my horse forward, but George had observed me, and with his accustomed gallantry and wilfulness he had lifted me from the saddle and conducted me into the cabin before giving me an opportunity to say how very necessary it was that I should continue my ride.

After the first greetings were exchanged, I inquired of George what had been his success in the gold region, but I repented, immediately, of making the inquiry, for Mrs. Sinclair's tears, notwithstanding her endeavors to hide them, began again to flow. The sufferings he had endured had all been known to her, though she had so completely concealed her griefs from her neighbors. But George laughed heartily. He had found gold enough, he said, to make good his promises to his mother and Rika; and he wound a beautiful gold chain around the neck of his mother, and threw into the lap of Rika a broad gold piece, to buy her a new dress.

I did not know until he had spoken her name, that Rika was in the apartment; probably in her surprise at his unexpected appearance, she had forgotten to quit the room as she was accustomed to do, when Mrs. Sinclair had company; but the suddenness with which his mirth was checked caused me to turn my eyes on Rika; and I did not wonder at his manifest surprise.

The girl was sitting on a low stool in the most distant corner of the apartment, with a straw hat, one of those elegant, elaborate things the merchant in the neighboring village had hinted was manufactured in our settlement, though we did not believe it, and which were so expensive that few of us could afford to wear one, lying on her lap and receiving its finishing touch from her fingers. That hat revealed a mystery I had long wished to pry into. Poor, patient, silent Rika! She was attired in a cast-off dress of Mrs. Sinclair, and the garment had received no alteration since it had passed from the short, plump figure of the lady, to that of the delicate and now tall girl. Her dark, luxuriant hair was gathered into a mass and twisted about her head in such a manner as to show that haste had only been thought of in arranging it. Her cheeks were tear-stained, and the bowed form and the bent fingers showed with what diligence she had labored.

Yet the expression of Rika's countenance was more surprising than her personal appearance. I saw her glance at her faded and worn garment, at the sunburnt hands and bare feet, and then the deep blue eyes lifted themselves proudly to the face of the young man. The deep flush which overspread her cheek was not the blush of shame, nor the pallor which succeeded it, weakness.

The brow of the young man reddened. He had forgotten that years had been passing over the head of Rika; and the transformation of that timid, trembling child into the proud, self-reliant woman—such she at this moment appeared, was as sudden to him as if the change had taken place before his eyes. But Rika speedily put an end to his embarrassment by rising from her seat and quitting the room.

Mrs. Sinclair was so busy in examining her present and admiring its beauty, that she did not observe Rika, nor the unsatisfied glance which her son directed toward herself as the girl left the apartment.

"And was this the first fruit of your toil, as you promised it should be!" asked Mrs. Sinclair.

"Yes, and it had been the last," said the young man, with some emotion, "had it not been for the kindness and generosity of a stranger!"

And then he told us the story of his protracted sickness and destitution in California; how many times his eye and his heart had turned homeward, without the hope of ever having the strength or the means of returning; how he had been for weeks and months of his illness watched over by a stranger and a foreigner, with the kindness and attention he could have hoped to find only in a parent; and when he had recovered his strength sufficiently to return to the mines, his generous friend had compelled him to accept such a valuable claim, one which he had just secured for himself, that he had realized a fortune from it.

"But for that noble-hearted Pole, mother!" he added, "you would never have seen your son again. Ulmann—"

I heard a smothered cry in the adjoining apartment, but neither Mrs. Sinclair nor George observed it.

"Ulmann was a nobleman, but his family has been ruined and he will never return to his native country. The relatives who followed him to America have died here, and he says it matters little now where he spends the remainder of his days. I have urged him to make his home with me, and I think he will do so. At any rate he will spend the coming winter with us. He entertains a very high opinion of you, mother, for I have told him of your kindness to one of his nation—a little friendless girl, between whom and himself I fancied I perceived a striking resemblance!"

Poor Mrs. Sinclair! A suspicion that the benevolence of which the lady made such a boast to her neighbors was not so pure as she would have wished us to suppose, had more than once arisen in my mind; but I could not help pitying her distress at that moment, she struggled so vainly to keep down the emotions which would spring up in her heart.

Rika had been a great trial to her, she said, but what she had done for her she did willingly—how the falsehood burned her cheek—and she hoped she should be able, in future, to show her more kindnesses than she had already done. George seemed not to perceive the embarrassment of his mother, but a shadow passed over his face.

"And where will you make your home, George?" I asked; "somewhere in our neighborhood, I trust."

"Yes; my title to the land which was rightly my father's, is legal now; and, mother, I have decided to erect a dwelling for us on the site of our old log cabin. I have engaged workmen who will be here to-morrow, for we must have our house completed before Ullman arrives."

"And, George, are you not going to get married? You cannot expect your mother to preside over the establishment you will have!"

"Yes!" he replied, laughing, but still in earnest, "but where shall I find one who will suit my mother and my friends? Ullmann has been accustomed to the most refined female society. He has many times spoken to me of his wife and young daughter, both of whom died on their way to California, where he had intended to make him a home."

Looking, accidentally, through the doorway of the adjoining apartment, I saw reflected from a mirror, the figure of Rika. As George pronounced these words, she had sunk upon the floor and lifted her clasped hands and her eyes to heaven, and such joy and gratitude as I never before saw expressed, was beaming from her countenance.

Fearing that Mrs. Sinclair or her son might also be witnesses of the scene which I believed Rika would wish to conceal, I arose quickly, and telling George that if he would make out a list of the beauties and accomplishments he would consider indispensable in a wife, I would endeavor to find him one, I went into the adjoining apartment on pretext of looking at the pretty hat Rika was braiding. The young girl was bending again over her work, and she answered my questions respecting it very demurely; but when I stooped over her and whispered: "Rika, you have many times refused to let me share your sorrows—I *will* participate in your joy!" she wound her arms about me, and raised her swimming eyes to mine.

The following evening she spent with me, and we laid many plans for the future, one of which was that I would board some of George's carpenters, if Mrs. Sinclair would give me the assistance of Rika; and this plan succeeded as well as did the project I formed without the assistance of my young friend. Mrs. Sinclair was only too willing to get Rika out of her sight. She had not repented of the injustice she had done the young girl; she was only ashamed of it, and anxious to conceal it from her son.

Dear Rika! how happy she was when she found herself domiciled at our house. She would do nothing but laugh and weep. Her happiness was ample compensation for the trouble the addition to our family caused me. She gave me assistance enough to show that she would make an excellent housekeeper, but Rika's drudgery was over books, the piano, and in preparing for herself a decent wardrobe.

She became more and more beautiful every day. Her dark, luxuriant hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders, her attenuated form gained strength and elasticity, her cheek became round and rosy, and her eyes had in them a starry brightness; and the goodness of her heart and the wealth of her intellect surprised me more than did the improvement in her personal appearance. I found her, one day, surveying herself in the mirror. There was no look of pride on her face, but every feature spoke her happiness.

"You do not think," she said, "how much I am resembling my father! My countryman," so she always spoke of George Sinclair's Polish friend—she dared not be too sanguine in her expectations, "will not be ashamed of me."

I did not intend that George should see Rika very often; after a few months had passed, however, I found that a greater degree of surveillance than I was willing to be guilty of, was necessary to prevent him from doing so, and that the young man did not relish, very keenly, my remarks respecting a certain young lady with whom he had flirted soon after his return home; but I did not think my great project would be carried into effect so soon as it was.

One afternoon George came over to invite Rika and myself to visit the new dwelling, which was nearly completed. I fancied he was not very anxious for me to accept his invitation, but I did. Rika was looking charmingly in the neat and tasteful dress, which, I whispered to George, had been purchased with the gold piece he had given her, though he pretended not to hear. He was talking in an uncommonly voluble strain, even for him, and Rika was unusually silent and thoughtful.

The new house was a beautiful dwelling. Many pretty residences have been erected in our settlement since, but that is still the handsomest in the neighborhood. I very soon exhausted my stock of expletives in praising George's taste and the skill of his workmen; but Rika said nothing.

"I have sent to New York for furniture," said George, "and the house will be ready for us to move into by the time it arrives here."

"Are you going to be married before you move in, George?" I asked.

"Yes, I intend to be," he replied, very seriously.

I glanced involuntarily at Rika. Her face was pale as death, and the fingers which rested on my arm seemed striving to bury themselves in the flesh.

"That is," added George, turning toward my companion—and how beautiful his countenance was at that moment—"if Rika will be my wife! Will you, dearest Rika?"

The little fingers loosened their hold on my arm and they were clasped in the broad palms of George. I moved away, but in a little time my companions joined me, and the young man's lips and Rika's eyes spoke words I like to remember.

Mrs. Sinclair had not called at my house since Rika had been with me, but I believed there was a reason, besides that she gave me, for her absence. I know not how it happened that she came the very evening Rika learned that she was loved, unless a kind Providence wished to fill the dear girl's cup of happiness to overflowing. My neighbor had repented, at length, of all her unkindness towards her former charge.

When the sky above her was dark and cold, Mrs. Sinclair said, her heart would become hard and insensible as a mountain of ice; but what could she do in such sunlight and warmth as Heaven had now surrounded her with? Rika begged her not to speak of the past; for it should be remembered as if there had been only happiness in it—but she would not be silent. It was due to Rika, it was due to Mrs. C—— and all the rest of the neighbors, that she should confess her sins. Everybody had believed that the trust in Heaven and the resignation to its will, which she so often enjoined on others, had been practised by herself—but it was not so. Adversity had wakened all the latent wickedness in her heart, and the vial of her wrath had been poured on the head of poor Rika, who had been so patient and forgiving, who had so constantly returned good for evil, toiling like a slave that she might be supplied with the comforts she had been accustomed to enjoy. Could Rika forgive her? And the lady would have knelt at her feet had not the sobbing girl prevented it. Would she, henceforth, be a daughter to her?

"Are you willing she shall be your daughter?" I inquired. "George has asked her to become his wife!"

Rika turned pale, but I was sure my neighbor's reply would be what we wished. Mrs. Sinclair and George were alike ignorant of the hopes Rika was cherishing; but the lady would no more readily have consented to the proposed marriage if Rika had been a princess, than she then consented. After she had gone I inquired of Rika how she could remain with Mrs. Sinclair so long, when she had been repeatedly invited to make her home where she was sure she would be kindly treated.

"It is foolish in me to tell you," she returned, blushing. "When George was leaving his home for California, after he had bidden adieu to his mother, and she had gone to her room, he looked back into the cabin and saw me weeping—I did not know why I wept—and he came back and put his arm around my neck and whispered something in my ear. I knew not the meaning of his words, but I was sure they were kind, he spoke to me in such a gentle tone and smiled so pleasantly; and always after, when his mother looked on me with such coldness and contempt, and spoke such harsh, cruel words, I could only see his smile and hear his voice."

George was anxious that the marriage should take place before they moved into the new house, but Rika persuaded him to wait for the arrival of his Polish friend. I wondered at the calmness with which she looked forward to the stranger's coming; Rika had long been learning patience. Ulmann came at length—he was Rika's father!

The story of his death was a fabrication of the individual whom Madame Ulmann had employed to take her and her daughter to California. He believed that, in her feeble state of health, the intelligence would cause the effect which it did produce, and after her death, Rika was treated so inhumanly by the wretch, that she made her escape from the emigrant wagon at the earliest opportunity. But the few hundred dollars that he obtained possession of by his villany, cost him his life. He was robbed and murdered on the plains, and the emigrants in whose company he had travelled, carried news to Ulmann that his wife and daughter had died on the journey.

We did not know who was the happiest on Rika's wedding evening, the old people, or the young; but Mrs. Sinclair considered herself the cause of all the joy, and whispered that Rika was, in truth, "a blessing in disguise."

A BATH IN GENESARETH.

We untwisted our turbans, kicked off our baggy trowsers, and speedily releasing ourselves from the barbarous restraints of dress, dipped into the torpid sea and floated lazily out until we could feel the exquisite coolness of the living springs which sent up their jets from the bottom. I was lying on my back, moving my fins just sufficiently to keep afloat, and gazing dreamily through half-closed eyes on the forlorn palms of Tiberias, when a shrill voice hailed me with, "O, Howadji, get out of our way!" There, at the old stone gateway below our tent, stood two Galilean damsels, with heavy earthen jars upon their heads. "Go away, yourselves, O maidens," I answered, "if you want us to come out of the water." "But we must fill our pitchers," one of them replied. "Then fill them at once, and be not afraid; or leave them and we will fill them for you." Thereupon they put the pitchers down, but remained watching us very complacently while we sank the vessels to the bottom of the lake, and let them fill from the colder and purer tide of the springs. In bringing them back through the water to the gate, the one I propelled before me happened to strike against a stone, and its fair owner, on receiving it, immediately pointed to a crack in the side, which she declared I had made, and went off lamenting. After we had resumed our garments, and were enjoying the pipe of indolence and the coffee of contentment, she returned and made such an outcry that I was fain to purchase peace by the price of a new pitcher. I passed the first hours of the night in looking out of my tent door, as I lay, on the stars sparkling in the bosom of Galilee, like the sheen of Assyrian spears and the glare of the great fires kindled on the opposite shore.—*Land of the Saracen.*

WHOLESALE EXECUTIONS.

By a report obtained from good authority, it appears that over 70,000 men have been publicly executed in Canton, since Feb. 15, or the Chinese new year. The same authority states the number put to death at Shauking Fu at 27,000, and about 25,000 at the taking of the fort at Blenholm reach, and the subsequent captures among the villages thereabouts. One of the leaders, named Kam Sin, has been put to death by a lingering punishment, having been cut up into one hundred and eight pieces. There are three grades of this mode of execution, the other two, where the criminal is divided into twenty-four or thirty-six parts, not being so disgraceful. This leader headed the bands which threatened the north of the city last autumn and winter. More than five hundred of lesser note were executed the same day; and on one day recently, over seven hundred were killed. Certainly, a government that can put its subjects to death in this manner, can hardly be called a weak one; any more than the insurrection which has involved such loss, can be regarded as popular.—*Boston Courier.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN ESCAPED NOVICE from the sisterhood of St. Joseph, Emmetsburg, Maryland. By JOSEPHINE M. BUNKLEY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 338.

The institution from which Miss Josephine M. Bunkley escaped is the motherhouse of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. The Sisters of Charity are well known in this country for their services during the prevalence of fatal epidemics as nurses of the sick, and many will be curious to know what an "escaped novice" says of their central institution. For sale by Redding & Co.

JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER. New York: H. W. Hewet.

This popular nursery tale, splendidly illustrated, will furnish delight to thousands of children. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF GOETHE. By G. H LEWES, author of the "Biographical History of Philosophy." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 2 volumes, 12mo. pp. 913.

If Dr. Johnson loved a "good hater," we admire a "good lover." The author of this biography of the great German—though not an idolater—a hero-worshipper—is a warm admirer, and hence his book is readable and valuable. Nothing has escaped his research, for the most trivial details of Goethe's life possess an interest in his eyes. Thus the reader has before him an infinity of facts, intrinsically valuable in themselves, illustrating the era of letters in which Goethe played so conspicuous a part. He has succeeded in correcting some of Goethe's own mistakes in his autobiography, and has presented the only complete life of the author of "Faust" yet written. The book is worthy of the extensive circulation it will undoubtedly command.

MOLLY AND KITTY. Translated from the German by Trauermantel. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 323.

A very pleasing juvenile work illustrating peasant life in Ireland, with other stories, embellished by pretty colored lithographs. Just the reading for boys and girls of a winter evening.

LOVE OF COUNTAY. Compiled and Translated from the French by Trauermantel. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 260.

Delightful stories of Sobieski and other Polish heroes, written in a taking and intelligible style, and illustrated by colored engravings. A very pleasing juvenile.

THE BEARS OF AUGUSTUSBURG, AND OTHER TALES. Translated from the German by Trauermantel. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 251.

These stories are admirably adapted to delight children They are well told, and full of dramatic interest. The colored lithographs complete their attractiveness.

THE EXHIBITION SPEAKER AND GYMNASTIC BOOK. By P. A. FITZGERALD. Rochester, New York: D. M. Dewey. 12mo. pp. 268.

This work embraces a very good treatise on elocution, a system of gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, a number of pieces for declamation, and a collection of dramatic scenes and farces for school and academic representation. The plan of the work is original, and well developed in the execution. We learn that it meets with an extensive sale.

MEISTER KARL'S SKETCH BOOK. By CHARLES G. LELAND. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 388.

A book brimful of humor, wit and sentiment, quaint and quizzical, original and mirth-provoking. We like it rarely—particularly those humorous ballads and snatches of comic song. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A CHRISTMAS WREATH FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. By ELLA RODMAN. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855.

A collection of charming juvenile stories (original), that cannot fail to please the little folks. The work is beautifully illustrated. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

BALLADS BY WM. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 228.

Thackeray has certainly found out the way to "minister to a mind diseased," and is entitled to a moral diploma for his discovery. Of this book we may say truly, as the charlatan does of his quack nostrum, "no family should be without it." We dare not trust ourselves to speak of it as it deserves, for we abhor superlatives. It is crowded full of genuine humor—of geniality—of comic pictures—of unheard-of rhymes—in a word, it is a book of a thousand. There will be no end to the sale of it.

AUNTY WONDERFUL. Translated from the German. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 4to.

A capital juvenile story book, full of grand lithographic illustrations. It is written in prose and verse, and is really a very humorous affair.

THE HOUSE BY THE SEA. A Poem, by THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 152.

A wild and mournful story beautifully told. The poem has all the exquisite grace and expression which characterize the productions of our young American poet painter. It fully redeems the fair promise of his earlier works. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE WAY OF SALVATION. By ALBERT BARNES. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 474.

A series of sermons written to meet the case of those who "see *real* difficulties in religion which they would not be unwilling to have explained." The doctrine of salvation, according to the author's views, is vigorously enforced. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.



EAST INDIA MARINE HALL.



CUSTOM HOUSE.

SKETCHES OF SALEM.

We present our readers on this and the next page with a series of views drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, and depicting the neighboring city of Salem. It is our purpose to continue the series, in the style of our former local illustrations, embracing in the course all the principal towns and cities of the Union—east, west, north and south—and striving to secure the utmost accuracy in our representations. Salem is one of the most interesting places in our State. One of the earliest colonial settlements, it has a quaint, old-fashioned air about it that is quite attractive to those who love to dwell upon the memorials of the past. It is not, to be sure, comparable to Newport in antiquity of appearance, for a large proportion of its structures are modern and elegant, as our engravings show, but there are sufficient vestiges of by-gone generations and departed styles of architecture to give it a peculiar character. The irregularity and narrowness of many of the streets speak of a period when the future greatness of the country had not dawned upon the founders of American cities. The situation of Salem is low, but is remarkably healthy. It is built chiefly on a tongue of land formed by two inlets of the sea called North and South Rivers, and communicates with Boston by means of the Eastern Railroad. The East India Marine Hall, the first of our views, is a neat structure, well adapted to the purposes to which it is applied. The East India Marine Society, which was formed in 1799, by those who, acting as either captains or supercargoes, had doubled Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope—"mariners of the long voyage," as they used to be called, have in this building an admirable collection of curiosities from the farthest "Ind," and indeed from almost every quarter of the globe. The Custom House, shown in our second engraving, is a fine specimen of the style of architecture so much in vogue in the early part of the present century. Hawthorne has rendered this building classical in the amusing preface to the "Scarlet Letter," as Lamb immortalized the South Sea House in his essays. Our third engraving shows the Court House, one of the many fine buildings which adorn the city. It is situated on elevated ground, near the easterly end of the tunnel through which the railroad passes, and which is seen in our picture. It is a plain, though finely proportioned granite building, built in 1841. Immediately behind it in our view is the Tabernacle Church. The depot of the Eastern Railroad, near the opposite end of the tunnel, is a fine stone building. As a memorial of days gone by, we present in our fourth engraving a sketch of an old building situated at the corner of Washington and Lynde Streets. Its peaked gables and projecting second story are quaintly characteristic. Such an old house, perhaps this identical house, Hawthorne had in his eye when he sketched the *locale* of his glorious romance, the "House of the Seven Gables." Our fifth view shows St. Peter's Church, a modest stone building of the Gothic style of architecture, first erected in 1733 and rebuilt 1833. The State Normal School, shown in our sixth engraving, is a neat brick building, two stories in height, and was built by money jointly raised by the city and the board of education. The seventh view shows us Mechanic Hall, a fine building situated on Essex Street, and occupied by the Salem Mechanics' Society. Our next engraving represents the Market-house, which is situated on Derby Square. In the upper part of the building is the town hall. The building and land were given to Salem for town and market purposes. The next engraving shows us the front and side of the City Hall, a fine building faced with granite, built in 1837. The shade trees which enhance its effect are characteristic of Salem, many of the streets being lined with beautiful elms. The subject of the last picture in our series is the Asiatic Building, on Washington Street, a fine freestone edifice of recent construction. It is occupied by the Asiatic Bank, the Merchant's Bank, Savings Bank, Oriental Office, Post-Office, Loan and Fund Association, etc. From the cupola of this building a fine and extensive panoramic view of the city and its environs is obtained. Salem is largely built of wood, but contains many substantial stone and brick buildings. The city is honorably distinguished by its literary and scientific institutions. In addition to the East India Marine Society, there are the Essex Institute, organized in 1848, by the union of the Essex Historical and the Essex County Natural History Societies, the Salem Athenæum and the Essex Agricultural Society. According to the census of 1850, there were in Salem 10 public libraries, with an aggregate of 23,300 volumes; 27 private libraries, of over 1000 volumes each, forming an aggregate of 55,650 volumes; public school libraries, 3995 volumes, and Sabbath school libraries, 4700 volumes—making a total of 86,645 volumes. The public schools of Salem enjoy a high character. The harbor of Salem is good, and it is a place of considerable commercial importance. Her merchants were formerly largely engaged in the East India trade, but of late years, that trade has been diverted to Boston and New York. Manufacturing is now carried on to a considerable extent. The aggregate capital of the banks is about $2,000,000. Salem owes its origin to the failure of a fishing plantation at Cape Ann. The Rev. John White, of Dorchester, England, was much interested in establishing colonies in Massachusetts, as places of refuge from the persecutions of dissenters by the English government. A disaffection among the Plymouth settlers having forced some of them to reside at Nantasket, the most prominent being Rev. John Lydford and Roger Conant, the latter and their companions were selected by Mr. White and his associates to manage their affairs at Cape Ann. Conant, thinking Naumkeag preferable to Cape Ann for a permanent settlement, gave notice of it to his friends in England, and this information gave birth to a project for procuring a grant for settling a colony in Massachusetts Bay. In 1628, a patent having been obtained, Captain John Endicott was sent over with about one hundred persons, to carry on the plantation at Naumkeag, where he arrived in September. For his dwelling he purchased the materials of a house which had been located at Cape Ann, and belonged to the Dorchester company. Those who remained at Naumkeag passed through severe afflictions. A large proportion died of scurvy and other diseases. In 1629, the Massachusetts company obtained a royal charter, authorizing them to administer the government of the colony. Their title was the "governor and company of Massachusetts Bay in New England." The device on their seal was an Indian with a bow in one hand and an arrow in the other, with a label in his mouth, with the Scripture expression, "Come over and help us." The spirit of emigration now gained new strength, and additional emigrants came over, bringing with them cattle, tools, provisions, arms, am-



COURT HOUSE AND TABERNACLE.



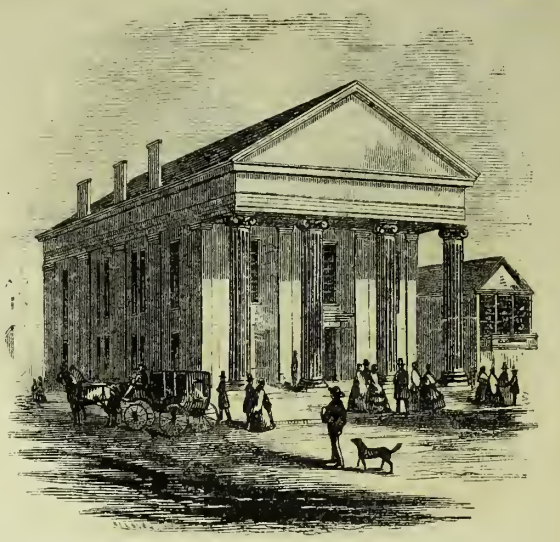
OLD BUILDING, COR. WASHINGTON AND LYNDE STS.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH.



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.



MECHANIC HALL.

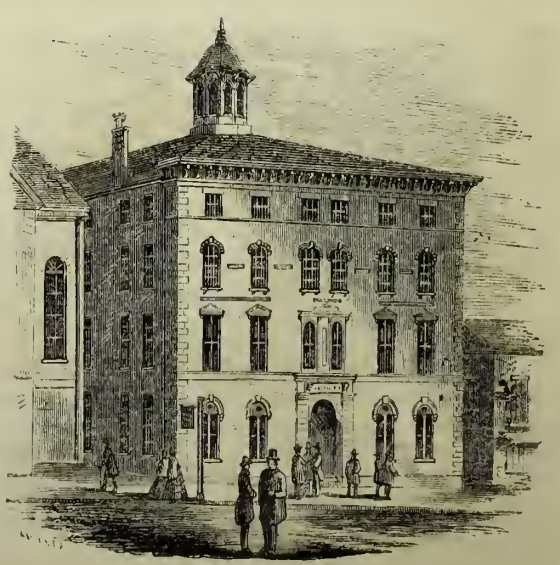
munition, etc. Of the condition of the plantation, Mr. Higginson wrote: "When we came first to Nehumkek, we found about a score of houses: we found also abundance of corn planted by them, very good and well liking. There are in all of us, both old and new planters, about 300, whereof 200 of them are arrived in Nehumkek, now Salem. All the rest have planted themselves at *Masathulets* Bay, beginning to build a town thero, which they do call Cherto or Charlestown." The Indian name was changed to Salem, a Hebrew word, signifying peaco. It appears that the natives had forsaken tho spot, and that "none ever claimed it." Salem at first increased very slowly, but it soon surpassed its neighbors. The following description of Salem in 1639, is from Wood's "New England Prospect," and affords a pleasant contrast to Salem as it is. "Salem stands on the middle of a necke of land very pleasantly, having a south river on tho one side, and a north river on the other side. Upon this necke where most of the houses stand, is very had and sandie land, yet for seaven years together is hath brought forth exceeding good corne, by being *fished* hut every third year. In some places is very good ground and good timber, and divers springs close by the seaside. There likewise is storo of fish, as basses, eels, lobsters, clammes, etc. Although their land be none of the best, yet beyond their rivers is a very good soyle, where they have taken farms, and get their hay and plant their corne; there they erosse these rivers with small cannowes, which are made of whole pino trees, heing about two foot and a halfe over, and twenty foote long. In these likewise they goe a fowling, sometimes two leagues at sea. There be more cannowes in this towne than in the whole patent, every household having a *water horse* or two. This town wants an alewife river, which is a great convenience. It hath two good harhors, the one being called winter and the other summer harbors, which lieth within Derbin's fort, which place, if it were well fortified, might keep shippes from landing forces in any of those two places." Let us make one more extract from the records of the past, showing the style of dress among our ancestors, and how grave legislators interfered with the fashions of the day. In 1634, "the court taking into consideration the great, superfluous and unnecessary expenses occasioned by reason of some new and immodest fashions, as also the ordinary wearing of silver, gold and silk lace girdles, hat bands, etc., hath therefore ordered that no person, either man or woman, shall hereafter make or buy any apparel, either woolen or silk, or linen, with any lace on it, silver, gold or silk thread, under penalty of forfeiture of such clothes, etc. Also, that no person, either man or woman, shall make or buy any slashed clothes, other than one slash in each sleeve and another in the back. Also, all cut works, embroidered or needle-worked caps, bands and rayles are forbidden hereafter to be made or worn, under the aforesaid penalty. Also, all gold and silver girdles, hat-bands, belts, ruffs, beaver hats are prohibited to be bought and worn hereafter, under the aforesaid penalty. Moreover, it is agreed, if any man shall judge the wearing of any of the forenamed particulars, new fashions, or long hair, or anything of the like nature to be uncomely or prejudicial to the common good, and the party offending reform not the same upon notice given him, that then the next assistant, being informed thereof, shall have power to bind the party so offending to answer to it at the next court, if the case so require. Provided, and it is the meaning of the court, that men and women shall have the liberty to wear out such apparel as they are now provided of (except the immoderate great sleeves, slash apparel, immoderate great rayles, long wings, etc.)" The year 1692 was signalized in the history of Salem by the witchcraft delusion with its afflicting consequences. This excitement commenced in Salem village, since Danvers, in the family of the Rev. Mr. Parris, the clergyman of the place. A fourth part of the inhabitants left the place in consequence. Twenty persons were executed for witchcraft—one of them, who refused to put himself on trial, being pressed to death. The unfortunate victims of popular delusion were executed on a hill in the westerly part of the town, ever since known as "Gallows Hill." The good and learned Dr. Cotton Mather was a firm believer in the existence of the Salem witchcraft, and wonderful are the stories he relates concerning it in his quaint and curious *Magnalia*. "Some scores of people," he says, "first about Salem, the centre and first born of all the towns in the colony, and afterwards in other places, were arrested with many preternatural vexations in their bodies, and a variety of cruel torments which were evidently from the demons of the invisible world. The people that were infected and infested with such demons, in a few days' time arrived unto such a refining alteration upon their eyes, that they could see their tormentors; they saw a devil of little stature and of a tawny color, attended still with spectres that appeared in more human circumstances." But we learn to look with charity on the delusion of our ancestors, in view of numbers around us who believe in the existence of greater marvels than Mather himself records. During the revolutionary war, Salem exhibited an energy in the good cause which has crowned her with undying fame. No fewer than sixty armed vessels manned by four thousand men, are said to have sailed as privateers from Salem harbor. Shoulder to shoulder with Boston, she upheld the honor of old Massachusetts throughout the glorious struggle, and one of the initial acts of the revolution was performed within her limits. The city charter of Salem dates from 1836. We know of few pleasanter places in New England for a residence than Salem. With the exception of a few localities through which the tide of commercial activity flows during the busier hours of the day, it unites the quiet of the country with the conveniences of city life. The man of leisure and taste may find here the charms of polished society, libraries and scientific collections to aid his mental culture, and the most agreeable scenery in the environs to gladden his eyes when he goes forth to take the air. Besides a thousand historical associations, brilliant and thrilling, or sad in tone, cluster round the venerable place. It was here the fancy of Hawthorne caught many of those tender and many of those tragic hues whose reflections on his pages have charmed so many thousands of readers, and will continue to charm so long, as the English tongue is a written and a spoken language. Salem claims her share of distinguished names in art and science; among whom that of Nathaniel Bowditch, author of the "Practical Navigator," is identified with its fame and nautical achievements. This celebrated work, which has been translated into every European language, is co-extensive with maritime adventure.



MARKET HOUSE AND DERBY SQUARE.



CITY HALL.



ASIATIC BUILDING AND POST-OFFICE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ANGELS ARE HERE TO-NIGHT, MOTHER.

BY H. RICH.

There's a harp in the dusky room, mother,
And a stirring of golden strings,
A joining of angel-tones in song—
A folding of spirit-wings.
Yet I hear in the busy street, mother,
Tho crowd go hurrying by;
They will gather, and greet, and part the same,
When Lettie shall shrouded lie.

O, bear to my Willie my love, mother,
With the news of this hour to him;
Say, his parting look is a treasure now,
As the light of life grows dim.
That I'll come with my olden smile, mother,
On the night we were to wed;
And my spirit will linger near to him,
His bride, with the vows unsaid.

Ah, what though my bosom ne'er thrill, mother,
With the tremor of earthly bliss?
And what though my lips may not feel again
The clinging of passion's kiss?
I will shine on his lonely way, mother,
A star on the fretted sea;
And his heart will thrill with a sudden joy,
And know that it's nearer me.

See! there are angels here to-night, mother,
Now they kneel in the quiet room;
And the harp is swept by a nerveless hand,
But I cannot see by whom.
With the chant of the spirit-throng, mother,
I am borne on lifted wings,—
It is ever a harp and an angel,
That faith to the dying brings.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROBBER OF ST. GERVAIS.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

One cold, blustering morning, late in the fall, a man, who walked with a crutch and a short staff, was on the road from Lodeve to St. Gervais, in the department of Herault, away in the southern part of France. The traveller was an old man, perhaps five and fifty, with a face very dark from long and constant exposure, and with a stone-gray beard and moustache. An old gray overcoat completely enveloped his person, but it was plainly to be seen that he had only one leg. The road was very muddy, and a cold, drizzling mist was falling, and though it was well into the evening, yet there was light enough to distinguish the way, for away beyond the clouds and the mist, a bright moon was shining, and though even its whereabouts could not be made out, yet it served to make visible what must otherwise have been enveloped in utter darkness.

The old man hobbled on, planting his crutch and staff carefully upon the soft and treacherous ground, and thus he passed but slowly on his way. It was near nine o'clock when he reached the little copse of swamp-wood that lay at the edge of the village of St. Gervais. Here it was somewhat darker, and he made his way more carefully. He had just reached the edge of the copse when his attention was attracted by a noise close by him, and in a moment more a human being stood in the road before him. The new comer was a slight built person, as the old man could distinctly see, and most probably a youth. He had surely come from the wood.

"Ha!" uttered the traveller, "what now, eh?"

"Your money, or your life!" was the reply, given abruptly, but somewhat tremulously.

"You don't mean it!"

"I do," the youth said, more firmly. "And be quick, too, for I've no time to waste. You see this pistol. It contains two balls. Give me money, or they both go through your head!"

"Ten thousand thunders, boy! you wouldn't kill me just for the sake of a little money—perhaps only the few sous that are necessary to pay for my night's lodgings."

"And why not kill you for that, as well as die myself for the want of it? Ay, and worse, too. Come—quick!"

There was a resoluteness in the youth's tones which proved him to be in earnest, but yet they had a cast of eagerness and pathos which proved him a new beginner at this kind of work.

"*Die*, did you say?" returned the old man, more in pity than in anger. "A boy like you talk of dying. *Diable!*—and with such pluck, too? You're crazy!"

"Will you give me money, or must I shoot you?"

No sooner were these words out of the boy's mouth, than up came the old man's staff, and the pistol went flying across the road into the mud.

"There—you've got rid of a very dangerous weapon; and don't ye never use it again in such a fashion. Now, who are ye?"

The youth stood for a few moments as if undecided how to act.

"Hold on," continued the old man, as the young stranger started as though he would turn away. "Don't be afraid, for I may give you that of my own free will which I would never give to any living man upon compulsion. But tell me—I have faced death a thousand times, and have killed many men, but I have done it for France—for my country. But why should you face death thus? In the night—on the highway—in your own home—and at the expense of a countryman? Why is it?"

"Nothing—never mind. You said you would give me money. Give it to me, in Heaven's name."

"Hold," answered the traveller. "Your home is not far from here."

"*Home!* O, what is home to the starving!"

The old man was moved, for there was a depth of agony in the tones of the youth's voice which was not to be withstood by any one possessing ordinary feelings.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Never mind."

"But I wont expose you."

"Truly?"

"I will not."

"But why should I tell you? You have disarmed me, and I am at your mercy. Yet, as God is my judge, had I known you were an old soldier, I would not have stopped you. I would have laid in the wood and starved first. Give me money—a few sous."

"Tell me your name."

The youth hesitated, but finally he replied:

"If you are a true soldier I should take your word. My name is Pierre Chollet."

"And have you no parents?"

"A mother."

"And she lives not far from here?"

"Not far."

"And is she starving?"

"Ay."

"Then let us hasten away and find her. I may help her; and, moreover, get lodgings for the night for myself and my crutch. Come, it's cold here. Lead the way."

"You will help my mother, if you go?"

"To be sure I will.

"And you wont lisp a word of this?"

"Not without your consent."

"Then follow me."

Thus speaking the youth turned and started on.

"Are you acquainted with this road?" the old man asked.

"Every inch of it," was the reply.

"Then go ahead and pick out the best path, and I can get along faster."

At the end of about twenty minutes they topped a little hill, and the lights could be seen in the village of St. Gervais; but before they reached the village the guide turned off to the right into a narrow lane, and finally came to a small hut which the youth said was his home. He opened the door and went in, and the old man followed him. There was only one room and that had a floor of clay. In the fire-place burned a few fagots, while close by were heaped up a lot more—boughs, twigs, and stuff such as might be dragged out of the swamp close by. In an old armchair sat an elderly female with her hands folded in her lap, and close by her was a cat. The woman's face could be seen by the glimmer of the fire, and it was thin, haggard and pale. She looked up as her boy entered, and in a feeble tone, asked:

"Did ye find it, Pierre?"

"I hope so, mother. A kind, old soldier has come home with me, and he will help us."

The old lady started up and gazed around. She saw the stranger, and a look of hope rested upon her features.

"Haven't ye a light?" asked the stranger.

"No—only the fire," answered the boy.

"Then we'll have a better one," the soldier said. "I've a candle in my haversack, and a bit of food, too."

As he spoke, he sat down in a chair—the only other one in the room—and having unslung his haversack he overhauled the contents until he came to the candle. This he gave to Pierre and bade him light it. An old wooden candlestick was found and the candle was soon burning. The soldier could now see the faces of his hostess and her son more plainly. The former was a mild-looking, full-browed woman, with a prayerful cast of countenance, and must once have been extremely beautiful. She was certainly fifty years of age, for her hair was very gray, and time had been busy with its indelible touches. Her son was not over nineteen, and was a handsome youth. He was pale and wan now; but his brow was full, his eyes large, dark and brilliant.

"You suffer much?" said the soldier, addressing the hostess.

"Very much," she returned. "I have been very sick, but I am getting better now. Yet my sickness has eaten up everything we had, and my noble boy has sacrificed all his earnings; and, worse than all else, he can't find work now to do. The crops are all garnered and the barns closed. Yesterday he went to the house of a rich man to beg, and he was kicked—"

"No, no, mother—not *kicked!*" exclaimed the youth, quickly. "He did not dare to do that. He said he *would* kick me if I came there again."

"But are there not others who would help you?" asked the old man.

"They might," returned Pierre; "but the sou-prefet of police swore that he would have me sent off if he caught me begging again. What could I do, sir?"

"But the sou-prefet is a villain! What does he mean?"

"He is angry with me. He wanted me in the harvest-time to work for him for five sous a day, and I wouldn't, because a better man gave me fifteen sous."

"He is a perfect villain. But come—we'll eat something. My old haversack has something else in it besides candles. I don't travel without something to guard against the danger of being benighted in the wood."

As he spoke he pulled a loaf of bread and a piece of cold boiled beef from his old provision bag, and then bade the mother and son eat. He assured them that he had eaten a hearty supper, and that he had money to buy more, so without further ceremony they commenced the meal—the first they had eaten since the morning of the day before, save the little milk which they were able to get from one old goat which they yet retained.

Tears stood in the old soldier's eyes as he sat and saw the boy and his mother eat, and when they were done they turned and blessed him. The woman seemed much revived, and as her son put some more fagots upon the fire, she turned and spoke to her guest. Her voice trembled as she spoke, and tears were in her eyes.

"You are a soldier?" she said.

"Yes," the old man replied, turning his gaze upon the fire instead of upon his questioner.

"Have you been long in the army?"

"Eighteen years."

"Perhaps you have been in Africa?"

"I have."

"Whom did you serve under?"

"Colonel Pelissier."

"Then you may have known Francois Chollet?"

And as the woman said this she wiped her eyes with her apron.

"Corporal Chollet? To be sure I knew him. Ay—and a fine fellow he was, too. Did you ever know him?"

"Yes, sir. He—he—" and here a passionate flood of tears interrupted her; but finally she concluded—"he was my husband."

"Ah—was he? Poor Francois! His was a sad fate!"

The woman started and laid one of her hands upon the soldier's arm. The tears ceased flowing and her lips were closed.

"Then he is dead?" she whispered.

"No—I guess not."

"Not dead! Francois alive! Do you know this!" she cried.

"I am sure of it. He was sadly wounded, and lost a leg—as I have done. He was taken prisoner [illegible] a long while, too, and that is the reason why he [illegible] not come home with his regiment. But how long since you have seen him?"

"Fifteen years, sir. He sailed from Marseilles with the first that went to Algiers. But where is he now? Where did you see him last?"

"He landed at Toulon with me."

"O, God bless you, sir! And he will come to me soon? Did you leave him there?"

"No. He started on with me."

"Started on? But where—where—did you leave him?"

"The last I saw of him was in a small hut where he called to pass the night. But you see, I have come off with his crutch and staff, so I shouldn't wonder if he had to stop where he is for some time."

"O—how could you, sir? But you didn't know that he had a waiting, weeping wife to whom he would go."

"Yes, I did."

"And yet you left him thus!"

"But the crutch was mine."

"Ah—you lent it him. But no—if you had only one crutch between you both, how did you come so far?"

"Simply because we were both one and the same person."

"One—both—you—"

"I am Francois Chollet."

The woman started to her feet, and having gazed one moment into the soldier's face, she sank upon his bosom and wept. Pierre was upon his feet in an instant, and on the next he was by his father's side. He forgot for the moment his expedition upon the highway, and only realized that his father had returned. He remembered well when that father took him upon his knees fifteen years before and kissed him; and he remembered, too, how the big tears had rolled down that father's cheeks.

But the husband and father was at home once more, and if he had returned with his body maimed, he had brought back an untarnished name. In addition to a goodly bulk of gold which he carried stitched up in his vest, he had a pension settled upon him, and the future looked bright and clear. The son of Corporal Challot became an important personage among the honest peasants, and the sou-prefet was among the first to solicit the friendship of the brave and battle-scarred old soldier. The little cot smiled once more, and Pierre had never occasion again to go upon the highway with any foul intent. The old soldier often refers to the meeting with the young robber of St. Gervais, and under all the circumstances it rather pleases him, for he knows that his boy was pushed to it by the very ones who should have helped him, and he thinks he can see in it the proof of Pierre's courage, and also of his true affection for his mother.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for nearly fifteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its own sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother, or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest paper in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AT MEMORY'S SHRINE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

The wind comes drifting over the plain,
And with it comes the snow;
And it softly falls on the window pane,
As it fell in the long ago.

But O, for the hopes that herald youth,
Though purer than the snow;
And, O, for the words of truth and love
That youth and manhood know.

All under the mist that memory sends
To hide the march of years,
I sat with the shapes of buried friends
Beside a shrine of tears.

The leaden beat of a grief-struck heart
Alone the solitude breaks;
For my pallid lips refuse to part,
When grief the subject makes.

Some under the green palms of the sea,
And some beneath the sod;
And there comes no wind but tells to me
Of the early-called to God.

But on the flowers have not sprung,
The green grass hath not grown;
For the autumn wind his requiem sung,
But sung it not alone.

A crimson pall from the maple-tree,
A russet from the oak,
Have made a shrine where many a knee
Has bent to mourn the stroke.

So noble in early manhood's prime,
So brave to do and dare,
With soul that beat to the voiceless chime
Of hope above despair.

O, thus the links of friendship burst—
The good are called to go;
While those we cherish best are first
To leave us wrapped in woe.

Some under the green palms of the sea,
And some beneath the sod;
While there comes no wind but tells to me
Of the early-called to God.

And there comes no wind but whispers, too,
"Be ready to depart!"
And the open grave that meets my view,
Implies a pulseless heart.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A HORSE AT A RAFFLE.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

Mr. Phœnix Starlit was a model citizen, a model clerk, a model husband and father, a model son, the pink of perfection, in every way, shape and manner. His simplicity always reminded us of the mythical days—of the golden age, when everybody was a perfect gentleman. Starlit could not be judged by a fashionable standard. He carried his own market-basket home from Quincy Hall, and did not object to be seen in the society of a blue cotton umbrella. He never made speeches at Ward Room meetings, but he was very fond of hearing them, and contributed to the "general applause," "hearty laughter," "tears, cheers and smiles," we read about in the newspaper reports. Mr. Starlit, to sketch his personal appearance, was a short, thin man, with a complexion like weak chicken broth; his features a mere sketch in water colors; light, cobalt eyes, an attenuated, pointed nose, and hair the color of mild sugar gingerbread; he was always dressed in a black suit of rather antiquated cut. He was descended on the maternal side from the Meeks, and married into the family of the Tartars, who themselves, as everybody knows, were related to the Snapdragons. But we forget that we are not writing genealogy.

If Phœnix Starlit was a model husband, Hannah Starlit was a model wife. She rose early and went to bed late, lectured her housemaid, her children and her husband with indiscriminate eloquence, pumped up any quantity of tears when she wanted to gain a point, and kept her husband in a perpetual agony by declaring herself the most ill-used woman in existence.

Starlit was a clerk in a public office, envied by every one who had never served Uncle Sam. For his meagre pittance he worked hard, and was snubbed by his superiors at the desk almost as much as by his wife at home. His place was the gift of a great man in a fit of unusual generosity—for Phœnix had no political claims; and yet his appointment so chagrined a bar-room politician who had applied for the situation, that he confidentially imparted to a friend of Starlit, over a noggin of mild ale, his intention of murdering him (Starlit) on the first favorable opportunity. Starlit would occasionally see him from his office window, glancing up at him, and doubling his fist, especially about half-past eleven o'clock, after he had been imbibing his habituals. Poor Starlit! he had hard work to make both ends meet. Yet by ignorant outsiders, who are not aware how tight Uncle Sam is, he was supposed to have free access to the treasury—to be hoarding up doubloons and coining eagles. "He'll be buyin' a house in Bacon Street one of these days," said the bar-room politician.

Starlit lived between two fires. He was tortured by the desire to satisfy his official associates, some of whom were careless spendthrifts, and to please his wife, who begrudged every cent spent out of the family. He was, therefore, put to every shift to make his cash account appear fair and square. His comrades played upon his simplicity by various devices. One of them was perpetually soliciting subscriptions for distressed widows—for complimentary testimonials to public men—for projected political works of great value that never saw the light; and when these things failed, he always had a raffle on foot. Now the prize was a bunch of cigars, now a cracked guitar, now a dozen of Day & Martin's blacking, or a gross of jewsharps, or a case of sardines, or a silver watch—there was no end to the variety of temptations. To most of these solicitations Starlit turned a deaf ear at first, and then ended by tamely yielding, though he knew what spiritual agony awaited him at the end of the month, when he had to account for the deficit in his salary to Mrs. Starlit.

One day a horse was put up at a raffle, twenty shares at ten dollars a share. Now Starlit had rarely driven, and never ridden a horse. But in obedience to that law of nature which ever makes us crave after that which we are most unfitted to enjoy, Starlit panted for equestrian proprietorship and distinction. He regularly borrowed the New York Spirit of the Times, and read it through; he had portraits of horses in his portfolio; and his favorite book was Sir Thomas Head's account of his headlong journey across the Pampas. He therefore bought a ticket in this horse raffle without the slightest hesitation. The horse was a good one, but had been miserably kept for a long time, and was as thin as a shadow. But the knowing ones said, and said truly, that a couple of months' good keeping would make him fine as silk.

There was a great bustle in the office on the day of the raffle. Everything was managed fairly. The result was that Phœnix Starlit was declared the winner. He could scarcely credit his senses. The late proprietor of the horse, a seedy individual with a white hat and black crape on it, and one eye in mourning, while his nose loomed up like a ruddy beacon, shook hands with him and congratulated him on his success. The raffle took place in a smoking-room attached to an oyster saloon.

"In two months—that is, when spring opens—he'll be fit to drive," said the horse-man.

"But can't I ride him a little bit now and then?" asked Starlit, ruefully.

"My dear sir!" said the red-nosed man, reproachfully.

"But what am I to do with him?—where shall I keep him?" asked Starlit.

"I have thought of that," said the red-nosed man. "I am living at South Boston Pint. I'll continoo to keep the hoss, if you'll pay me his board—four dollars a week."

"Four dollars a week!" said Starlit. The price rather staggered him.

"Grain and hay is high," said the red-nosed man, statistically.

"Well," said Starlit, after a moment's reflection, "I'll do it. I'll give you four dollars a week." And he buttoned up his coat with an air of virtuous resolution.

"Shoein' and doctorin' extry," said the red-nosed man.

"Extra," assented Starlit.

"Your hand, sir!" said the red-nosed man. "I always said, and I leave it to my friend here"—he indicated a flabby, oily-haired young man in a green cutaway, who passed for a billiard-marker with all except the police, "I always said, when I knowed you only by reputation, that you was a perfick gentleman; and now that I have hed the pleasure of your acquaintance, I am convinced of it. Your hand again, sir. I congratulate you on your success. And for the keepin' arrangement—it's a bargain. I'll trouble you for your hand again, sir. And now, as my friend and I are rather dry—" He winked, and indicated the bar.

Starlit never drank and never smoked; but good fortune requires sacrifices. He marshalled the rowdies to the bar, and paid for the fiery compounds they chose to imbibe at his expense, and to his health. The bar-room politician, Starlit's deadly enemy, was present, lounging against the bar.

"Chalk that up agin me!" he said, as he set down an emptied tumbler. "*I* haint no money; *I* aint no public officer; *I* don't dip my arms up to the elbows in the public treasury; I'm honest—*I* am—*I* can't afford to buy no horses—*I* can't!" And with a scowl of direful malignity, he vanished.

The horse-jockey and billiard-marker soon followed him, and Starlit was about to leave the "gay and festive scene," when the bar-keeper said:

"I beg pardon, sir—small bill against you, sir."

"Against me!" said Starlit, perfectly aghast.

"Yes. Oysters, cigars, etc., for the gentlemen that had shares in the raffle."

"But I didn't order anything."

"Winner pays the treat, sir, always."

"Always?"

"Invariably."

"How much is it?"

"Twelve dollars fifty-two cents, sir."

Starlit drew out his wallet with a smothered groan, and paid the amount. He then went home to dinner, which, by the way, had been kept waiting three quarters of an hour. He was severely censured by his wife for his delay, and for the odor of tobacco-smoke which clung about his garments; but he bore it all with his usual meekness, and consumed his mutton in silence. He had no wish to "let on" about the horse, reserving that for a pleasant surprise in the spring. At the end of the next month, punctual to pay-day, Mr. Hieronimus Circingle, the former owner of the horse, brought in his bill for keeping, etc.

S. Boston Pint. June u Airy thirty 1, 18—.

fenix starlite 2 Hironymus Sirsingle a squire detter

2 keepin' hoss' for weaks	$16 00
shewin of the sam	5 00
meddysin	3 00
dr. dadd	2 00
	$26 00

So it went on through February and March. And now came the time when the buds begin to swell, when little birds begin to sing, when the frost is coming out of the ground, and weary citizens begin to dream of pleasant rides in the suburbs. It was then, after all his sacrifices, that hope revived in the breast of Phœnix Starlit, and he remembered (poor fellow! he had no reason ever to forget it) that he had a horse. He astonished the old sedate messenger by ordering him to "saddle white Surry for the field to-morrow." He was believed by his fellow-clerks to be intoxicated—but he was only an original package of the choicest spirits. How he longed for the 31st of March, and the visit of Circingle, who was on that day to give up the custody of the noble animal which Starlit had foreborne to see during the wintry process of restoration. The day came and the man. The bill was made out in the usual form, written in the usual style on very dirty paper with blacking instead of ink. The items were:

2 keepin' hoss for weaks	$16 00
meddysin	12 00
dr. dadd	5 00
shewin of him	3 00

But what is this other item which adds another dollar to the account? What are the written words that make Starlit turn ghastly pale, and drop the crumpled paper from his hand upon the desk? Alas! it reads:

"2 a Nirishman 4 diggin' of a whole an berrin of him 1 dollar."

"Dead!" said Starlit.

"Dead!" said Circingle, using a handkerchief to conceal his lack of tears.

Starlit was overwhelmed; tears forced themselves from his eyes. He had not bargained for this. Dead! There was a whole Iliad of woe in that one word; a whole hecatomb of promised pleasures was interred with that "Tartar of Ukraine breed." And then he thought of another Tartar at home whom he had wronged and deceived, and gammoned by false cash accounts—false entries in his memorandum-book. It was a long while before he could speak.

"How and when did this occur?" he asked at length.

"Last night—botts!" was the deeply tragic answer.

Starlit had heard of Botts in connection with John Tyler. He made no comments; he paid the bill, and that day went home a saddened man. We had forgotten to mention that Mr. Circingle had expressed his intention of removing to Wisconsin.

It was in the "green and bowery month of June," that Starlit made a visit to an acquaintance who lived on South Boston Point—on foot, of course, he couldn't afford even an omnibus. The friend and he discoursed of various matters; the friend, by the way, kept a feed store. Starlit casually alluded to Circingle; the storekeeper's face grew purple in an instant.

"Confound his picture! He went off owin' me fifty dollars for horse feed."

Starlit pricked up his ears at the word horse.

"He had a mighty nice horse," continued the storekeeper. "Poor as a shingle in the fall. But he took him into town and pretended to sell him, and arterward to be a keepin' of him for the purchaser. I thought 'twant no use to get an execution out, for he's a slippery customer. I knowed he'd wriggle through my fingers, and heave the costs onto me."

"But you said horse, my friend," said Starlit, pathetically. "You referred to that noble quadruped, the friend and blessing of man—"

"Which he carried off with him when he ran away!" said the storekeeper, doubling up his fist as if to smite an imaginary Circingle.

"Was he a dapple gray?" asked Starlit.

"He was."

"And did he carry a flag-tail, my friend?" asked Starlit.

"He did."

"Yet I was told that the flag-tailed gray died and was buried somewhere hereabouts. Forgive me, my dear friend, but I came hither less to see you, than to visit the grave of departed speed and fidelity."

"Well, the horse aint dead, and nothing of the kind," said the storekeeper. "But you look pale, Phœnix."

"Well I may," answered the poor clerk. "I am the unhappy individual who won that horse at a raffle. I paid that villain for his keep all winter long. I paid him for the last month's board the 31st of March last past, and then he told me he had died the week before."

"Well, I'm blessed if this aint the greatest sell I ever heard tell on!" cried the storekeeper, joyously. "He deserves to be treasurer of a railroad corporation, or president of a bank! He's a genius, and no mistake. I forgive him the fifty dollars! He's right welcome to his bill! Haw! haw! this is the best joke I ever heard of."

Phœnix turned away. There is no sympathy in this world for the stranger who has been taken in and done for. But Phœnix has learned his lesson—he is severely down on raffles, and has a fierce antipathy to horses. The last we heard of Circingle, he was coining money on the western race-tracks with a flag-tailed dappled horse that had a turn of speed equal to Lecompte's.

Newspapers.—Judge Longstreet, whose views on any subject are sensible, practical, and worth treasuring, thus sets forth the value of a newspaper:—"Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the paper he takes, it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year, without putting something in it that is worth the subscription price. Every parent, whose son is away from home, should supply him with a paper. I well remember what a difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain—they had command of more facts. Youths will peruse a newspaper with delight when they will read nothing else."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The accompanying portrait was drawn for us by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Masury & Silsbee, of Boston. Mr. Beecher is a man of note, and has a full share of the popular attention. He is bold and independent in his views, original in his style of thought and expression, attracts large audiences to his pulpit discourses and lectures, and is very extensively read as a journalist. He is not a mere theologian, nor merely a book-learned man. He has turned the pages of the great volume of life with no careless hand, and has scanned the great book of nature with no heedless or unloving eye. In the great struggles and movements of the times he has pursued no non-committal course, but has boldly expressed and championed his opinions. His congregation in Brooklyn is a large one, and whenever he preaches, his audience is composed, not only of his regular parishioners, but of strangers attracted by his reputation as an eloquent and somewhat eccentric pulpit orator. To secure the popular ear he does not disdain to resort occasionally to what is styled in theatrical parlance, "clap-traps,"—such as the enunciation of seeming paradoxes, the use of colloquial phraseology, and the introduction of everyday topics and occurrences, as themes, suggestions or illustrations. We by no means assert that familiar phrases and odd topics make up the staple of his discourses, many of which are loftily and purely eloquent, but he makes quite a liberal and probably a systematic use of them. Though a close reasoner, he is well aware that dry logic is not acceptable to the masses of the present day, and he accordingly secures attention to his matter and his argument by profuse illustration and bold rhetorical figures. His sermons are not calculated to satisfy a refined and cultivated taste, but they are well adapted to make a powerful impression on miscellaneous audiences. As a writer for the press, Mr. Beecher is bold, dashing and sparkling, and gives full play to his thoughts and fancies, without the slightest fear of contemporary criticism. He attacks and defends with vigor and spirit, and controversialists find in him a foeman worthy of their steel. In his purely literary articles he appears to great advantage, and we can recall many which present charming pictures of rural nature, and comments on art which evince a warm love and appreciation of it. He is indeed an earnest student of both nature and art—and his summer residence in our Berkshire hills and his foreign journeys have afforded him the means of verifying theory by observation.

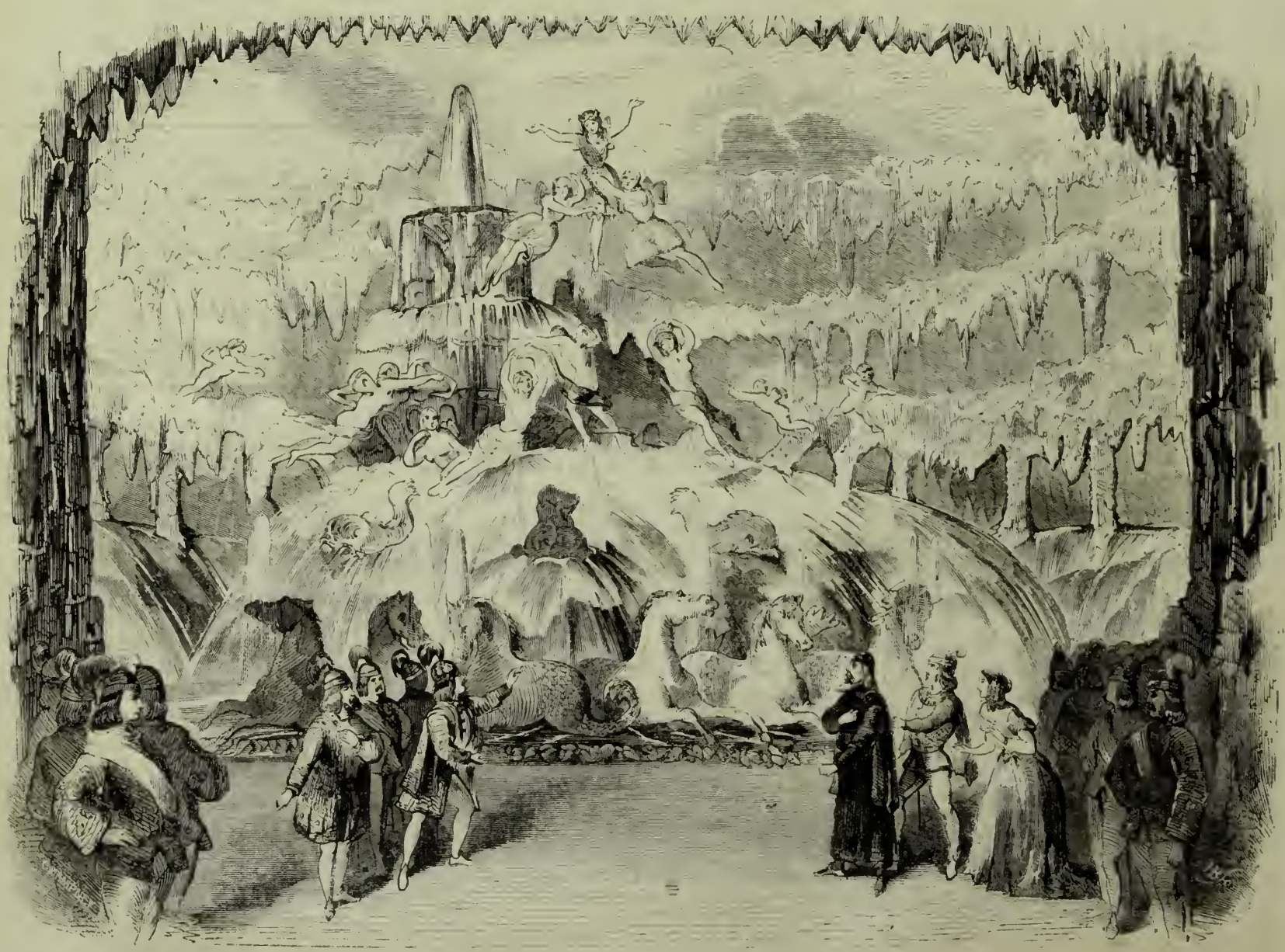


REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Mr. Beecher is now about thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age, of medium stature, with a colorless but not unhealthy complexion and blue eyes. Of his features in repose our engraving gives a correct picture, but his countenance is exceedingly animated and expressive in his moments of oratorical inspiration. He has made speeches on various public occasions, which have produced more than a momentary sensation in the public mind. One of the most remarkable of these was the extemporaneous discourse he delivered on the occasion of a grand banquet given to Kossuth at New York. It was a vigorous and bold declaration of sympathy for the cause of the oppressed, without an equivocation or reservation. Clergyman though he was, he did not deprecate the use of arms for the maintenance of right in the war against might, seeming to adopt Kossuth's (the Latin) version of a remarkable passage in Scripture—"Peace on earth to all good-willing men." Beecher is ever an enthusiast when his sympathies are enlisted.

SCENE FROM "THE TEMPEST."

We present our readers on this page with an elegant sketch drawn for us by Mr. Champney, accurately delineating the last scene of Shakspeare's glorious creation, "The Tempest," as now represented in a style never surpassed on the American or English stage. The scene we have depicted occupies some sixty or seventy feet of the extensive stage. The figure floating highest in the air is the ever-charming Mrs. Wood, an admirable representative of the "dainty Ariel," supported by attendant sprites. The group of figures on the right are Prospero (Mr. Barry), Ferdinand (Mr. Belton), and Miranda (Mrs. Barrow). In the group of figures on the left we have the king, Alonzo (Mr. Cowell), Antonio (Mr. Donaldson), Sebastian (Mr. Davenport), and Gonzalo (Mr. Morris). It is difficult to conceive of anything more effective than this closing pageant. The scenery, which has been several months in preparation, is from the pencil of Mr. Hayes, who has heretofore been engaged at the National Theatre of this city. In "The Tempest" he has displayed a fine taste and fancy, and a thorough knowledge of the science of color, proving his ability to fill with credit the responsible position he holds as the successor of Charles Lehr. Mr. Hayes has been assisted in his labors by Mr. Selwin, a young and promising artist who came among us the last season. In putting the piece upon the stage, great attention has been paid to costume, and great credit is due to Mr. Howell for his taste, care and fidelity in dressing the characters. Mr. Howell was for a long period the leading costumer of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and since his engagement here, the English journals have remarked that the "taste of Madame Vestris has been transplanted to the other side of the Atlantic." Still, the splendid costumes, scenery and machinery would have given the play but a partial success, had it not been for the admirable manner in which it was performed. Mr. Barry's Prospero was a graceful and dignified performance in a finished style of art. Mrs. Barrow's Miranda was exquisite in conception and embodiment, adding a new triumph to her former successes. Caliban, the deformed monster, the antithesis of Ariel, was conceived and rendered by Mr. John Gilbert in the style that we anticipated from so finished an actor and so enthusiastic a student of Shakspeare. Mrs. Wood's Ariel was exquisitely graceful, and that charming song, "Where the bee sucks there suck I," was given with admirable expression, and received the honors of a nightly encore. Messrs. Belton, Curtis, Cowell, and the other members of the company embraced in the cast, sustained their parts to the entire satisfaction of the audience. Their textual fidelity was particularly noticeable, and we are grateful to Mr. Barry for producing the piece as Shakspeare wrote it, without attempting, as some managers have done, to introduce "improvements" on the hard of Avon; an effort which not unfrequently betrays the most reprehensible presumption.



CLOSING SCENE IN "THE TEMPEST," AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

One has only to refer to BALLOU'S PICTORIAL from week to week to realize the great improvements in wood engraving in this country. This charming paper richly deserves the vast popularity it enjoys.—*Boston Herald.*

Let fathers take this pleasant and instructive weekly home to their families; t will amuse while it improves the domestic circle. In what way can *six cents* be so properly invested?—*Evening Transcript.*

It is the only illustrated paper in this country which has attained a firm basis, and successfully established itself. Its imitators, who have started up and as often failed, lacked the necessary capital and enterprise.—*Hartford Courant.*

We are at a loss which most to admire, the charming reading matter in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, which is all *original*, or its fine and elegant engravings. The proprietor says it is the cheapest paper in the world, and so it is.—*Burlington Sentinel.*

The superb engravings of the Battle of New Orleans, the Entry of Gen. Scott into Mexico, and other large pictures, which have lately appeared in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, are the best wood engravings yet produced in America.—*Tribune.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL is entirely *original*, and its subscribers get their money's worth twice over—first, the reading matter is worth the price charged for it, and then, how the illustrations can be afforded for the price charged is a mystery.—*Indianapolis Gazette.*

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The sad fate of this heroic adventurer is now established beyond a question, and his name and the names of his companions may be added to the long roll of illustrious travellers who have fallen victims to their enthusiastic thirst for knowledge. The sad discoveries of Mr. Stuart, the agent of the British government, have thrown all the light which can be cast upon the tragic story of the Arctic adventurers. Sir John Franklin and all of his gallant comrades who manned the "Erebus" and "Terror," must have perished in the bitter winter season of 1850, a part on the Island of Montreal, and a part on the shore of the opposite continent. The principal vestiges discovered by Mr. Stuart were a pair of snow-shoes, with the name of Dr. Stanley, surgeon of the Erebus engraved on them with a knife, and the fragment of a boat, on which the word "Terror" was still legible. A number of utensils were also found in the hands of the Esquimaux. Masses of sand, gathered by the wild storms of five winters, have entombed forever the bodies of the noble victims. It is vain to seek further—vain to ask whether these men actually perished of hunger, or found death and relief at the hands of the Esquimaux. The curtain has fallen on the dreary tragedy.

A RICH PAVEMENT.—Condouriotti, recently Hellenic minister at Constantinople, had the floor of his country-house paved with Spanish dollars. He must have had very honest servants. A queer idea that of trampling under foot the riches of the world!

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.—There is not the slightest foundation for the current report that Hon. Edward Everett had become associate editor of this publication.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Arthur Gilman, of this city, has been lecturing successfully on the "Characteristics of New England Humor."

.... Mr. Stoeckl, the Russian charge in this country, is about to marry a young American lady.

. .. The children of the Orphan Asylum, in this city, were all made happy by receiving Christmas presents this year.

.... In the recent death of P. P. F. Degrand, Boston has lost a valuable citizen. Mr. D. was a native of Marseilles.

.... Every tree is known by its fruits, except dogwood, and that is known by its bark.

.... A man in Montreal lately robbed the poor-box. An oxy-hydrogen microscope couldn't discover his soul.

.... The amiable widow of Louis Philippe was dangerously sick, lately, but has recovered her health.

.... Professor Huntingdon is of opinion that woman has kept Christendom from relapsing back into barbarism.

.... An opal breastpin, with a diamond setting, costing $4000 or $5000, was the Christmas present received by a New York lady.

.... A bear weighing 2500 pounds was recently killed on Mt. Cube, Orford, N. H. A few more bears remain.

.... The Potomac is swimming with wild ducks, and they are plenty and cheap in the Washington market.

.... The Indians, at the last advices, were still troublesome in Oregon. Sharp fighting must be expected there.

.... The case of Matthews, murdered at New Haven, by a deluded religious associate, is still a topic of comment.

... The English people cheered the American minister in London, lately, to show their good feeling to his country.

During the last year, $12,000,000 worth of beef was consumed by our New York friends. Rather a heavy outlay.

.... A farmer in Virginia, whose farm cost $13,000, sold $10,500 worth of produce from it this year.

.... The next Fair of the United States Agricultural Society will probably be held in the city of Philadelphia.

.... Coasting and skating accidents have commenced. Persons cannot be too careful in their winter sports.

.... Many persons have imagined Mrs. Pike to be the author of "Caste." This is now denied authoritatively.

.... Dr. Bellows's church in New York—that of "All Souls"—was recently dedicated with appropriate ceremonies.

.... A citizen of Lebanon, Ct., recovered damages of the town, for falling down an embankment which required fencing.

.... One hundred and fifty canal boats, with flour for Louis Napoleon, are frozen in between Schenectady and Little Falls.

JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

The brutal attempts of the London Times to create a feeling hostile to this country in the breasts of the English people, have been disastrous failures, and seriously weakened the influence of that journal in Great Britain. How the masses of the British people actually feel towards this country was recently demonstrated in a truly emphatic and gratifying manner. When our minister, Mr. Buchanan, made his appearance at Guildhall, in London, on the occasion of a public festival, the entire audience received him with enthusiastic cheers, while the band struck up the air of Yankee Doodle in his honor—an air once played by the British bands in America by way of derision and insult to our people. So entirely occupied were these sturdy Britons with the American minister, that they completely overlooked M. de Persigny, the ambassador of their great French ally. A more significant incident has rarely occurred. It shows conclusively that the British people understand us, respect us, and have no idea of permitting their statesmen and diplomatists to involve the two nations in a fratricidal strife.

John Bull is really a good fellow at heart. He has his faults—and we have occasionally pointed them out, and perhaps with something of malicious pleasure, when vexed by his occasional ebullitions. But there is a deal of magnanimity in him. How handsomely he acknowledged the victory of the yacht America! How nobly he spoke out in favor of the great mechanical inventions with which we astonished the natives at his Crystal Palace! It was in this way—by exhibiting the practical results of our independence, that we showed him how well worth cultivating pacific relations with us were and ever will be. He go to war with us? not he! He may get warm sometimes while discussing bygones over a pot of "'alf an' 'alf," but the idea of his lifting his hand in anger against us, or making himself again a target for our Kentucky rifles, is preposterous. There is a good deal of life and hope left in the old fellow yet, and he has no idea of committing suicide just yet awhile. We honor him for his sturdy good sense, and his genuine good feeling; we shake hands with him across the water, and are willing to forget and forgive in the same spirit which he manifests.

Poor Johnny! we fancy he is rather sick of fighting, just about these times. He hasn't so much spare coin to rattle in his pockets as he used to have before he went to loggerheads with that great overgrown Russian bear, for whom he has a vague notion in his noddle that we have the warmest sympathy. He pretends he is quite indifferent about peace with Russia—had rather fight than not; but with all due deference to his indomitable pluck, we think we hear him cheering lustily at the news of peace. Peace, good Johnny, is an excellent thing—stick to that text. You may preach a thousand sermons on it, and yet never wear it out. Peace, my friend, is the normal condition of humanity.

> "Our rugged hands (Watts improved) were never made
> To tear each others' eyes,"

but to chop logs, and build clippers and steam engines, and plow, and sow, and reap, and write and print books, and perform a variety of "chores," as we call them, or "jobs," as you designate them in your purer Saxon. And with this remark, friend Johnny, we kindly bid you good-night.

EASY WORK.

It is related of a man about town that, happening into the office of an editorial friend, he found him hard at work with his pen. "What! do you work?" exclaimed the genteel lounger. "Sometimes," replied the editor, with a smile. "In-deed! I thought you never worked."—"And my stories—my sketches—my editorials—how did you think they were manufactured?"—"O, a few pages to be written—that's nothing! You take a scrap of paper on the edge of a table,-and scribble off an article in the pauses of conversation."—"You think so?"—"They told me so at the club."—"Just try it, my dear fellow," said the journalist, pushing pens, ink and paper to his friend. This was a poser. But how many there are in the world who think that literary matter springs up spontaneously like Eve's flowers. Let such individuals once "try it," and they'll discover their mistake.

A GLANCE AT PRIVATE LIBRARIES.—This is the title of a pamphlet recently issued by Crocker & Brewster, of this city, from the pen of Rev. Luther Farnham. It contains notices of the principal private libraries in this city and its neighborhood, embracing the valuable collections of Everett, Ticknor, Prescott, and other scholars, and alluding to those of liberal merchants and others imbued with a taste for letters. It is a highly interesting sketch, and the author's remarks on the influence of books are graceful and original.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.—There is a lovely Scotch girl in Paris, whither she has come for medical treatment, who goes to sleep wherever she goes—even at the opera. We should suppose she accomplished this as Pat told the captain he did, "by paying particular attintion to it." But with this girl somnambulism is involuntary.

OUR NEXT LARGE PICTURE.—In our next number we shall publish a splendid original representation of the "Battle of Lake Eric," executed in the same superb and finished style as the other large engravings of the series. It will be pronounced the finest naval engagement we have yet presented.

"THE HOUSE BY THE SEA."—A second perusal of this wild metrical legend, by Read, confirms us in the opinion we have already expressed of it. It is destined to make a lasting impression. It may be obtained of Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

NATURAL HISTORY—BIRDS.

On our last page will be found an original drawing and engraving prepared expressly for our paper, and executed in the same style as our other natural history illustrations which have attracted so much commendation. No. 1, on this page is the peacock (Pavo Cristatus), the bird of Juno, one of the most splendid individuals of the feathered race. No. 2, is the Argus Pheasant, found in Sumatra and the eastern parts of Europe. It derives its name from the shepherd Argus, who had a hundred eyes, and was set by Juno to watch Io. No. 3, is the common Guinea fowl (Meleagris) or Pintado, originally brought from Africa. The sisters of Meleager were believed by the ancients to have been metamorphosed into birds, with feathers sprinkled with the tears shed for his loss—hence the Latin name of this fowl. No. 4, is the Red Grouse, a favorite game bird of Great Britain, and No. 5, the Black Grouse or black cock, the prize of sportsmen on the Scottish heath. No. 6, is our Prairie Chicken—the male bird, as he appears when excited and angry. No. 7 represents the Partridge. No. 8, the Ostrich, is too familiar to our readers to require description. No. 10 will be recognized by all New Englanders as our annual thanksgiving victim. No. 11 shows us Chanticleer in all his glory. In the group numbered 9, we have a collection of fancy pigeons—Fantails, the Carrier (No. 3) and the Pouter (No. 2), a singular bird which is enabled to inflate its crop with air till its head is almost concealed by it.

RUSSIA.

One of these days we shall get at the truth concerning the condition of Russia, physical and financial, during the Russian war. As it is, most of our accounts reach us through a medium which deflects and destroys the rays of intelligence. Of course, Russia has suffered severely during the present war; but we are inclined to think the sufferings of Russia are proportionably less than those of the allies. An intelligent Parisian correspondent of the National Intelligencer says:—"That Russia feels the pressure of this war there can be no doubt, but in no comparison to what the allies suffer from it. Except in the Crimea, her territory during the last year has been unassailed; for in the Baltic the allies have done nothing worthy of even a passing notice. She is defending the Crimea at infinitely less cost of blood and treasure than it cost the allies in attacking it; and with her sixty millions of subjects, and her 'Baskar Hordes,' she does not feel the loss of troops as do her enemies, upon whom the dreadful loss of life falls with fearful force."

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—This structure will be a hundred and twenty feet higher than the highest monument now in existence. The great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, is 480 feet high; the Washington column will be 600, and tower above its fellows, as the Father of his country does above the other great men of the past.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—The high price of flour during the past year diminished the number of marriage celebrations.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. G. F. Hathaway, of Providence, to Miss Georgiana Darrow; by William Bates, Esq., Mr. William Emmons, aged 92, to Miss Sarah Thayer, aged 74; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. James B. Brooks to Miss Helen F. Burroughs; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John Dean to Miss Helen Haskell, of Chelsea; Mr. John Hocking to Miss Mary E. Myers; by Rev. Mr. Lowe, Mr. John A. Bacon, of Bangor, Me., to Miss Rebecca G. Fabens.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop, Z. Silsbee Sampson, M. D., of Staten Island, N. Y., to Mrs. Helen M. Crane.—At Roxbury, Mr. Thomas A. Scott to Miss Martha A. Drake.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Jameson, Mr. Thomas Knott to Miss Susan P. Hodges, both of Boston.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Ebenezer M. Henderson to Miss Sarah Allen.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. George W. Adams to Miss Emily E. Butters.—At Lawrence, by William Morse, Esq., Mr. Orville Sessions, of Boston, to Miss Mary Jane Seavy.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Anthon, Mr. Charles R. Washburn, to Miss Sarah N. Woodward.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, Rev. Alexander Sinclair, of Alleghany City, Pa., to Miss Ellen C. Plummer.—At Worcester by Rev. Mr. Closson, Mr. Warren Collier to Miss Louisa Gleason.—At Shrewsbury, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. H. R. Pratt to Miss Jane E. Wyman.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Sophia B. Tufts, 38; Mr. William Allison, 50; Mrs. Ann Maria Wheeler, 47; Mr. Samuel Gregg, 83; Mr. David H. Griffin, 57; Mrs. Emily R., wife of M. C. Greene, M. D., 36.—At East Boston, Miss Temperance Clapp, 88.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Richardson, 29; Mr. Joseph Parker, 85; Mr. Samuel G. Richards, 40; Mrs. Susan P. Cooper, 29.—At Roxbury, Mr. Charles Augustus Hodgdon, 22.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Nancy Jane Libby, 21.—At Cambridgeport, Widow Phebe Gookin, 81.—At East Cambridge, Mr. Gilman W. Taylor, 25.—At Brookline, Mr. Bela Stoddard, 68.—At Somerville, Mr. George W. Paige, 28; Miss Lucy E. Park, 24.—At Brighton, Mrs. Susan Everett, 54; Mr. Samuel L. Day, 35.—At Medford, Mrs. Mary A. Lewis, 22.—At West Dedham, Mr. Samuel French, 69.—At Rowley, Mr. Samuel Wilds, 24; Miss Sarah Chaplin, 23.—At Newburyport, Mr. Richard Welch, 76.—At Winchester, Miss Abbie E. Jaquith, 19.—At Braintree, Mr. David Loud, a revolutionary pensioner, 95.—At South Dartmouth, Mr. Royal D. Snow, 37.—At Pittsfield, Miss Philena Field, 65.—At Dudley, Mr. Calvin Chamberlin, 88.—At Worcester, Mr. William Main, formerly of Scotland, 72.—At New Bedford, Dwight Perry, Esq., 59; Mr. Joseph Warner, 58.—At Plymouth, Mr. Gideon H. Tribble, 43; Mr. John Chase, 84.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE THREE CALLERS.

BY FANNY BELL.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy, straying
Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of nought save playing,
And so she smiles and waves him an adieu.
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that morn—sweet morn—returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one fair form.
One young, fair face, from bower of jasmine glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.
So noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement, gleaming
With the thin fire-light, flickering faint and low,
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all life's pleasures go.
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark—and *he* returns no more.

[Translated for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A STORY OF BEETHOVEN.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

You know that Beethoven was born in a house in the *Rheingasse* (Rhine Street), but at the time I made his acquaintance, he was lodging over a humble little shop near the *Romerplatz* (Roman Square). He was then very poor—so poor that he went out only in the night-time, on account of the dilapidated condition of his wardrobe. Still he had a piano, pens, paper, ink, and a few books, and, notwithstanding his privations, sometimes enjoyed a moment's happiness. He was not yet deaf, and could enjoy at least the harmony of his own compositions—a consolation which was afterwards denied him.

One winter evening I entered his room, for I wished to take him out to walk, and afterwards to sup with me. I found him seated at the window in the moonlight, without fire or candles, his face hid in his hands, and his whole body shivering with cold, for it was a sharp, frosty night. I roused him from his apathy, persuaded him to accompany me, and exhorted him to shake off his sadness. He went out with me, but he was gloomy and desponding that evening, and rejected all my encouragement.

"I hate the world!" said he, vehemently. "I hate myself! No one understands me, or troubles himself about me. I have genius, and I am treated like a Pariah. I have a heart, and no one to love. I would that all were ended, and forever. I would that I were sleeping tranquilly at the bottom of yonder river. There are moments when it costs me a struggle to resist the temptation of casting myself into it."

And he pointed to the Rhine—the broad Rhine—whose frosty waves glittered in the moonbeams. I made no reply. It was useless to argue with Beethoven, and I allowed him to go on in the same tone. He did not cease till we re-entered the city, and then he fell into a mournful silence. We were passing through a narrow street near the Coblentz gate; suddenly he stopped.

"Hush!" said he, "what noise is that?"

I listened, and heard the feeble accents of an old harpsichord proceeding from a neighboring house. It was a plaintive melody, and, notwithstanding the ingratitude of the instrument, the performer imparted to the piece a great tenderness of expression.

Beethoven looked at me with a sparkling eye.

"It is from my symphony in F!" said he. "Here is the house. Listen!—how well it is played!"

The house was small and humble; a light shone through the chinks of the shutters. We stopped to listen. The playing went on, and the two following phrases were rendered with the same fidelity and expression. In the midst of the finale, there was a sudden interruption—the silence of a moment. Then we heard a stifled sob.

"I cannot go on," said a feminine voice. "I cannot do more, this evening, Frederick!"

"Why, sister?"

"I hardly know why, except that it is so beautiful that I feel my entire incapacity to play it properly. O, what would I give to go this evening to Cologne! There is a concert at the Kaufthaus there, and all sorts of fine music—a concert must be so delightful!"

"Ah, dear sister," said Frederick, sighing, "one must be rich to command this pleasure. What use is it to form regrets when there is no help! We can hardly pay our rent—why think of things which are beyond our reach?"

"You are right, Frederick. And yet for a moment when I am playing, I long to hear once in my life good music—well executed. But it is useless—useless!"

There was something singularly touching in the tone and repetition of these last words. Beethoven looked at me.

"Let us go in," said he, abruptly.

"Go in!" I cried. "How?—why?"

"I will play for her," he replied, with vivacity. "She has feeling, genius and intelligence. I will play for her, and she will appreciate me."

And before I could prevent him, he had placed his hand on the door; it was merely latched, and opened immediately. I followed him into a dark entry towards a low door on the right; he pushed it open, and we found ourselves in a low, naked room, with a little stove at one end, and a few rude pieces of furniture. A pale young man was seated at a table working on a shoe. Near him, leaning sadly on a harpsichord, was a young girl, over whose face fell a profusion of beautiful blond hair. Both were decently but very poorly clad, and both sprang to their feet and turned towards us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, with much embarrassment. "Pardon me, but I heard music, and I was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The young girl blushed, and the young man assumed a severe, almost irritated expression.

I also overheard some of your words," continued my friend. "You wished to hear—that is to say—you would like—in a word, do you wish me to play something for you?"

There was something so strange, so odd, and so abrupt in the whole affair, and something so amusing and eccentric in the manner of the speaker, that the ice was broken in a moment, and our hosts smiled involuntarily.

"I thank you," said the cobbler; "but our harpsichord is a poor one, and then we have no music."

"No music!" repeated my friend. "How then did the fraulein—"

He paused and blushed, for the young girl had just turned towards him, and by her sad and dimmed eyes, he had discovered that she was blind.

"I beg you will pardon me," he stammered; "but I did not notice at first—you play from memory, then?"

"Entirely."

"And where did you hear this music, since you do not go to concerts?"

"I heard a lady who was our neighbor when we lived at Bruhl, two years ago. In the summer evenings her window was always open, and I used to walk in front of the house to hear her."

"And you never heard any other music?"

"Never, except street music."

She seemed somewhat intimidated, so Beethoven began to play. Never did I hear such energy, such passionate tenderness, so many infinite gradations of melody and modulation. He was truly inspired, and from the moment his fingers began to move over the harpsichord, the notes of the instrument seemed to become smoother and smoother.

We remained seated listening breathlessly. The brother and sister were mute with astonishment, and as if in ecstacy. The former laid aside his work; the latter, her head bent slightly forward, had drawn near the end of the harpsichord, both hands pressed against her breast, as if she feared the beating of her heart would interrupt accents of such magical sweetness. It seemed as if we were the prey of a strange dream, and our only fear was to awaken too suddenly. Suddenly the flame of the single candle vacillated; the wick, burned to the end, fell and went out. Beethoven stopped. I opened the shutter to admit the rays of the moon. It grew nearly as light as before in the room, and the rays were brightest on the musician and the harpsichord.

But the accident seemed to have broken the chain of Beethoven's ideas. His head inclined upon his breast, his hands were placed on his knees—he seemed plunged in profound meditation. We remained thus for some time. At last the young cobbler arose, approached him, and said in a low and respectful tone:

"Wonderful man! Who are you?"

Beethoven raised his head and looked at him with an absent air, as if he had not understood the sense of the words. The cobbler repeated his question. The composer smiled as he only could smile, with regal sweetness and benevolence.

"Listen!" said he. And he played the first bars of the symphony in F. A cry of joy escaped the lips of brother and sister. They recognized him, and exclaimed: "Then you are Beethoven!" and covered his hands with kisses and tears.

He rose to go, but our entreaties succeeded in retaining him.

"Play once more—only once more."

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The rays of the moon came brilliantly through the curtainless window, and irradiated his massive and severe brow.

"I am going to improvise a sonata to the moonlight," said he, with a sportive air. He gazed for a few moments on the sky studded with stars; then his fingers touched the keys, and he began to play in a low, sad, but infinitely sweet tone. Harmony flowed from the instrument sweet and equal as the light the moon pours on the shadows of the earth. His delicious prelude was followed by a light, gay, capricious movement, a sort of burlesque interlude, like a dance of fays at midnight on the greensward. Then came a rapid *agitato finale*—a breathless, tremulous, precipitate movement, describing flight and uncertainty, which carried us away on shuddering wings, and left us at the close moved and astonished.

"Farewell!" said Beethoven, abruptly, pushing back his chair, and moving towards the door, "Farewell!"

"You will come back!" said both our hosts in a breath.

He paused and looked at the blind girl with an air of compassion, almost of tenderness.

"Yes, yes," he replied, hurriedly. "I will return and give the fraulein some lessons. Farewell—I will soon return."

They accompanied us as far as the street door in a silence more eloquent than words, and remained standing on the threshold till they could no longer see or hear us.

"Let us make haste home," said Beethoven, in the street, "that I may note down this sonata while it is yet fresh in my memory."

We went to his room, and he remained writing till daybreak. Such is the history of the "Moonlight Sonata" we all admire so warmly. Beethoven never set foot again in that humble house. The excitement passed, the interest inspired for the blind girl faded away; and although the brother and sister doubtless expected him for a long time, he thought no more of them, unless, perhaps, when his eyes fell on the pages of this sonata. Is not this the common rule of life?

SPLENDID PRIZE OFFER!

SOMETHING REALLY WORTH STRIVING FOR.

Being resolved to increase the present unequalled edition of "Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion" to the number of

150,000

copies weekly, the proprietor has determined to send abroad through the Union the following inducement to post-masters and other energetic and industrious persons, *male or female*, to obtain and send to us clubs for our illustrated journal. For this purpose

TWELVE ELEGANT AND RICH PRIZES

are offered, and will be faithfully awarded as agreed herein—a purpose which shall be personally carried out by the proprietor, who pledges himself to its impartial and honest execution. The intrinsic value of the prizes is over

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

so arranged as to be divided among the individuals who shall forward to us the twelve largest clubs of subscribers for the "Pictorial," between the first of December, 1855, and the 1st of February, 1856, being a period of about *sixty days*. When it is remembered that the agent has to work with, not only the most attractive, but positively

THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD!

it will be realized how easily subscriptions can be procured anywhere.

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion

is now in its tenth volume, volume *tenth* having commenced on the 1st of January. It is the only illustrated paper of its class in America and the pioneer of illustrated papers on this side the Atlantic. It is elegantly printed on the finest of satin surfaced paper, containing *sixteen* super royal pages in each number, with an average of *twenty illustrations weekly!* These engravings are large and artistic in execution, embracing every current topic of interest, including rural scenery, maritime matters, architecture, noted localities all over this country and Europe, likenesses of eminent characters, male and female, at home and abroad, processions, celebrations natural history, battles, fortifications, and, in short, every theme of general interest, forming an elegant

ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF THE TIMES.

Besides the illustrations, it contains eight or more super royal pages of *original* sketches of adventure, tales, poems, biographies and choice miscellaneous reading (no advertisements will be admitted), altogether forming a delightful weekly visitor to the home circle, and making two elegant volumes each year for binding, of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

We have commenced the new volume of the "Pictorial," as above, with what we unhesitatingly pronounce to be the best novellette we have ever printed. It is the first story we have ever published *without knowing who the author is!* This work needs no name to make it popular. For intricacy of plot, delicacy of description, pathos, delineation of human nature, dissection of the motives of daring men, the tenderness of the female heart, and the power of secret motives, this story will stand unrivalled. It is entitled:

THE CONTRABANDIST;

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

We shall fully illustrate this remarkable story, and our readers may confidently expect to be deeply entertained and interested in its weekly perusal. We are resolved the coming volume shall be the best we have ever yet issued.

THE PRIZES!

To the person who sends us the *first* largest club, we will present an elegant first class PIANO FORTE, rosewood case, of the best Boston workmanship, warranted in all respects. Value..... $300

To the person who sends us the *second* largest club, we will present a superior ENGLISH LEVER GOLD WATCH, with a rich gold chain, seals and key, new and warranted perfect in all respects. Value..... 200

To the person who sends us the *third* largest club, we will present a library of ONE HUNDRED BOUND VOLUMES of new and valuable books, embracing biographies, histories, novels, records of travel, etc. Value.. 150

To the person who sends us the *fourth* largest club, we will present a superb ENGLISH DOUBLE BARRELED GUN, silver mounted, with shot and powder pouch, game bag and fixtures, a reliable weapon. Value..... 100

To the person who sends us the *fifth* largest club, we will present a LADY'S GOLD WATCH, new, elegantly set in gold, with a rich enamel back, best Geneva workmanship, and warranted. Value..... 80

To the person who sends us the *sixth* largest club, we will present a superior ENGLISH SILVER LEVER WATCH, new, and warranted in all respects a perfect instrument and timekeeper. Value..... 60

To the person who sends us the *seventh* largest club, we will present an elegant AMERICAN RIFLE, silver mounted, new, and of the best make, with powder flask and fixtures—a superb weapon. Value..... 55

To the person who sends us the *eighth* largest club, we will present a fine RIDING SADDLE and BRIDLE, made *to our own order*, of the best English stock, by William Holmes, 21 Tremont Row, Boston, with curb and snaffle bits, and all the fixtures perfect. Value..... 50

To the person who shall send us the *ninth* largest club, we will present a richly wrought Purse, suitable for a gentleman or lady, and containing thirty GOLD DOLLARS. Value..... 35

To the person who shall send us the *tenth* largest club, we will present an ENGLISH SILVER WATCH, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Value..... 25

To the person who shall send us the *eleventh* largest club, we will present a fine heavy GOLD SEAL RING, elaborately wrought and with the initials of the person who wins it cut upon the stone. Value..... 20

To the person who shall send us the *twelfth* largest club, we will present five large and beautiful STEEL ENGRAVINGS, each one exhibiting some interesting scene, framed in gilt, parlor ornaments. Value..... 18

Every prize offered is new, just from the manufacturers, and may be seen at any hour of the day, by calling at our publication office.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,		$3 00
4 subscribers, "	"	10 00
10 "	"	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis. All who exert themselves are sure of remuneration.

Any person sending us *fifty* subscribers shall receive the eight volumes complete of our "Pictorial," elegantly and uniformly bound in full gilt, with illustrated title-pages and indexes, containing nearly *ten thousand* fine illustrations, the price of which is sixteen dollars.

It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us as fast as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore, as soon as ten or a dozen subscribers have been obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names, at the same rate, and they will be duly credited to the account of the person sending until February 1, 1856.

It is not required that the entire club should be from one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post-office, but all the subscriptions must come through the same agent in order to be counted to his or her credit.—This prize offer cannot be applied to any regular wholesale agent of our paper. The clubs must be *bona fide, and each name sent with the money.*

The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

☞ In writing letters, please be careful to write names of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

During 1854, eighty-two persons committed suicide in Massachusetts, of whom fifty-nine were mnles and twenty-three were females. —— The lowest bid for building the new insane hospital at Northampton was made by Norcross & Co., of Lowell—ahout $150,000. The highest bid was $325,000, and most of the others are understood to approach very near the last figure. —— Five hundred thousand dollars of the two millions capital stock of the Park Bank in New York, have already been subscribed, $100,000 of which was taken in Boston. —— The shippers of gold from California to New York, it is said, have paid between three and four millions of dollars to the New York insurance companies in the last five years; while the aggregate losses of the insurers have not exceeded $200,000. —— The Western New York railroads are taxed to their utmost capacity for transporting the large nmount of freight offering. —— A large quantity of arms was recently stolen from the Harrisburg, Pa., arsenal, and sent to New York, where it is supposed they were to be sold to fillibusters, to be used in Nicaragnn. The arms have been recovered, and certain parties who were connected in the robbery arrested. —— A bill has been introduced into the Georgia legislatnre for the creation of an office of State geologist and chemist, the salary heing fixed at $2000 n year. —— A person who desires to remain unknown has addressed to the chief of the Russian legation at Washington a check for four thousnnd dollars, to be transmitted to his government to be distributed nmong the widows and orphans of the Russian soldiers who fell nt Sebastopol bravely fighting for their homes. —— John Crowley, in Philadelphia, attempted to murder his mother, lately, while in a state of insanity, caused by spiritualism. —— There are several Chinese firms in California that have invested over $500,000 in their business; and more than two millions of dollars capital are invested in the trade between San Francisco and China, owned and controlled hy Chinamen residing in that city. —— The project of nniting the cities of New York and Brooklyn in one municipality will prohably be urged upon the legislature the ensning session. —— Mother Delphine, who died in Baltimore, aged 66 years, was the oldest nun of the Carmelite order in the United States. Her name was Elizabeth Smith, and she was the last surviving child of the late Capt. John Smith, of the Maryland line, in the struggle for independence. —— Van Diemen's Land exists no longer, the queen having acceded to a petition from the colony, praying that the name of Vnn Diemen's Land should be changed to "Tasmania." —— When Alexander I. of Russia was crowned emperor, some bitter observer has remarked that he had the assassins of his grandfather on either side, while those who were to be his own assassins brought up the rear. —— Longfellow's glorious epic, "The Song of Hiawatha," is having an immense sale in England. —— An eccentric gentleman of fortune, named Saunders, has taken a fancy to build a house in the neighborhood of London with stones from the fortifications of Sebastopol! He has gone out in a little vessel of his own for the purpose of obtaining them. There is no accounting for taste. —— The supreme court of Louisiana has finally settled the long-disputed case of Mrs. Gaines, in her favor. The property involved is immense. —— A girl in Kinderhook, N. Y., about two years ago was visited in bed by an apparition, who or which informed her that she would die at the age of eighteen years—and the prediction has come to pass. Such is the force of imagination. —— Mr. Jones has sent from Europe to his house here in Boston—Jones, Shreve, Brown & Co.—one of the most heautiful and purest diamonds ever imported into this city. —— Among the imports from Hamburg, recently, at New York, were two bulls, which were valued at $5000 each, and entered accordingly at the Custom House, as the cost price at the place of purchase in Germany. It is well for the importer that there was no duty on them. Animals for breed are free. —— The Count de Morny, the reputed son of Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III., nnd the executor of the *coup d'etat* of the 2d December, it is said is about to marry a young American lady, without fortune. The count has a fortune of fifteen millions of francs nequired in speculations. —— There is a passenger car on the Milwaukie and Mississippi road that has run 125,000 miles and never has been repaired to the worth of a dollar.

American Broadcloth.—Our broadcloth has now gained for itself a character too solid to be easily injured. Its introduction, however, was a work of no small difficulty, because it had to contend against a very foolish prejudice, that such goods could not be well manufactured among us. The first broadcloth made by the power loom was at the factory of Arthur Schnlfield, Pittsfield, Mass., in 1826. There nre now in the same county (Berkshire) 924 looms and 97 cards in operation, producing annually 906,000 yards of woolen goods.

Chime of Bells in Cambridge.—We learn from the Cambridge Chronicle that efforts are being made to place a chime of bells in the tower of Christ Church, Old Cambridge. The project has been undertaken by gentlemen graduates of Harvard, nnd a subscription of $3000 is to be raised for the purpose.

The Universal Exhibition.—The American exhibitors at the Paris Exhibition were treated quite well on the whole. A considerable number of medals were distributed among them, and many who received no medals were honorably spoken of.

The Sister of Charity.—The heroic Miss Nightingale has decided to remain at her post in the Crimean hospitals all winter. There will be enough for her to do, though far less than last year.

National Theatre.—Henry Willard, Esq. has leased this establishment for five years.

Wayside Gatherings.

More than eight thousand copies of Tennyson's "Maud," it is said, have been already sold.

Chief Justice Taney has sold his Baltimore place of residence, and will hereafter reside in Washington.

A workman fell from the roof of a house in Suffield, Ct., a distance of fifty feet, and was instantly killed.

There are nine persons in Chili 118 years of age and upwards. One is 133 years of age, and six others 120 or above.

The Boston Atlas says that the sales of boots and shoes, by jobbing houses in Boston alone, amonnt to $2,000,000 annually.

Furs are becoming universally used for ladies' cloaks and victorines; for gentlemen's gloves, caps, coat-collars, cuffs and mufflers.

The secretary of the interior has decided that the volunteers who were engaged in the removal of the Cherokee Indians are entitled to bounty lands.

The case of Mason Brothers vs. Horace Greeley et al., for libel in the Tribune, has been settled, the Tribune having agreed to publish the plaintiff's card.

The House of Representatives of Tennessee has adopted a resolution in favor of the restoration of Lieutenant Maury to his former position in the United States Navy.

The Detroit Advertiser announces the decease, in that city, of Mrs. Pascall, at the age of 103 years. At the time of her birth the French were in possession of the city.

Slavery in Egypt has been abolished; not only the buying and selling of slaves is forbidden, but all those in possession of private individnals have been informed that they were free.

The sum of $8000 is to he granted by the New York Common Council as a compensation for reporting the proceedings of that body for a year. There are eight reporters in service.

A few days since, as Oscar F. Cogswell was boiling some alcohol at Cato, New York, the liquor caught fire and splashed over him, burning him so badly that he died in a few minutes.

The Detroit Free Press says that at a matrimonial office in that city, lately, a couple were married, who, until fifteen minutes previous to the ceremony had never seen each other. Quick work that.

There is an African church in the city of New York, which has this motto placed in a conspicuous place on the front wall: "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light." St. Matthew 4: 16.

Mlle. Cruvelli is still halting uncertain between the foot-lights and the bridal altar. The former offers $36,000 n year, with four months' leave of absence; the latter, a coronet, a "plum," a home, and happiness.

The wild game market of New York is unsurpassed by that of any other city in the world. It is supplied from the prairies of the West, the forest regions of the Canadas, and even from Europe and other climes.

The enterprise of constructing a railroad across the isthmus of Florida, so as to bring the Gulf and Atlantic ports into more immediate intercourse, is progressing successfully. Three hundred men are employed on the road.

Mr. Henry Grinnell has received a letter from the British minister, communicating the thanks of the English government for the enterprising humanity of Mr. Grinnell in sending out expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin.

The Sacramento (Cal.) Tribune says that there resides within a few miles of that city, a girl only sixteen years of age, who weighs four hundred and fifteen pounds, and is increasing in flesh at the rate of three pounds per week.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times says that lately, three young men arrayed themselves in crimson horse blankets, and paraded the fashionable promenades in that city, causing the lady-like young gents with the shawls to blush not a little.

Maine, during the last forty years, has built three eighths of the whole of the United States tonnage. And though other States have immensely increased in their shipbuilding of late, that State still enjoys the same pre-eminence over every one.

Robert Bunyan, Esq., aged eighty years, the last male descendant in a direct line from John Bunyan, the author of the celebrated allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," died at his residence in Grecian Place, Lincoln, England, on the 17th of November.

The business of otter hunting has now become one of the legitimate occupations of California. These marine animals abound along the entire length, not only of the Californian coast, but for a considerable distance along the southern coast of Oregon.

A member of the British association for the advancement of science, recently stated at a meeting of the society, that there were only two articles manufactured for food in England that were not adulterated, viz., common salt and refined lump sugar.

Stephen Salisbury has lately given to the American Antiquarian Society five thousand dollars, as a fund for binding the books and papers of that institution. This, with former donations made by Mr. Salisbury to the same society, amounts to about fifteen thousand dollars.

The exports of wheat from Toronto during the past season amount to 621,000 bushels, of which 594,000 went to the United States. The exports of flour for the same period comprise 147,000 barrels, of which 115,400 went to United States ports—the result of reciprocity.

In the Superior Court at Norwich Ct., Miss Ellen M. Wheeler, daughter of Mr. Ephraim Wheeler, deceased, recovered a verdict of $500 damages against Mr. Ralph Coates, for killing a fine Newfoundland dog belonging to Miss Wheeler, and for injuring her in her efforts to save her pet.

The infernal traffic in Chinese laborers, for Peruvian employ, is still carried on. It is stated in print that a ship lately sailed from China with six hundred and five, and landed four hundred and four, leaving two hundred and one who either died or drowned themselves on the passage.

The law of Delaware punishes with severity all manner of crime. A man named Laborious has just been convicted at Wilmington of horse stealing, and sentenced to restore to the owner $250, to pay a fine of $100 to the State, to stand in the pillory an hour, and be whipped with twenty lashes.

The Society for the relief of Destitute Orphan Boys, at New Orleans, have applied for a mandamus to compel the commissioners of the McDonough estate to pay over to them some $75,000, being one eighth of the revenue and rents of the estate of the deceased, to which they claim to be entitled under his will.

A late number of the Collegiate Mirror, published at Holly Springs, Miss., announces that the honorary degree of "Mistress of Arts" has been conferred upon Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Sigourney, and publishes the letters of acknowledgment written by these ladies. This is a notable sign of the times, as indicative of women's rights and titles.

Foreign Items.

Madame Ristori is creating a *furore* at Berlin. At Paris she was a formidable rival to Rachel.

The king of Hanover has conferred upon the sculptor, Rauch, the rank of n commander of the Guelphic Order, in the second class.

The London papers announce that a Russian spy has been arrested in Paris, and that important papers have been discovered in his possession.

The Emperor Napoleon has recalled to France eleven regiments from the Crimea. This is looked upon by many as a sign of approaching peace.

Sir Colin Campbell is to receive from the people of Glasgow, a magnificent Highland basket-hilted dress sword, the cost of which will be £200.

The Odessa Imperial Commercial Bank has suspended its cash payments, and the people are told by the police that by refusing to take bank notes they display animosity toward government!

The queen of England has been memorialized in favor of Mr. Bates, one of the fraudulent bankers. The ground on which his pardon is urged is, that he was not cognizant of the guilt of his partners.

General Canrobert is about to marry the daughter of one of the physicians of the emperor, a beautiful lady, thirty-two years of age, who has hitherto rejected all proposals of marriage, and who will bring to her husband, as dowry, an income of 100,000 francs.

As a warning to all foreign musicians, the "Fire Engine" of Berlin publishes a list of eighty-six concerts already announced as to be given, and adds that this list does not include various series of concerts annually given by societies of that capital.

Sands of Gold.

.... To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.—*Shakspeare.*

.... The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.—*Cicero.*

.... To be a great man one must know how to profit by the whole of one's fortune.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once.—*Shakspeare.*

.... For wars drive up riches in heaps, as winds drive up snows, making and concealing many abysses.—*Landor.*

... Injuries accompanied by insults nre never forgiven: all men, on these occasions are good haters, and lay out their revenge at compound interest.—*Colton.*

.. . Democracy is always the work of kings. Ashes, which in themselves are sterile, fertilize the land they are cast on.—*Landor.*

Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving warning, and our disposition or our weakness favors the surprise; one look, one glance from the fair, fixes and determines us.—*La Bruyere.*

.... That nation that loses her liberty is not aware of her misfortune at the time, any more than the patient is who receives a paralytic shock. He who first tells either of them what has happened, is repulsed as a simpleton or a churl.—*Landor.*

.... If envy, like anger, did not burn itself in its own fire, and consume and destroy those persons it possesses, before it can destroy those it wishes worst to, it would set the whole world on fire, and leave the most excellent persons the most miserable.—*Lord Clarendon.*

Joker's Budget.

A woman advertising for a husband, wants him to be not only "strictly religious," but of "good character."

What bird is that which it is absolutely necessary that we should have at our dinner, and yet need neither be cooked nor served up? A swallow.

Ignorance and cruelty are as closely connected as Damon and Pythias. Who ever saw a fighter who did not spell philosophy with an "F"? We pause for a reply.

A wit being asked by a seedy poet whether he thought he had ever written anything that would live, replied: "Before you trouble yourself on that score, I advise you to write something that will let you live."

An exchange tells of an editor who went a soldiering and was chosen captain. One day nt parade, instead of giving the orders, "Front face, three paces forward," he exclaimed: "Cash, two dollars a year, in advance."

The individnal who tried to clear his conscience with an egg, is now endeavoring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this, it is his deliberate intention to blow out his brains with a bellows, and sink calmly into the arms of a young lady.

In the Malay language, the same word signifies women and flowers. So far so good. But Hunx, the old bachelor, says, "it is a delicate way of intimating that each is remarknble for its (s)talk." Sly old varmint. Deserves a broomstick!

The following advertisement appeared in an Irish paper: "Whereas John Hall has fraudulently taken several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge, this is therefore to inform him that if he does not forthwith return the same his name shall be made public."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



NATURAL HISTORY.—ILLUSTRATIONS OF ORNITHOLOGY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1856. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X., No. 5.—WHOLE No. 239.

VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF SARDINIA.

The large portrait on this page has been engraved for us from an authentic model, and its general resemblance to the various heads of the King of Sardinia, called forth by his recent visit to his allies, the sovereigns of France and England, convinces us that it must be a good likeness, allowing for the flattery which a painter always bestows on a crowned head. An English correspondent of one of our exchanges gives the following notes on the personal appearance of the king, whom he describes with a good deal of spirit. He says:—"A king who comes a wooing (a matrimonial project was said to have been the motive of the visit to England) is an object of interest. Consult the British press aforesaid, and you will be gratified to learn therefrom that the majesty of Sardinia is 'dignified in appearance, although not of commanding stature!' Now really this description of Emmanuel's *personnel* would lead us to suppose that the reporters who drew his portrait had been favored with places on the wrong side of the fence of divinity that doth hedge a king, and were compelled to draw on their imagination for the likeness of what the monarch ought to be. Your correspondent has not had the felicity of gazing at the anointed Sarde, but has a word-painting of his highness by a *litterateur* who is skilful in seizing correct portraiture. Imagine (says our verbal daguerreotypist) an exact reproduction of Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, who flourished just three hundred years ago, and is described by historians as 'hardy, indefatigable, studious, penetrating, light-haired and bow-legged.' Here you have Emmanuel Victor, King of Sardinia, as he appears among us at this present,—with the addition that the modern Emmanuel wears an enormous moustache that envelopes him like a garment of hay-colored hair. 'The king himself' is a mere individual wrapped up in an enormous beard. When a favorable gust blows an opening in this saffron meteor, as storm-winds make a rift in clouds, you have a temporary glimpse of an irregularly built nose flanked by two peculiarly shrewd eyes. The 'balance' of the king is comprised in a thick-set blue jacket laced with silver, with pants of a circumflex shape and cerulean hue. On his shoulder hangs a little cloak, and on his head a little hat with a little feather, forming altogether a structure of about five feet and a half from the ground. As to his age, he looks old enough to be his own father, although the *Almanac de Gotha* does not assign him so peculiar a paternity. And yet this plain little king is not without a self-possessed bearing, that has, no doubt, come down, with his beard, from his Longobard ancestry." Victor Emmanuel Albert Eugene Ferdinand Thomas (formerly Prince Royal and Duke of Savoy) was born March 14, 1820. In 1842, he married the second daughter of the Archduke Regner, the former viceroy of Milan, who had himself married the sister of Charles Albert, the father of the young prince. He is thus closely related to the Emperor of Austria. When his lamented father recommenced the war of liberation in 1849, and marched against the Austrians, Victor Emmanuel, full of zeal for the liberal cause, took the field and shared the toils and honors of that campaign, which resulted in the disastrous defeat of the liberals in the battle of Novara, fought March 24, 1849. Charles Albert returned to his palace the evening after the battle. The council had already heard a vague rumor of his intended resignation, and awaited, with sad faces, the monarch's communication. The king advanced with dignity, and said:—"Gentlemen, fortune has betrayed your courage and my hope. Our army is dissolved. It would be impossible to prolong the struggle. My task is accomplished, and I think I shall render an important service to my country by giving a last proof of devotedness in abdicating in favor of my son, Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. He will obtain from Austria conditions of peace, which she would refuse if treating with me." His auditors burst in tears, and his son strongly endeavored to persuade his father to relinquish the purpose he had announced. The king, however, was inflexible. "Gentlemen," said he, to the council, "I am no longer your king. Be as faithful and devoted to my son as you have been to me." When the chamber of deputies at Turin sent a committee to assure him of their willingness to provide for carrying on the war of liberation commenced by his father, Victor Emmanuel thanked them for their liberality and patriotism, and explained the circumstances in which he was placed. He said that his father had determined to abdicate in consequence of the heavy conditions imposed by the enemy, and which broke his heart,—that he had already obtained a considerable mitigation of the conditions, and hoped to secure yet further concessions. The republican party were not, however, satisfied with the best treaty that Victor Emmanuel could extort from Radetsky; and disturbances occurred in various parts of the kingdom, which it cost him some trouble to suppress. His administration of affairs thus far has been distinguished by liberality and the carrying out of various reforms, all of which he has accomplished in spite of the sinister influence of his dangerous neighbor and old enemy—Austria. He entered into the alliance with France and England from a principled hatred of Russian despotism, and the troops he has sent to the East have distinguished themselves by heroic bravery, and by a perfect drill and discipline, which speaks volumes in favor of the military capacity of the king, by whom they had been trained. The recent visit of Victor Emmanuel to England and France, was a series of ovations, and must have been highly gratifying to one of the most liberal, brave and enlightened sovereigns of Europe. The French and English vied with each other in doing him honor, and, as usual in all public displays, the French surpassed their neighbors in the good taste, splendor and completeness of their pageants. After receiving the Parisian ovation, Victor Emmanuel passed over to England, where he made a brief stay, and thence returned home.



VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF SARDINIA.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST;

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

ROSE AT THE CHATEAU.

The following morning, Rose busied herself with a sad heart about her little household. It was the last time, for she knew not how long. The sun was nearing to noon. Hugh had gone out once again to the garden; and Gasparde, who had come in, was then with him. Rose waited alone the coming of her lover, who was to take his farewell of her in an hour. But he came earlier. She was seated by the hearth, on which the fire had been already kindled to prepare her last repast in the cottage. She leaned her head against the chimney side, and watched the dancing flames that leaped and glowed brightly before her. How long would it be ere she should watch them thus again?

Suddenly she started, and the quick color rose to her cheek. Surely it was Robin's step! She was not deceived. And, rising, she hastened to the door. Robin himself entered, and silently clasped her to his heart. Rose could not speak for gathering tears; but her arms were thrown about her lover's neck, and her lips met his. They forgot, in that sad embrace, everything except the trouble that was busy in the heart of each.

But there was one witness whose sudden presence was unnoticed by them, in the form of Gasparde, who had entered from the garden simultaneously with the appearance of Robin, and who now stood at a little distance, regarding the lovers. There was a scowl as black as night upon his lowering brow, as he marked their meeting. Then he stole back to the garden. We

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

will not linger over that last interview. It was soon over. Hugh also had taken his farewell of Robin. And then the young man departed.

The day waned, and with the approach of evening, came the Marquis of Montauban and his daughter Helen. Rose was prepared to go. Hugh Lamonte received his guests with an emotion that his silence could not conceal. The marquis, both affected and embarrassed, could say little. Helen Montauban was the most self-possessed person present. Her calm and silvery tones supplied the pauses which her father's want of calmness left.

Rose did not know it then, but, by the request of the marquis and the consent of her father, she had become, in a manner, the adopted daughter of the former; and, for her sake, Hugh Lamonte was to enter into voluntary exile from his home. This was the cloud that shadowed his brow to-day. He took his farewell of her—gave her, silently, to Helen Montauban.

"But remember," he murmured, in low and husky tones, that had something almost of fierceness in them, to the marquis,—"remember, I shall claim her one day! You will not keep her. She is mine—she is mine, I tell you!"

* * * * *

Slowly the carriage rolled away, bearing Rose from the quiet and happy though humble home, where she had dwelt from infancy. She could not help weeping. The marquis was silent, but his pitying glance rested kindly upon her; and Mademoiselle Montauban, though she also refrained from speech, kindly drew the young girl to her side, and pressed her hand with gentle sympathy.

Rose felt the solicitude that their eloquent silence expressed more fully than words, and she was grateful for it. Resolved to show as little regret as possible, she endeavored to dry her tears, and smile; but, for a long time, the effort was a vain one.

It was not till they reached the gates of the court, and the carriage drew up, that she could trust herself to speak, and then, as the marquis himself assisted her to descend from it and conducted her to the saloon, the warm welcome he gave her, and the kind, encouraging words he spoke, comforted and assured her.

"Come," said Mademoiselle Montauban, pleasantly, "you will go with me now, Rose. We will return in a few moments," she added, addressing the marquis. And she led the way to her own apartment.

Summoning Jessie, she directed her to arrange Mademoiselle Lamonte's hair; and in a little while, Rose, ensconced in a magnificent *fauteuil* of embroidered velvet, was placed under the skilful management of the active little *soubrette*, who was all satisfaction and exultation at having such a magnificent flow of tresses to arrange. Rose submitted herself to the brisk, yet careful and magical fingers of Jessie, with a half sigh. The dressing-table before her was scattered with glittering baubles, and a spray of pearls lay in her lap, where the maid had placed them previous to fastening them in her hair. She regarded all these trinkets with sadness; for her father, at that very moment, with his stick and his little bundle of scanty clothing, was traversing a lonely road that led to places many leagues away; and Robin, too,—ah, Robin!

"Do not the pearls suit, mademoiselle?" asked Jessie, respectfully, as she remarked the regretful expression of the young girl's countenance, and saw the ornaments lying unheeded where she had placed them.

"O, yes, Jessie,—yes! they are very beautiful. I was not thinking of them." And Rose sighed again.

Jessie looked perplexed a moment—no more. It was not her affair what troubled Mademoiselle Lamonte, so that she was satisfied with her services.

In a little while, Rose was released from the hands of her *coiffeure*, and attired in a robe of snowy silk. A broad circlet of pearls clasping one fair round arm, and a cluster of the same in her corsage, matched the spray that shone softly, like drops of liquid moonlight, in her dark chestnut braids. Her tiny feet were encased in slippers of softest satin, and a ring of rarest gems sparkled on her lovely hand. Mademoiselle Montauban led her to a mirror, with a quiet and satisfied smile.

She had anticipated blushes, surprise, exclamations of delight. But our pretty heroine glanced thoughtfully an instant at the fair shadow the mirror presented to her view, and then saying:

"Thank you, Jessie. You have dressed me very quickly," she turned to the side of Mademoiselle Montauban, who had stepped back a few paces, and raised her hand to her lips:

"Mademoiselle, what shall I say to you?" she asked, in a low tone, while her soft hazel eyes sparkled with gentle emotion.

"Tell me that you like my taste, and call me Helen, as you must do henceforth," answered the lady, pleased and interested more than ever in her lovely protege.

"Helen!" said Rose, softly, and with timid and exquisite tenderness of voice and manner.

Mademoiselle Montauban uttered no word, but with a delicious emotion of pleasure filling her breast—a sensation that she had never experienced before, she put her arm about the slight form of her lovely companion and kissed her, saying, gently, as she did so:



PARTING INTERVIEW OF ROBIN AND ROSE.

"Dear Rose, you charm me!" There was an instant of silence. Helen Montauban felt that her eyes were filling with tears. The sensation she experienced was sweet as strange. But she roused herself. "Come, Rose," she said, with soft cheerfulness; "you have not told me, in so many words, yet, that I have chosen a becoming dress for you. Tell me if it is worthy so beautiful a face!" And she led the fair young girl once more to the mirror.

"It is perfect," answered Rose, quietly, and yet with a slight blush at Mademoiselle Montauban's compliment. "I like it for its plainness—its purity. You *have* most excellent taste."

"I am satisfied;" and Helen Montauban laughingly kissed her fair brow once more. "And now, Rose, will you consent to wait awhile till Jessie has attended to me, also? Your own maid has not arrived yet, and I do not expect her for three days; but she is worth waiting for. So, you see, one must suffice for us both until she comes. Now hasten, Jessie!" And she seated herself at the dressing-table, while Rose took up her station near, and alternately trifled with a book, and watched the proceedings of Helen's maid.

In little more than half an hour, the toilet of Mademoiselle Montauban was completed, and in a plain, yet elegant robe of glowing velvet that fitted her beautiful and regal figure admirably, and with ornaments similar to those of Mademoiselle Lamonte, she gathered up her cloud-like *manchoir*, and, rising from her seat, announced herself as ready.

Together they descended to the saloon, the one so proud, so dazzling and fascinating, so beautiful in feature, so splendidly regal in figure and carriage—a maiden queen in loveliness and majesty; the other so fresh, and fair, and radiant, and no less charming in her pure and simple beauty, her native and modest grace. Helen Montauban paused a moment at the entrance of the saloon, and glanced down at her young companion with a smile of unselfish pride and exultation in the perfection that she surveyed; then, softly pressing her hand, she led her in.

The marquis stood at the farther end of the apartment, which was pervaded with the soft glow of the evening lamps, that had been brought in during their absence. He turned, as they entered, and advanced to meet them. His glance rested first on Helen and then on Rose, as they stood under the moonlight radiance of the shaded lamps. He paused—trembled—grew pale. His glance was fascinated by that pure young face, that light, fair shape, white-robed and shining, by Helen's side.

"*Grand Dieu!*" he murmurs. "Marguerite!"

They were not near enough to observe his sudden agitation; and as they came towards him, he passed his hand hurriedly across his brow. "It is Rose," he said to himself, "and yet I could have sworn she had risen from her grave—sweet Marguerite! But what a likeness!"

He grew even paler as she drew more near; he could scarcely command his emotions. But he went to meet them, and concealed, under a cheerful greeting and some light words of compliment, the agitation that he did not care to show.

Both Helen and Rose, however, noticed something unusual in his demeanor, but were at a loss to what to attribute it, and presently forgot it in the conversation which followed, and in which the marquis regained entirely his customary ease and self-possession.

A light repast was served in the saloon, and then they proceeded to the library, where they passed the remainder of the evening. The seat of Rose was drawn up to the favorite reading-table of the marquis, and Helen occupied a *fauteuil* opposite, where, with her fine head supported by her hand, and her arm resting on the open volume beside her, she listened to or joined in the conversation, and ever and anon glanced with a thoughtful and well-pleased smile at the fair countenance of the young girl, who had already won a place in her proud heart.

The unwonted tenderness awakened there to-night had, though she herself was unconscious of it, effected as great a change in her appearance and demeanor as in her disposition; and the unusual warmth and gentleness of tone and manner, the softer and more frequent smile, the richer hue of her fair cheek, and the happier, kinder expression that beamed from her splendid dark eyes, could not but strike her father, and touch him most deeply, and the more so that he, too, was drawn by a sudden and irresistible sentiment of affection towards this young girl, for the first time to-night an inmate of his household, and who, for the first time, had struck, by her change of appearance, a chord in his breast which had long ceased to resound to mortal touch.

Both the marquis and his daughter were happier that night than they had been before for years; and each silently felt it to be so. Helen kissed her father more tenderly than usual when the hour for retiring drew near, and he embraced her affectionately.

"My second daughter!" he said, with a deeper emotion than either of them were aware of, as he also embraced Rose.

The tears glittered, warm and clear, on her young cheek, as she touched her lips to his. With bowed head and a heart too full for words, she received his blessing; and then Helen wound her arm about her waist, and led her away. Mademoiselle Montauban did not speak until they had ascended the staircase, and, passing along the great gallery, reached a door opposite that of her own apartment. She opened it.

"This, Rose, is your chamber," she said, as she entered with her. "I have chosen it, and arranged the furniture, I think, to suit you. See, here is the dressing-room, also. They are like my own, and, as you observe, directly opposite. And now," she bent down and kissed Rose with the utmost gentleness and affection, "good-night, Rose. I will send Jessie in early, to-morrow morning, and when she has finished dressing you, come to me. We will have a walk on the terrace before sunrise."

She was gone; and the young girl stood alone in the midnight silence of that quiet apartment. The lamps burning on the toilet shed a faint, subdued glow around. She threw herself upon a seat, and yielded herself up to thought, not unmingled with tears; for, from the tenderness of Helen, and the novelty of her present position, she reverted sadly to the scenes of the past—to her father—to Robin. Where were they now? When should she behold them again?

A slight change of attitude caused her silken robe to glisten softly in the mellow light that poured its rays about her person. She regarded it sadly. "I am glad Robin does not see this," she said to herself, as she touched its rich and magnificent folds.

The entrance of Jessie interrupted her meditations. Rose silently availed herself of the maid's services; but dismissed her as quickly as possible, and then sought her couch. To sleep, however, was impossible. Over-excitement denied the refreshment of rest. Rising, therefore, she wrapped a dressing-robe about her, and, in her little bare feet, glided softly across the chamber to the deep, cushioned recess of a Gothic casement which overlooked the valley, far away, in the direction of her former home. "How lonely—how deserted it must look now!" she said to herself, as, leaning on the broad stone sill, she rested her head upon her fair hand. "I wonder whether I shall ever find in this new abode the happiness I have known beneath that humble roof?"

The clear stars shone quietly in the deep blue of the August midnight, and their tender light revealed the sparkling tears that rested on her cheek. Softly the cool and fragrant night-winds wafted, from the opposite hills and from the dark woods around and beneath the chateau, the balm of repose to her over-wearied brow. Reclining upon the yielding cushions of the recess, her head gradually sank upon them, her young cheek pillowed on one fair round arm. Dreams hovered about her heavy eyes, whose snowy lids drooped slumberously. Rose slept.

* * * * *

"Mademoiselle, come and see how lovely she looks. *C'est un tel beau tableau!* Such a charming picture, mademoiselle! Come and see her—softly!" And Jessie, who had just been to the apartment of Rose, and come forth again on tiptoe with a smile of rapture, entered the chamber of her mistress, with the above words, spoken in a whisper.

Mademoiselle Montauban turned from the mirror, and crossed lightly to the opposite side of the gallery. Entering noiselessly, she, like Jessie, paused with pleasure and admiration as the "tableau" of the *soubrette's* eulogies met her view. For there, among the crimson cushions beneath the open casement, slept Rose Lamonte, in the same easy and graceful attitude in which she had sunk to slumber the night before. Her little hand still pillowed her head; the soft chestnut tresses strayed over the slightly flushed cheek, and fell in rare and heavy masses upon her shoulders; the red lips wore a smile. Rose was dreaming.

"*Qu 'elle est charmante! n'est-ce pas,* mademoiselle?" murmured Jessie, delightedly.

Mademoiselle Montauban raised her finger to her lips:

"Hush!—you will wake her, Jessie. Yes—she is charming—beautiful!"

Slowly the dark hazel eyes unclosed; they rested inquiringly on the countenances of the lady and her attendant.

"My dear child, have you slept well?" asked Mademoiselle Montauban, with a quiet smile.

"Mademoiselle Helen!" uttered Rose, with a slight blush, and an air of perplexity, as she looked around; "slept?—ah, yes! I think—" She paused a moment, and then said, "O, I remember—I remember now! I could not sleep at first, and I came here to look out. I must have fallen asleep very easily."

"As it seems, Rose. And the window open directly above your head! It is a wonder you have not taken cold. Jessie came in to dress you, and found you lying here. We have both been admiring you. Did you dream of it, that you woke? But come, dear child; let Jessie attend to you now, and then we will go down to the terrace. The sun, you see, has not yet risen."

The toilet of Rose was quickly made. The light fingers of the maid adjusted the last braid of her beautiful hair. Jessie was in raptures over it. She was in her true element. "Only," she declared, "it was a great pity that such *magnifique* hair should be entirely confined as the modest taste of Mademoiselle Lamonte directed."

"So it is, Jessie,—so it is," agreed Mademoiselle Montauban, quietly; "and I mean that, at dinner, it shall be partially in curls. Nay—not a word, Rose! I intend you to be as charming as nature made you. And now, if you are ready, we will go."

With an expression of genuine pleasure beaming from her fine dark eyes, she glanced at the *tout ensemble* of the toilet of her little, graceful protege, and then accompanied her down stairs.

The morning was a delicious one. The stars had scarcely yet faded away. Silence, the deep, holy, solemn hush of early dawn, reigned everywhere about them. The dark woods, rising in stately grandeur on every side of the old chateau, touched Rose with a feeling of awe. Lightly the morning wind came from the distant hills, and kissed, in its wanderings, the foreheads of the two young girls, as they stood together on the terrace.

"How beautiful it is—this Nature!" said Rose, softly and reverently.

Mademoiselle Montauban regarded her with a calm and serious glance.

"Yes—it is beautiful," she answered, and her voice had an intonation of sadness. "It is beautiful," she repeated. "I think I never felt its influence before as I feel it this morning. I think I have never been quite so happy before as I am at this moment."

A slight blush tinged her fair cheek, an instant after, as her eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the ground. But she said again, as if answering to some inward query, "No—never!"

"I have been alone always, since I can remember," she went on, a little while after, "and I never have understood or enjoyed life as I believe I am capable of doing. I never felt lonely; I never longed for or felt the need of companionship as others would have done in my place. I always thought myself as contented and as happy as it was possible for one of my nature and temperament to be. I was shut up within myself."

"And now?"

"And now, there is a difference," she said. "I find that I am not insensible to external influences - that I have sympathies of which I never dreamed—that I am less selfish, and cold, and indifferent than I believed myself; therefore, I am happier."

"You were happy last night, also,—is it not so?"

"You are right. I was happy. How could you tell?"

"I saw it, though you were no less quiet, perhaps, than usual. I saw it, because I felt it."

"You felt it, Rose?"

"As I feel it now."

She put her arms, with gentle, timid confidence, about her companion. She laid her pretty head on Helen's shoulder. Mademoiselle Montauban did not speak, but she embraced Rose with tenderness, bending her proud head to kiss the lips lying so near her own.

"It is strange," she murmured within herself, "how much happiness this child gives me. Me!"

They were aroused by the appearance of the marquis, who came out from the saloon, to which he had just descended from his chamber. Coming forward with a cheerful air, he saluted Helen and Rose affectionately. He seemed to remark, with pleasure, the evident warmth of feeling existing between these two young girls. He remained with them a few moments, and then, with some excuse, left them, and went into the library, leaving them alone once more on the terrace.

CHAPTER X.

A FAMILY REMINISCENCE.

At breakfast, the marquis, Helen and Rose met again; and Helen observed that her father was somewhat abstracted—not to say sad, at times. She could not divine the cause of this sudden change; but she noticed that it appeared frequently afterwards, and always without any apparent reason. As soon as the repast was concluded, he returned to the library, and Helen and Rose lingered in the saloon.

That evening, when they had been walking in the court for, perhaps, the space of an hour, they returned to the saloon, and after lingering here a little while, ascended to the chamber of Helen. The sun, which was just setting, filled the apartment with a broad and mellow glow, and shone full upon the figures of the two fair girls as they reclined by the open casement.

"How lovely it is!" said Rose, involuntarily, as she looked out upon the scene.

"Yes—it is a pleasant sunset," returned Helen, in a thoughtful voice; "and how much, still, is the beauty of such a scene dependent on the state of mind of the person who beholds it! I have seen it a thousand times, when it was, perhaps, even more splendid than this; and it has not awakened within me a hundredth part of the emotion that I experience now."

"And to what do you attribute," asked Rose, "the change which has taken place in you?—the change of which you yourself spoke this morning?"

"Nay—I will not tell you now, Rose," answered Helen, gently. "I will wait, first, to see that that change be permanent."

"As I trust it may be," said her beautiful companion, with a soft pressure of the hand.

There was a moment's silence. Then Helen resumed:

"I think, Rose, I might have been happier, better, kinder-hearted, all my life, if I had but had companionship and affection such as others have from their very birth. But my mother died when I was a mere baby; my father's second wife died two years after the marriage, and the child she left, who should have been a sister to me, she was lost, Rose."

"Lost, Helen?—ah, how terrible!" said the young girl, with a faint shudder.

"She was not two years old at the time," continued Mademoiselle Montauban, sadly. "It was one evening, a little later than this, when we missed her. Her 'bonne,' Arline Meyot, had taken her out half an hour before sunset, to give her an airing. My father was in the library, where he always spends the most of his time. I, a lonely, self-willed little thing, had climbed up in a window seat, to read a favorite volume of fables by the declining light. The domestics were in their own rooms, at table, I believe, when some one came searching about for Arline. She was out with the babe, was the answer. They said it was too late for the child to be out; and my father, hearing something of the discussion from the open door of the library, came and inquired into the matter. He sent a servant immediately to seek for Arline, and tell her to bring her charge back; but Arline was not to be found, nor was the child, either. Everywhere were they sought for, but no tidings ever reached us concerning them."

"Ah, Helen!—and your father?"

"He almost lost his reason, they say. That was a dreadful time, Rose!" and Mademoiselle Montauban sighed deeply.

Rose echoed the sigh unconsciously. She seemed to consider for an instant. Then she said:

"Your father must have loved you more than before, Helen,—did he not? He was only too thankful that he had a child remaining."

"He did not. He neglected me, at first, in his misery; for he had idolized his second wife, and he regarded her child with a feeling little below idolatry; and after the little one was lost, he forgot that he had a tie left him. This, Rose, was one thing that embittered my childish spirit. I considered him unjust—cruel. I could not understand the depth either of his loss or the misery it occasioned, and I always remembered his transient neglect, though he more than atoned for it by his after-kindness. There has never been such confidence and affection between us as there should be between father and child, on this account; but I am endeavoring now to atone for the past."

"Poor Helen!" said Rose, quietly. "You have been truly unhappy—unfortunate."

"I have been selfish; I am selfish now, though generous enough when my own interests are not in danger," said Mademoiselle Montauban. "I never am inclined too much to self-sacrifice. You would, perhaps, dislike me, if you knew how—" She paused and colored.

"Nay—now you show, at least, frankness and honesty—which is, in a manner, true greatness of heart—by acknowledging your errors," returned Rose, with a smile. "I will not believe you so selfish, even where your best interests are at stake, if the happiness or good of another be the price by which they are served. You have always been kind to me, and I remember it."

Mademoiselle Montauban colored still more deeply. Then, as the hand of Rose sought hers, with a silent, affectionate pressure, she put her arms about her, and pressed her lips to those of the young girl.

"How your kind heart misjudges me!" she said, sadly. "Even now I am displaying my selfishness by coveting your affection, which I am conscious I do not deserve. But, Rose, I cannot help it. *You* will be my sister—will you not? You are better than I. As much better as would have been the sister who was not spared to me. You will teach me to be better myself."

"Helen, do not speak so! I can but love; let us, then, be sisters, if you will."

The two embraced and kissed each other with the deepest and tenderest affection. The sweet hazel eyes of Rose Lamonte were sparkling with mingled smiles and tears. Those of Mademoiselle Montauban were unutterably sad, yet it was a sadness fraught with happiness.

The two had been too much engaged with each other to notice how darkly the twilight was gathering in that wide old chamber, or that anything unusual was taking place without, until the neighing of horses, the sound of voices in the court, and the clang of the great iron gates, as they opened and closed, aroused them both. Mademoiselle Montauban bent over the sill to look down.

"Who can it be?" she said, in a tone of perplexity. "Look, Rose! There is a travelling carriage, and servants. We have guests, dear Rose, surely! Stop a moment."

Rose drew back, and waited for the revelations of Helen, while she tied anew the heavy silken sash of her robe. Suddenly, Mademoiselle Montauban turned from the casement, and rose from her seat.

"I know now who it is," she said, with a slight blush, which she felt relieved that Rose could not see for the dusk around them, though, truth to say, she scarce knew why she should blush,—"I know now, Rose. They are the Count and Countess of Clairville, and a friend of theirs—an English nobleman—Lord Francis Egerton. I do not know whether there are any others; but we must go down, Rose,—we must go down. Come, dearest!" and she wound her arm about the young girl's waist.

"Nay, dear Helen! I shall only be in the way just now," pleaded Rose. "I pray you, go down without me, and when you have sent them to their rooms—"

Mademoiselle Montauban smiled.

"That makes me think," she said, "they have come without warning, and where are properly arranged apartments for them? The rooms are to be aired, and the bedding—ah, me!"

"Stay a moment, Helen," said Rose. "There are your father's dressing-room and ours. I will go and help you, while you send them thither; and, during the evening, there will be ample time to provide necessary accommodations."

"Well thought of—well thought of, Rose. Come with me, then, and we will see Marianne about this affair. You can help me give directions. But, first, let us wait on the guests themselves, and see them properly disposed of. My good father will be at his wit's end without us."

Accordingly, they descended to the saloon, which the guests had just entered. There were hurried and confused but cheerful greetings on all sides, in the midst of which, Rose, who had managed to evade observation, thanks to the imperfect light of the saloon, escaped to Marianne, who was uttering the most affecting lamentations over the hasty inroad of visitors, and who gladly welcomed the appearance of the young girl. Rose had received, on the way down stairs with Mademoiselle Montauban, some idea of the localities destined for the guests; and Marianne, being put in possession of some information on the subject, proceeded with great alacrity to business; so that by the time Helen and the marquis had despatched the new-comers to their temporary quarters, half a dozen maids were busied in the requisite apartments, under the direction of the indefatigable Marianne.

"My dear Rose," said Helen, as, having paid a visit to the scene of action, and found everything progressing properly, she sought and found our pretty heroine once more in the saloon,—"my dear Rose, you are invaluable. We shall have things in admirable condition, shortly. Come, Marianne does not need us now. We will go and attend to our own dress a little. The countess is in my room; we can make use of yours, that is, if you will give me refuge there."

They accordingly hastened to the chamber of Rose, and while dressing, Mademoiselle Montauban gave her young friend some further particulars touching the late arrivals.

"The Compte and Comptesse de Clairville," said she, "are old friends of my father's, and people whom, I am confident, you will like very much, Rose. They have been spending some time in Italy, whither Lord Francis accompanied them. They will pass a month at the chateau with us, and then proceed directly to the Hotel Clairville, at Paris, whence Lord Francis will return shortly after to England."

"They have not been here for a long time—have they?" queried Rose.

"No. The compte and his wife were with us two years ago.



ARAB EMIGRANTS.

Lord Egerton passed a few weeks here with them then, and was here again last winter. He is not a stranger, though they are. Jessie, bring those curls more in front. Separate those larger ones at the back; they are too heavy. There—look this way, Rose. Ah, that is charming! It could not be better. The braids at the back are very fine. You are pretty as a fairy, my dear child. That light robe now, Jessie; no jewels. A flower in the curls will be sufficient. Now, I will finish my own dress."

And she turned to the mirror. But from moment to moment she paused to give Jessie some suggestions with regard to the toilet of Rose, about which she seemed to be even more deeply interested than usual to-night. She would have her dressed with the most perfect, yet the most charming simplicity in the world, and observed with satisfaction that the plainness of style a thousand times enhanced the young girl's natural charms.

"But *so* plain, mademoiselle!" said the *soubrette;* "may I not clasp this band of pearls on her arm? So *severe* is her dress, without a single ornament!"

"What do you say yourself, Rose?" asked Mademoiselle Montauban.

"I leave the matter to your good judgment," answered she, with an involuntary smile. "But what does it signify, Helen, whether I wear it or not? Nobody will know what I wear, I dare say."

"But I mean they shall, little innocent one!" returned the lady, in a tone of amusement. "Yet you may put on the bracelet, Jessie, since you are so earnest about it. That will do. Your *mouchoir*, Rose,—take care! Come, are you ready? We will stop at the door of madame la comptesse."

The countess was fresh from the hands of her maid. She came directly out. There was a little pause in the gallery, while she exchanged a few words with Helen, greeted Rose, on introduction, affectionately, and embraced her with the greatest kindness. She was a fair, graceful woman, tall and stately, with an extremely lovely face, and charming manners.

"We have not hurried you, I trust?" asked Mademoiselle Montauban.

"Not in the least, my dear friend; indeed, I have been waiting a moment. I heard Francis go down some time since. Shall we follow now?" asked the countess.

"If you please," returned Helen.



AN ARAB PLOUGH.

They descended to the saloon. It was fully and brilliantly lighted now, and from the hearth, at the farther end of the apartment, Lord Francis Egerton approached them. He was of fine stature, elegant and commanding in person, with a bearing at once gentle and dignified. His countenance was striking and attractive, for it was both noble and graceful in feature, and beautiful in expression. He had fine dark eyes; a smile of exquisite beauty and tenderness, and a voice of perfect music.

Rose felt the charm of that glance and tone as, turning from Helen and the Countess of Clairville, he saluted her. The smile dawned clear and sweet in his poetical eyes, as they rested on her young face. Then he addressed himself to Mademoiselle Montauban once more in a graceful, easy manner.

The countess left them, and proceeded to ensconce herself in a comfortable seat by the fire, for the evening had grown somewhat chill; and beckoning to Rose, she said, kindly:

"Come, my dear, let us talk with each other a little. Sit here." And she drew a low *tabouret* to her feet.

The young girl immediately joined her, and occupied the seat assigned her. The full, mellow glow of the fire, and the numerous lights around the walls, fell softly about her graceful figure, and revealed, with all their charms, the perfect beauty of her features. The countess, with a friendly smile, laid her fair hand on the head of her pretty companion, and regarded her countenance attentively for some time. She seemed, as she gazed, to become lost in thought. At length she murmured, "No—no; it is—" She broke off abruptly, and then said, gently:

"My dear child, excuse my rudeness. I fancied, for a moment, that you resembled a person whom I used to know. But it must be. Are you a relative of the marquis, Rose?"

"O, no, madame," returned Rose, shaking her head, sadly, as if lost in thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ARABIAN MARKET SCENE.

ARABIAN SCENES.

The beautiful engravings on this and the preceding page will serve to illustrate the manners of the Arabs of Algeria, and explain portions of the text. The first and third pictures, showing a party of Arabian emigrants and an Arabian market scene, renders us at once familiar with the striking aspect of these strange people. The tribes of Sahara are the only inhabitants of Africa whose periodical evolutions embrace considerable spaces. The approach of summer drives them from Sahara, their principal establishment, where the general drying up of the few plants produced by the region of sand threatens their flocks with famine They pass into the Tell, forty, fifty or sixty leagues, carrying medicinal plants, spices, tissues and dates of the desert, which they exchange for corn and European productions. Then, on the approach of bad weather, they return in caravans to take up their winter quarters in the confines of that oasis where they are all—or almost all—proprietors. It is like a nation, a separate family in the Mussulman population, whose wave is spread over Algeria; and many travellers have even asserted that they were not Arabs We would not affirm, on the faith of Sallust, that they are Persians. Still, they are distinguished from their co-religionists, beyond the chains of mountains improperly called Atlas, both by higher and more poetical manners, by a great personal dignity, and, finally, by those habits of regular migration, which have given them the epithet of nomadic, and which, in fact, they alone, of all the Arabs, justify by this secular going and coming, this semi-annual flux and reflux, regulated by the calendar, nearly like the equinoxes, which precede them a little. These periodical marches *en masse* are made in picturesque disorder. The men, on foot or on horseback, and with their long guns, advance with a grave carriage, driving the cattle before them, and leading the dromedaries. Of these latter animals, some carry the tents woven from their hair, the household utensils, and the *tellis*, huge sacks with brown and white stripes, which contain the merchandise and all the furniture of the families. Others are burthened with palanquins of a brown thick stuff, containing women and children. Were not the long point which surmounts them a certain oriental stamp, it would be found that these palanquins resembled in form our country cabriolets. They are closed in front, but so insecurely with a table-cloth or black curtain, that the daughters of Eve within withdraw them partially or entirely on the slightest pretext or incident of the journey, that is to say, exactly when there is most reason for having the palanquin shut. The agriculture of the Arabs is barbarous, but not altogether unsuited to the laws and exigencies of the climate, geological conditions, and the experience of twelve centuries. Europeans never attempt with impunity to reject the teachings of tradition and the local routine, and to make hasty innovations, without taking into consideration the numerous circumstances which make the culture of the Algerian plains so different from that of their native fields. With a plough, shown in our second engraving, which differs little from the rudimental shure of Triptolemus, a sort of spur or beak, without handles or mould-boards, drawn by two small oxen, the Arabs superficially tear the upper layer of the soil, where, when the harvest is springing in grass, you can distinguish the furrows under the green carpet which covers them. The stalks are thinly scattered, mingled with all sorts of parasitical plants and invading shrubs. The Arab, wanting the patience and the instruments necessary to cleave and furrow the soil deeply, is accustomed to respect all obstacles, and to avoid, instead of extirpating them. It is apparent that a strong plough, moving the cultivable stratum to the bottom, and clearing it of all extraneous vegetation, would produce the greatest and happiest results in skilful hands. This is the kind of progress which the Arabs appreciate and show themselves ready to accept. There are samples of ploughs at Dombasle, worked by natives and drawn by two pair of oxen. It is in the employment of Arab arms, guided by European eyes and genius, that the future of Algerian agriculture lies. An Arab market presents an animated and sometimes quite an amusing spectacle, of which our third engraving conveys a correct idea. Some of the dealers squat pomposly before an old hen, half a dozen eggs, a string of onions, three turnips and a half peck of oranges, all brought a distance of many miles; others, more demonstrative, and inviting with voice, eye and gesture, the lazy mountain—that is, the customer, to come without delay, dinning the ear with the cry of *Sordi! Sordi!* (a sous!) offering for this modest sum some of their unleavened cakes, others their cabbages and turnips. This is in towns. In the country, there are much more important markets for cattle and grain, somewhat resembling our fairs. Our fourth engrave depicts an Arabian madman. No one is ignorant that, in the East, madmen are so many sacred beings. Algeria, since the French conquest, is their land of promise. In no other country do maniacs, visionaries, hypochondriacs and pretended prophets enjoy such immunities. *Ada mahboul!* (this man is mad!) is a passport by means of which a citizen "touched and visited by God," that is to say, deprived of the subversive and fatiguing use of reason, can give himself up with impunity to all sorts of eccentricities, and edify the world with his follies, very sure of obtaining in return only marks of esteem and especial veneration. A story, false or true, is told of an European geologist, who, travelling the country in quest of the treasures of his favorite science, was attacked by robbers. The sight of the huge sack filled with his trophies, under the weight of which the learned man toiled painfully along, excited their cupidity. They accosted him, and summoned him to exhibit his wealth. The poor man was already pulling out his watch and bidding adieu to his purse, when the leader of the bandits, laying hold of the sack, and finding it contained nothing but an assortment of stones of all colors, the scene changed immediately. The highwayman fell, like the assassins of Stradella, at the feet of the explorer; by turns they took his hand and placed it on their foreheads, in token of the most profound respect. They finally left him, remorseful for their evil designs, leaving him his purse and watch, and exclaiming, "*Ada mahboul!*" Not only have the lunatics and monomaniacs of Algeria the signal privilege of going at large, but those incurable are loaded with presents. They compose amulets, and sell charms, live at free quarters, enter every house or tent, take what they please, wandering *impune per totam terram*—with impunity all through the land. Sometimes these madmen become raving. This crowns their felicity. They have prophetic dreams, and awake prophets. They scatter themselves over the country, breathing war and carnage in the name of God. The engraving represents one of these madmen uttering his wild predictions. They hold up five fingers before the astonished vulgar, and announce that in good season these five fingers will change into as many cannons to vomit death upon the terrified Christians. They also declare that the French muskets, cursed by them, will miss fire. It is incredible how much bloodshed their real or pretended madmen have occasioned in Algeria. Our last engraving represents a night scene in an Arab tent. They do not keep late hours in these fragile habitations. Weary with a long ride or the labors of the day, the eyes are apt to close early in the *douar*, where nothing is heard but the baying of dogs, the neighing of horses, or the cries of jackals. Still, when a stranger worthy of some attention, has received hospitality under the roof of a sheik, an evening party is made for him after supper. The relations and friends of the sheik, partly from curiosity and partly from courtesy, come by turns, or in mass, to see the illustrious stranger, and salute him. They ceremoniously seat themselves around the carpet or on the mat, smoke cigars and drink coffee. The Arabs discuss corn and barley; the traveller asks several questions, to which, according to their prudent custom, they make no reply. After an hour or so of this discreet quality, the visitors, after having sufficiently examined the traveller's person, arms, equipments and canteen, rise, one by one, and vanish like shadows. An invisible hand without closes the drapery of the tent. The traveller finds himself alone, with a mat for a mattress and a saddle for a pillow; he sleeps soundly and safely in the midst of the wild desert. In the desert, hospitality is an element of the Arab's nature, and though foreign influence has somewhat dimmed the lustre of this virtue, yet never will a solitary traveller in vain seek hospitable assistance at the hands of the Arab; however poor he may be, he yet kindly shares the last morsel with the wayfarer.



AN ARABIAN FOOL, OR CRAZY MAN.



ARABIAN PROPHESYING.



ARABIAN PARTY IN A TENT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYES.

We are passing away, on the stream of time,
From all that our hearts hold dear;
From all that we love in so dark a clime,
From all that we cherish here.
The swift-winged hours, in their onward flight,
Are checked by no mortal rein;
They are passing away, and their golden light
Dawns not on life's pathway again.

We are passing away, with the torches of hope,
That our spirits' virgins bear,
To the golden portals that brightly ope
On a land forever fair;
Where angels stand ready to let us in
To those regions of light and peace;
Where the thorn in the flower has never been,
And where sorrow and pain shall cease.

On the quicksands of life we can only grave
Mementoes of yesterday;
Which the ruthless sweep of the ocean-wave
Shall wash forever away;
Till at last, when reached is the utmost verge,
We are borne away from the strand;
No more to gather flowers from the surge,
To perish in memory's hand.

We are passing away from the scenes of earth,
We shall leave them all behind;
They shall vanish like dreams of beauty and worth,
From the palace of the mind;
While the shuttle and loom of each busy day
Are weaving mid earthly strife,
Farewells and adieus, as we pass away,
In the web and the woof of life.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FRANK MILTON'S ANGEL.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THERE was a great crowd collected around the door of the house that had been Mr. Hammond's; a fine, aristocratic looking mansion on Summer Street. An auctioneer was standing on a table in the hall, holding up several articles of value, one after another, and knocking them down to their respective purchasers. Almost all of the household furniture had been disposed of, and now there were only a few choice plants, a collection of bound music, and a flute. The latter was a superior instrument, of rare finish, which during the sale had been repeatedly taken up and examined by a party of young men, who seemed impatiently to await the time of its sale.

The auctioneer had now taken it up, and a few dollars had already been offered. One of the young men who had been looking at it, stepped forward, and raised the offer to a sum so large that no one seemed to be tempted to compete with him, and it was about to be knocked down to him, when a side door opened, and a young girl, dressed in deep mourning and with a face pale as ashes, beckoned to the clerk who was taking account of the purchases. He obeyed her motion, and returning, he whispered to the auctioneer, who announced that, by urgent desire of the family, the sale of the flute had been stopped.

The young man who had so nearly become the purchaser, after catching a momentary glimpse of the girl, turned musingly away leaving his companions to themselves. He had gone but a few steps, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and Ned Gray's honest face was peering over it.

"Why, Milton," said he, laughingly, "what has come over you? Were you ill, that you left us so suddenly; or were you mad at that rascally auctioneer for depriving you of that gem of a flute?"

"Neither, Ned—but did you not see that he was prevented from selling it by some person who came out of a room?"

"I did not—but I heard Putnam say to a friend near him, he was very glad that Willis stopped the sale, as the flute was greatly valued by the late Mr. Hammond. But stay, Milton, do you really sail to-morrow?"

"Yes, Ned; and I shall not soon return—perhaps never. Perchance I may come home, however, many long years hence, and find every one of our set married men, and you among the rest. I hope neither of you will wed the little angel I saw to-day at Hammond's sale."

"Ah, I see how the land lies now, Milton! You must have seen poor Hammond's pale-faced daughter. Now, I know you well, and I know too, if you have been struck with her beauty, the impression will always remain. That is the way with you romantic and poetical people. Well, Frank, you have done me many good deeds, besides the doubtful one of saving my life, as you did at Florence, and if it is so, I will undertake to watch your angel while you are absent. You will not fear *me*, as you know I am sworn against marrying; and I will engage that no other shall have the opportunity."

"Thank you, Ned—I shall rejoice that this poor girl, who, I hear, has been left almost destitute by her father's failure and recent death, will have so brave and honest a friend as yourself. Perhaps you are right in thinking that it was Miss Hammond whom I saw, but as I never saw her before, I cannot tell you. Are you acquainted with her?"

"Slightly. She was very beautiful in her prosperous days, but recent events have robbed her of much of her beauty."

"Was Hammond wholly ruined by that partner of his?"

"He was; and he never recovered from the shock which he received at the first intelligence of his misfortunes. He had thought so much of his integrity, and he saw, at once, that his partner had managed to throw all the blame upon him, and that he had no means of proving himself innocent. It fairly broke his heart. Shameful, was it not? A man in the very prime of life, for Hammond was barely forty years old, to be sacrificed by a villain like Seward!"

"Shameful indeed! How does Mrs. Hammond bear it?"

"Mrs. Hammond is rather a weak woman. She married when very young—in fact, before she was sixteen; running away from a boarding school before her education was nearly completed. Her head had been turned by novel-reading, and Hammond had no difficulty in making her consent to an act which he had reason ever after to deplore. He found his boarding school angel superficial, weak and vain; and she often reproached him for the only really foolish thing which could be charged upon him, that of persuading her to elope with him. But Hammond was very young, and he did not count the cost. He has suffered enough with her to expiate his fault; and now the poor daughter has succeeded to the inheritance of his suffering, and more too, for they say that Mrs. Hammond is perfectly unmanageable since her husband's death."

The next day the two friends were separated by the departure of Frank Milton to Europe. He pressed Edward Gray's hand as he sprang into the boat that was to convey the passengers to the ship, and his last words were—"Remember your promise." In making this promise, however, Gray had not counted upon contingencies that would set it aside, and he was quite surprised, the next week, when a leisure moment enabled him to inquire after the Hammonds, to find that they had left New York, and it was believed by his informant, that Boston was their destination.

The information was given in a careless, indifferent manner, by a young man who had received great kindnesses from Mr. Hammond, and who had admired his daughter when she was the centre of attraction because she was a rich man's child—his only child; and this was all he knew of the matter. So it was with many of the former acquaintances of the Hammonds. A few brief, common-place remarks upon their altered condition—a few surmises as to what would become of them, and they were forgotten. Lucy Hammond's sweet, pale face was not seen after the brief glimpse which Milton had taken of it on the day of the sale.

She, poor girl, had a hard task in prospect, from which her nature shrank. Alone and unprotected, she was to encounter, not only the earning of her own bread, but the harder task of reconciling her mother to the change in their life, and bearing with her weakness of mind and peevishness of temper.

Her first desire was to go far from New York. Once out of a place where everything reminded her mother of the past, and brought out a fresh string of complaints, Lucy hoped that things would assume a brighter aspect. Her plan was to employ the very superior talents which she possessed, in teaching; and she felt that she would rather become a teacher in some place where there were no old associations pressing upon her mind.

They arrived in Boston on the last day in December. It was a bright day enough for the season, but Lucy's heart sank within her as she looked from the window of the fifth rate hotel which had been recommended to her as the cheapest in the city. The scanty fund that had been realized from the sale of effects which the law allowed them, would, she well knew, soon melt away, if she went to a better house; and it must last until she could earn more.

One week after her arrival was devoted to finding a boarding place. Day after day she left her mother stretched upon the hard sofa, weeping and miserable, and threaded the retired side streets of the city, to find something that would seem like a home to them. Those who are familiar with our cheap boarding houses, may imagine the disgust with which she turned from the dingy staircases leading to shabby parlors dim with soiled paper and window curtains, faded carpets and defaced furniture—and above these, by two or three stories, to bed rooms still more dingy, shabby and faded.

One lady had, as she told her, a splendid suite of rooms, but she had kept those for a family. Would she like to look at them? Lucy followed her to the third story. The suite consisted of a room twelve feet square, and a small bed room adjoining—a mere dressing closet—for which she would charge only thirteen dollars, unfurnished. Another would give her a single attic room, four flights from the hall door, for ten dollars; while still another offered a very small back chamber for twelve. Beyond these prices Lucy's purse could not go; but she hoped to be able, for these sums, to procure the common comforts of a cheerful room, free from dirt and offensive smells.

There was no such place to be found, and she returned, tired and disheartened. Contrary to her mother's wish, she felt that she must act upon the suggestion of an old gentleman at the hotel, who remarked in her hearing that there were several cheap cottages to be rented in one of the outskirts of the city. Her fatigue did not permit her to go farther on that day, after ascending such innumerable stairs; but on the morrow she rode to a pleasant town in the suburbs, and succeeded in obtaining a small house by paying her rent in advance.

She then repaired to a second-hand furnishing store, where she bought a very few housekeeping articles, with the smallest amount of furniture. These were promptly delivered, and before night she had got a little sitting room and bed room adjoining fitted up with straw matting, a few chairs, a tea table, a bed, together with a cheap lounge and rocking-chair for her mother. A stove which could be used for cooking or converted into a parlor stove, and some low-priced window curtains completed her arrangements, and she resolved, as the evening was fine, to remove her mother that night, thereby saving the cost of another night at the hotel, from whence she was impatient to get away. Making a good fire, setting out her table with the tea things, and the food she could get from the baker's and grocer's, she lighted a lamp, and then went to the coach office, in order to send a carriage for her mother, to whom she had pencilled a note, begging her to discharge their bills and to bring away their trunks.

Returning, she made some tea, toasted some bread nicely, and when the coach stopped and her mother entered, the room wore to her eyes a look of comfort and cheerfulness which she had not hoped for or expected. Not being accustomed to household duties, Lucy had burned her fingers several times during her operations, but she made light of her mishaps, and entertained her mother with an account of her day's work.

The exercise and fresh air had exhilarated her spirits, and even her mother's face wore a brighter look as they sat down to their cheerful tea table. Lucy chatted away to her, fearful that she might revive some old association, but trying to bring up only pleasant thoughts.

"How peaceful this will be, after living in those noisy streets," said Lucy, "and how cosy and comfortable this room looks to me. When we have finished our tea, I will unpack the bed linen in the large trunk, and then our bed room will look quite nice."

She did so, and her reward was to see a real look of satisfaction on her mother's face, as she surveyed the fine white pillows and sheets, contrasting them as she did with those at the hotel, the previous night. Long did Lucy sit up that night when her mother had retired, to dwell upon her future prospects. She earnestly wished that she might obtain a few pupils, at least, in music and drawing; but she shrank painfully from the effort she would have to make.

It was a hard trial for one so delicately bred as Lucy Hammond, so accustomed to the elegances and luxuries of her father's sumptuous home; but Lucy was a brave girl, and she knew that it remained only with her, for that her mother could be brought to make any exertion, was beyond her hope. She was agreeably surprised, however, the next morning, to find her mother rising early, and trying to help her with the breakfast.

"This is *real* milk, Lucy," she said, as she poured out the rich liquid into the cream pitcher, "it is not chalk and water, nor the vile stuff which we sometimes got in New York. And what nice butter, too!"

Lucy rejoiced at every evidence of satisfaction evinced by Mrs. Hammond; and she went cheerfully to work to arrange their little household affairs in the most convenient space for the winter. She had selected the rooms on the southern side for present use; and the pleasant morning sun was shining upon them most cheeringly. Her mother's large chair was placed between the window and the fire, and unpacking a small box of books, she placed one on the window seat; and having thus provided for her comfort and amusement, she went out to seek for pupils. To almost every house in the village she went, and when four o'clock came she had secured but one pupil in music. Still there were some half promises, which she hardly dared trust to, lest they should fail her; which they eventually did. Some preferred a gentleman teacher—others did not like to employ a teacher without recommendations from some noted professor.

Lucy had never thought of that, and she now regretted deeply that she had omitted to ask for them from her New York teacher. But she happened to remember that Professor La Tour's bills lay in her mother's writing desk, and she went home to find them.

"This will convince the lady," said she, "of my having had superior advantages of instruction," as she looked over the professor's receipts at fifty dollars per quarter; but Lucy's experience of life was very limited, and that of human nature still more so—she did not know how often people give false reasons for their actions, and she did not know that the lady was really too poor to employ any teacher, however cheap their terms may be.

She would not admit to her mother that she was greatly disappointed, but she had some misgivings as to the state of her purse, that annoyed and worried her. With strict economy, her money could not last long, and she resolved to go the next day to try for pupils in the city.

Here she was more successful; obtaining three pupils in one family, submitting, however, to be cut down in her price, by giving the third pupil lessons without any pay whatever. She was to give them two lessons every week, and this, with her village pupil, would bring her only thirty-four dollars. Of this, their rent would absorb a great portion, and the remainder would not keep them in bread.

The days went on, and they got along with some privations, which, however, were lessened by two additional pupils. She had, also, a very few pupils in drawing, which, with her music scholars, kept her away from home several hours every day.

Thrown thus upon her own resources, Mrs. Hammond gradually became more willing to assist Lucy in their household work, and even offered to take in sewing, which Lucy would not permit her to do. She wished her mother to grow strong in body and mind, by healthy, active pursuits, and she refrained from doing much herself, knowing that her mother would be less lonely and far more healthy, if she did not have time to give way to her old repinings. As Lucy's scholars multiplied, she purchased many little additions to their stock of necessaries, and it was with real pleasure that she found her resources would admit of buying a nice steak for her mother's breakfast.

"I must get her strengthened," said Lucy, to herself, "let the scholars be few or many; and I will suffer the privations myself, if either must."

So she filled her mother's plate most bountifully, and got what strength she could herself, by breakfasting on baked potatoes; after which she walked to the city, gave her lessons, and then returned fatigued and languid, but still hopeful. "Sweet Lucy Hammond,"—Ned Gray had always called her so; and had he known her in these toiling, self-denying days of her life of poverty, he would have owned that she was never more truly worthy of the epithet. Had he seen her in her plain mourning print, her coarse woolen shawl and straw bonnet, going forth to her daily toil, unaided and unprotected, he would have said that Frank Milton's chance of happiness was greater, by far, with her now, with all her noble faculties developed by trial and suffering, than when she dwelt in her father's luxurious home, surrounded by flatterers who cared less for her sweet face than for her father's money.

Lucy was, indeed, a noble girl. The reverses she had borne, sad as they might be, had developed her character and brought out her finest qualities; and she was each day growing into a more healthy and vigorous state of body and mind. Her long walks, for she scorned to ride, were the best medicine for her, when she felt, as she sometimes did for a moment, dull and low-spirited; and returning from the dusty city, she was always refreshed by the pure air that her country home afforded her.

Thus passed away the long winter, sometimes lacking the comforts of life, when Lucy's employers forgot to pay their bills; but still with a feeling of satisfaction that, if they were poor, their old acquaintances in New York could not know their situation. This atom of pride had not yet been rooted from their hearts. As to Mrs. Hammond, her former friends would never have recognized her as the languid and richly dressed woman who had lounged away her hours in Mr. Hammond's elegant drawing-rooms. Trouble had changed her appearance, and although she was yet only thirty-eight years old, she looked much older. Her plain black dress and hair combed straightly back from the temples, increased this look, and a furrow on the once smooth, white brow, showed that she had fretted over her misfortunes.

Not so with Lucy. Her pale face had been succeeded by a bright, healthy look; and her frequent walks in sun and wind and dust, had made her cheeks so brown that her mother really mourned over the loss of Lucy's beauty.

She was mistaken. Lucy's beauty was never half so radiant, as when, with her portfolio of music, she crossed the long bridge that separated her home from the city, regardless of wind or weather, and with an earnest purpose in her look that spoke of firmness and resolution.

The man at the toll house looked out for her every morning at the accustomed hour, and received her pleasant smile as she dropped the penny into his hand. The little lame negro who sat fishing on the bridge, rolled up his eyes and showed his white teeth, when she came near him; and the few people of whom she made her little purchases for the family, all gave her a kindly greeting, and left richer customers standing, to attend to the wants of the little music teacher.

Three years rolled away, and Lucy was not yet twenty. Slowly, but regularly, her fame as a teacher had reached a point which made her sought by many as a desirable instructor, not only from her superior abilities and peculiar adaptation to her scholars, but from her easy and graceful manners, and the air of indescribable dignity, tempered with the truest gentleness, which marked her as a perfectly well bred and polished woman. To no one did she intimate that she had ever been in any other station. To her patrons she was simply Miss Hammond, the music teacher.

She had commenced giving lessons to the daughter of a miniature painter, Mrs. Langley, and she frequently stopped to admire the beautiful faces which lay on a little stand near the piano. Most of these were children; some of them were ladies' faces, and a very few were those of gentlemen. Among the last, she one day saw a face that brought her past life before her more vividly than it had ever come to her before. Again she was in one of those brilliant scenes where Mr. Hammond's young and lovely daughter was the cynosure of all eyes. And this was one of the faces that she remembered, as belonging to the only gentleman with whom her father had allowed her to become acquainted, beyond the frigid boundary of conventional politeness. Surely, she thought, this must be her old acquaintance, Edward Gray! It was the first face that had met her gaze during her long exile, that seemed at all familiar, and she looked at it so long that Minnie Langley noticed it, and said:

"That is my cousin, or rather my mother's cousin, Mr. Gray, of New York, Miss Hammond. Isn't he handsome for an old bachelor?"

And the laughing girl took up the miniature, and shutting it in Miss Hammond's portfolio, unobserved by her, she turned her attention to other pictures. When Lucy went away, she carried, unconsciously, the face that had so waked up old memories.

It was not until late in the evening that she returned home, and on unpacking the music, which she wished to replace with some more difficult pieces for an older scholar than Minnie Langley, she was surprised and embarrassed to see the miniature roll out from among it. Recollecting her pupil's mischievous turn, and the conversation she had made with her respecting the picture, she readily imagined how it came there; but there was a disturbed feeling about it that she resolved not to participate with her mother.

Meantime, the really handsome owner of the face had called at Mrs. Langley's, and asked to see the picture which his cousin had painted with more than usual care, and which she had just told him was entirely finished. She sought for it in vain, until Minnie, in pity to her mother's anxiety, told Mr. Gray that a beautiful girl, Miss Lucy Hammond, had taken it away.

"For shame, Minnie!" said Mrs. Langley, "Miss Hammond is too highly bred to do that. It was some mischief of your own, naughty girl that you are."

Minnie loved her teacher too well to deny this, and she told them how slily she had made her carry it home, well knowing, she added, that Miss Hammond would not have voluntarily taken such a crusty old bachelor as her cousin.

Mr. Gray heard nothing but the name of Lucy Hammond. Could it be Frank Milton's "angel," whom, vainly, for three years he had been trying to discover? He made Minnie describe her teacher, but he could not recognize her in the healthy, brown cheek and noble figure which she painted to him. He could not think that she was the pale, drooping girl of whom his friend had often written about from Europe.

At all events, he would ascertain if this was indeed "sweet Lucy Hammond," and he impatiently heard Mrs. Langley's answer that he must wait until the next Wednesday, for she was utterly ignorant of the residence of her daughter's teacher.

He was agreeably surprised, when Minnie came running to him the next morning, to say that Miss Hammond was coming up the street, and he might look at her through the blind. Lucy had come to restore the picture, and she would have left it at the door, had not Minnie begged her to come in just for one moment. Before she could refuse, her hand was enclosed in Edward Gray's, and the first look at his well known face had assured her that he, at least, had not changed towards her.

Mr. Gray had not been quite candid with Milton when he confessed to only a slight acquaintance with Lucy. In reality, he was an old friend, and had rendered Mr. Hammond a valuable service; but just before the death of the latter, he had seemed so changed, and even unkind to Mr. Gray, that he had ceased to visit the house.

He begged to be allowed to see her home, and Lucy agreed that he should meet her after giving her lessons for the day, and accompany her to her mother's.

It was a spring evening, and the walk was long and pleasant. Many old friends—Lucy's summer friends—were discussed, and the time seemed to speed rapidly to both, until they came to Lucy's home. Under her direction, the house, which she had bought with her earnings, had assumed a very different appearance. The rooms had all been renovated, vines trailed about the windows, and roses around the porch. Flowers, books and music were everywhere. A harp and piano stood in the largest room, and Mr. Hammond's flute lay on the latter, as if he had but just laid it down. It was pleasant for Lucy to keep it there; it seemed so much as if her father was coming in to accompany her, as he used to do.

In the sitting-room the table was laid for tea, and Mrs. Hammond, after the first embarrassment of meeting Mr. Gray had passed, resumed her usual demeanor and welcomed him cordially. Lucy invited him to partake of their evening meal, which was abundant, though simple. Mr. Gray thought nothing was half so sweet as the light bread and rich milk which Lucy offered him, while he begged her to relate to him her experience of the last three years. She did so, while her mother occasionally broke in with descriptions of Lucy's first disappointments, and their many trials.

"All have passed away, dear mother," said Lucy, "do not recall them. We are so happy now, if only father had been spared to us! But believe me, Mr. Gray, the loss of our fortune has proved not a real affliction, but a benediction. It has taught my mother and myself many hard but valuable lessons. How utterly vain and worthless was my early life! How sweet is every comfort which I earn with my own labor!"

Mr. Gray then told her how fruitlessly he had searched for her, in compliance, as he said, mysteriously smiling, with the request of one of her best friends. He would not explain, but went on to say that he had come to Boston to await the arrival of a very dear friend of his own, who was about returning from Europe in the steamer which was expected hourly. He had availed himself of the opportunity to visit his cousin, Mrs. Langley, to whom he owed the pleasure he was now enjoying. The conversation continued until it was really too late for Mr. Gray to think of returning to the city, and he gladly accepted Mrs. Hammond's invitation to remain.

He was awakened the next morning by the song of birds, and, opening his window, two or three hopped to the sill, and pecked at the crumbs which some kind hand had strewed for them. He soon joined Lucy and her mother at the breakfast table, and Mr. Gray thought he had never spent so pleasant a morning.

"If it were not for poor Milton," said he, to himself, "I should certainly make love to sweet Lucy Hammond—but no, I will not do so dishonorable an action. Besides, she would not marry an old fellow like me. No—I shall never marry," he continued, with a sigh over an early disappointment, to which he never referred, among even his dearest friends.

"May I bring my friend here this evening, Mrs. Hammond, should he arrive in the steamer, to-day?"

"Certainly, Mr. Gray. We shall be happy to see any friend of yours."

This was the only week day on which Lucy made no engagement to teach. One day, she felt, must be her own, to enjoy the home she had made and beautified, and to stay with her mother. All day she had been from room to room, arranging and altering the really pretty furniture which her increased means had enabled her to purchase for every room. To-day she made fresh bouquets of her early spring flowers and placed them in vases.

Lucy had been very happy in this little home. She had earned the right to be happy, for it was all her own work; and to-day, especially, she seemed to enjoy her work to the fullest. As evening approached, she began to count upon the promised visit which Mr. Gray intended making her, and she inwardly hoped that his unknown friend would not accompany him. She was saying so to her mother, when the gate opened, and Mr. Gray made his appearance with another gentleman.

How the acquaintance progressed between Frank Milton and Lucy; how the wooing sped and how the wedding was accomplished, would take more words, gentle reader, than we can spare for the occasion. Imagine it all, if you please. Lucy would not leave her cottage, but she made no objections to the taste of her husband in planning a handsome addition to it. Land was bought, and the garden was enlarged; and the new house was furnished by Mr. Gray, who claimed the right of making a wedding present to Lucy. Frank had not realized the splendid prospect which had been held out to him before he went to Europe; but he had enough for comfort, enough for happiness—and he enjoyed it with moderation, holding himself ever ready to labor again, when it should be necessary.

Lucy continued to give lessons to Minnie Langley, just to keep her hand in, as she said, against the time when she should be poor again. Every summer they receive a long visit from Mr. Gray, to whom the quiet beauty of their country home brings health and peace, which his busy city life can never give.

There is light in the darkest places, if we will but receive it when it shines upon us with faintest rays. Courage, faint heart! there is a light about to break in upon your path. But your own hand must open the chink through which it shall come, or half its brightness will be lost. Had Lucy Hammond leaned upon others, instead of bravely going forth to meet toil and privation, she would probably have become a miserable, dependent being, burdening society with her useless presence. The world is full of heroic men and women whose histories are unwritten.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PRACTICAL AMERICAN COOKERY AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY. Compiled by ELIZABETH M. HALL. New York and Auburn: Miller, Ortou & Mulligan. 1856. 12mo. pp. 436.

The literature of the *cuisine* flourishes amazingly in these times, but we welcome a new adventurer in the field. Miss Hall tells us, not only how to cook meat, but how to "make both ends meet"—a very desirable accomplishment in housekeepers. Her work is illustrated by cuts, showing the tyro how to make cuts in the most approved fashion. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A TREATISE ON ENGLISH PUNCTUATION. By JOHN WILSON. 5th edition. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1856.

We have before spoken in terms of commendation of this admirable treatise, and can only repeat that we cordially recommend it. The present edition is a very perfect and beautiful one.

HEART SONGS. A Book for the Gift Season. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 144.

A collection of gems from the modern poets, with some original lyrics, tastefully grouped together.

THE SURPRISE: or, *Blanche and her Friends*, by HETTY HELYOKE, is the title of a very pleasant juvenile story-book, handsomely illustrated, published and for sale by Putnam & Brother, 453 Washington Street.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION for January is a valuable number, and contains a handsome portrait of the late Abbott Lawrence, with a well-written memoir.

THE SABBATH HARP.—An admirable collection of original hymn tunes, anthems, chants and sentences for congregations and singing-schools, with instruction in singing, composed by Charles F. Heubner. This valuable work is published and for sale by Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street.

THE HEATHEN RELIGION IN ITS POPULAR AND SYMBOLICAL DEVELOPMENT. By Rev. JOSEPH B. GROSS. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 372.

The object of this learned and well written book is to give a fair view of the religious belief and mythology of the ancient classical and Gothic nations. It is written in a truly liberal spirit, and is a valuable contribution to the theological literature of the age.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Edited by GEORGE S. HILLARD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 308.

A charming book, full of wise aphorisms and brilliant sayings, culled with taste from the works of the "deep-mouthed Bœotian," as Byron rather irreverently calls him.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 412.

One of the most popular fictions of this vigorous and industrious writer. It is sufficiently a "sensation" book to meet the popular taste, and so well written as to reward reperusal. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

PLAIN TALK AND FRIENDLY ADVICE TO DOMESTICS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 214.

This work is *not* predicated on Dean Swift's "advice to servants." It will profit the class to which it is addressed if it reach them; and housekeepers cannot do better than to buy copies and present them to their "help"—too often a *lucus non* in this free and happy country.

ATROCIOUS JUDGES. Edited by RICHARD HILDRETH. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1856. 12mo. pp. 432.

This book gives condensed sketches of (to quote from the title-page) the "lives of judges infamous as tools of tyrants, and instruments of oppression," compiled from Campbell's Judicial Biographies. The editor is an anti-slavery man, and his comments are in accordance with his political views.

CASPER. By AMY LOTHROP. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 262.

This is the fourth of the series entitled "Ellen Montgomery's Book Shelf," by the author of the "Wide, Wide World," "Dollars and Cents," etc. It is a charming juvenile story, and most beautifully printed and illustrated. It ought to be in every juvenile library. Boston: Crocker & Brewster.

BERTHA'S CHRISTMAS VISION. An Autumn Sheaf. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. Boston: Brown, Bazin & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 248.

A collection of admirable stories told in a pleasing and winning style. It cannot fail to be a great favorite with young readers.

MIMIC LIFE: or, *Before and Behind the Curtain*. By MRS. ANNA CORA RITCHIE (formerly Mrs. Mowatt). Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 408.

We venture to predict that the extraordinary sale of the "Autobiography of an Actress" will be surpassed by that of this new work of the same fascinating writer. She has employed material collected during her experience of stage life, but has embellished it by those exquisite narrative touches which mark the true artist. The impress of true womanly feeling in these pages happily distinguishes it from the mass of "strong-minded" and turgid effusions from female pens which have disgraced our recent literature. It is a book destined to no ephemeral life.

NEW PLAYS.—Samuel French, No. 121 Nassau Street, New York, has just issued, in fine style, Blanche's burlesque, "King Charming," and John Brougham's laughable extravaganza, "Po-ca-hou-tas," both of which are now playing at the New York theatres.

DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD. By a Sexton of the Old School. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 1856. 2 vols., 12mo. pp. 698.

These admirable papers, originally written for the Transcript, and exhibiting memory, research and originality, are now published in handsome form. They are well worthy of it. It is no longer a secret that this record of funeral customs and departed characters of note is from the pen of Lucius Manlius Sargent, one of our best scholars and writers.

MY FIRST SEASON. By BEATRICE REYNOLDS. Boston: Fetridge & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 284.

The author of "Charles Anchester" could hardly write a dull book. Her present story is lively and brilliant, and possesses every element of success. Fetridge & Co. have also published a very clever novel, by Miss Pardoe, entitled the "Rival Beauties."

LITTLE BELT.
(British, 3 guns.)

LADY PROVOST.
(British, 13 guns.)

DETROIT.
(British, 19 guns.)

CHIPPEWAY.
(British, 1 gun.)

QUEEN CHARLOTTE.
(British, 17 guns.)

HUNTER.
(British, 10 guns.)

BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.—— C



RENCE. (n, 20 guns.) | SCORPION. (American, 2 guns.) | CALEDONIA. (American, 3 guns.) | ARIEL. (American, 4 guns.) | SOMERS. (American, 4 guns.) | TRIPPER. (Am., 1 gun.) | PORCUPINE (Am., 1 gun.) | NIAGARA. (Am., 20 guns.) | TIGRESS. (American, 1 gun.)

MMODORE PERRY'S VICTORY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

POWER.

BY GEORGE B. COOMER.

A thousand images of snow
Reward the schoolboy's art,
Ere one can from the marble grow,
To thrill the sculptor's heart.

And thus in verse a meagre thought,
A popinjay's conceit,
To proper shape is quicker wrought,
Than beauties true and sweet.

And even when the whole is done,
In spite of labor all,
The mighty thought may never run
As smoothly as the small.

For well we know the summer reeds
Are smoother than the trees;
And every puny streamlet speeds
More smoothly than the seas.

Productions of the human soul,
That speak to human hearts;
Must each be taken as a whole,
Not criticised in parts.

Of rapid growth may beauties be
That please us for an hour;
But slowly and unevenly
Grow majesty and power.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STINGO GROUT, ESQUIRE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

We were walking on the seashore—my friend and I. It was something new for him to watch the blue waves, dancing and sparkling in the sun, and the white ships in the distance, that, clearly defined by the pure, cloudless air, looked like pictures in the azure sky. It was an everyday scene to me, and I was far more interested in the practical operations of a few fishermen, who were re-fitting a crazy boat near us, than in the exhibition of nature, grand and beautiful as I knew it to be. So, for want of sympathy, we were silent a long time.

"Look," I said at last, "look, Arthur, if you would see the richest man in Pinchville."

"Look where?"

"There, just in advance of us. That is Stingo Grout, Esq. He is the richest man in town; he counts his broad acres by the thousands, and it is reported that he has a chest of gold in his bed-room."

My friend cast a quick, searching glance in the direction indicated by me, and forgot at once all his ocean sentiment in his contemplation of the new *genus* of humanity pointed out.

"What! You don't mean that little, hobbling old man in the scanty, faded, old plaid cloak?"

"Yes."

"The old man who is collecting shells, with the blue handkerchief on his head?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"A conchologist, eh?"

I could not help laughing at the question, propounded by my friend in the simplicity of his heart.

"I will tell you. Those are quahaug shells. He will take them home, and build a little round tower by the door resembling a child's corncob play-house. He will leave a little opening at the bottom, and gradually contract the top until it be of the right size to fit his kettle; he will then collect stray bits of chips and sticks, and when he gets enough together to make a fire, he will cook his dinner without expense to himself or anybody else."

"A rich man!" observed my friend, thoughtfully regarding him.

Now it so happened that the romantic sentiment that I had so summarily ejected from the bosom of my friend began to affect my own feelings, and just in proportion to his interest in the dry subject before him, grew my unconscious interest in the magnificent and almost boundless prospect.

"Let us sit down on the green knoll—on the southern side, where the air is warm, and where the young spring violets will nestle at our feet. Let us watch awhile the myriads of vessels speeding with snowy wing across the broad bosom of the sea. The tiniest bark among them is freighted with loving hearts, strong hopes and ardent desires, perchance, with sorrow."

"A rich man!" muttered Arthur. He had not heard a word of what I had been saying. My poetical sentiment had been wholly thrown away; I tried again.

"Did you ever think, Arthur, that each of those palaces of the deep may possess a sensible existence of its own? Does not that majestic ship before us, now spreading all her canvass to the favoring breeze, seem wholly independent of any power save that of her native element? I cannot bear to think of the puny architecture of man as having aught to do with the creation of an object so sublime—"

"A rich man!" interrupted my inattentive auditor. "You say, Harriet, that he is very rich."

Ah, it was of no use to attempt being Tennisonian. The pegs upon which my sentiment rested were unceremoniously thrust aside; and so, finding it impossible to re-inspire his Pegasus, I reluctantly dismounted from my own, and proposed to tell him all I knew of Stingo Grout, Esq.

"He is a widower," I began, "although his last two wives are living. They were both divorced from him on account of their mutual inability to subsist upon air; but his first two wives died and were buried. He was quite young when he was first married—not more than twenty-three. He always remembered the date of this occasion, not so much because of the new light that was to henceforth shine upon his domestic existence, as on account of a sore cause of disquiet connected therewith, which had first initiated him into the mysteries of real grief. To be sure, the affair had terminated favorably, but he could not quite forget or forgive the innocent cause of his affliction. So, as I said before, he always remembered the date of his first wedding."

"But you haven't told me what the trouble was, Harriet?"

"Ah, I forgot. It happened on this wise. Stingo had always, from motives of economy (managing mamas chose to call it 'eccentricity'), gone shabbily dressed; he hadn't a decent suit of clothes in the world. That same plaid cloak he inherited from his father, and it has been his sole outside wrapper for half a century. By dint of much brushing, and a good deal of mending, performed gratuitously by a sympathizing neighbor, he managed to get up a fair outfit for the wedding occasion. All that was lacking was a pair of shoes. He turned his great cowhide boots over and over, altering his mind with each revolution; now pronouncing them passable, then grievously admitting the evident fact of their unsuitability, until forced by his steady examination to decide that, tried and worthy as they had proved, they must not appear at the wedding. The cold sweat stood on his forehead as the truth gradually became manifest. That night (it was the night before his marriage), sleep forsook his pillow, or only in transient visits brought harrowing visions, in which he saw himself riding with his bride in a cowhide omnibus drawn by reckless ponies, whose hides were already made into leather, and whose harness was composed of 'waxed-ends' and shoe-buckles. But with the morning a bright idea came to his rescue. In accordance with it, he went to the shoe store directly after breakfast, and bought a pair of shoes as if for another person, with the understanding that they should be returned if they did not suit, wore them in triumph to his wedding, and carried them back to the store early the next morning.

"Neither the bride nor her friends had the remotest idea of the way of life that was before her. Strange as it may seem, Stingo was the prize for which all the marriageable girls were haggling; and very fortunate was she deemed who was lucky enough to secure him. His eccentricities were only pleasant little oddities while backed by the almost fabulous riches that he had inherited; and it would be easy for a wife (so argued the matrons of Pinchville) to correct them. Alas, poor Milly Wild! Venturing fearlessly in her unquestioning faith in generous manhood into the pit of destruction!

"Stingo was not so ignorant. He knew every nook and turn in advance of the new way of life now entered upon; the least circumstance possible he had thought of and got by heart long ago. His father had died when he was twenty-one, very obligingly (so thought his dutiful son) taking himself out of the way at the moment his heir was old enough to take possession of his property. Living just long enough to obviate the necessity and expense of guardians and other legal flummery, and then, in the very nick of time, abdicating in favor of his son!—a paternal example worthy of imitation! So, without the fuss of mourning over an event so refreshing, Stingo commenced housekeeping by himself in the old family mansion. It was a tall, slender, unpainted wooden edifice, without blinds or shrubbery to relieve its nude appearance. He lived here alone without a housekeeper, or any other domestic, for three years, gaining money and counting over his gains, and allowing himself but one luxury—one to which he had habituated himself from infancy—namely, laziness. He used to boast that he could make ten dollars any time without getting off the stump of an old apple-tree which stood by his door, and on which he was accustomed to sun himself in pleasant weather.

"Although so practically opposed to personal exertion, he never neglected his accounts; he knew all about the mortgages he held, the houses he rented, etc., and when he decided to take to himself a wife, he estimated and recorded in a book the necessary increase of household expenditure. How he ever won her, is one of those inscrutable mysteries that will never be made plain in this world. She was a pretty, delicate little creature, not overburdened, perhaps, with brains, but wholly unused to hardships, and had been petted and indulged from her infancy. Merry were all her plans for the future, as soon as her undoubted influence should have corrected the foibles of her uncouth spouse. The old house should be torn down, and a splendid country mansion befitting the means of its owner should be built in its place, and prove the lasting astonishment of their rustic neighbors. The trappings of a superb carriage, and even the color of the spirited horses who were to draw it, were decided upon; and wouldn't the Pinchvillites burst with envy as they beheld, Sabbath after Sabbath, the elaborate and inimitable elegance of her toilet!

"Such was the happy dream from which the young bride was to awake. Why Stingo had chosen her in preference to her competitors was not strange, for she inherited a snug little property from her grandmother. But for once the genius of selfishness had outwitted itself; for said property was so bequeathed that Mr. Grout's spouse could not command a cent of it, and in the event of her dying childless, both principal and interest was to become the property of her sisters or their heirs and assigns forever.

"Well, she didn't live long—less than a year. She rapidly wasted away, became melancholy, then insane, and then—died! Still, maidens and matronly widows, blooming youth and superannuated spinsterhood, stood ready to assume at his beck the lustre of his name, and the honor of being mistress of Grout Hall. Not one among them all doubted her power to bring the eccentric rich man to reasonable terms.

"His second wife was wooed and won, and almost literally followed in the footsteps of the first. She had not been married for her wealth, for she had very little, if any; but, in lieu thereof, she had a trade—she was a tailoress. Her thoughtful husband inwardly resolved that she should not lack opportunity to exercise her skill. During his short courtship, the exemplary widower had laid awake night after night calculating the probable profits that would accrue from her labor; and all day long, in imagination, he was pocketing the bright little coins that she earned. Alas, for his matrimonial speculations! Scarcely had he begun to realize his expected profits, ere she, too, sickened and died. For once in his life he was a mourner. In addition to the loss of his wife, there came heavily upon his stricken soul the cost of the medical attendance, which her friends had insisted upon her having.

"After her death he lived alone in his old solitary mansion, and for a long time made no effort to replace her. It was evident to all the neighbors that he considered matrimony a humbug. It didn't pay. All in vain was it for disconsolate widows or despairing spinsters to besiege his citadel. It was as impregnable as the great wall of China. No, it didn't pay!

"So, in default of a wife, he bethought him of his soul. Death had twice entered his doors uninvited, and he was afraid he wouldn't stand for ceremony, if disposed to make another visit. In fact, he thought he was tolerably sure of getting another visit from him. As he must then, perforce, accompany his visitor, and bid adieu to his vast earthly wealth, 'would it not be wise,' he argued, 'to lay up a little treasure in heaven?' So, without further ado, he joined the church, and annually paid one dollar for the support of his pastor.

"It was curious to observe his ingenuity in contriving to pay the sum without touching his gold. At one time, during the absence of the minister, he carried to his house a bushel of chestnuts; and although the minister's lady strongly objected to his generosity, and insisted that half a peck would be an abundant supply, he left the whole, and on his way home called on the collector with the information that his subscription was paid. The next year, a little old wood-saw, somewhat rickety, which had not been used since the death of his father, was brought into requisition; and after being tinkered a little, and having the rust rubbed off, it looked as well as—could be expected. This was presented as a Christmas gift to the pastor, but the collector was immediately instructed that Stingo Grout, Esq.'s subscription was paid.

"A great many anxious hours were necessarily spent in contriving ways and means to liquidate this annual tax. Although self-imposed, it was a sore burden; and what was truly aggravating, it was a burden that he durst on no account throw down—for upon these yearly acts of benevolence rested his hopes of endless felicity.

"The days rolled on, and he became a gray-headed old man and a Millerite. Gout and rheumatism crept in with Millerism, and to crown all else, on his sixty-ninth birthday he was again married—but not to one of the little, meek Mrs. Grouts of former times. His new wife had not the slightest disposition to pine away and die for his sake. She married him because he was rich; and if she possessed any one determination stronger than another, it was to outlive him and enjoy his wealth. He was as firmly resolved that during his lifetime she should get as little as possible of it; and a steady war raged between them from the first hour of their union till the last, which continued just six weeks and four days. Lest she should be led into temptation, he slept every night with the keys of his money-box hugged to his bosom.

"Poor Mrs. Grout! She gave up at once the idea of outliving him; she was the wife of the richest man in Pinchville, and could not obtain what appeared to her to be the absolute necessaries of existence. It was the middle of winter, and she shook with cold and rage like a northeast hurricane.

"It was just at this time that Stingo Grout, Esq. performed the most brilliant action of his life. He accidentally saw one day, on a bit of newspaper, an advertisement of 'Improved Air-Tight Stoves;' they were warranted to 'save half the fuel.' An economical idea—a golden conclusion, unthought of by the advertiser, immediately occurred to him, namely, 'if one stove will save half of the fuel, two stoves will save the whole.' There was nothing in arithmetic plainer than this! Here was a chance to economize. To be sure, it would require some outlay at first, for he had no stoves; but after turning the matter over and over in his mind, he decided to venture. It was a great risk, but he risked it.

"The stoves were bought and set up side by side in the depths of an old-fashioned fireplace, in the largest room of the house, and the old man sat down to enjoy himself. The wind roared down the wide chimney, and tossed his gray locks, his teeth chattered, and his hands trembled, till the keys of his money-chest, which he held in them, rung out a merry chime to celebrate this most novel way of warming up.

"Esquire Stingo Grout's third wife could bear no more; she left his bed and board directly. Her parting address was short, but, considering the weather, admirably warm and spicy. 'Just look here, you old Grou-out! I aint going to stand this! I would not stay here a week longer, if you'd agree to die then, and leave me millions. Sit there till doomsday, and click your old gums, if you like! When I rub your gouty shins again, I shan't mind which way the nap goes, you'd better believe! There'd be more room for your soul in an onion seed, than a toad would have in the Atlantic Ocean! See how soon you can bile your porridge on your precious stoves! Ugh! I'm off!' Off she went accordingly, and left him 'alone with his glory.' She testified shortly after in court, that she left him to save her life; and that she would have frozen days before, if she had not kept boiling hot with vexation.

"Again was Stingo sole inhabitant of his airy palace; alone with his gold and his rheumatism, his gout and his Millerism. But his great plan didn't work well. The sort of warmth gene-

rated by his two stoves did not appear to agree with his complaint, not even when he had deposited for safe keeping a huge pile of silver beneath a quantity of ashes in the bottom of one of them. They failed altogether in answering the end for which they had been purchased. The old man's joints grew stiff, and he looked pale and gaunt. His hair and beard had grown uncombed and untrimmed, until the children of the village shouted, whenever they saw him, 'A grizzly bear! A grizzly bear!'

"After the divorce of his third wife, he had inwardly resolved to keep himself clear in future from all female incumbrances. He was fully convinced that they were altogether unprofitable. But he now found himself in a grievous strait. He was fast becoming helpless, and he must either marry or hire an attendant. A wife would require no wages—a *hired* domestic *would*. So, the balance being in favor of matrimony, he called in a passing neighbor, and deputed him with an offer of marriage to a middle aged single lady, who lived in a cottage near by, and who was dependent on her own labor for a livelihood.

"If he had not been an old man, likely to die soon, as full of money as of infirmities, he would have sued in vain; but she was a poor woman, and the golden dream that had beguiled her predecessors lost none of its beauty when tempting her. A few inevitable months of privation and torment. These could be bravely borne, and then—a rich widow, securely established above the reach of poverty; an easy old age provided for. The false dream decided the question, and they were married immediately.

"Woe! woe! The spring had no sooner opened, than he began to improve in health, and, to her unspeakable sorrow, she found that he had a vigorous, hardy constitution, likely to last as long as the Constitution of the United States. She was indignant. The marriage compact, entered into solely with a view to a speedy widowhood, seemed in her view to be scarcely binding, unless the original idea could be carried out. She found it impossible to look quietly upon the wanton destruction of her hopes, or to see with composure the most beautiful of air-castles melt away into its kindred ether. She felt that his returning strength had defrauded her of her just dues; that his prolonged life was an imposition upon the poor of the community, whose wants she would thankfully have relieved had the keys of the strong box been legally her own. In the height of her anger, she kindled a huge fire in one of his profitable stoves, and awaited the result. She thought he was crazy when he came in. Forgetful of all his bodily ailments, he rushed towards the stove like an enraged catamount robbed of her young. Without waiting for tongs or shovel, he pulled out the flaming brands with his naked hands; furiously diving into the very depths of the stove, and blackening and blinding himself with the smoke and ashes.

"Terrified almost out of her wits by this energetic conduct of her beloved sponse, Mrs. Grout was about to run to the neighbors for help, when the cause of his sudden frenzy became apparent—she had built her fire on his buried treasure. Blackened coins, dollars, half dollars, and tea and table-spoons were spinning hotly about on the floor, while he madly raked among the glowing embers to save his melting idol. This was a run upon his bank that he had not anticipated. Mrs. Grout was not idle. She slily pocketed quite a little fortune of black dollars; and when the tumult subsided, she left him turning over his money with blistered hands, and literally sitting in dust and ashes.

"She never returned, but after a few weeks applied for and obtained a divorce. She still lives in that little white cottage at the foot of the bluff. The third Mrs. Grout boards with her; and Stingo seldom passes their door with his basket of shells, without being saluted with a roar of laughter.

"He is a little over eighty years of age, hale and hearty, and presenting few indications of soon resigning his wealth to other hands. He has no friends, and although the possessor of great riches, has not a friend in the world."

"A rich man!" responded my friend, by way of conclusion.

LOVE OF APPLAUSE.—The heart of man seeks for sympathy, and each of us craves a recognition of his talents and his labors. But this craving is in danger of becoming morbid, unless it be constantly kept in check by calm reflection on its vanity, or by dwelling upon the very different and far higher motives which should actuate us. That man has fallen into a pitiable state of moral sickness, in whose eyes the good opinion of his fellow-men is the test of merit, and their applause the principal reward for exertion.—*Helps.*

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MR. DANIEL DINGDONG.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

DINGDONG—Mr. Daniel Dingdong, of the distinguished firm of Dingdong, Titman & Weasel, dealers in anchors, cables, old junk, and I believe, every other description of ship-chandlery, was, at the time of which we treat, a "gay Lothario" of forty-five, or thereabouts,—rich, pompous, and, what is often to be regretted, a trifle self-conceited. He had picked his way up, gradually, from a foremast hand to his present enviable position in the world, without any of those "ups" and "downs," bumps, panics, contortions of credit, and so forth, incidental to trade, or the general fluctuation of stocks.

Messrs. Titman and Weasel were both family men, while Mr. Dingdong, senior, was only a bachelor, "gay as a butterfly born in a bower"—one of those enviable mortals whom Cupid has never dared to assail. For years Mr. Dingdong had been in the habit of spending his leisure hours in attending lectures, concerts, theatres, and such like places of amusement, or instruction, sometimes in company with Mrs. Titman, who was known to treat her husband with marked contempt for a week afterwards (he being a foxy-complexioned little man, with ferret-like eyes, and a sharp piping voice, which always terminated in a shrill treble; while Mr. Dingdong was slightly corpulent, with cheeks like a full blown rose, and a voice of the richest and most varied modulation); but oftener with Mrs. Weasel, who was always accompanied, to the great satisfaction of Mrs. Dingdong, by the two accomplished Misses Snyder—magnificent twin daughters by a former marriage.

Now it was the highest aim, the very loftiest ambition of the managing Mrs. Weasel, to see the twins well established in the world,—their father having unfortunately surrendered up his being just as he was on the eve, like thousands of other well-meaning persons, of making a most rapid and splendid fortune, which, not having been realized to their entire satisfaction, reduced the luckless widow to the necessity of doing something for the support of her little family. Accordingly, after a variety of vicissitudes, she became Mr. Weasel's housekeeper (Mr. Weasel having already borne up philosophically under the loss of the dear woman,—Mrs. Weasel the first,—by whom he had issue—Master Tom Weasel—at that time an unmanageable whipster of ten years), and after a reasonable period spent in his service, was rendered but too happy in assuming the same place in his affections, and the same authority over his household,—some maliciously inclined persons said more,—which had been previously maintained by the deceased.

However that clause might be, there was one thing, one resolution, in which Mr. Weasel had always been known to be remarkably firm, and that was as regarded the final disposition of his property. Indeed he was so very pointed in this respect (he having actually said, and that, too, with one of the very strongest gestures he was ever known to indulge in, that he would see all the Snyders that he ever did see, in Pandemonium, before he would rob his son Tom of the smallest fraction of his property for the accommodation of others who had the honor of being the lawful daughters of somebody else), that Mrs. Weasel had finally given up the point in despair, and passed over her husband, so long as he continued to provide well for the fashionable wants of her two blooming daughters, now in their nineteenth year, as one of those pantalooned ogres who are sometimes perfectly incorrigible on some points.

Clarabella and Arabella,—it being a commonplace observance, dating back, for aught we know, to the remotest antiquity, to reduce the names of twins to something like a jingling resemblance,—were the Christian names which the Snyders had liberally conferred on their twin daughters, at that early period of life which properly arraigns itself under the head of extreme babyhood!

As I have said, it was now the sole aim of Mrs. Weasel's life to see her two marriageable daughters well established; and what I mean to convey by this, is, with rich, and of course liberally-disposed husbands; this being the profound object at which she aimed. By a course of skilful manœuvering—such as would certainly be excused in no one else but a mother, anxious for the well-being of her daughters—did she contrive to enlist for Clarabella, who labored under the disadvantage of half an hour's seniority over her sister, the devoted interest and affection of a wealthy young gentleman in town, who had already promised Clarabella honorable marriage, and stood ready at any moment to fulfil the contract. But Arabella still remained. Arabella, if anything, was even more beautiful than Clarabella. It was necessary that she should be disposed of soon. She canvassed the merits of all the young men of her acquaintance—by no means a trifling undertaking—but unhappily in each case there was something wanting, something to destroy that lady's confidence in them. P. was miserly and querulous; C. was profligate and given to loose associates; D. was extravagantly fast, and had squandered the greater part of his patrimony; while L. was seriously devoted to every good-looking young lady of his acquaintance, and of course could not think of such a thing as becoming at thirty years of age the exclusive property of any particular lady whom he had had the pleasure of flirting with.

While the good Mrs. Weasel was thus indulging in her cogitations, the door-bell rang, and a moment after the rosy Mr. Dingdong stood bowing in the doorway. Mr. Dingdong was remarkably young looking for forty-five; would have passed current in almost any company for at least ten years short of that mark. Mrs. Weasel had observed this peculiarity before, and now a happy thought seized her. "What, pray, should hinder Mr. Dingdong from making Arabella a capital husband? He was rich; he was liberally disposed; he was too old and too philosophical, too thoroughly acquainted with human nature and the usages of society, to ever dream of becoming jealous of a young and accomplished wife. He understood the world, and would certainly understand, also, that a wife of Arabella's qualifications, both physical and mental, could not easily fail of making them both conspicuous in the fashionable circles."

These ideas, when once started, were revolved with great rapidity in the mind of Mrs. Weasel, and she drew out the wide, stuffed rocking-chair, that Mr. Dingdong might be seated; while she, excellent lady, excusing herself for a moment, retired into the conservatory to find and arrange with Arabella the best mode of attack. She soon had the pleasure of discovering that young lady seated in the arbor with Mr. T. Bethoven Basso, a renowned music teacher of a most exquisite exterior and address, but as poor as a church-mouse in point of worldly gear. Mr. Basso was dismissed with a patronizing nod from the mother. After he was gone, Mrs. Weasel pounced immediately upon her subject, descanted upon the advantages of an alliance with Mr. Dingdong, his great wealth and amiability, with the very fair prospect of her becoming a dashing widow in the very prime of life; and then how romantically attractive she might appear, riding alone in the late Mr. Dingdong's carriage, and surrounded with all the glittering paraphernalia of wealth.

Arabella was sensibly affected by the picture, and promised ready obedience to her mother in everything. From that hour both mother and daughter became unceasing in their attentions to Mr. Dingdong. It became a point with them to reserve the best fruits, the most delectable sweetmeats, and even the choicest brands of old Madeira, for his especial comfort and consumption. The cosiest chair was always vacated on his approach, the most convenient peg in the hat-rack was appropriated to him—being universally recognized by every one as "Mr. Dingdong's;" and not the minutest little attention was neglected which would add to his luxurious indolence. For him Arabella executed the most plaintive airs on the piano, oftentimes affecting the gentleman to such a degree as to cause him to blow his nose with great violence. At other times she would read sentimental effusions on "Love," selected from the last number of the "Lady's Book;" or, at his especial request, she would seat herself on an ottoman at his feet, and read a full account of everything connected with moneyed interests, and wind up with an unabridged summary of the weekly shipping lists.

Mr. Dingdong must have had a heart of iron to have resisted all this, and retained any shadow of his old opinions regarding the independent condition of a bachelor. Suffice it to say, that after a brief siege, Mr. Dingdong gallantly capitulated, and proposed a solemn treaty of marriage with the remaining twin, which so gratified the mother that she embraced Mr. Dingdong several times with great rapture, at which Mr. Weasel, who was sitting near at hand, frowned severely. Mr. Dingdong presented Arabella with a valuable set of jewels, and ten one hundred dollar notes to replenish her wardrobe. At last the happy day was named, and Mrs. Weasel, now on the verge of witnessing the entire consummation of a "hope long deferred," laid herself out nobly for one grand "fete," which she trusted would prove the leading topic of conversation even out of the circle in which she moved. Mr. Weasel must foot this bill, however extravagant, as no one but Master Tommy would ever stand a chance of suffering in consequence.

The grand occasion arrived, and a large company had assembled to witness the interesting ceremony. Mr. Dingdong was attired in a black coat, white pants, and buff waistcoat; while Arabella, decked in satins and blazing with jewels, had just retired for a few moments to the privacy of her own apartment. A half hour passed and she was still absent. Mrs. Weasel grew extremely impatient at the delay, and soon after went in quest of the bride to be. In a few minutes she returned with a great look of anxiety depicted in her face, and beckoned Mr. Dingdong aside. Arabella was nowhere to be found! They gazed about the room, and lo, Mr. Basso had also disappeared!

The eyes of Mrs. Weasel were instantly opened, and she declared it as her unshaken conviction that Arabella must have eloped with her music teacher.

Mr. Dingdong was dumbfounded; the company were amused—they having no private feelings at stake;—and Mrs. Weasel, whose chagrin, if anything, was greater even than that of the unfortunate Dingdong, who, after the unfortunate shock was over, rather congratulated himself that the affair was no worse, fairly stormed with disappointment. She declared she would never forgive her, never! She had abused her confidence beyond the limits of human forbearance! When she might have rested in the lap of fortune, she had been so unpardonably silly as to throw herself away on a worthless, graceless puppy. The next day a note was discovered in the drawer of her dressing-table, from which we extract the following passages:

"DEAREST BELLA:—You can never expect to be happy, if you break your promise with me.....A new prospect has just opened to me.....I have made up my mind to go west.....I understand farming, and have twelve hundred dollars in cash..... Dearest Bella, give up your ambitious schemes, and come where your heart is.....I shall certainly be in town on the painful occasion to which you have referred, and if you love me, dearest, as I think you do, you must and will fly with me.....Steadfastly till death, suffer me to remain yours, T. BETHOVEN BASSO."

One year later we are favored with extracts from another letter:

"Though we live in a log-house, we have a fine farm of three hundred and twenty acres, forty acres of which is now under cultivation.....I have not been disappointed in my husband; he is everything I could wish.....The baby is just six weeks old, and a perfect image of his father....Tell Mr. Dingdong that my treatment of him has proved the most constant sorrow I have had.... Truly your affectionate sister, ARABELLA."

SCENES IN THE RING.

The design on this page, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Champney from the life, exhibits some of the performances at the National Theatre in this city, now occupied by Col. Cushing's New York circus, embracing a very talented company. The lady rider is Miss Maddigan, a most graceful *equestrienne*, the daughter of a gentleman long known in connection with such entertainments. In the lower portion of the picture we have a sketch of the celebrated equestrian, Hernandez—one of the most daring and graceful riders in the world. In Europe he is no less popular than in this country, and his engagements there were most brilliant. The clowns attached to this company are the famous Joe Pentland and Felix Carlo, both of them distinguished for genuine humor and originality, really "fellows of infinite jest." We are not quite of the opinion of the gentleman who said "he preferred horses to Shakspeare," but we confess to an amiable weakness in favor of equestrian exhibitions. In our juvenile days it amounted to an equomania. Thackeray says somewhere, "Many a philosopher would steal round the corner to laugh at Punch, if he thought nobody was looking at him." And just so many a philosopher, if he dared unbend from his wonted rigidity, would take a seat in a circus, expand with admiration at the brilliant cavalcades, and be convulsed with laughter at the jokes of the clown. We pity a man who cannot laugh at the clown's jokes. Many of them are old enough to be respectable—honest, ancient jests that wear well, good solid flashes of wit and humor, by no means to be classed with the frothy jesting of the day. If a man were called upon to defend his equestrian proclivities, he might go back to the days of Homer, and show the classicality of the sports of the ring. The "blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle," describes one of his heroes as managing several horses and leaping from one to another, precisely as it is done in the modern circus. But with all due deference to the departed heroes of Greece, we must express our belief that their feats were "slow" in comparison to those we have recently witnessed at the National Theatre. They had not the horses nor the men to perform such marvels. The horses, if we consult even the Elgin marbles, were mere hacks compared to the thorough-bred nags of our time, and as for the men—when we say the Greeks were not Yankees, we have said enough. Equestrianism and gymnastics have gone on improving from year to year, until now they seem to have reached their acmé. The sports of the circus have always furnished a favorite entertainment to the people of Boston. So long ago as when Pepin & Brechard came here with their French troupe—more than forty years ago—they were eminently successful, and attracted brilliant audiences. For a long time the Washington Garden Amphitheatre, which stood in the midst of the fine old trees which shaded the site now occupied by the brick block at the corner of West and Tremont Streets, enjoyed the patronage of the public. Here "El Hyder" and the "Cataract of the Ganges" were first produced, and we well remember with what unalloyed delight we boys beheld "Zamine, mounted on her white charger, dash up the cataract"—a flight of steps with a little stream of water pouring out of the nose of a common pump worked just about two minutes, when the curtain fell. Since then the Lion Theatre, uniting companies of horse and foot, enjoyed a temporary success. And the various companies that have visited our city from time to time, have had no reason to complain of lack of patronage. Whenever the "legitimate" failed at any of its "temples," the horses were always a "sure card," and we are afraid a strict account would show that sawdust pays better than Shakspeare in the long run. Equestrian and athletic exercises, well conducted, as they are at present, are certainly, however, well worthy of patronage. Their physical result to the performers is shown in a full development and nice balance of the muscular system; and the best living models our sculptors can study, the only ones that approach the nearly absolute perfection of the Greek type of manhood, are to be found among our equestrian performers.



EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCES AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, BOSTON.

ICEBERGS AND GREENLANDERS.

A gentleman who accompanied Lieut. Hartstein on his expedition in search of Dr. Kane, thus describes, in a letter to the New York Mirror, the appearance of icebergs: "I tried hard to sketch an outline of some of the icy mountains, but the snowy whiteness of their summits, and the clear, transparent azure of their edging and projections were beyond any artistic powers I possess. The best idea that can be formed of them is to imagine a vast collection of cathedrals, churches, castles, halls and walls of every imaginable style of architecture, done in Parian marble, and adorned with turquoise reliefs, all floating on a sea of green, while the hoarse dash of the breakers among the clefts is music most solemn and sublimely accordant to the imposing scene." Of the natives of Greenland he says: "They are far better looking than I expected to find them, and many of the half breeds are really beautiful—their hairy seal-skin to the contrary notwithstanding. They are well-disposed, kind and hospitable, and on their invitation, the officers of the expedition attended a grand ball, or *hooky dance*, as they term it, for which purpose the governor kindly offered his house. The invites were issued with a request to bring our own refreshments, meaning wine and whiskey '*ad lib.*,' and a fair assemblage of Esquimaux belles, with two or three very pretty Danes among them, having got together, the dancing commenced to the music of two native violinists, who played all the polkas, redowas and waltzes of our own 'fast age' and city. The women polked, jigged and waltzed exceedingly well and with most unremitting ardo. They were all attired in tight-fitting seal-skin breeches, the hairy side out, which were joined eight inches above the knee, with seal-skin boots, tastily trimmed with fur or lace—not an unbecoming dress, by any means, I assure you. Not having graduated in Terpsichore's school, I remained a delighted looker-on at the funniest scene I have lately witnessed—the naval uniforms and seal skins amalgamating together readily."

APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

But when I climbed the last ridge, and looked ahead, with a sort of painful suspense, Jerusalem did not appear. We were two thousand feet above the Mediterranean, whose blue we could dimly see far to the west, through notches in the chain of hills. To the north the mountains were gray, desolate and awful. An upland tract covered with white volcanic rocks lay before us. We met peasants with asses, who looked to my eyes as if they were just like Jerusalem. Still forward we urged our horses, and reached a ruined garden, surrounded with hedges of cactus, over which I saw domes and walls in the distance. I drew a long breath and looked at Francis. He was jogging along without turning his head; he could not have been so indifferent if that really was the city. Presently we reached another slight rise in the rocky plain. He began to urge his panting horse, and, at the same instant, we both lashed the spirit into ours, dashed on at breakneck gallop round the corner of an old wall on the top of a hill, and lo! the Holy City! Our Greek jerked both pistols from his holsters, and fired them into the air, as we reined up the steed. From the description of travellers, I had expected to see in Jerusalem an ordinary modern Turkish town; but that before me, with its walls, fortresses and domes, was it not still the City of David? I saw the Jerusalem of the New Testament, as I had imagined it. Long lines of walls, crowned with a notched parapet, and strengthened by towers; a few domes and spires above them; clusters of cypress trees here and there; this was all that was visible of the city. On either side the hill sloped down to the two deep valleys over which it hangs. On the east, the Mount of Olives, crowned with a chapel and mosque, rose high and steep; but in front, the eye passed directly over the city, to rest far away upon the lofty mountains of Moab, beyond the Red Sea. The scene was grand in its simplicity. The prominent colors were the purple of those distant mountains, and the hoary gray of the nearer hills. The walls were of the dull yellow of weather-stained marble, and the only trees, the dark cypress and the moonlit olive. Now, indeed, for one brief moment, I knew that I was in Palestine; that I saw Mount Olive and Mount Zion; and I knew not how it was—my sight grew weak, and all objects trembled and wavered in a watery film. Since we arrived, I have looked down upon the city from the Mount of Olives, and up to it from the valley of Jehoshaphat; but I cannot restore the illusion of that first view.—*Travels in the East.*

ORIGIN OF PLANTS.

Every farmer ought to be acquainted with the origin and history of all ordinary plants, so as to know their nature, country and condition. Such knowledge, besides being a great source of pleasure, and very desirable, will often enable him to explain phenomena in the habits of many plants that otherwise would appear inexplicable. Wheat, although considered by some as a native of Sicily, originally came from the central table-land of Thibet, where it yet exists as a *grass*, with small, mealy seeds. Rye exists wild in Siberia. Barley exists wild in the mountains of Himalaya. Oats were brought from North Africa. Millet, one species, is a native of India, another of Egypt and Abyssinia. Maize (Indian corn) is a native growth in America. Rice was brought from South Africa, whence it was taken to India, and thence to Europe and America. Peas are of unknown origin. Vetches are natives of Germany. The Garden Bean is from the East Indies. Buckwheat came originally from Siberia and Turkey. Cabbage grows wild in Sicily and Naples. The Poppy was brought from the East. The Sunflower from Peru. Hops came to perfection as a wild flower in Germany. Saffron came from Egypt. Horseradish is a native of South Europe. Tobacco is a native of Virginia, Tobago and California. Another species has also been found wild in Asia. The Grasses are mostly native plants, and so are the clovers, except Luzerne, which is a native of Sicily. The Gourd is an Eastern plant. The Potato is a well-known native of Peru and Mexico. Coriander grows wild near the Mediterranean. Aniseed was brought from the Grecian Archipelago.—*Boston Transcript.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

One has only to refer to BALLOU'S PICTORIAL from week to week to realize the great improvements in wood engraving in this country. This charming paper richly deserves the vast popularity it enjoys.—*Boston Herald.*

Let fathers take this pleasant and instructive weekly home to their families; it will amuse while it improves the domestic circle. In what way can *six cents* be so properly invested?—*Boston Transcript.*

It is the only illustrated paper in this country which has attained a firm basis, and successfully established itself. Its imitators, who have started up and as often failed, lacked the necessary capital and enterprise.—*Hartford Courant.*

We are at a loss which most to admire, the charming reading matter in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, which is all *original*, or its fine and elegant engravings. The proprietor says it is the cheapest paper in the world, and so it is.—*Burlington Sentinel.*

The superb engravings of the Battle of New Orleans, the Entry of Gen. Scott into Mexico, and other large pictures, which have lately appeared in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, are the best wood engravings yet produced in America.—*Tribune.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL is entirely *original*, and its subscribers get their money's worth twice over—first, the reading matter is worth the price charged for it, and then, how the illustrations can be afforded for the price charged is a mystery.—*Indianapolis Gazette.*

PILGRIM FESTIVAL IN CANADA.

The New England Society of Montreal this year celebrated the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim fathers, at Browning's Ottawa Hotel. The handsome hall in which they assembled was decorated, and wreaths of evergreens festooned the walls. The names of such celebrated New Englanders as "Brewster," "Standish," "Winthrop," "Bradford," "Adams," "Prescott," "Longfellow," "Edwards," "Channing," "Morse," "Story," etc., were inscribed in gold letters within evergreen wreaths. At the end of the hall, behind the president's chair, was a very appropriate device, representing the landing of the Pilgrims, with the motto, "Plymouth Rock, the Stepping-Stone of Liberty," on each side of which were emblems of the arts, of industry and peace. On the base, in gold letters, was the name of Washington. On the top was the American shield, upon which was perched a stuffed eagle—the whole being supported by the American, English, French, Turkish and Sardinian flags. The chair was occupied by the president of the society, Harrison Stephens, Esq. He was assisted by G. Brush, Esq., and Councillor Lyman, as vice-presidents. On the right of the president were Hon. Mr. Justice Alwyn, his worship, the mayor, Rev. Mr. Cordner, Councillor Day, and Mr. Dorwin, United States Consul. On the left was Hon. Peter McGill, Rev. Mr. Leod, chaplain, and the presidents of the national societies. Speeches and toasts, both pertinent and brilliant, were given by the president, by the members of the society, and by English and American guests. The whole affair, the first celebration of the "landing" ever attempted on British soil, was completely successful, and is really an historical event.

SATURDAY EVENING GAZETTE.—This excellent and popular weekly journal made a decided *hit* in the change of form and style which it has lately assumed. It is always *fresh* and readable, well filled with an admirable variety of subjects, and independent upon every theme. In matters of art, music and the drama, the Gazette is acknowledged authority. Success to you, neighbor; you have won it, by deserving it.

SPLINTERS.

.... It would take a cannon ball 180 years to reach the planet Saturn. Time enough for the Saturnians to dodge the shot.

.... Three hundred and fifty Mormons lately arrived at New York, on their way to the Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.

.... A young gentleman in Lowell raises mustachios because he is too poor to raise anything else.

.... The Seventh Infantry lately found a wild woman on the western plains. The Indians had cut off her ears and nose.

.... Apples raised in Massachusetts have been received in California in good condition via Panama.

.... Dr. Baird recently delivered a very interesting course of lectures on Russia, with fine illustrations.

.... The French will not permit the black emperor of Hayti to make war on the Dominicans.

.... The St. Louis News states that two hunters lately brought i 10,000 pounds of buffalo after a short hunt.

Col. Sanford of Philadelphia lately distributed 5000 loaves of bread among the poor of that city.

.... A gentleman in Schenectady, troubled with the love fever, says he suffers from *lass-itude.*

.... Thick boots, lots of air and exercise, are said to make the best cough mixture ever compounded.

.... If an egg floats in water, butt end up, it is said to be spoiled—and a bad egg-sample.

.... Efforts are making to establish a line of mail steamers from San Francisco to Shanghai, to touch at the Sandwich Isles.

.... The president has pardoned Julius Levy of San Francisco, imprisoned for smuggling cigars.

The American Bible Society are about publishing a Spanish Testament as a school book for St. Domingo.

Boston in its corporate limits owns one twentieth of the entire property of the Union, New York, one eighth.

.... John A. Bolles, Esq., lectured lately at Portland on "strong-minded women," and acquitted himself admirably.

.... Boston has 6000 more females than males, and Chicago an excess of 15,000 males. A chance for exchange.

.... Gen. Scott has had a splendid uniform coat made in New York, costing one hundred and eighty dollars.

.... Rachel's health was not immediately benefited by her sojourn in Havana. She is still feeble.

EDUCATION AND GENIUS.

To the unthinking, to those who only look on the surface of things, it appears astonishing and unaccountable that the same system of education which develops talent fails to aid the progress of genius; that the prize scholars of academies and universities generally make no figure in the world, while the dunces of their classes, and men who have received no regular training, flash forth upon the world the brilliant lights of literature and science. They do not reflect that genius, a "gem of purest ray serene," is a gift of heaven, a diamond of intrinsic brightness, and, like the diamond, capable of self-polish only. Intuition is a remarkable and characteristic quality of genius. The slightest indications enable it to leap at results, which, in the case of mere talent, are arrived at after the close of long and laborious study. When Goethe wrote only by his ear, he produced verses of faultless music; when he made metre a particular study, his productions were cold and inharmonious. The trammels of system, form and conventionality are to the true genius what the clown's saddle, bits and traces were to Pegasus in Schiller's admirable allegory. We do not undertake to say that genius is not improved by learning; but that it must be left to seek its own mental food, and not restricted to a formal diet. The difficulty of believing in the intuitive power of genius has led to the promulgation of some startling propositions. Because, for instance, Shakspeare was not a trained scholar, it has been asserted that he could not have written the works which bear his name. Because the masses of mankind cannot find, like him,

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything,"

it does not follow that exalted genius, which is entirely exceptional in its nature, cannot discover light, where other minds see only formless darkness.

Jeffrey says: "Regular education we think is unfavorable to vigor or originality of understanding. Like civilization, it makes society more intelligent and agreeable, but it levels the distinctions of nature. It strengthens and assists the feeble; but it deprives the strong of his triumph, and casts down the hopes of the aspiring. It accomplishes this, not only by training up the mind in an habitual veneration for authorities, but, by leading us to bestow a disproportionate degree of attention upon studies that are only valuable as keys or instruments for the understanding, they come at last to be regarded as ultimate objects of pursuit; and the means of education are absurdly mistaken for its end. How many powerful understandings have been lost in the Dialectics of Aristotle! and of how much good philosophy are we daily defrauded by the preposterous error of taking a knowledge of prosody for useful learning."

And he hazards the opinion, that "if Franklin had been bred in a college, he would have contented himself with expounding the metres of Pindar, and mixing argument with his port in the common room." Genius must assuredly be educated, but its only true training must be self-education.

OTTIGNON'S GYMNASIUM.—The annual examination of the pupils of Ottignon's Gymnasium, Crosby Street, New York, lately took place with great *eclat.* Everything was managed admirably, and Dodworth's celebrated band, during the intervals of the performance, discoursed most eloquent music. The various trials of skill and strength were witnessed with great satisfaction by a large body of spectators. Messrs. Montgomery, Bogart, Ratz and Hendrickson particularly distinguished themselves. Satisfactory evidence was given of the admirable effect of gymnastic exercises in producing strength, ease, confidence and grace. Mr. John Wood, the able and indefatigable superintendent, cannot but feel gratified at the proficiency of his pupils, and the approbation of the public.

EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT.—Mr. Haskell, the popular and industrious editor of the Transcript, besides conducting that most agreeable and favorite daily journal, has been lecturing in all directions, hereabouts, this winter, to universal acceptation. A man of large intelligence, liberal ideas, sound literary taste, and great devotion to his profession, he is no less remarkable for his kindly social qualities.

LECTURES.—The editor of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL would reply to numerous calls upon him to lecture in various parts of New England, that he can only comply with such demands upon him in this connection, as shall admit of his returning to Boston at an early hour each morning. To lyceums in the vicinity of this city, any evening will be given which is not already engaged.

A NEW LIGHT.—A writer in "Putnam" undertakes to prove that William Shakspeare—actor, manager, deer stealer and country gentleman, was not the author of the plays which bear his name. We hope he will inform us who was, for those plays are really quite clever.

MARRIAGE NOTICE.—In California lately, Mr. Ah Su was married to Miss Ah Say, both of Shanghai. We hope these Shanghais—"birds of a feather," will live happily together, and that Mr. Ah Su will never be henpecked.

THE PRIZE.—We expect to be able in our next issue to give the result of our prize offers, and publish the name of the recipients, at the same time awarding the valuable list of presents, which we have heretofore specified in our paper.

PROFITABLE.—The steam packet line running between Boston and Baltimore, have declared a dividend of twenty per cent.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

On pages 72 and 73 of the present number, we give a splendid representation of the Battle of Lake Erie—Perry's victory, fought on the 10th of September, 1812. The design was made expressly for us by that accomplished marine draughtsman, William Wade, and is one of his happiest efforts. We call particular attention to this noble specimen of American art, illustrating a noble naval achievement. It seems to transport us to the very heart of the action, amidst the roar of the guns and the shouting of the combatants. The American squadron, which sailed for Put-in Bay at sunrise, consisted of the brig Lawrence, Commodore Perry, 20 guns; brig Niagara, Captain Elliot, 20 guns; brig Caledonia, Purser McGrath, 3 guns; schr. Ariel, Lieut. Packet, 4 guns; schr. Scorpion, Sailing-master Champlin, 2 guns; schr. Somers, Sailing-master Almy, 2 guns, 2 swivels; schr. Tigress, Lieut. Conklin, 1 gun; schr. Porcupine, Midshipman Senat, 1 gun; schr. Tripper, Lieut. Smith, 1 gun: total, 54 guns. The British squadron embraced the ship Detroit, 19 guns, 1 on pivot, and 2 howitzers; ship Queen Charlotte, 17 guns, 1 on pivot; brig Lady Provost, 13 guns; brig Hunter, 10 guns; sloop Little Belt, 3 guns; schr. Chippeway, 1 gun, 2 swivels: total, 63 guns. At ten o'clock, Commodore Perry hoisted his union jack, with the dying words of Lawrence—"Don't give up the ship!" at the masthead of his vessel, which was named after that heroic officer, and gave the order, "Engage as you come up, every one against his opponent in the line, as before designated," which was signalled along the line by the Niagara. The Lawrence shot ahead of the rest, and the Detroit commenced a heavy fire on her, which was followed by the Niagara, and sustained until the Lawrence was a total wreck, nearly every man on board being killed or wounded. The Niagara, instead of being laid alongside the Queen Charlotte, sheered off, backed her main-topsail and swung out of the way, until Commodore Perry left the Lawrence in a boat, dressed as an ordinary seaman, and took command of her. His passage was a perilous one, for as soon as the British recognized him, they opened a broadside on him, and his escape was truly marvellous. Commodore Perry brought up the Niagara in gallant style, pierced the enemy's line, firing both broadsides, and closed with the Detroit, which, together with the Queen Charlotte, were completely cut to pieces. Elliot took command of the schooners when Perry came on board the Niagara. In less than three hours, every vessel of the enemy was captured. Commodore Perry, at the time of his brilliant achievement, was but 27 years of age, and bold and daring in the extreme. The British commander was a very brave man, 36 years of age, who had been in the battle of Trafalgar, and other engagements, and had lost an arm in the service. To the secretary of the navy, the youthful victor modestly wrote: "It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of 2 ships, 2 brigs, 1 schooner, 1 sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a sharp conflict." To Gen. Harrison he used the expression, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours!"—words which have become immortal. Our engraving represents Perry leaving the wreck of the Lawrence for the Niagara. His crew implored him with tears in their eyes not to expose himself; but he thought of nothing but his duty, and the result showed that he bore a charmed life. The picture shows the flag-ship a wreck, the Niagara unharmed, and the Caledonia doing her duty. The smaller vessels had not at this point come into action.

THE ALLIES.—One of our exchanges says that great coldness exists between the French and English in the Crimea. This is a fact. We have been assured that visits of civility are not exchanged by the French and English officers.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. William Parker Jones to Miss Lucianna A. Mudge; by Rev. Mr. Kellogg, Mr. Samuel Rice to Miss Margie Thompson; by Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Josiah N. Green to Miss Isabella M. Richmond, both of Marblehead; by Rev. Dr. Waterbury, Mr. F. W. Hagar, of Cambridge, to Miss Olivia A. Thorpe.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Phineas Libby to Miss Caroline F. Waterman.—At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Morrison, Mr. B. F. Kidder, of Portland, Me., to Miss Ellen M. Thayer.—At Somerville, Mr. Benjamin White, of East Weymouth, to Miss Ollve B. Seaward, of Boston.—At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. Thomas R. Teel to Miss Matilda A. Thompson.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. George I. Brewster to Miss Eveline V. Waters.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Aaron J. Burrows, of Illinois, to Miss Mellissa Parker.—At Natick, by Rev. Mr. Nason, Mr. Charles C. Felch to Miss Alma C. Washburn.—At Marblehead, by Rev Mr. Dutton, Mr. Orlando H. Davenport, of Boston, to Miss Sarah M. Reynolds.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Vermilye, Mr. James R. Pritchard to Miss Emily Goodwin.—At Springfield, by Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, Mr Edward de Stockl, Russian Charge d'Affairs, resident at Washington, to Miss Eliza W., daughter of the late Hon. John Howard.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. William D. Ring, 71; Thomas J. Shelton, Esq.; Mrs. Margaret Carter, 22; Mr. Adin Hall 60, Mrs. Nancy Jennison, 72; Mr. James W. Atkinson, 23; Mrs. Mary E. Welch, 41; Mrs. Mary C. Alden, 24; Mr. Enos Ryder, 36; Mrs. Nabby Morse Thayer, 52; Mrs. Emma W. Goss; Mr. Robert D. Kimball, 39; Widow Sarah B. Foster, of New Orleans; Mr. John Carns, 46.—At East Boston, Mrs. Caroline S., wife of Rev. James N. Sykes, 35.—At Cambridge, Mr. Edward Harris, 17.—At Somerville, Mrs. Amaritta J. Spear, 25.—At Newton, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. David Fogg, 64.—At Woburn, Mr. Lemuel Rickard, 76.—At Lynn, Widow Sally Parsons, 60: Mr. Theodore Lyman Mudge, 21; Mr. Benjamin N. Coates, 72.—At Salem, Mr. Edward B. Felt, 45; Mr. Joseph Karier, 67; Capt. William Doyle, of Northport, Me., 57.—At Newburyport, Mr. Isaac Knapp, 90; Miss Deborah T. Ireland, 52; Capt Amos Forman, 76; Mrs. Mary Carr, 80.—At Worcester, Widow Harriet Sturtevant, 73.—At Lancaster, Mr. Samuel Willard, 96.—At Westhampton, Mr. David Tilden Otis, of Boston.—At Springfield, Mr. Otis Colton, 70.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Maria Sisson, 23; Widow Sarah Haskins, 83; Mrs. Amy Tirrell, 66.—At Machiasport, Me., Mr. Elisha Tobey, formerly of Sandwich, Mass., 83.—At New Haven, Conn., Mr. William Reed, a native of Attleboro', Mass., 92.

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MAN'S FAITH.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

"By the moon's resistless glance
On the sleeping billow,
By the zephyr's dalliance
With the yielding willow,
By the love-light in thine eye,—"
Thus his lips addressing,
Banished every timorous sigh
With a soft caressing.

Bended knee and sacred word
Might be guile's evasion;
Ah, that gentle heart was stirred
With its own persuasion.
Breeze, that caught that low reply,
Moon, that glanced so loving,
Looked no censure from the sky,
Whispered no reproving.

But with many a wild refrain
Midnight airs were laden,
When 'neath the trysting tree again
Rested that fair maiden.
And the burden of the song—
Was it foul aspersion?—
Was woman's love and woman's wrong,
Man's falsehood and desertion?

"Faith of man!" laughed wintry gale,
Like conquering hosts careering;
"Summer's breath should tell the tale,
So constant and unveering!"
"Write it on the white sea-foam!"
Mocked the raging billow.
"On the dews which nursed my bloom!"
Sighed the leafless willow.

Jeered the storm-king—"On the sky,
With an argent pencil;
And my pennon, broad and high,
Scarce the truth shall cancel!"
Thus all night they moaned and cried,
Echo still replying,
But the maiden smiled nor sighed,
Under the cold sod lying.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A cold winter's night found a stage load of us gathered about the warm fire of a tavern bar room in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived, a pedler drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night. After we had eaten supper we repaired to the bar room, and as soon as the ice was broken the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the pedler was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventure and anecdote. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you of about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me? You see I am now right from the Far West, and on my way home for winter quarters. It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small inn in a small village in Hancock county, Indiana. I said 'twas pleasant—I meant 'twas warm, but it was cloudy and likely to be very dark. I went in and called for supper and had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat down in the bar room. It began to rain about eight o'clock, and for a while it poured down good, and it was awful dark out doors.

"Now I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I meant to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew that if it did not rain I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the landlord if he would not see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off before two. He expressed some surprise at this, and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I told him that I had sold my last load about all out, and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there for them before the express agent left in the morning. There were a number of people sitting around while I told this, but I took little notice of them, one man only arresting my attention. I had in my possession a small package of placards which I was to deliver to the sheriff at Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a notorious robber named Dick Hardhead. These bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact, it was perfect. He was a tall, well-formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index to a villanous disposition.

"When I went up to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him. He had come there that afternoon, and intended to leave sometime during the next day. The host asked me why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I merely wished to know if I was ever acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson, and there give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left; for I had no doubts with regard to his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard, I found the clouds all passed away, and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused, and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast—yet it struck me that the beast made more work than there was any need of, for the cart was nearly empty, my whole stock consisting of about half a dozen tin pans and a lot of loose rags.

"However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village, and at a short distance ahead lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great pines. The road led directly through this wood, and, as near as I could remember, the distance was not far from twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the east, and as this road ran nearly west, I should have light enough. I had entered the wood and had gone, perhaps, half a mile, when my wagon wheels settled, with a bump and a jerk, into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment; but—that was not all. I heard another exclamation, from another source!

"What could it be? I looked quickly around but could see nothing, and yet I knew that the sound I had heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up, I felt something beside the jerk of the hole. I heard something roll, or tumble, from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this on the instant. You may have noticed my cart as I came up this evening. The main part of it opens behind, and there is room enough within for quite a party providing they'd stow themselves close enough. Of course I felt puzzled. At first I wondered if some poor fellow had not taken this method to obtain a ride. But I soon gave this up, for I knew that any decent man would have asked me for a ride and taken it comfortably. My next idea was, that somebody had got in there to sleep. But this passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there, had *broken* in.

"My next thoughts were of Mr. Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had some money with me. And in this he was right—for I had over two thousand dollars. I also thought that he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then either creep over and shoot me, or knock me down—or perhaps slip out and ask for a ride, or something of that sort. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"Now I never make it a point to brag of myself, but yet I have seen a great deal of the world, and I am pretty cool and clear-headed under difficulty. In a very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was now knee-deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my revolver—I never travel in that country without it—it is a six-barrelled one and sure fire; I drew this, and having twined the reins about the whip-stock, I carefully slipped down into the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind it and examined the hasp. The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hasp which slips over a staple, and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hasp was secured in its place by a bit of pine stick—so that a slight force from within could break it. My wheel wrench hung in a leather becket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, with a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage, heavy loads and service. I did not believe that any ordinary man could break out. I got on to my cart as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew that at the distance of half a mile further I should come to a hard, good road, and I allowed my horse to pick his own way through this mud. It was about ten minutes after this that I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force were being applied to the door. This continued some moments and then came a heavy thump, as though the sole of a boot were applied to the door. I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might try to judge about where I sat, and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down on the foot-board.

"Of course I knew now that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing else in the world but absolute villany would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice.

"'Let me out o' this!' he cried—and he yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted my head up so as to make him think that I was sitting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing in there.

"'Let me out, and I'll tell ye,' he replied.

"'Tell me what you're in there for!' I said.

"'I got in here to sleep on your rags,' he answered.

"'How'd ye get in?' I asked.

"'Let me out, or I'll shoot ye through the head,' he yelled.

"Just at this moment my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good going. The distance was twelve miles. I slipped back upon the foot-board and took the whip. I had the same horse then I've got now—a tall, stout, powerful bay mare—and you may believe there's some go in her. At any rate she struck a gait then that even astonished me. She had had a good mess of oats, the night air was cool, and she felt like going. In fifteen minutes we cleared the woods, and away we went at a keen jump. The chap inside kept yelling to be let out, and threatening to shoot if I didn't let him out. Finally he stopped, and in a few moments came the report of a pistol—*one—two—three—four*—one right after the other, and I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of those balls, if not two of them, must have gone through me. I popped up my head again and gave a yell, and then a deep groan, and then I said—'O, God save me! I'm a dead man!' Then I made a shuffling noise as though I were falling off, and finally settled down again on the foot-board. I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with the butt of the whip stock, and she peeled it faster than ever.

"The man called out to me twice more, pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply, he made some tremendous endeavors to break the door open, and as this failed him, he made several attempts upon the top. But I had no fears of his doing anything there, for the top of my cart is framed in with dovetails and each sleeper bolted to the posts with an iron bolt. I had it made so that I could carry heavy loads there. By-and by, after all else had failed, the scamp commenced to holler '*whoa*,' to the horse, and kept it up until he became hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly and poking the beast with the whip stock.

"We wasn't an hour in going that dozen miles—not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear—perhaps I might tell the truth and say that I had none, for I had a good pistol, and more than that, my passenger was safe—yet I did feel glad when I came to the old flour barrel factory, that stands at the edge of Jackson village, and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern, and found a couple of men in the barn cleaning down some stage horses.

"'Well, old feller,' says I, as I got down and went round to the back of the wagon, 'you've had a good ride, haven't ye?'

"'Who are you' he cried—and he kind o' swore a little, too, as he asked the question.

"'I'm the man that you tried to shoot,' I told him.

"Where am I? Let me out!' he yelled.

"'Look here,' said I, 'we've come to a safe stopping place, and mind ye I've got a revolver ready for ye the moment you show yourself. Now lay quiet.'

"By this time the two hostlers had come to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them. After this I got one of them to run and rout out the sheriff, and tell him what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of daylight were now just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the sheriff came, and two other men with him. I told him the whole story in a few words—exhibited the handbills I had for him—and then he made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and that if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. But mind you—the sheriff didn't tell him the suspicions we had about him. Then I slipped the iron wrench out, and as I let the door down the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle and he came down on his face, and in a moment more the officers had him. It was now daylight, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was the very man I had suspected, and his fine black clothes were pretty well covered with lint and dirt. He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the sheriff I should remain in the town all day.

"After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning, I should have the reward of two hundred dollars which had been offered. I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow them away in my cart. I found the bullet holes in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line, about five inches apart, and had I been where I usually sit, two of them would have hit me somewhere about the small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder and his pistol was a heavy one.

"On the next morning the sheriff called upon me and paid me two hundred dollars in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the villain. After an early dinner I set out, and here I am. I've sold my load all out, and am now ready to lay up for the winter. I found a letter in the office at Portsmouth for me, from the sheriff of Hancock county, and he informed me that Mr. Hardhead is now in prison for life."

So ended the pedler's story. In the morning I had the curiosity to look at his cart, and I found the four bullet holes just as he had told us, though they were now plugged up with phial corks. Viney came out while I was looking and showed me the prints of the villain's feet upon the cart. They were plain, and must have been given with great force.

MEXICO.

Mexico is 115,426 square leagues of the North American continent. It has 3000 miles of sea and gulf coast. It is large enough to form twenty States as extensive as New York. Though nearly destitute of navigable rivers, it has ten lakes varying in extent from 178 square leagues to 38. Its natural wealth, mineral, vegetable and animal, is various and immense. A large part of its soil is of unsurpassed fertility, and the climate of its boundless table lands is temperate, salubrious and delightful. Its population in 1850, was 7,761,919. It has twenty-five capital cities, of which the largest, Mexico, has 170,000 inhabitants. The whole number of its cities, towns and villages is 5138; the annual produce of its farms is nearly two hundred millions of dollars. The people are Spaniards, Indians and mongrels, all differing from us in their language, religion, customs and character.—*Life Illustrated.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A five hundred dollar Bible is advertised for sale in the Philadelphia Ledger. The ornaments on the cover are composed of solid gold. —— S. E. Sherwood, of Bridgeport, Ct., father of Gen. Tom Thumb, died at that place, lately, leaving a large fortune to be divided between the widow, the renowned dwarf, and two married sisters. —— There are five hundred millions more of heathen than of Christians in the world. —— Maine now boasts of owning a fleet of merchant vessels valued at fifty millions of dollars, and greater than the commercial marine of any European power, Great Britain alone excepted. —— In the far West, cactuses grow two feet thick at the base, rising thirty or forty feet high, with thorns upon them as large as a goose quill. —— The cost of the smallest locomotive in use is from six to eight thousand dollars each. The largest, which can draw a train of sixteen cars, holding eleven hundred persons, are worth twelve thousand dollars. A first class passenger car costs three thousand dollars; second class, eighteen hundred; freight car, six hundred. —— M. de Bonpland, once the celebrated fellow-traveller of Baron Humboldt, now eighty-three years of age, has turned into an American planter in Chili. —— An Oregonian says that he has often rode his mule down places where the declivity was so steep that he dared not trust himself on foot. The probability is, that our Oregonian gentleman had just left an exhibition of original packages. —— In the time of Henry III., of France (1675), there were but three carriages in Paris, whereof two were the king's. At the present time there are six hundred omnibuses. —— By the policy carried out by Louis Napoleon, several faiths are now really national religions in the empire—the Roman Catholic, the Protestant Reformed (old Huguenotic), the Lutheran Reformed (chiefly in Alsatia), the Jews (everywhere), the Mahommedans (in Algeria), are recognized state religions, supported out of the treasury, and supposed to be protected in their respective rights by the government. —— No minister belonging to either the Roman Catholic or Universalist denomination has ever been elected chaplain of the United States Senate. —— At the New England dinner, in New York, the Hon. George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, proposed the following comprehensive and eloquent toast—"Reciprocity in all things material, in all things intellectual, and in all things social, between the kingdom of Great Britain and our own country." —— A correspondent at New Orleans says, that there is a prodigious influx of young men, clerks, who can find nothing to do. For example—an advertisement for a clerk brought, in less than a day, five hundred and seventy-one applicants. —— The Scientific American considers a wall twelve inches thick, of wet-laid bricks, equivalent to one sixteen inches thick, where the bricks are put up dry. —— The Philadelphia Ledger says that on Christmas morning, the gentlemen connected with the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, presented to their pastor, the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, a purse containing five hundred dollars in gold, as a testimony of their high personal regard for him. —— There are 100,000 lawyers, 50,000 clergymen, 1500 editors, 30,000 teachers, and 40,000 physicians, in the United States. —— They sometimes have a queer way of doing business at the South. The editor of the "Southern Native," published at Eufaula, Alabama, in his issue of December 20, says, that in consequence of his "boys" desiring to keep the holidays, and wishing himself to "fix up" his office, no paper would be issued from that date to the 10th of January. He must have good-natured subscribers. —— There has not been a fire or an alarm of fire on Nantucket for two years. —— A chap in Chicago has been swindling people by presenting himself as a tax-collector. He carried under his arm a large folio, and had a quill stuck behind his ear—in short, looked quite business-like and genuine. He has not been arrested. —— The latest and perhaps the fairest estimate of the population of the world makes it eleven hundred and fifty millions. —— The poor Indians, when they were cheated out of their birthright for red cloths and beads (which their squaws probably would not let them refuse), little thought, as they gave up a few acres of their hunting grounds to the plough, that it would *end by their being elbowed into the setting sun.*

A LARGE LANDHOLDER.—A large portion of the rich valley of Genesee, in New York State, is owned by James Wadsworth. He owns 8000 acres in one town, as many more in Genesee, about 6000 more in the adjoining town of Rush, 5000 or 6000 in the town of Caledonia, and a great many thousands in other towns and counties. His landed possessions exceed 50,000 acres; it is nearly all good land—the best in the State, and constantly increasing in value.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.—Probably there is not one of the readers of the PICTORIAL who has not heard of this famous remedy; but they should not only know it by reputation, but by experience. There can be no doubt that it possesses remarkable healing virtues for any bruise or burn of the human flesh. It richly deserves the great popularity to which it has attained.

SHIPBUILDING.—During the year 1855, forty-one vessels, making an aggregate tonnage of 23,503 tons, were built in the Portland and Falmouth districts, Maine. The amount of tonnage built in the district since 1845, is 150,784 tons.

NOISY CARRIER'S BOOK AND STATIONERY CO., No. 77 LONG WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Incorporated according to an act of the Legislature of California, January 1, 1855. CHARLES P. KIMBALL, President.—TRUSTEES—Charles P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibben, G. B. Haywood.—CHARLES GALACAR, Agent, New York. 3—8:n

A MILLIONAIRE.—The richest member of the present Congress is William Aiken, of South Carolina. His property is valued at two millions of dollars.

Wayside Gatherings.

Two men belonging to Chippewa, while on the Niagara, gunning, were recently carried over the Falls.

A professional beggar woman, who had lived in Pittsburgh, Pa., for ten years past, has accumulated property for which she has refused $10,000.

The whole number of stock-secured banks in Illinois is forty; three with a circulation of $3,146,414, which is secured by State stocks to the amount of $3,754,000.

The Michigan Southern Railroad Company have determined to build the Detroit and Toledo Railroad, provided the capitalists of that city will take $200,000.

Theodore Fay, minister resident in Switzerland, is now engaged, and has been for years, in writing the History of Switzerland, and he brings to his task many and rare qualities.

The Manchester people are about to erect a statue to James Watt as a companion to that of Dalton, and are to copy—so we are assured—the statue of Chantrey in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Samuel W. Lowe, of Philadelphia, has discovered a method of preparing tin, by which engravings can be obtained, from a direct pressure press, equal to copper engravings.

A hospital for the reception of children has been opened in Philadelphia. The design provides the patients shall be under the constant supervision of competent nurses and medical attendants.

One of the lady sojourners in the Crimea, Mrs. Henry Duberley, announces for publication a journal kept by her from the departure of the army to the taking of Sebastopol.

The Emperor of Russia has given to M. Gretsch, the editor of the Northern Bee, a snuff-box, richly set with diamonds, and inscribed with the name of the imperial donor.

Evangelical religion in Holland is at a low ebb. Rationalism is dominant in the government, in the pulpit, and in the universities, and the prospects disheartening to the friends of practical piety.

There is a slate quarry in Castleton, Vt., which promises by its richness to rival the famous Penrhyn quarries in Wales. It is located on the west side of Lake Bombazine, and covers an area of 500 acres.

A bill to compel all banks now in operation, and others in future incorporated, to make a return of their stock, real estate and other property, and to pay a per centum tax on the same, has been brought into the legislature of Georgia.

A respectable farmer, named Nolan, a tenant on the estate of the Earl of Besborough, near Garryhill, county of Calrow, Ireland, has entered upon the 114th year of his age, and appears smart and intelligent, and free from the usual infirmities of old age.

There is to be a grand horse-show at Louisville, Ky., next spring, under the auspices of the Southwestern Agricultural and Mechanical Association. The exhibition is to begin on Tuesday, the 13th of May, and will continue three days.

Mdlle. Rachel's brother has written to the "Figaro," to state that the receipts of the French company for the first two months of their acting in America (New York and Boston), amounted to upwards of £21,000.

The Peoria Transcript is informed that the Rochester, N. Y., Mill Erecting Company intend to place in operation fifty mills on the Western prairies, during the year 1856, the motive power of which is to be wind alone.

The sexton of Cullompton, in Devonshire, Eng., who died recently, had buried upwards of 4000 persons, while the population of the town is only 3655. It is said that the sextonship had been in his family for a period of 200 years.

The Turkish army of the Danube will be increased next spring to about 80,000 men, and march to the Pruth, in order to carry the war into Bessarabia, and two divisions of French and English troops will proceed to Varna from the Crimea to support the operation.

Rev. Joshua Soule, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, addressed the candidates for the ministry, at the Tennessee conference, which lately met at Nashville. In the course of his remarks, he stated that he had been fifty-six years in the ministry.

The first trophies of Sebastopol have just arrived at the Louvre. Two sphinxes of white marble, of large proportions, nearly equal to those at the fountain of the Chateau d'Eau, but with this essential difference, that the Russian sphinxes have the heads of women instead of those of lions.

Capt. Nye, who recently left the Collins line, is soon to be again afloat. He has been appointed to the command of the Atlantic steamship which is building by Commodore Vanderbilt. This will be good news to the host of friends who will travel with Capt. Nye, and will add to the repute of the new line.

The first newspaper was issued monthly in MS. form, in the republic of Venice, and was called the Gazetta, probably from a farthing coin peculiar to Venice, and which was the common price at which it was sold. Thirty volumes of it are still preserved in a library at Florence.

The Richmond Enquirer thinks that the rise of price in agricultural products, and the increased income from property generally, will go far to reconcile the people of Virginia to unavoidable increase of taxes consequent upon the internal improvements of the State.

A new manner of hunting deer has lately been introduced in Illinois. A few nights since, the cars on the Central Railroad ran over and killed two of them. The deer, seeing the light from the lantern in front of the locomotive, and not knowing exactly what it was, concluded to remain on the track, but it was a death-blow to them.

Of the twenty-seven million of acres of land granted by the State to aid the construction of the Illinois Central Railroad, over two million acres yet remain unsold. Taking the sales made since the office of the company opened in Chicago as a test, the funds realized from the lands alone will not fall short of forty-five millions of dollars.

The citizens of London are no longer content to abide by Lord Eldon's decision that a school founded more than three centuries ago must necessarily restrict its education to Latin and Greek. The Merchant Taylors are about to extend the circle of sciences taught within the walls of their once famous school. To Latin and Greek they are adding drawing.

Religion would appear to be at a low ebb among the Chinese. The priest sits down in front of an altar with a small taper burning, and with a small mallet in one hand and a string of beads in the other, he begins to hum or half sing a certain number of words. This appears to be all the worship they have, and their belief is that the priest can and must do all the praying. There appears to be no solemnity attached to this service by the people or the priest.

Foreign Items.

The sea fishery is to be extensively prosecuted on the west coast of Ireland.

A letter from Genoa states that three hundred political refugees have just embarked at that port for Australia.

A letter from the Valais, in Switzerland, states that many serious shocks of earthquake have been felt in that vicinity, lately.

At a Peace meeting at Devonport, England, lately, a resolution for a "vigorous prosecution of the war" was carried by a very large majority.

A new flotilla of ten steam screw gunboats, built at St. Petersburg, has arrived at Sweaborg from Cronstadt, to be stationed there in the spring.

Russia has opened a new loan of fifty millions of roubles. In Austria, the army has been reduced to the usual effective force of the peace establishment.

The English papers are discussing the prospects of peace, and yet are preparing for war. Seventy thousand British troops will be in the field the next campaign.

The Royal Academy of Sciences of Stockholm has elected as foreign members M. Leverrier, director of the observatory of Paris; and Sir R. Murchinson, president of the Geological Society of London.

In France, the efforts to strengthen the army in the Black Sea are on a scale equally vast with those in progress in England, and yet nobody hears of them. The actual number of French sabres and bayonets in the Crimea is 140,000.

To meet the demand of twenty-five thousand clamorous purchasers of Macaulay's new volumes, Messrs. Westley & Co., the great binders of London, have undertaken to supply 3000 copies every day until the order is completed.

Sands of Gold.

.... Love of supremacy, miscalled political glory, finds most, and leaves all, dishonest.—*Landor.*

.... The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Kings play at war unfairly with republics; they can only lose some earth, and some creatures they value as little, while republics lose in every soldier a part of themselves.—*Landor.*

.... The world's all title-page—there's no contents. The world's all face; the man who shows his heart is hooted for his nudities, and scorned.—*Young.*

.... Power is always the more immoderate and the more jealous when it rises out of usurpation; but those who contend for liberty of any kind, should, in no instance, be its abettors.—*Landor.*

.... The best kind of glory is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man while he lives.—*Cowley.*

.... Those things that are not practicable are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit.—*Burke.*

.... Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.—*Colton.*

.... Error soon passes away, unless upheld by restraint on thought. History tells us (and the lesson is invaluable) that the physical force which has put down free inquiry has been the main bulwark of the superstitions and illusions of past ages.—*Channing.*

Joker's Budget.

What letter is it that is never used more than twice in America? Ans.—A.

A wag says that Dr. Kane tried to get to the pole to deposit his vote, but the iceberg faction prevented him.

An Irish sailor once visited a city, where, he said, "they *copper-bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet-lead.*"

It is a singular fact, that no matter how excellent the streets of Paris are, those who travel in them are sure to *rue* it.

A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied, "Somebody trod upon it, I suppose, when it was little."

A printer not long ago being 'fining' by his sweetheart, went to the office, and tried to commit suicide with a shooting-stick; but the thing wouldn't "go off."

A lady was asked to join one of the divisions of the Daughters of Temperance. She replied, "This is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the sons in the course of a few weeks."

A poor man once came to a miser, and said, "I have a favor to ask."—"So have I," said the miser, "grant mine first."—"Agreed."—"My request is," said the miser, "that you ask me for nothing."

"Bob, lower yourself into the well and holler for help."—"What for?"—"To frighten daddy, and make some fun." Bob did as he was desired, but got more than he bargained for. It was administered with a hickory sapling.

Mr. Jaycocks changed his boarding-house the other day, because his landlord would persist in bringing sausages home in his hat. Mr. Doyle left because Mrs. Slocum objected to his driving nails in the bureau to hang his boots on.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber,	one year	$2 00
4 subscribers,	" "	7 00
10 "	" "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

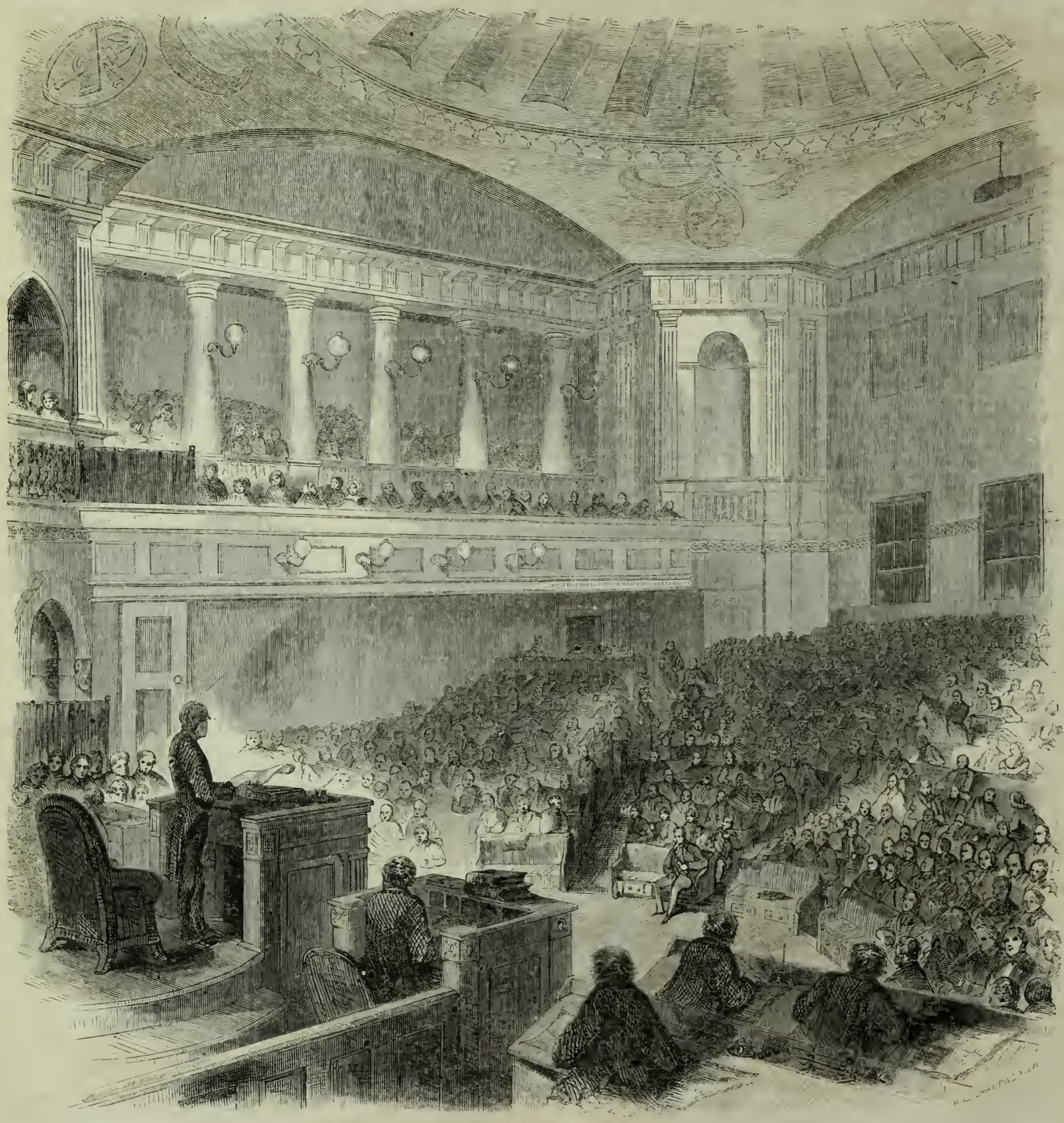
MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

We present herewith a fine engraving representing the interior of the Representatives' Hall in the State House, as it appeared on the second day of January, 1856, after its organization, with the speaker in the chair. The meeting of the legislatnre of our ancient commonwealth is still an interesting event with the good citizens of the capital, though it has not the weight and emphasis it possessed in days of yore, or in momentous periods of our State history; still, in spite of the severity of the season, crowds line the street to gaze on the military, or flock to the Common to listen to the ever-pleasing thunder of the artillery guns firing the customary salute. The present house, at its meeting, was called to order by Levi Thaxter, of Watertown, a member of the House of 1818. After the usual arrangements of business consequent upon forming the House, Charles A. Phelps, of Boston, was chosen Speaker, who, upon taking the chair, addressed the body in a few brief and appropriate remarks.

After the transaction of other business incidental to the opening of the session, and communicating with the Senate, a committee waited on Governor Gardner, and informed him that the two branches of the legislature were in readiness to attend divine worship. The escort duty was performed, as usual, by the Independent Company of Cadets, Colonel Amory, and that fine corps turned out with full ranks, evincing, as they have ever done, that, though instituted as a guard of honor, they are no holiday soldiers, but ready to perform duty in all weathers. Notwithstanding the snow in the street, which rendered it difficult to keep step and rank, the marching of the column was excellent. Those gray coats made a fine, serviceable appearance, and are an infinite improvement on the white regimentals, which had a very ugueish look in the winter parade. The music was furnished by the Brigade Band. The procession moved to the Old South Church, where the usnal election sermon was preached by Rev. Samuel H. Seeley, of Springfield. His text was from 2 Samuel 23: 3—"He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God, and he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth hy clear shining after rain." In the course of the sermon, which was quite brief, he contrasted the influences of good and bad governments upon communities. "French history," the preacher said, "illustrated strikingly the evil influences of bad government. Sometimes in popular governments we see an effort made to please all classes by enacting good laws, to please the virtuous, and leaving them unenforced, to please the vicious; but just rulers seek not to gain, bnt to deserve popular favor, and all their measures tend to promote virtue. The foundations of prosperity are thus broadly and deeply laid. The character of a nation may be ruined hy a ruler who is all the while elevating its reputation. Thus the renown of a nation is raised to the zenith under an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon, while its character is sunk so low as to insure its downfall. The previous rulers of Franee had left little of national character to be ruined by Napoleon, but what good might he not have accomplished if he had possessed the integrity and virtue of onr Washington? On the other hand, what evils might have befallen our country had Washington possessed the unscrnpulous ambition of Napoleon. The example of Washington is with us—a constant presence. The national character is moulded and exalted by it in every sphere of life. He is, in the language of the text, 'as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds.'"

INTERESTING REVOLUTIONARY FACT.

The Newburyport Herald, in publishing a series of Revolutionary Reminiscences, makes a statement touching the first tea destroyed under the obnoxious excise laws of 1764, which readers of American history generally do not know. The Herald says:—"Next came the tea difficulty, and all have heard what was done by the 'Mohawks' of Boston with the tea at that port; but as yet none of our historians have given the fact, that before Boston acted in the disguise of Indians, the ship carpenters of Newburyport publicly and openly burned up the tea in Market Square. The first defiant resistance to tea imposition in this country was hy Newbnryport This resistance was twice made, once by burning it in Federal Street, and again at the market. The tea was stored in the powder house for safe keeping. Ebenezer Johnson, standing one day upon the timber of his yard, called his men about him, and, after a few patriotic words, gave order: 'All who are ready to join, knock your adzes from their handles, shoulder the handles and follow me.' Every adze in the yard was knocked off, and that stout, athletic man, who would have marched through a regiment of 'red coats,' had they then stood in his way, taking his broad-axe as an emblem of leadership and for use, marched at the head of the company to the powder house. There that well-tried axe opened a way through the door, and each man shouldering his chest of tea, again fell into line. They marched direct to the market, and then in single file around the old meeting house, where the pump now is, when Johnson's axe opened his chest, and box and tea were on the ground together. Each man as he came up did the same, when, with his own hand, Johnson lighted the pile, and burned the heap to ashes. The ship carpenters of Newburyport destroyed the first tea that was destroyed in America."



MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, 1856.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1856. | $3 00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X, No. 6. — WHOLE No. 240.

THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The picture on this page is from the graceful pencil of Billings, and exhibits his characteristic taste and feeling. The State Arms occupy a central position. On the left, a crouching Indian is watching the landing of the pilgrim fathers at Plymouth. On the right, a Massachusetts yeoman, grasping the plough, is summoned, as a minute-man, to take up the arms which are seen lying at his feet, in defence of his country. The detached sketch at the bottom of the engraving illustrates the present time; we see there factories, omnibuses, locomotives, a ship on the stocks, and other tokens of peaceful industry and prosperity,—the whole forming an interesting and suggestive picture. Massachusetts, one of the original States of the great North American confederacy, includes an area of about 7800 square miles, or 4,992,000 acres, about half of which are improved. Its surface is uneven. The highest mountain, Saddle Mountain, a peak of the Green Mountain range, in the north-western corner of the State, is 3505 feet in altitude. The rocks of Massachusetts are mostly primary, in some places covered with the older secondary formation. Building materials abound throughout the State. The seashore is indented by numerous bays, and its outline is quite irregular, while the surface of the State is traversed by many rivers, some of them of considerable magnitude. The climate is severe in winter. Vegetation puts forth late, but is very rapid in its growth. Though the soil is not very fertile, the industry of the people and their agricultural skill make amends for its deficiencies. No State in the Union stands higher as regards internal improvements and manufactures, while its commerce is second only to that of New York. It has been said of New England, that "her commerce whitens every sea;" and Massachusetts is the most commercial of this family of States. Boston has been a noted mart from its first settlement, and her white-winged messengers have made their pathway on every sea, bearing to her shores the products of every clime. The amplest provisions have been made for education, and the zeal in the diffusion of knowledge, like the religious spirit of the old Bay State, dates back to its earliest settlement. It is the most densely populated of any of the States. The first settlement was made at Plymouth, December 22, 1620. Massachusetts was foremost in the movements which led to our national independence, and the earliest battle-grounds of the revolution lie within her borders. In the language of Daniel Webster, "she needs no eulogy." The "plain, unvarnished tale" of her great deeds is amplest praise.



[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST;

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

The lady was silent; but she stroked the young girl's hair, while her glance rested meditatively on the fire. They were aroused by the approach of the marquis and the Compte de Clairville, who had entered some moments before unperceived by them.

"This, monsieur," observed the former, as he glanced at Rose, "is my youngest daughter, Helen's new sister. Rose, Mignonne!" and he took her by the hand. "The Compte de Clairville is the most ancient and honored of my friends. We—my dear Frederic, what is it?" he concluded, as Monsieur de Clairville started and uttered a slight exclamation.

"O, nothing, my friend,—nothing," answered the gentleman, quickly; "excuse me, I pray you. My dear child, I am truly glad to meet you." And he respectfully touched his lips to the fair cheek of Rose.

There was a shadow of seriousness on the brow of the marquis, and after a few moments given to common-place observations between the members of the party, he drew Monsieur de Clairville aside.

"Mon cher Frederic," he said, "I entreat you to tell me what affected you so, just now."

"I was thinking, Armande," was the answer, "of your wedding-day."

The glance of Madame de Clairville followed them thoughtfully. Rose had assumed her seat by the hearth, and with her hands clasped on her knee, silently studied a large picture which was on the right of the vast chimney place, the picture of a lovely child, which she had often seen before, but never rightly understood till now. She sighed softly and unconsciously as she regarded it.

Meanwhile, at the upper end of the saloon, Mademoiselle Montauban and Lord Egerton stood.

"I have been absent six months," he was saying, in a quiet and somewhat grave voice, as he carelessly turned the leaves of a book.

"And you have enjoyed yourself, milord?" asked Helen.

"Milord! You will not call me Francis, then?" he said, taking her hand in his, with gentle earnestness. "Why will you be thus distant and reserved, Helen?"

"Because, believe me, it is best. Nay, I warn you, my lord!" and she withdrew the hand he had pressed to his lips, checking, at the same time, with kind, though serious tone and gesture, the remonstrance he was about to utter.

"Helen," he said, with subdued passion,—"Helen, you know I cannot be indifferent to you. You know this formality which you impose upon me distresses—pains me. You know, and would avoid hearing, the words I long to speak—"

"Have I ever encouraged you to speak them, sir?"

She lifted her full, clear glance to his; both look and voice were something tinged with sternness.

"No—Heaven knows you never have!" he returned, dejectedly. "Never, from the first moment I met you, have I discovered the faintest sign by which to flatter myself of your preference. Yet must I hope."

"And I forbid it, Francis! See—I have called you as you will; but I must school myself to remember a more ceremonious address, unless, with the utterance of the name I like best to speak, you will consent to regard the familiarity merely as that which a sister might use with her brother. Shall it be so?"

Lord Egerton was silent; but the expression of sadness on his fine features, the slight contraction of his brow, betrayed an inward conflict.

"Believe me," she resumed, "this formality, of which you complain, is as unpleasant to myself as to you. I would cheerfully lay it aside if you will assist me to look upon it as needless. Otherwise—"

"Helen, one moment!" he implored. "May I *never* hope that you will one day be my wife? I will wait—I will be patient."

"Never—never! We may be friends—and ah, your friendship is dear to me, Francis!—but nothing more. Hear me, my friend, and trust what I tell you."

"You are commanding an impossibility, Helen!" he said, passionately.

She regarded him one moment with a regretful glance. Then she laid her fair hand lightly on his.

"I do not think so, Francis. You may learn to forget this fancy of yours, if you will. Remember that I shall be unmerciful. And now, let us speak of other things. There are the countess and Rose, waiting for us. By-the-by, you have not told me yet what you think of my beautiful little sister. Is she not lovely?"

"I have seen her but for a moment. I do not know. I cannot think of anything at present, except—"

"And I declare, Francis, that you shall think only of that which I choose. Come, be sensible, my dear friend! Let us go and join the others. We must not stand here longer."

Silently he accompanied her to the opposite extremity of the saloon.

"Remember," she said, on the way, "to tell me, at the close of the evening, if you do not admire Rose. Your opinion is a good one. I insist, then, upon having it."

CHAPTER XI.

THE COURSE OF LOVE GLIDES ROUGHLY.

It was not without a sigh of regret that Helen Montauban observed the pain which she was forced to inflict on one who loved her so deeply and truly as Francis Egerton. He had inspired her with a sentiment of the most earnest esteem; but the knowledge of the depth of his regard for her had almost decided her, at first, to break off an intimacy which, on his part, claimed something more than the name of friendship. This, however, seemed too harsh a measure. She could not persuade herself to go so far. She liked him sincerely; her regard for him was too real—too deep, to permit her thus absolutely to relinquish the occasional society of Lord Egerton; while she trusted to cure him, in time, of the passion, which she felt too well, from a consciousness of her own preference in a different quarter, she should never be able to return.

Since his arrival this time, then, just after Rose had become an inmate of the Chateau Montauban, she had begun to feel that she had a means of assistance at hand. She did not pause for time to define any plan, or to say to herself, in so many words, that such and such an ultimate issue had been guessed at, or hoped for, by her; but she appropriated the means presented to her, and trusted that they would succeed.

Meeting, on the very first evening of his arrival at the chateau, with a repulse, gentle, though firm, from Helen,—a disappointment to hopes long, yet doubtfully, cherished; and feeling that the dejection and unhappiness which he felt would, if observed, draw upon him the attention of those about him, he endeavored to conceal all evidence of his feelings under a calm exterior, and to evince as much interest in affairs about him as was possible.

He found himself thrown daily into the society of Rose Lamonte, often by chance, oftener by Helen's own agency. He admired her beauty—her innocence, grace, and *naivete* had a charm for him. Helen Montauban knew it. He first merely acknowledged, and was sensible of her presence; then he sought it. Rose confessed to Helen her admiration of him, and seemed to evince a pleasure in his society. It was plain that she did not dislike him; and Helen, although she had many doubts at first, changed them finally for most agreeable yet secret speculations on the future, little dreaming that Francis Egerton was yet true to her, or that Rose Lamonte's thoughts, even in his presence, turned and dwelt fondly, though sadly, on the memory of her humble, yet unforgotten lover.

Meanwhile, Mademoiselle Montauban thought often and anxiously of her cousin; for Louis had not written once since his departure from the chateau, and two months had now elapsed, and nearly the third, since that time. Her father also mentioned him frequently, and expressed his perplexity at his silence, and no less at his prolonged absence, since he had stated his fixed determination to return, if not absolutely prevented by unforeseen circumstances, before the end of September.

Many an hour, at nightfall, Helen knelt sadly at her casement, with her glance sorrowfully fixed on the road below that wound through the valley and beyond the hills—the road over which he had passed on the morning when he left her.

"When will he traverse it again?" she asked herself. "When, kneeling here, at my sad post, in the twilight or the dawn, shall I behold him returning?"

One afternoon, being oppressed with a slight headache, she had left the saloon, and thrown herself upon her couch, to dispel it, if possible, by slumber. For a long time the pain prevented this, and she tossed restlessly upon her pillow, with pallid brow and aching temples. Finally, however, she grew weary with the pain; gradually a delicious sense of quiet enwrapt her senses. Softly, on the clear air, were wafted up from the terrace below, the blended voices of Rose and Francis Egerton, as they sung together some simple and favorite song; gently and with the sweetest cadence, the melody stole upon the drowsy ear, and at length she slept. It was night fall when, entirely free from pain, and refreshed by undisturbed slumber, she awoke. The apartment was quite dark. She lay quiet a moment, enjoying the delightful calm that pervaded her whole frame.

Suddenly, Jessie's step, light and quick as usual, came through the gallery, and immediately Jessie herself entered the chamber, bearing a light. Her face was suggestive of something pleasant. She came on tiptoe to the bedside.

"O, I am awake, Jessie," said Helen; "but I have slept a great while."

"Yes, mademoiselle,—a long time; but I hope your headache has quite left you now; for monsieur le compte, your cousin, mademoiselle, Monsieur d'Artois—"

"Jessie, is he here?" asked Helen, quietly, as she rose.

"Yes, mademoiselle,—he has just come."

She entered her dressing-room, and hastened to bathe her face and head and re-arrange her hair. But she trembled from head to foot. She paused a moment to nerve herself, and in a degree succeeded, though the rich carmine that glowed on her beautiful cheek, and the soft brilliancy of her large, liquid eyes, yet betrayed the excitement she felt. She was a thousand times more beautiful than ever, in this moment, and she was conscious of it. Yet no pride—no vanity, mingled with that consciousness. She only said to herself, "For his sake. He will be pleased."

"Did he ask for me, Jessie?" she asked of her attendant.

"Immediately, mademoiselle. I did not tell him you were ill, and he bade me come and seek you."

Rising from her seat before the mirror, she left her chamber and descended the stairs, but just in time to meet Louis himself, as he issued from the doors of the saloon. He it was, but paler and thinner than usual. He came forward with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Helen, my dear cousin!" he cried, warmly embracing her.

Her cheek burnt—her heart beat rapidly, as he pressed his lips to hers. She could not speak at first.

"My own fair Helen, and as lovely as ever!—yes, a million times lovelier!" he said, smilingly, as he gently turned her face so that the glow of the pendant lamp above them fell full upon it. "But you do not speak, cousin. And yet I know you welcome me."

"Indeed I welcome you, Louis, most warmly. But you are pale—you have been ill."

"I have been ill—yes; but not long or seriously; and as soon as I recovered, I came hither. I shall soon become as hardy as ever, in this healthful neighborhood. But go in, dear Helen,—go in. They are waiting for you. I will rejoin you in ten minutes."

He pressed her hand in his with kindly affection, as he released her. She turned and entered the saloon. Her father stood by the hearth, and the guests were grouped about it, chatting together, as she came in. She was greeted with unanimous exclamations of pleasure, and drawn into their circle. There were inquiries on all sides concerning her late indisposition, and infinite rejoicings at the arrival of Louis. Only Rose, who, however, listened with smiles that showed her participation in the general delight, and Lord Egerton, whose glance now rested with an expression of uneasiness and concern, on the countenance of Helen, were silent.

In the midst of the conversation, Louis re-entered. The dust of his journey removed, he appeared to much better advantage than before; and as he advanced and took the seat offered him in the midst of the circle, the genial smile lighting his fine countenance, gave him all his old beauty and sweetness of expression.

"My dear uncle, I cannot express the pleasure it gives me to find myself here once more," he said, "and particularly in the midst of such excellent company. Is it not curious, my dear friends," and he turned to the Count de Clairville and his lady,—"is it not curious that I was wishing, during my journey hither, that I might see you during my visit? or, rather, that I see you here?"

"O, my dear boy," returned the count, smiling "you will find, by the time you are as old as I am, that your wishes are granted in a thousand cases where you least anticipate it. I am glad, also, that we meet. Francis here has been talking of you for a week past."

"He has? And now he stands silent, and looks into the fire! My dear fellow, what ails you?" asked Louis, gaily.

"O, nothing—nothing, Louis. I was thinking—that was all." And the young man, rousing himself, joined in the conversation.

In a little while, the evening repast was spread in the saloon, and they gathered about the board, a congenial party enough, as it went; afterward they repaired, by the invitation of the marquis, to the library, where they passed the remainder of the evening. Rose and Francis Egerton, who, of late, had occasionally sung together, were prevailed upon by the marquis and his guests to do so now. Both had fine voices and excellent taste, and their united melody poured forth in one sweet, harmonious strain, that could not fail to please less indulgent hearers than those about them. Louis, standing behind the seat of Mademoiselle Montauban, regarded Rose and her companion, as they sang, with a quiet but closely observant glance which could not be remarked by the rest of the party.

"Is not Rose a little nightingale?" softly whispered Helen, looking up at him.

"A sweeter one never sang. By-the-by, my dear cousin, when did she come here?"

"Something more than a month ago. She is prettier than ever; do you not think so?"

"Decidedly. Francis seems tacitly to agree with us, too, it appears to me. Is he not very attentive to her? And yet, he does not look quite happy to-night. What ails him, I wonder?"

Helen Montauban did not answer. But, at that moment, Lord Egerton directed towards her a glance, sorrowful and unquiet, and to Louis, who bent over her, that touched her, in the midst of her happiness, almost to tears, it told so eloquently of his true feelings, which he had been trying to hide ever since the arrival of Louis. It warned her that she was not yet forgotten—that he loved her yet—that he would have given worlds for the place occupied by another near her, and which he was not allowed to secure. The glance was seen by her alone. It caused her some emotion for a few moments, but she concealed it as she continued the conversation with Louis.

The following morning, Louis, entering the library during his uncle's absence, found Rose reading in a great arm-chair by herself. She rose, with a slight blush, as he entered, and after exchanging a few words with him, was about to leave the apartment.

"Nay, Rose,—do not go away quite yet," he said, in a gentle tone. "I have something I would say to you. Will you not wait one moment?"

"If you please, monsieur," she answered. And returning to her seat, she awaited his communication.

"Monsieur?—nay, that is too cold, Rose," he said, as he placed himself near her. "My uncle tells me that we must call each other 'cousin,' since he has taken you as a daughter. Besides, we are not strangers—"

"But I dwelt in a cottage when you were here last, monsieur. I have not forgotten it."

"Nor have I, Rose, for the pleasant hours I spent there. I have remembered them well, sweet cousin, and shall remember them still. But since you will not admit the plea of old acquaintance, I must even present that of the new. I am rejoiced to see you again, and I trust that we shall be good friends. Do you think it will be so?"

"Without doubt, monsieur."

"Ah!—again? Will you not oblige me? Acknowledge our new relationship, Rose;" and he extended his hand.

She blushed as, after hesitating a moment, she gave him her own, with a frank, yet timid smile.

"Cousin!" she said, softly.

He touched the little hand gallantly and tenderly to his lips.

"So let it be, dear Rose. And now, since I have become your cousin, and since I am considerably older and in some sort wiser than you, you will not take it amiss if I commence forthwith upon a subject in connection with which I feel a great deal of interest, and which concerns you most closely."

"Which concerns me?" she asked, with a slight air of perplexity.

"Precisely—which concerns you. In a little town, not many leagues from here, I met a friend of yours, or one who professed to be so. I am not quite sure that he is not an impostor—at least, I trust—but no matter. What friend is there of yours, my sweet cousin, whom of all others you would wish to behold at this moment?"

The young girl's glance was fixed thoughtfully on the floor for a moment. Then a slight blush stole into her cheek.

"Do you mean among the absent?" she asked, lifting her eyes to his face.

"Exactly—among the absent. Are they many?" And he smiled.

"They are my father—"

"It was not your father whom I met."

"And—"

"Well—tell me, dear Rose."

"Nay. You should not keep me in suspense, cousin," half-playfully, half-entreatingly.

"His name was—Robin."

"Ah—Robin!" she repeated, in a subdued tone of mingled sadness and tenderness.

"You do not know him, then, dear Rose?" said Louis. "But listen, dear cousin. This fellow, whom I am very sure you can be but merely acquainted with, and who, you will agree with me, should be chastised for his impertinence, whom I, myself, have employed as a gardener at Avallon,—this fellow, I say, dared to tell me that you were betrothed to him; you, the adopted child of my uncle,—you, who will doubtless one day marry a nobleman! Is it not exquisitely absurd, my sweet cousin? This young gardener declared to me that you were betrothed to him! He had been in my employ. I had discharged him because he no longer wished to remain with me. But he returned, after a long absence. He wished to become the possessor of a certain sum, he said, in order that he might purchase a small farm, and settle down; and in questioning further, I gained this information. Was not such an assertion ridiculous, dear Rose?"

With an earnest, unquiet glance, he watched her countenance. It was covered with a deep blush. Tears were in her eyes.

"It is true!" she said, in a low and sad voice.

He looked at her a moment in silence.

"Rose, is this possible?" he asked, at length, with an accent of subdued astonishment.

"I have said it," returned the young girl, inexpressibly pained by his manner.

"But, Rose, think a moment—a gardener! You, so young, so beautiful, the adopted child of a nobleman of most princely wealth! But forgive me—forgive me, dear child! I would not offend or hurt you. I am surprised—hurried away, by this unexpected announcement—this confirmation of a most unpleasant fact. Rose, does my uncle know of this?"

"Alas, no!" answered the weeping girl.

"Nor Helen?"

"No."

"My poor Rose! Ah, they take so much pride in you—we are all so proud of you! We love you, my child. We would give you a higher lot than this—a station more worthy of you. What will they say? Think, dear Rose,—what a terrible blow to them!"

"I know it," she said, in a troubled voice,—"I know it! I should have told them when they wished to take me. I should have known that I should only work evil by coming hither—evil to others and sorrow to myself. I should have remained in the lowly home they took me from. Ah, I shall repay with ingratitude their kindness to me—the love they feel for me!"

She leaned forward upon the table, and hid her face in her hands.

"But, dear Rose, reflect; there is time yet," he urged, with a tone of earnestness, and affection, and sorrow, and a slight hoarseness—a wavering—a faltering of voice, ever and anon. "There is time. This promise, given at a time when he considered himself your equal, surely it cannot be binding. And think of yourself—your finer tastes, your higher nature, your lofty aspirations! And he is fitted to the ignoble station he holds. He has no soul above his mean rank. You would degrade yourself, dear Rose, were you to wed him. You would not render him happy, for he could not understand you. You would both be miserable, and you will break our hearts, Rose!"

She raised her head; and checking her tears, looked at Louis mournfully.

"Monsieur, I cannot break *his* heart!" she said, gently. "He loves me—he trusts in me. I feel all that you have told me, and I know that, if I had never seen—if the events of these last few months had been different, I should shrink now from such a step as I am about to take. But it is too late now. I must be true to him. I will not look back with regret to the station I leave. I will shut my eyes, and forget that I have been anything better than the poorest peasant in all France. I will not break my promise; I cannot do it. I will make Robin happy."

"Rose!—and you will love him still?" He listened, breathlessly.

"I shall love him and serve him till I die, monsieur!"

She said it with mournful calmness. She bent and touched her lips to his hand. Then, turning, she left the room, without once looking back.

CHAPTER XII.

A VILLAIN'S SUCCESSFUL PLAN.

With an almost breaking heart, Rose went to her own chamber, and, locking the door, threw herself upon her couch, to weep the bitterest tears it had ever been her lot to shed, and reproach herself most deeply for her unthinking want of confidence in those who had taken so kind an interest in her. Heretofore, she had never looked forward to the consequences of her silence on this subject; but now, she beheld them with only too sorrowful distinctness. The good marquis, she reflected, would not have taken her from her lowly position, and placed her in the midst of wealth and luxury, to bear the name and fill the place of a daughter, if he had once believed she would shortly forsake him, and the benefits he had conferred on her, to return to it again. As Louis had intimated, he had probably intended her for something more suited to the station in which he had placed her; and what would be his disappointment at finding her determined on a different course! What would be his sorrow—his anger—his indignation, on learning that she had entered his household, and allowed the fullest,—kindest affections to centre around her, enjoyed the love and confidence of himself and daughter for a while, knowing, at the time, that she must shortly throw it all aside and return to the humble station from which she had been raised!



GASPARDE'S DESPERATE THREAT.

For hours she remained thus reflecting, locked in her apartment, and refusing admittance to all—even to Helen herself. But, at night-fall, feeling the necessity of mingling with the family and guests, lest she should attract too close observation, she endeavored to calm her emotion as far as possible; and arranging her disordered hair, and bathing her features for a long time, to remove all traces of tears, she rejoined the company.

An eager and sympathizing group immediately gathered about her. Her plea of illness was readily received, for it was assisted by her pallid countenance, and the heavy languor of her large hazel eyes, usually so brilliant. Helen, the most eager of the whole, bent over her with a kindly solicitude that cut her to the heart; and the anxious earnestness of the good marquis more than once brought the tears to her eyes.

Louis, too, like the rest, was gentle, solicitous, attentive; but under many a cheering effort which he made to raise her spirits, while it deceived the company as to his knowledge of the true trouble,—under many a cheerful smile and pleasant word, she met looks and tones of the most heartfelt sorrow and self-accusation for the misery he regarded himself as having inflicted. He was in a state of unrest during the entire evening, and never, for five successive minutes, was that anxious glance of his averted from her pale features. Once, when the attention of the entire party was attracted to something else, he managed to bend over her, and gently press her hand to his lips, murmuring, "Dear Rose, if you knew how wretched I am!" Then he was standing by Helen's side again, with a smile on his features and careless words on his tongue, while his sorrowful glance continually belied his gaiety.

Francis Egerton, on his part, seemed unsettled as the others. He roved about in a restless way that betrayed some inward agitation. His regards ever and anon sought the countenances of Louis and Helen, with an expression of gloom which would have plainly announced, to a close observer, his uneasiness at the proximity of the handsome young count. He seated himself, during the latter part of the evening, near Rose; and, arrived at a degree of agitation and excitement that threatened to betray his secret to the unwelcome gaze of those about him, he endeavored, by devoting himself to the task of amusing her, to banish, if possible, the uneasiness that oppressed him.

It was impossible for Mademoiselle Montauban not to discern these indications of her lover's unhappiness; they affected her most deeply; they could not but give her the liveliest pain. But she murmured to herself, "It is well that he turns to *her*. Poor Francis! I pity him. But he will forget me. He will be won by her affection in return, and they will be happy together."

Such was the state of affairs at the chateau on that evening.

A night passed in tears and watchings, by no means tended to improve the state of Rose's feelings. She joined the company at breakfast, and endeavored to be as cheerful as possible; but the attempt was a failure. The kind marquis was anxious and alarmed at her pale and languid appearance.

"My dear child," he said, tenderly, "you are really ill! I must send for monsieur le docteur immediately. We cannot see you in this state a day longer."

"My dear sir, I beg you will not alarm yourself unnecessarily," returned Rose, while the tears sprang afresh to her eyes at his kindness, which seemed a tacit reproach to her. "I shall be better in a little while. Yes—in a little while," she repeated, sorrowfully.

"But I insist!" he gently answered. And summoning his valet, he bade him saddle a horse, and ride for M. Mery directly, and fetch him back with him. "Hasten, Jean," he added, "or you will not be able to reach home before night-fall."

The young girl's heart was almost breaking. She returned to her apartment to spend another day in weeping. Helen would have followed her, but she entreated to be left alone.

"Nay, dear Rose," urged Mademoiselle Montauban, affectionately,—"it is not sickness, but sorrow, that oppresses you; I can see that. O, why will you not confide in me? Let me share your trouble, my little sister."

"Ah, do not force me to tell you, Helen!" entreated Rose, weepingly,—"at least, not now. In a few days, perhaps—" Her voice failed her. She turned away, and buried her face in her hands.

Helen kissed her tenderly.

"I will not insist, then, since it pains you so," she said; "but you will allow me to stay with and try to comfort you. You will indeed make yourself ill with grief, and then we shall truly need M. Mery's services. Let me stay and read or sing to you, and make you cheerful once more."

"No—no! You are wanted. They will miss you; and really, Helen, I am better alone. Go, and forget me."

She entreated so earnestly that Mademoiselle Montauban could not cross her; and with a thoughtful brow and a sorrowful heart, she left the young girl to herself.

Five minutes after her departure, a domestic came to the door of the chamber, and gave to Rose a note which she stated had been delivered to Jean Morel, one of her fellow-servants, who had entrusted it to her for mademoiselle.

"Who gave it to Jean, my good girl?" asked Rose, thoughtfully.

"A rough-looking fellow, mademoiselle, he told me. He came up to the chateau a few minutes ago. But Jean did not know who he was, or where he went to from here. He has never seen him before."

She went away; and, wonderingly, Rose unfolded the paper. Inside was written merely the words—"Come down to the cottage, dear Rose, a few moments. I will meet you there. I must speak with you *directly*,—Hugh Lamonte."

"He has returned, then?" said Rose, to herself; "and he is waiting for me! Yes—yes! I will go this moment. I will ask him to stay at home, and take me back, and then I will tell them. They will be glad, perhaps, to have me go, when they learn that I have taken my destiny into my own hands."

Throwing a handkerchief over her head, and wrapping a light mantle about her, she fastened the door of her apartment, and without saying a word to any one concerning her intention, or

allowing herself to be seen, she silently and secretly left the chateau by a side door, and going ronnd the descent to the valley by a little-frequented path, was soon on the path leading to her former home. She walked rapidly at first, and then slowly. She had not trodden this way since she left the cottage, to put on another life—another being; and now, for the first time retracing it, her heart was filled with desolation and grief. She wept and lingered, as she drew near the old spot; she dreaded almost to approach it. "O, why did I ever leave it?" she cried. Rose saw the humble roof from a distance, among the trees. Nearer, nearer she came to it; nearer still, and, at length, rounding a turn in the path, where it wound about immense rocks, the little deserted dwelling met her view, lying not fifty yards distant.

Rose looked to see her father at the door; but he was not there, and concluding that she should find him within, she hastened forward, and had almost reached the door, when Gasparde appeared on the threshold.

"Good-morning, my fair cousin!" he said, in answer to her brief and somewhat surprised greeting. "May I ask whom you seek?"

"My father, Gasparde. He is here—is he not?"

"He is ready to see you, if you will enter," answered Gasparde, stepping aside for her to pass in.

Rose was about to do so, when something in the glance or manner of this man struck her unpleasantly. She hesitated—paused.

"If he is within," she said, "why does he not come to meet me when he hears my voice?"

"You must come in, Rose, before you can see him," he returned. "Come—enter! What are you afraid of? Come in."

"But I will not come in till I have seen him. He must come to the door. Will you ask him to do so?"

Rose waited, with her clear eyes fixed on Gasparde's face. He did not stir.

"Father!" she called.

There was utter silence.

"Father!" she called again, and this time in an accent of fear. Yet no sound.

"I do not believe he is here. You are deceiving me, Gasparde!" she cried. A horrible fear—a suspicion of treachery, filled her mind; she trembled and turned deadly pale.

Gasparde smiled. It was the smile of an incarnate fiend.

"Ah, it is too true, then! *You* were waiting—my father is not here. *Mon Dieu*, help me!" murmured the young girl. And with one terror-struck glance at that fiendish face, she turned and hastened from the door.

But he reached her side. His hand was laid npon her arm.

"Ah! you begin to suspect, my pretty one!" he said.

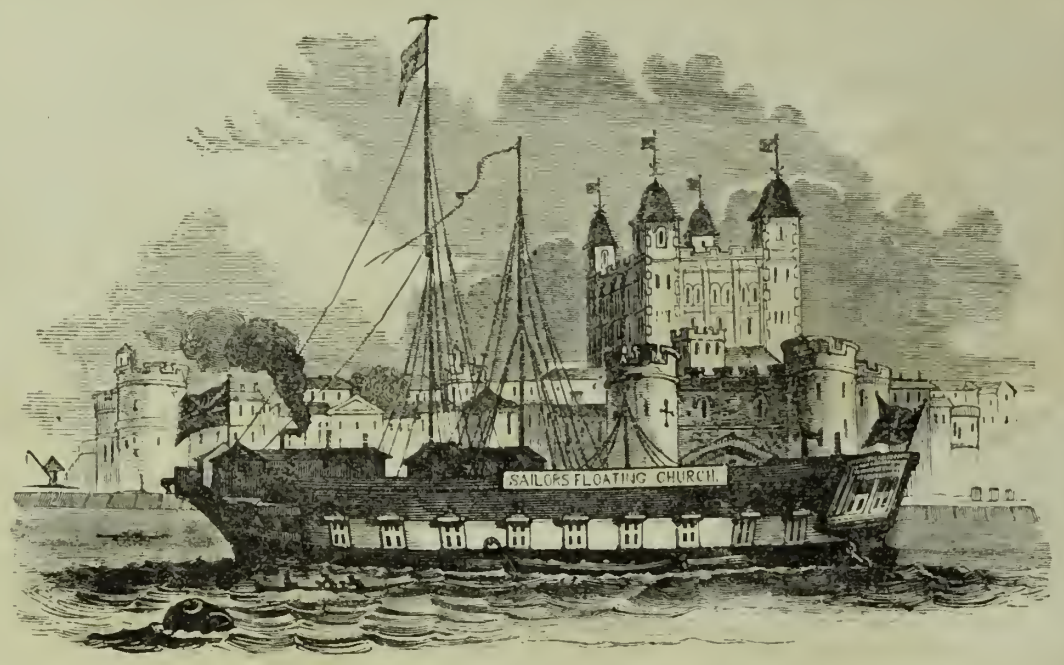
"Let me go, Gasparde!" she cried, affrightedly. "*Mon Dieu*, be merciful! I am faint," murmured she, to herself, "and there is no help near! O, pity—pity!"

"Nay—don't be in a hurry, my sweet Rose; you see I am not," he said, still holding her arm. "Yes—you are right: your father is not here, nor will he be. *I* sent for you to come. *I* waited for yon. And now it is your turn to beg. You know how scornful you were once. You would not listen to my prayers. Times are changed now. I have trapped you cleverly; you shall not escape, I promise you!"

"O, have mercy, Gasparde!" she pleaded.

"Go on, my dear! I like to hear you. Ah, this is charming!"

"Gasparde, you told me once you were sorry for persecuting me so, and I believed you—I forgave you. You do not mean to keep me here; you will let me go; you are only jesting," she prayed in her agony.



FLOATING CHURCH OFF THE TOWER, LONDON.

But he scowled at her with a glowering expression.

"*Diable!* You are mistaken entirely, my dear. What!—let my prize go the moment I get it into my hands? No—no! I mean to take good care of you, my fair Rose. I mean you shall marry me shortly, whether you will or not. You cannot say nay, if you would. How does that suit you?"

But his words fell on ears that heard them not. A mist floated before the eyes of Rose; a rushing sound, as of swelling waters, was about her, and she fell senseless to the earth.

At that moment, a man sprang hastily through the bushes. It was Jacques Leroux. He gazed, first at the prostrate figure of Rose, and then at Gasparde.

"Well, what now?" asked the ruffian, angrily.

"So you have got her? Poor Rose! It shall not be—it must not be! Leave her!" he said, excitedly. "Little Rose, I will save you!"

"*Coquin!*" shouted Gasparde, in a tone of rage; "out of the way! Do you dare attempt mutiny? Look out for your brains, and let the girl alone; she is mine, I tell you! Touch her, and you die!" And drawing from his belt a brace of heavy pistols, he presented them, with an oath, at Jacques.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The action was so sudden that the man started back. Gasparde took the moment to blow a call npon a silver whistle hanging at his breast. Almost instantly, half a dozen brigands surrounded him.

"Seize that fellow!" uttered their leader, sternly, "and take him to the cave. Bind him hand and foot, in one of the cells, and put a guard over him. I will teach you, *mon garcon*," he added, threateningly, "what it is to meddle with *my* concerns!"

The men lost no time in executing their orders. Jacques, knowing it was useless to resist, submitted. He was bound, and led through the winding paths of the adjoining grove, and onward, to the forest beyond; while Gasparde followed, bearing in his arms the form of the insensible Rose. On and on they went, through the lonely depths of the forest, keeping up that monotonous tramp, tramp, and without a single word being spoken by any, till they reached a place where the ground rose in an abrupt swell; and now pressing over steep banks and ledges of bare rock, they stopped, at length, before the entrance to the cave of which Gasparde had spoken. It was the haunt of the robbers.

This opening, which was well concealed by the brushwood growing about it, was low and broad. Rough masses of stone, descending from the front, formed the steps that led into it. The men entered first with Jacques. Gasparde was following with Rose, when a faint moan broke from her lips. Slowly her eyes unclosed.

"The fiends! Now we shall have a pretty time of it!" he muttered to himself. "Raimonde, tell them to bring lights—quick! Let me get her safe before she finds out where she is. Lock that fellow up close, my men. So!"

Lights were brought, as he commanded. The broad and gloomy cave into which they descended was illumined on every side. Striking across it, the party entered a long, narrow passage cut in the solid rock, and which was also lighted.

By this time, Rose was fully aroused. Memory and consciousness were invested with their full power. She recognized, with a cry of terror, the ruffian who bore her. A cold dew, like that of death, gathered upon her brow, as she beheld the rocky walls of that dreadful passage.

"Gasparde—demon—release me!" she uttered, with mad fear.

"Hold yonr tongue, my beauty! I mean to keep you safe. Go in there, and keep yourself quiet!" he cried.

And unlocking, as he spoke, a heavy, spike-studded iron door in the rocky wall, he threw it open, and attempted to thrust her into the cell it revealed. But she resisted.

"You shall not put me in there—I will not enter!" she cried.

"You wont? But I say you shall!"

Spite of her struggles, he forced her in, while the men bore Jacques farther along the passage to another cell.

"Now, Mademoiselle Rose, you will stay here," said Gasparde, "until I choose to release you, and that time will be fixed according to your own conduct. If you are savage, perhaps I may keep you here three months, or a year, or two years, it doesn't matter much which. But if you make up your mind to treat me a little more favorably, why a priest shall be ready at the earliest hour yon name. You see the terms are fair. I will give you till to-morrow to make up your mind about it." And he released her arm.

"I will never marry you! and you shall not keep me here! What place is this?" were her indignant words.

"You are under ground, as, perhaps, yon know already. And as for talking so bravely about having your own way, why, I think I shall be likely to have a few words to say on that score. You see there are thick walls here; and such dainty little hands as yours wouldn't stand much of a chance of making their way through; while there are, perhaps, from twenty to thirty men, just at the mouth of the cave, ready, at my bidding, to bring yon back, even if you should escape. So you had better think of an easier way of getting out."

"Twenty or thirty men—ready at your bidding!" cried Rose, trembling with anger and fear. "Wretch! who—what are you?"

He laughed lightly.

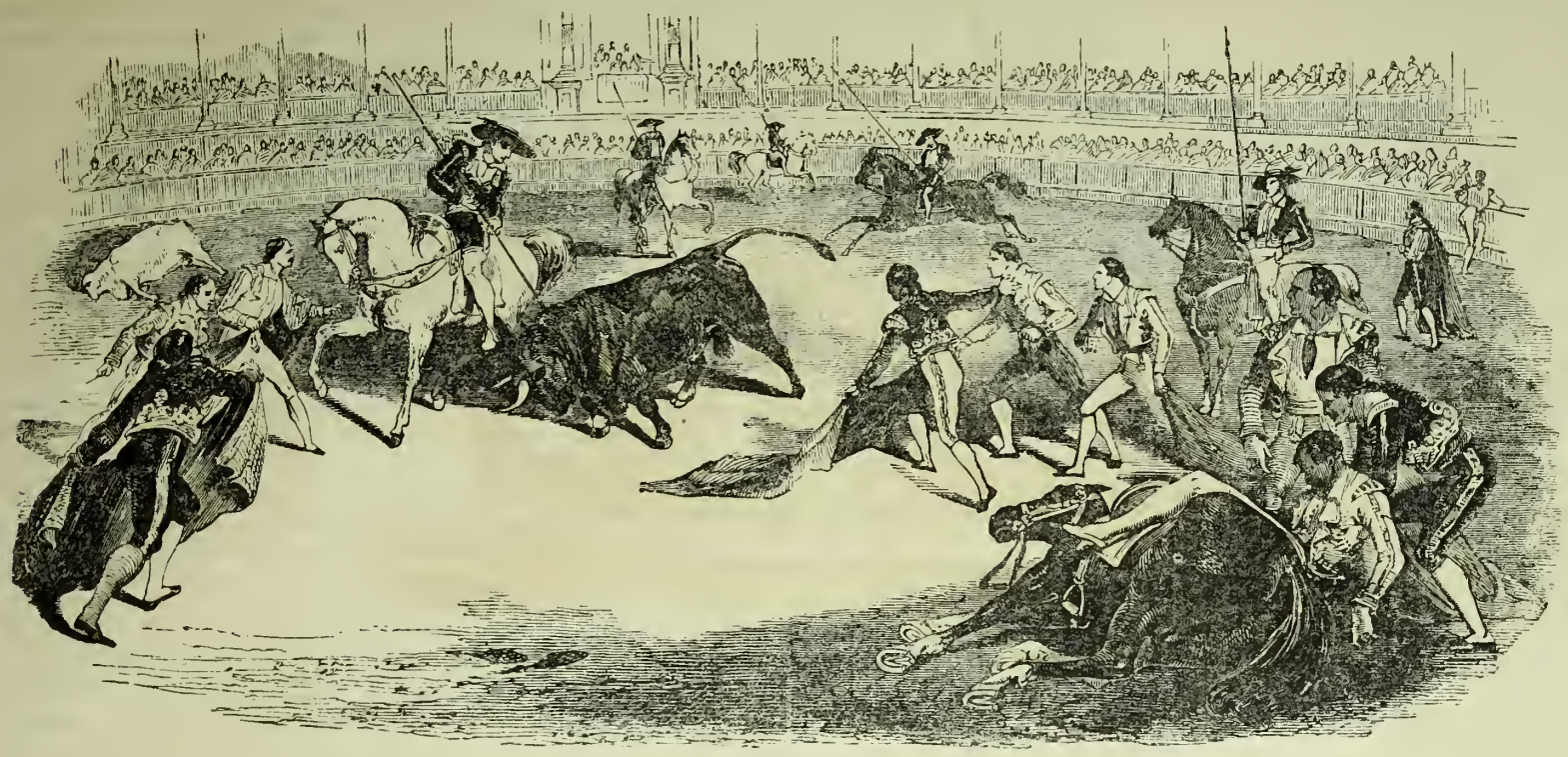
"Easier asked than answered, my pretty maid," he said. "Yon have known me for your Cousin Gasparde all along; *rather* a mistake, as you will find out. But that has nothing to do with the case. The question is, will you marry me, or not?"

"No—*never!*" was her answer; "and less now than before; for now I begin to recognize you fully. Now I recognize your terrible trade. Robber—murderer—brigand! No! I will either go forth from this dungeon free, or die by my own hand in my captivity!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SIRDARS OF CANDAHAR.



ROYAL SPANISH BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.

SCENES IN EUROPE.

The popularity of our sketches of scenes on the other side of the water has induced us to present on this and the preceding page another series of European views, presenting objects totally dissimilar to those with which we are familiar on our own shores. The first engraving of this set shows us a sailor's floating church, moored off the famous Tower of London, a part of which was built by Julius Cæsar in the days of the Roman conquest. Little attention was paid to the spiritual wants of the seamen of England until a considerable interval after the peace of 1815, when efforts were made to draw them together for the purposes of prayer and thanksgiving. The first floating chapel in the neighborhood of the British metropolis was moored off Wapping, somewhere near the entrance to the London Docks. It was commenced by Dissenters, but many of the members of the Established Church united with them in promoting the good cause. That vessel was removed, and subsequently, with the sanction of the lords of the admiralty, the Brazen sloop-of-war was fitted up, and moored off the Tower. This floating church was pretty well attended. Another aid to religious information emanates from Bethel Societies, and the vessels (merchantmen) hoisting a blue flag with a white dove and olive-branch on it are set apart for evening prayers. The system is practised to some extent when vessels meet in foreign parts. The great city itself has had its seamen preachers; and there are hundreds yet living whose memory still retains lively impressions of the Rev. Mr. Newton, of St. Mary Woolnorth, Lombard Street. He had passed all his early life, and much of his middle passage on the ocean, and made numerous voyages between the coast of Africa and the West Indies as master of a slaver, to which circumstance he frequently alluded in his sermons, and as he knew from experience the peculiar tendencies of the sailor's mind, he drew many around him who listened to his counsel. From the accounts we have received of him, Mr. Newton must have been much such a preacher as the venerable Father Taylor, of our city, whose eloquence, energy and fervent piety, devoted to the spiritual service of our seamen, have produced such happy results. A fine church has been erected for the accommodation of sailors in Dock Street, London, and it is well attended. A manifest improvement in the morals of British seamen is directly attributable to this and similar institutions.—Our second engraving exhibits a sketch of the Sirdars of Candahar mustering in battle array on a plain, surrounded by the wild peaks and crags of their native land. Candahar lies to the south of, and nearly midway between Herat and Cabool. Cabool and Candahar have, from early antiquity, been reckoned the gates of Hindostan, one affording entrance from Tooran, and the other from Iran. The modern city, comprised within an ordinary fortification of three miles and one thousand and six yards in circumference, is of an irregular oblong square form, surrounded by a ditch twenty-four feet wide and ten feet deep, but it is not in good repair. The wall is twenty and a half feet thick at the bottom, fourteen and a half feet thick at the top, and twenty-seven feet in height. It has six gates, defended by double bastions, and the angles protected by large circular towers. The citadel and palace are in the centre of the north end of the city. There are four principal streets running from north to south and from east to west, which meet in the centre, in which there is a large d me, or circular covered space, about fifty yards in diameter, a public market-place surrounded by shops, where the great merchants live; this is called the "Charsoo." The four principal streets are about forty yards wide, lined with shops and houses, which are all built of sun-burnt bricks, and are flat roofed. There are smaller and narrower streets which run from the principal ones towards the city walls (all crossing each other at right angles), between which and the houses there is a road about twenty-five yards wide all round the city. The tomb of Sultan Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Dooranee monarchy, is covered with a gilt cupola, and is held a sacred asylum; the king himself not daring, it is said, to take a criminal from it. There are said to be 40,000 houses, and a population of 100,000 persons. The streets are paved with small stones, but they are usually in bad order. Candahar is on a table-land, surrounded by a well-cultivated plain. Detached hills rise from the plain on the south and east; on the north and west they appear more like a broken range of hills; their height varies from 300 to 2000 feet. Those to the west have a singular appearance; they rise up near the top like a wall, are indented, very rugged, and look very bleak, being of a clayey color. To the south, the hills are more distant than in the other directions. There is neither tree, nor shrub, nor herb, to be found on them, or, in the language of the Emperor Baber, "The mountains are worthy of the men; as the proverb says, '*a narrow place is large to the narrow minded.*'" "There are, perhaps, scarcely in the whole world such dismal-looking hill countries as these." The heat radiates from them during the summer, so much as to warm the breeze as it passes over them; and in the evenings it is not uncommon to experience a current of *hot* air from the mountains and one *cool* from the plain, the latter usually succeeding the former; from this and from other causes, there is a great difference between the temperature of the morning and the middle of the day. The Sirdars are a warlike tribe, and have about 3000 good cavalry, 1000 infantry and some guns. They have given, first and last, a good deal of trouble to the British in India.—Our third engraving represents a bull-fight in Madrid, the first at which the Queen of Spain, then but thirteen years of age, "assisted," as the French say. In the distance is seen the royal box. A mounted *picador* is seen thrusting his lance into the spine of the staggering bull, while the *chulos* are ready with their red cloaks to divert his attention, should the stroke fail and the cavalier be in danger. On the right, a group of men are assisting in disengaging a wounded cavalier from his fallen horse. The artist has correctly depicted the graceful Andalusian costume of the combatants; but for the sake of preserving the pictorial effect, he has taken a little license with the dress of the horsemen. The legs of these men are encased in pantaloons of thick hide, ribbed with steel, stout enough to ward off the stroke of a bull's horn. The *toreador* rarely engages a bull in the centre of the area, but near its circumference, in order to secure his retreat when he proves too formidable an antagonist. The great *festa* represented in our engraving was given to raise funds for a church, and yielded about five thousand dollars. It began in the afternoon, and lasted till long after sunset, when her majesty could no longer see whether the men were killing the bull, or the bull killing the men. Eight bulls were slaughtered in the ring, and twelve horses left there, gored and disemboweled. The first bull scattered the *quadrilla* of combatants, and rushed upon the mounted *picador*, goring, tossing and tearing up his horse, trampling upon, doubling up and crushing his fallen rider. Nothing was wanting to complete the royal sport but the death of half a dozen men. One fellow was carried off with his ribs broken, but that was nothing. Such is the national sport of Spain. Give the Spaniard *pan y toros* (bread and bulls), and he is content, as the Roman was with *panem et circenses* (bread and circusses). What the gladiator fights were to the Romans, bull-fights are to the Castilians.—Our last engraving of the present series represents the colossal statue of Peter Paul Rubens, the great painter, erected at Antwerp, a magnificent piece of workmanship that attracts the attention of every visitor. The city of Antwerp has ever been famous for its patronage of art. Rubens lived here, and here his parents belonged, though Rubens himself was born in the city of Cologne. The house in which he was born is still standing in the Rue de L'Etoile, and is further remarkable for the death of Marie de Medicis, who died in the same room in which the painter was born, just sixty-five years afterwards, and two after the decease of the great artist himself. Twice a year a procession parades the streets of Antwerp, and is one of the ceremonies of the festival held at those periods in celebration of the birth and decease of the artist. The designs and ornaments of the triumphal arch, which makes an important figure in the procession, are taken from the works of Rubens. With regard to various public buildings, of the city itself, Antwerp has a theatre; an academy of painting (St. Luke's), which originated in the 16th century; a royal academy of the fine arts, established in 1817; an academy of sciences; an Athenæum, or college; Latin, medical, and naval schools; a gallery of sculpture; a public library with 15,000 volumes; a botanical garden; with various learned societies, and many good private collections of works of art. Its charitable institutions include several hospitals, asylums and workhouses. It is the seat of the courts of assize for the province; of a tribunal of original jurisdiction, a commercial tribunal, etc. The people have every appearance of being in comfortable circumstances, and are quiet and orderly. The upper classes speak French, and the lower, Flemish. The manufactures are very various, and are of considerable importance and value. They comprise fabrics of silk and cotton stockings, thread and tape, linen, calico printing, etc. Embroidery, bleaching, and ship-building are extensively carried on. The business of sugar-refining employed, in one year, from 500 to 600 individuals, and consumed about 6,000,000 kilogrammes of raw sugar. The lapidaries of Antwerp are very skilful in the cutting of diamonds.



STATUE OF RUBENS, AT ANTWERP.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AVARENE.

BY CHARLES PAXTON.

Sweet Avarene! the silvery sheen
 Of moonlight round thee floats,
The vesper star, enthroned afar,
 On thy bright beauty dotes.
From lily cup there floateth up
 An incense rich and rare,
Its odorous scent, with thy breath blent,
 Perfumes the dewy air.

Sweet Avarene! thy dark eyes beam;
 In waves thy dark hair floats;
With deep delight, thy bosom white
 Thrills to the gushing notes
So faintly heard, from some lone bird
 Pouring its soul away
In liquid trills, while woods and hills
 Reverb the impassioned lay.

Sweet Avarene! thy dark eyes beam,
 Thy dark eyes beam with light;
What happy dream, what golden gleam
 Sweeps o'er thy soul to-night?
Why steals that blush, like morn's first flush,
 Across thy pearly cheek?
Why throbs thy heart with flutt'ring start,
 As though its thoughts would speak?

Ah, Avarene! full well I ween
 Thy tell-tale eyes reveal
The secret deep, thy heart would keep,
 And evermore conceal.
Full well I ween a magic scene
 Hath opened to thy gaze;
A vista bright, with beamy light,
 From love's enchanting rays.

Look, Avarene! night's crescent queen
 Hath quenched her silvery ray
Within the shroud of yon dark cloud,
 Yon cloud so cold and gray.
Look, Avarene! the star serene
 Whose glance of love met thine,
The star is gone—the glance withdrawn,
 Which seemed to thee divine.

O, Avarene! thy sparkling een
 Will glitter soon through tears,
And sorrow's snow will hide the glow
 Which on thy cheek appears;
In thy pierced heart a quivering dart
 Will rankle night and day;
While cankering care and pale despair
 Make thy young life their prey.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STORY OF ASHMONT.

BY EMERET D. SEDGE.

It was a chilly, lowering day early in March. The earth was dark and oozy, the clouds were black and heavy, and the atmosphere between shared the prevailing tint, and looked murky and sullen. But cheerless as was all out-o'-doors compared with the genial comfort which I had contrived to enclose in my own rooms, I nevertheless ventured forth, for my new dress wanted trimmings, and I could not wait for a fair day. So, defended at all points with clogs and umbrella, with second best bonnet and shawl, I perambulated the slimy pavements, went in at every variety shop which displayed its infinite nothings, its tags and tinsel, its bits and flimsiness in crowded windows, at frequent intervals for a mile along the street, and thrust my nondescript pattern in vain under the noses of dapper clerks with large neckcloths, and pretty girls with long ear-rings and brooches to match.

"We cannot suit you," was the incessant answer, with a compassionate glance at the odd-looking cloth; and a little Frenchman more voluble and out-spoken than the others, endeavored to convince me that his selection of goods was not in fault if I was not satisfied. "Your silk is *outré*, madame, past the date, in a small degree, but sufficient; you will lose your trouble, you can find nothing." But his frankness did not disturb me, since I was content to be in the old fashion, or none at all even, as it was generally less troublesome than to follow the new, and it suited a quaint humor which I was fond of indulging; and also since there remained still one more chance for my dubious dress, which flashed upon my recollection in the shape of a pretty window and a sweet, simple name, "Mary Dale," above it, which was quite to my taste. The shop was just off the main street, and though I always saw it as I passed along, and as often ventured a conjecture respecting the owner with so euphonious an appellation, I had never been within it. But now my curiosity and silk together carried me thither. There were several customers before me, and nothing loth to rest a few moments, I sat *up*, instead of *down*, on a high round stool, and looked about. Alas, for my fancies; in place of the lovely little *blondine* whom I had expected to behold, something made up of anemones and blue violets, of sunshine and ether, or any extravagant folly of that sort you please, Mary Dale appeared an overgrown girl, neither old nor young, moving around with an awkward yet successful alertness, that only pleased because she accomplished so quickly what she purposed; and then her face, with its bad complexion and bluff features, had only its expression of kindness and good sense to redeem it from absolute ugliness.

A little farther along behind the counter was a young man, looking enough like Mary to betray at a glance the fraternal relationship which existed between them; but as one observed him more attentively, he appeared singularly handsome. The two were a good illustration of what is frequently seen, the modifying of a certain style of form and feature, in the one case resulting in perfect success, and in the other becoming a complete failure.

The figure of the young man was finely proportioned, and was really larger than it seemed at the first glance. Rich masses of dark hair shaded a high forehead, which thus adorned, had a decided advantage over the same feature in Mary, which stood out boldly with a straight outline unrelieved by wave or curl. A good heart looked from his eyes, and the lines about his mouth were evidently shaped by a strong will and clear thought. He was a puzzle to me at once, for he appeared as if made for something more and better than the mere vending of galloons and buttons. I fancied that he knew it too, and that his sad, abstracted air was not the effect simply of ill health of which he was apparently the victim. That light, sharp cough. How quick Mary looked around every time it was repeated; how he struggled to repress the sound until his face glowed, that she might not be pained. Why did he stay caged with only women's work, in a little room, when there was a world full of fresh air and active effort? What forces in his past life had conspired to wreck his manliness on so despicable a strand? Thus I queried, for I had a habit of speculating on whatever was not quite explicable in human affairs. The customers were at last satisfied and hustled out, and the young man retired by a private door, but every time the cough faintly sounded from the inner room, Mary still continued to look that way, as if the partition was no obstacle to her troubled glance.

There was a great searching, and something was at last found in a smoky box, that matched my dress, and then I purchased half a dozen trifles which I did not need, while I was thinking how I could best lead Mary to talk of her own affairs. Luckily to aid in the accomplishment of my wish, the clouds sent down a sudden rushing torrent of rain, such as spring clouds only can pour out. So I threw off my tippet and waited, and Mary took her sewing, and we commenced talking familiarly.

It is needless to detail the circuitous conversation by which I arrived at Mary's confidence. Modesty and good sense evidently restrained her at first from speaking of herself to a stranger, but we were so shut in and snug, and the light was so pensive and dim, and there was so little else to talk about, that her scruples were overcome.

She and her brother had been orphans from early childhood. Their circumstances had been easy until within two or three years, when, either through the mismanagement or perfidy of a relative with whom much of their property had been trusted, they became reduced to the possession of a comparatively small sum. Walter had then entered college, and it was determined that he should complete his studies. This was Mary's first wish, and to eke out their slender means, she set up the little business which she had since conducted, because, as she said, she was not wise enough to teach, or patient enough to use her needle to any profit. Her enterprise had succeeded as well as she had hoped, but her brother, desirous to escape the constraint which his narrow means imposed, had assumed double duties, had extended his application through the nights as well as days, and had in consequence of severe labor and an unfortunate exposure, incurred those distressing symptoms which pointed significantly to the most gloomy results.

"It is no longer possible for him to study," said Mary, sadly.

"And what do you purpose to do for his relief?" I inquired.

"I am unable to tell you," continued Mary. "Our physician says that medicines are not necessary—that he needs only to be abroad in the open air, in the country if possible, and that the diversified scenes of travel would be his quickest and surest restorative. How cheerless is a prescription which you are unable to follow. We can scarcely live as we are, much less would our means suffice for a larger expenditure; but I have besought Walter, by every argument which I could use, to permit me to sell my business, that he, with the proceeds, might spend the summer in regaining his health, and with the remainder finish his last year at college or enter upon the study of his profession. But he replies, that whatever he may do will probably be of no ultimate use; that he shall never be able to do anything of importance again, and that he does not wish to reduce us to penury faster than by the continually recurring progress of decrease. He is now, however, endeavoring to find some employment which will involve activity without much labor, as the only hope of restoration to health that he will permit himself to indulge; but any such position is so difficult, so impossible to discover."

I offered the poor girl such expressions of sympathy as might afford her a little comfort, and promising to do something for her if I could, went home as soon as the rain ceased. It was very cheerful in my parlor when I entered it, and I drew my chair in front of the grate, which grew more and more bright as the twilight deepened, and pondered the story of struggle and disappointment and impending trouble that I had just heard, and in comparison vividly rose up the history of my own life, so similar in a few respects, so unlike it in all others. I, too, was an orphan as Mary, and was very plain looking, though in a different way from her, and had no talent, by which, unaided, I could materially advance my fortune. Now came the contrast. A wealthy maiden aunt adopted me when a child, carefully educated me, and dying soon after I attained my majority, left me in possession of her whole property. The good old lady had assiduously screened me from all contact with vanity. I had no society except that of a few persons as venerable and exemplary as herself, and there was engrafted upon my youth an extreme maturity of speech and manner which must have been very laughable. I adored my aunt, and after her decease I continued to conduct my affairs precisely as she had done, enjoyed my possessions according to the example which she had set, strove to cultivate the same excellent spirit which was her bright ornament, and only needed spectacles and a cap to make another Melissa Grover Ashmont, whose name I bore.

The condition of the Dales troubled me. I considered long respecting the way by which some relief might be afforded them, but my best invention could devise nothing less delicate or direct than a loan, and that, from a remark which Mary had made, would not probably be accepted. The arrival of the evening letters diverted my thoughts to other matters. There were three or four communications of various importance, and last of all a message from Ashmont farm, a pretty estate a dozen miles in the country, where I usually spent my summers. It had been held and thoroughly well-conducted many years by an industrious man, who then, as his letter informed me, desired to remove to the West, and he requested me to find some one to fill his place as early as the ensuing month. This sudden movement was provoking, and my perplexity concerning the fate of my dear old Ashmont quite obliged me to send my supper away untasted. I was really weary of thinking about it, and so dropping the whole matter mentally returned to the Dales again. How fortunate it is that by putting two troubles together, both can be neutralized and nothing but happiness remain. It was a lucky thought, that of sending the Dales to Ashmont to superintend the farm—a complete woman's thought, for what did they know of husbandry? Perhaps they could not tell parsnips from carrots, or distinguish between wheat and barley, to say nothing of profounder questions in agriculture; but, on the other hand, they could not utterly spoil everything in a year, and with good sense and laudable intentions they might do very well. It would be just the place for Walter. With the horses and the light labor which would be necessary, he might get well as soon as he pleased, and Mary looked as if she could direct her department, and with the home and four servants they could get along somehow. No, it was impossible that they should ruin all in one season, and when health was restored to the invalid, some more satisfactory arrangement would suggest itself.

I was awake half the night thinking about it, and the very next morning—albeit the fog and the mud had not decreased a whit—went to see the Dales. They received my proposal with hesitation, conscious of their inexperience, and distrustful of their ability to overcome the disadvantages of their ignorance of rural life, but they yet showed so much pleasure when they for a moment admitted the possibility of their undertaking and successfully carrying out the engagement, that I had no heart to yield to their many objections. My encouragement and arguments were so persuasive that in less than a week all our mutual preliminary business was concluded, and they had only to adjust their own affairs before going to Ashmont.

I found the Dales such agreeable people that I went almost daily to see them, and had them often at my own residence. Mary was so obliging, so kindly capable, that it was really satisfactory to resign to her the direction of any affair, and she was so happy as her brother's health and spirits began to improve in anticipation of the change before them, that her presence was the best sunshine of that cloudy month. Walter added to many fundamental good qualities, a cultivated taste, and an intelligence and intellectual activity that proved him educated in the best sense. I parted from them when April came, anticipating with no ordinary eagerness my estivation at Ashmont. Nevertheless, yielding to various detentions in the city, I went there later in the season than usual.

It was on a glorious day in the middle of the hay harvest, that I drove out to my country estate, with my curiosity all alive to behold the result of my experiment. Ashmont had been a conspicuously conservative establishment. It was well laid out and substantially built at first, and during my remembrance there had been no changes permitted, except those attendant upon natural growth and necessary repairs. The house was large, and a suite of apartments was kept for my exclusive use. How I always longed for their sweetness, freshness and quiet when summer came, and how much happiness there was in them.

I had no reason to complain of my reception. Mary met me at the door and escorted me to my parlor, which welcomed me most festively. Roses stood upon the tables, roses gathered up the snowy curtains, roses garlanded the mirrors and pictures, and the air was filled with their fragrance. I was enchanted, and laughed and clapped my hands for very gladness of heart. And Mary was laughing too, and I delivered a long oration in praise of her thoughtfulness and taste; and she laughed through the whole of it, and utterly disclaimed my approval, and averred that the flowers were as much a surprise to her as to me. She only knew that an hour or two before Walter had been busy in and out of the room. Somehow the roses came into my cheeks when she said that, and no longer laughing, I made a tedious search in my reticule for an article which was never found. On my inquiring after her brother, she apologized for his absence, saying that he had gone into the field to supply the place of a hayman who was ill. And she sat down to tell me with tears and smiles that he was rid of his cough, and was in better health than ever before.

"If it might only last," said she, sadly.

"And why may it not?" I inquired, with earnestness.

"I was assured," she replied, "in my last conversation with his physician, that his predisposition to consumption was constitutional, and that although he should seem to regain perfect health, the renewal of sedentary habits *might*, and probably would, induce the reappearance of the disorder. His permanent cure depended upon constant activity. It was such a disappointment to hear this."

"And why? The alternative does not seem so very distressing."

"You do not know," she continued, "what brilliant dreams we have had together, especially what high hopes I have entertained, all founded upon his success as a scholar. It was very foolish, no doubt, but none the less delightful, to fancy his prosperity and distinction, and I can scarcely be reconciled to the thought of his turning his back on all these, and permitting his fine mind to become dull and rusty by neglect. But I am not intending to complain, when there is so much to excite my gratitude; your friendliness only opens my heart so easily. Now, however, I will say no more about it;" and she looked cheerful again and began to fold my shawl.

"And what does Walter say of it?" I asked. "Does he understand the case as you do, and does he participate in your wishes to an equal extent with yourself?"

"I cannot really tell," said Mary. "I think he has lost some of his old aspirations with his seriousness and application. He is so happy in his renewed prospect of life, that he forgets every other consideration. He talks sportively about becoming a real farmer, and I believe, at the bottom, he is more than half in real earnest."

I greatly admired Walter's talent; like his sister I believed him capable of more than common attainments, and was sorry to suspect that his enthusiasm would diminish, and he be left among the uninteresting mediocrity.

"He does not neglect study altogether?" I queried.

"No," returned Mary, "he spends four or five hours daily in reading and writing, and that seems to content him, for he talks no longer of accomplishing great things."

"Because he is wiser than formerly, and knows that moderation brings a surer harvest than precipitancy," replied I, much relieved.

We talked about Walter a long time, somewhat to the rectification of Mary's opinions. With her unbounded affection for her brother, and unlimited confidence in his capacity, with her ardent temperament and lively imagination, she had combined and brooded over possibilities and wishes, until her views of life were incorrect, and her sensibilities had become morbid.

"You have no objection to a farming life, have you?" I asked, cheerfully.

"No," said she, laughing for my better convincement, "I am perfectly happy here; there is only that little burning thought of ambition on his account."

"And the same spark is not extinguished in his breast, you may be certain. Wait patiently, and you will see his life brighter than ever you dared to hope."

My Pythonic speech was the result of a feeling of confidence that seemed to me almost an inspiration. Mary caught my earnestness, and heartily responded, "I believe you," and the conversation turned to other matters.

I had been in the habit of having my meals alone in my room, as my aunt had always directed for herself, and Mary, who was well advised respecting my customs at Ashmont, commenced the usual preparations for tea. I interrupted her emphatically, and said I would sit at the table with her and Walter, if they pleased, and then we both spoke of the pleasant sociability we should have through the coming weeks, and she went away leaving me with my roses and those sweet fancies which had been growing up in my heart all through the springtime, and which held my soul in such delicious thraldom.

I did not see Walter till I went into the tea-room at sun-down, and there was another surprise. Mary laughed, and we all laughed when I hardly recognized him. He had become so erect, there was such an elastic gracefulness in his movements, his voice had acquired a rich fullness, and the unwonted bronze on his cheeks contrasted so well with his dark eyes and hair. Then his freedom and vivacity I had never before observed. His liveliness was contagious, and we passed the merriest evening that I had ever spent, so unlike the prosy discourses my aunt used to hold with the old farmer and his wife, and which, in dutiful imitation of her example, I had endeavored to continue. Now there was a new element of social life introduced into Ashmont, which I had scarcely dreamed of—much less experienced. With it, the days and weeks flew as never a summer had gone before. Every morning Walter gave me beautiful flowers, among which I noticed many new varieties never cultivated previously at Ashmont, and as the fervor of the afternoon sun abated, we strolled along the green lanes, or walked beneath the mulberry trees at the foot of the garden, or yet, sat on the velvety turf which sloped away to a basin of clear water. And there we told stories innumerable, somewhat after the manner of Boccaccio's gentlemen and ladies, or else we talked more sedately of realities, and sometimes we sat silently looking at the beauties of the evening sky and the lovely landscape hiding away in the soft accumulating shadows. Mary was usually with us, but if she did not come out it made no difference.

I made an unprecedented delay at Ashmont, and did not return to town in September, as I had never failed of doing before. My rooms in the city, which had been valued so highly for their exceeding comfort and sunniness, attracted me just as little with their egotistical solitude as a dungeon. The thought of spending a winter looking into that ponderous grate, however the coals might glow, was intolerable; and it was no better to anticipate monotonous promenades on the pavements, or stiff little parties and visits among my aunt's very excellent and perpendicular friends. I had grown so young in the few months I had been at Ashmont, as almost to have changed my identity. The old gray light that had been so sufficient for my enjoyment, had blushed into auroral beauty, and I could not bear to think of entering the leaden-hued atmosphere again when the sun should be withdrawn.

The farm prospered. Walter had been indefatigable in study and effort for its improvement; he had modernized many inconvenient and ancient usages, and abundant success authorized and recommended his plans. An isolated and an energetic year in agricultural pursuits is nearly impossible. Many of Walter's plans related to succeeding seasons, and he wished to remain at Ashmont to fulfil them. So we re-modelled our engagement. I contrived to make an important addition to his emolument, and he, to Mary's complete satisfaction, determined to read law with a counsellor of some repute in the nearest village.

The Dales, busy and hopeful, were happy; and I—no matter, they certainly did not forget to whom they owed their prosperity; they evidenced their gratitude in every way which a sincere friendliness and a delicate taste could devise. I ought certainly to be satisfied so long as my estate was suitably cared for.

The autumn was half gone, and still lingering at Ashmont, I received a letter from an old lady whom I had known from a child, and who, in remembrance of the strong intimacy which had subsisted between herself and my aunt, favored me ever and anon with scraps of maternal counsel. The habitual veneration with which I regarded her character, gave weight to her opinions in my estimation, and I usually deferred to her judgment. The letter before me was on a new topic. She had noted with surprise my protracted stay in the country, but a gossiping friend had just opened the secret to her. I was represented as being greatly in love with Dale, and he—a handsome, talented, ambitious young person, considered my property as a convenient stepping-stone towards rising in the world, and would not object to taking me as an unimportant incumbrance, which would require very little attention when once in possession. And my aged friend was so distressed about it that she could not refrain from writing to warn me; and she entreated me to remember that I was plain and possessed no beguiling fashionable accomplishments, and was not likely in myself to win the love of any man, much less of a proud, spirited person like Dale, and she concluded by advising me to return to town immediately, and put the entire affair out of my thoughts.

What bitterness came into my soul as I read slowly line after line, and finished the letter. I could not disprove one word of it, save that Dale had not declared himself, but yet I felt in my very heart that he would soon do so. And was all that tenderness feigned? all that kind solicitude an imposition? all these words and looks and signs, that might mean so much, a mere counterfeit? My heart would not believe it, and yet my judgment told me it must be so, as I reckoned up my scanty attractions. I stood before the mirror, and knew it must be so when I saw my straight hair brushed back so plainly, and my gray dress on my insignificant figure.

I put on my bonnet and shawl that I might determine beneath the clear heavens what I should do. I met Mary in the hall, who offered me a caress and a gay word. Deception, thought I, and I repulsed her almost harshly and passed by, just catching a glimpse of her astonished expression. I went over the hill into the oak woods, and sat upon the rocks where the sun streamed in through the crimson branches. I endeavored to think, but the disagreeable, bold fact stood out too clear to need any consideration. With a stern, injured feeling, I sat and looked at it.

In a little while Walter came up. He was so glad to meet me, he said, and threw himself at my feet with such frankness and evident satisfaction that it was hard not to trust it, but I did not. He watched my face a moment and asked if I was ill, or if I had received bad news in the letters that came a little while before. I answered coolly and not much to the purpose, and casually remarked that I should probably return to town in a few days.

"And you are sorry to go, is it not so?" exclaimed he, taking my hand and impetuously telling me how he had delayed from day to day telling me his love because he had so little to offer me, nothing but what had been a gift from me; but he prayed that I would bestow upon him the right to devote his life for my happiness, to labor for my sake and approval in the highest sphere of which he was capable, and he would win for the name which he would give me, distinction and honor, and lay it all before me; and much more he said with an earnestness I could scarcely resist, while my heart so pleaded for him; but judgment said, 'Ambition, and not love," and I thought it must be right; and then as civilly as I could, and kindly too, for my heart compelled me thus far, I told him we would say nothing more about it.

"Never?" inquired he, surprised and abashed.

"Never," was the decisive reply.

Very sadly he walked by my side as we returned to the house; and I also, for the old grayness had come back with added gloom. At the tea-table we were very dull, and Mary looked anxiously at me. What a cheerless evening it was; a funeral day could hardly have had a heavier one. We separated early for the night, and as soon as I was in my room, Mary came with tears in her eyes and questions on her lips.

"What had occurred? How had she offended me?"

"In no way," I replied. "Nothing of importance had taken place that need occasion her any trouble."

But I was ill or vexed, and she would stay and help me with sympathy at least; so she persisted and would scarcely be persuaded to leave me.

This new phase in our life at Ashmont was not very pleasant, and yet I could not at once resolve to leave the place where I had been so happy. I saw very little of Walter. He rode to the counsellor's every day, and we met only at meal-times and occasionally in the evening. Mary had in some way found out what the trouble was, and there was a kind of embarrassment between us. Still they were very kind, only a little less confident and familiar.

It affected me to see their troubled faces, and when two or three weeks had gone by, I could not quite believe that their sadness was the consequence of thwarted ambition; it was too gentle, too equal. When I had once indulged in a suspicion of fallacy in my judgment, I was not long in renouncing it altogether. I again went out into the oak woods to think the matter over. I saw that my whole distrust rested upon a rumor and a conjecture, and I had foolishly suffered the evidence of my senses to be outweighed. I combated the assertions of my aged friend. If I was not perfect, it did not follow that I was wholly destitute of engaging qualities. One word from me would raise the cloud from Ashmont. There might be a risk, but I resolved to dare it. I could scarcely in any result be more wretched than during the last few weeks. With my new resolution I went blithely to the house. I arranged my hair and made the bands as broad and heavy as possible, and while doing so, I found upon my table a beautiful garland of red and scarlet berries in evergreen. Walter had made it, for he only could weave it so perfectly. It was the first thing he had given me since I had so repelled him. I tore the wreath apart and wound it in my hair. And then I put on a rich, high-colored silk, which I had purchased months before, but had never worn. My dress and the thought of what I was about to do, gave me color; indeed, I was not so very plain.

I went down to the parlor. Walter was there alone. He looked up and smiled in his old, glad way, when he saw his wreath. I went boldly up to him and took his hand in mine.

"I have not forgotten what you said the other day in the oak woods," I ventured.

"And since you speak of it again, I may?" he asked.

"Yes," said I, looking into his face cheerily.

"And will that be your answer to it all?" he inquired.

"Yes," I answered, and the next instant I was pressed to his breast, and kisses rested with the garland upon my brow.

Mary entered the room and found us there, and when Walter told her how it was, she laughed and cried at once, but smiles won the evening.

Many years have passed since that time, and I have never for a moment regretted the resolution then taken. My husband has fulfilled his promise and nobly earned a distinguished name. Mary has never left us, but has been the presiding genius of our home, and beautiful children play in the groves and gardens of Ashmont.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, VOL. II.—Having given a particular notice of the first volume of this work, we can merely state that the second will be found to be far superior even to its predecessor. The work thus completed, may be obtained of Frederick Parker, Cornhill, the New England agent.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1856.—This welcome annual is issued from the press of Crosby, Nichols & Co., of this city, in beautiful style. It is one of those indispensable books, that people will have at any cost—and it is luckily afforded at a low price.

THE ROSE OF SHARON. A Religious Souvenir for 1856. Edited by Mrs. C. M. SAWYER. Boston: Abel Tompkins.

This choice and exceedingly pretty annual comes to us this year with more than its usual excellence, both in the letter-press, and the number and elegance of its steel engravings. We find the names of E. H. Chapin and T. Starr King among others who have contributed to its pages.

THE SACRED PLAINS. By J. H. HEADLEY. Buffalo: Wanzer, McKim & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 239.

In this work are grouped together sketches of some of the most striking scenes alluded to in the Holy Scriptures, thus forming a sequel to the "Sacred Mountains," by the same author. It is neatly illustrated - and this must compensate for the small amount of matter comprised in the text. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

FOREST BUDS FROM THE WOODS OF MAINE. By FLORENCE PERCY. Boston: Brown, Bazin & Co. 18mo. pp. 207.

The pretty title of this volume heralds a collection of very pretty verses, which will win their way to many hearts.

NEW JUVENILE WORKS.—Among the host of pretty valuable juvenile works issued the present season, those with the imprint of D. Appleton & Co., New York, are surpassed by none. We cordially commend the following, all of them illustrated gift-books:—the "Lances of Lynwood," by the author of the "Little Duke," Uncle John's "First Book" and "Second Book," "Out of Debt, out of Danger," and the "Mysterious Story Book." They may all be purchased at Redding's counter.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. With Notes and Illustrations. By FRANK MOORE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 386.

There is little poetic merit in these productions, but they are valuable as showing the spirit of the people in the "times that tried men's souls."

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. Reed & Co., No. 13 Tremont Street, have published "Life is like a Country Dance: or, Pop goes the Weazel," a laughing buffo song, "Le Premier Amour," a romanza for the piano, by Gustave Satter, "Wake up, Sweet Melody," for voice and piano, by Carl Gartner, and "Thou art not False," words by Byron, music by Harrison Millard.

NOTES ON CENTRAL AMERICA. By E. G. SQUIER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 8vo. pp. 397.

An admirable account of an interesting and little known portion of the new world, embracing every particular of interest, splendidly illustrated by maps and drawings made upon the spot. For sale by Redding & Co.

HARPERS' CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—The last three volumes of this valuable series contain Thucydides, Sophocles and Herodotus, in the best English versions, with copious illustrative notes. For sale by Redding & Co.

BUDS FOR THE BRIDAL WREATH. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 70.

An agreeable little work, containing serious thoughts and hints on the marriage relation, written in an attractive style. It will prove a very acceptable bridal gift.

THE HOMESTEAD ON THE HILL-SIDE, and other Tales. By MARY J. HOLMES, author of "Tempest and Sunshine." New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1856. 12mo. pp. 379.

These tales and sketches are very agreeably written, and are evidently the artistic results of actual life experiences. A fine healthy moral tone pervades the book. It is deeply interesting. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have published this year two very enticing juvenile works, both elegantly illustrated:—"The Magician's Show Box," by the author of "Rainbows for Children," and the "Strange Adventures of Kit Bam, mariner," by Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke.

SABBATH EVENING READINGS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. St. John. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 464.

These comments on the evangelist "whose pen seems to have been dipped in love," are worthy of the vigorous mind of Cumming, and will attract as much attention in their present shape, as when they fell from his lips in his popular London pulpit.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND—VOLS. III AND IV. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 609, 666.

These long looked for volumes have at length made their appearance, and will create a great sensation. "Macaulay's History" has all the fascination of a romance, from the brilliancy of its style, and from its living picture of men and manners. For sale by Redding & Co.



A MANDAN CHIEF.

AMERICAN INDIANS.

The primitive inhabitants having been driven from their homes by the untiring advance of the white man, are fast disappearing, and those who remain are very degenerate specimens of the aboriginal possessors of our soil. The first settlers of the country paid very little attention to the history of the red men. Occupied in clearing the land, in erecting houses, churches and schools, and laying deep the foundations of those institutions which have become a national glory, regarding the Indian only in the light of a mortal enemy, they had neither leisure nor inclination for researches which would have yielded golden results, invaluable at the present time. Even now, however, comparatively few persons care to read the story of the Indian tribes, or take a deep interest in their fate. Now and then, only, some man of genius touches the subject with a graceful pen, and awakens a transitory feeling in behalf of the fading race. "The rights of the savage," says Washington Irving, "have seldom been properly appreciated or respected by the white man. In peace he has too often been the dupe of artful traffic; in war he has been regarded as a ferocious animal, whose life or death was a question of mere precaution and convenience. Man is cruelly wasteful of life when his own safety is endangered, and he is sheltered by impunity; and little mercy is to be expected from him, when he feels the sting of the reptile and is conscious of the power to destroy. The same prejudices, which were indulged thus early, exist in common circulation at the present day. Certain learned societies have, it is true, with laudable diligence, endeavored to investigate and record the real characters and manners of the Indian tribes; the American government, too, has wisely and humanely exerted itself to inculcate a friendly and forbearing spirit towards them, and to protect them from fraud and injustice. The current opinion of the Indian character, however, is apt to be formed from the miserable hordes which infest the frontier and hang about the settlements. These are too commonly composed of degenerate beings, corrupted and enfeebled by the vices of society, without being benefited by its civilization. That proud independence, which formed the main pillar of savage virtue, has been shaken down, and the whole moral fabric lies in ruins. Their spirits are humiliated and debased by a sense of inferiority, and their native courage cowed and daunted by the superior knowledge and power of their enlightened neighbors. Society has advanced upon them like one of those withering airs that will sometimes breed desolation over a whole region of fertility. It has enervated their strength, multiplied their diseases, and superinduced upon their original barbarity the low vices of artificial life. It has given them a thousand superfluous wants, while it has diminished their means of mere existence. It has driven before it the animals of the chase, who fly from the sound of the axe and the smoke of the settlement, and seek refuge in the depths of remoter forests and yet untrodden wilds. Thus do we too often find the Indians on our frontiers to be the mere wrecks and remnants of once powerful tribes who have lingered in the vicinity of the settlements, and sunk into precarious and vagabond existence." Red Jacket succinctly summed up the story of his race, when he said, in 1805, "There was a time when our forefathers owned this great land. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this He had done for his red children, because he loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting grounds, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request; and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; and they gave us poison (alluding to ardent spirits) in return. The white people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back and more came among us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor among us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands. Our seats were once large and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets." There is but too much truth in these laconic statements of the Indian chief. Very few of the race of red men yet remain east of the Mississippi. A few debased remnants of nearly extinct tribes still exist in some of the States, but they have lost all of the good qualities of the Indian character, while they have acquired some of the worst vices of the whites among whom they reside. We present upon this and the following page representations of some of the prominent tribes as they now exist in the vast tract of nearly uncivilized country lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. These sketches were drawn for us by Mr. Kilburn from authentic sources. The Blackfeet are still one of the most considerable tribes of the North American Indians. They migrate about the western prairies near the Rocky Mountains, but dwell chiefly between the three forks of the Missouri, known as the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin Rivers. They retain more of their original customs and independence than any other tribe; they number about 16,000. In person they are robust and well made, and sometimes attain great stature. They do not disfigure their bodies by tattooing, but paint their faces, red being their favorite color. Their dress is very picturesque; it is a shirt made of leather, with leggins, both being ornamented more or less elaborately, according to the wealth of the owner; with these is worn a buffalo robe adorned with porcupine quills, and usually painted on the tanned side with figures of men and animals. This robe they wear very gracefully, leaving the right arm and shoulder bare. The men always go armed. Every Blackfoot carries a whip as well as his weapons in his hand. His gun and bow and arrows are slung on his shoulder; he also carries a pouch containing his powder-horn and a large knife. When thus attired, and mounted on horseback, with a housing made of a large panther's skin, so arranged that the tail hangs down on one side, over a saddle-cloth of scarlet, the Blackfoot warrior considers his equipments complete. Such is the costume of the figure in our second engraving, as given below. The Blackfeet make slaves of the women whom they have taken prisoners, but their captives are safe from ill treatment; they never torture their prisoners, as is the practice among most other tribes. The Dacotahs are one of the most numerous tribes among the American Indians; they with the Assiniboins, who have the same origin, number about 45,000; they live mostly between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. They have more strongly marked countenances and higher cheek bones than most other Indians of the Missouri. The women, when young, are not ill looking. Our third engraving represents the principal wife of a Dacotah of the branch of the Yanktons, one of the three great families into which they are divided; she is accompanied by an Assiniboin girl. Her dress is of leather, with stripes and borders of blue and white beads, trimmed at the bottom with fringe, round the ends of which lead is twisted, which tinkles at every step. It is remarkable that the men among the Indian tribes are far more vain than the women. Among the Mandans, particularly, great attention was always paid to dress. When full dressed they put a variety of feathers in their hair. Sometimes they have a bunch of owl's feathers or small rosettes, made of ravens' feathers cut short. Sometimes, as in our first engraving, they wear caps with horns, consisting of white ermine with strips of red cloth hanging down the back, to which is attached a row of black and white eagle feathers, beginning at the head



SIOUX INDIANS HORSE-RACING.



BLACKFOOT INDIAN ON HORSEBACK.



DACOTAH WOMAN AND ASSINIBOIN GIRL.



GROUP OF SAUKIE AND FOX INDIANS.



INDIAN SKIN LODGES.

study. The origin of the North American Indians is one of those problems which have long exercised the ingenuity of the learned world. The date and manner of the first population of our continent is unknown, but the generally received opinion is that it was settled by emigration from the north-eastern parts of Asia, the narrow passage called Behring's Straits, presenting no insuperable obstacle to intercourse between the two hemispheres. As the characteristics of the Esquimaux Indians, however, their language and manners, are totally different from all other tribes of aborigines, and as they resemble closely the inhabitants of the north of Europe, and as it is known that the Norwegians as early as the ninth century colonized Greenland, the origin of the Esquimaux is assigned to the northwesterly part of Europe. As we have before remarked, little is known concerning the Indians at the period of the English colonization. It is estimated that at the time of the arrival of the Plymouth colonists, there were no more than 150,000 of them within the compass of the thirteen original States. A few years before that an epidemic of a malignant character raged among the Indians of the seaboard, and committed fearful ravages. "Whole towns were depopulated. The living were not able to bury the dead; and their bones were found lying above ground many years after. The Massachusetts Indians are said to have been reduced from 30,000 to 300 fighting men." In 1633 they were also decimated by the small-pox. They were divided into many small tribes, each governed by a sachem or king. We can form no idea of their physical character from that of the few degenerate descendants who yet linger among us; for they are described by cotemporaries as being of lofty stature and finely proportioned, like some of the best living specimens of the Sauks and Foxes. They were noted for the gravity of their demeanor and for their eloquence. They were wise and sagacious in council, brave and cunning in war. The following anecdote will serve to illustrate the latter trait in their character. A Pequod Indian, in time of war, was pursued by a Narragansett. Finding it difficult to escape, he had recourse to the following stratagem. Retiring behind a rock, he elevated his cap upon his gun just above the rock, when his enemy crept up, and taking deliberate aim, fired at the cap, and fancied he had killed his enemy. Before, however, he had time to reload, the Pequod sprang upon the rock and shot the Narragansett through the heart. Of their eloquence we have already given specimens. Who does not remember the famous speech of Logan, the Mingo chief, commencing, "I appeal to every white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not?" The Indian led a life worthy of a feudal baron. War, hunting and fishing employed his time—the labors of the field and wigwam were left to his better half. They were slightly clad in summer, and in winter robed in the trophies of the chase; but their war dresses and festival attire were sumptuous and splendid—according to Indian notions of taste. A chief, in his deerskin and reaching the whole length of the body. Only distinguished warriors, who have performed many exploits, wear this dress. Very celebrated warriors, when highly decorated, wear signals of their heroic deeds in their hair; thus Mato-Tope, shown in our first illustration, has fastened transversely in his hair a wooden knife, painted red, because he has killed a chief of another tribe in battle. Indians, like white men, are alive to the allurements of horse-racing. Our third engraving gives an idea of the manner in which they indulge in this favorite amusement. The whole scene reminds us of an Arab fantasia. Our last engraving exhibits the skin lodges of an Indian, with a group of men, women and children. A squaw in front is engaged in loading a dog. These Indian dogs carry the tent-poles when the tribe moves from one location to another. They are very serviceable animals, though not always perfectly manageable. There are many points of similarity between the Indians of the West and the Arabs of the Eastern world, which would form a curious subject for investigation and dress, richly trimmed with fringe, beads, feathers and shells, with eagle or heron plumes in his scalp locks, and his face exquisitely shaded with scarlet and pea-green, was indeed a splendid figure. The warlike instruments and domestic utensils were few and simple—a tomahawk or hatchet of stone, bows and arrows, sharp stones and shells, which they used for knives and hoes, and stone mortars for pounding their corn. Their currency consisted of small beads, curiously wrought from shells, and strung on belts, or in chains, called *wampum*. In religion they believed in a plurality of gods, yet recognized the existence of one Supreme God, the creator of the minor and local deities, of all creatures and things, whom they called the Great Spirit. The natives of New England called this being Kichtan. They believed that good men, at their death, ascended to Kichtan, above the heavens, where they enjoyed the society of their departed friends, and entered on an eternity of happiness. Bad men also knocked at the golden gate, but were commanded to depart and wander in hopeless poverty and distress. They offered up prayers and worship to this Supreme Being, the principal devotional exercise consisting in singing and dancing round a fire. The evil principle they recognized, and from fear and policy worshipped, under the name of Hobbamock, equivalent to the English Devil. It is said that they occasionally sacrificed their children to appease his wrath. They prayed to him to heal their wounds and diseases, which, when remediable, were ascribed to him. If they were incurable they were supposed to proceed from Kichtan, whose diseases none were able to remove; therefore they never prayed to him in sickness. Their priests, who were called Powaws, and their chief warriors, pretended often to see Hobbamock in the shape of a man, fawn, or eagle, but, generally, of a *snake*, who gave them advice in their difficult undertakings. The duty and office of the Powaws was to pray to Hobbamock for the removal of evils; the common people said amen. In his prayer the Powaw promised skins, kettles, hatchets, beads, etc., as sacrifices, if his requests were granted. Although they endured pain with Spartan courage, they had an indescribable fear of death. They were very fond of their children, and often spoiled them by indulgence. A father would often stab himself, through grief and rage for the loss of a child. Some tribes of Indians forbore mentioning the names of their departed friends. When a person died, they generally buried him with his bow and arrows, dogs, and whatever was valuable to him while living, supposing he would want them in another world, as their ideas of the happiness of heaven consisted in a life of prosperous hunting and fishing, alternately with periods of luxurious feasting. They had many of the vices and virtues of chivalry. They were faithful friends and bitter enemies. They often followed their foes hundreds of miles through the wilderness, encountering every difficulty in order to be avenged. A feud was handed down from father to son, and traditional injuries found their avengers in distant generations. This was the spirit of the Corsican Vendetta. "Their kindness and hospitality," says one writer, "is seldom equalled by any civilized society. Their politeness in conversation is even carried to excess, since it does not allow them to contradict anything that is asserted in their presence." The Indians appear to have distinct traditions of the creation and deluge, and some of their words, rites and ceremonies bear a strong affinity to those of the ancient Hebrews. Among those who have devoted time and talent to the study of Indian tradition, character, and manners, Schoolcraft deserves honorable mention. He has made this a speciality; and no one has pursued the subject further. Of the valuable results of such contributions to our literature an illustration may be found in the last poem of Longfellow—Hiawatha—where the material is entirely drawn from the stores of Indian legendary lore, and with the happiest effect. Catlin's pictures are also invaluable as records of Indian life and character, and faithful portraits of the peculiar people they depict.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DEATHLESS.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

What is deathless? canst thou tell?
List thee to the solemn knell,
Tolling for the loved, departed
To the realms of the pure-hearted.

What are deathless? are the flowers,
Blooming in sweet-scented bowers?
Chilling frosts and blight come there,
Soon a withering garb they wear.

Mortal life is like the flowers,
We may not call a moment ours;
Each declining sunlight brings
Us nearer to the King of kings.

There is a world of deathless bloom
Above the ever waiting tomb;
Time there with the eternal blends,
And hope in full fruition ends.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MRS. WATSON'S FAULT.

BY SYLVANUS CONN, JR.

Among all the lesser faults of the social circle, and especially those indulged in by married people, no one is more prevalent than that of correcting each other in trivial points. For instance: the husband commences to relate some incident, and in the course of his remarks he makes some statement, in itself of no importance, and one that, for the sake of emphasis, may be enlarged upon without conveying any false impression; but no sooner does the expression drop from his lips, than his wife interrupts him for the purpose of correcting him, thereby implicating him in a misstatement. Or, it may be that the husband does the same thing. Now this is done without any thought of evil, and often with the best intentions; but yet it very frequently leads to unhappy results. But a simple story will better illustrate our meaning, and the reader may be assured that it is no imaginary sketch.

David Watson was a merchant on a small scale, being the proprietor of a store in a very thriving country village. His wife Augusta was a faithful life-partner, and did all she could to make her husband's home a place of peace and comfort.

"What is the matter, David?" she asked, after she had removed her shawl and hood, and taken a seat by the fire. She and her husband had just returned from an evening party. "What is the matter?" she repeated, as she drew her chair nearer to the grate. "You have been as sober as a judge all the way home."

"I will tell you, Augusta," he replied, at the same time taking one of his wife's hands in his own; "but you must not be offended, for I mean what I am going to say most kindly. You do not realize how you wounded my feelings this evening."

"*Me*—wounded your feelings, David?" uttered the wife, looking up into her husband's face in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I allude to the remarks you made when I was relating to Mr. Roberts my trouting experience."

"But what on earth did I say out of the way, then?" There was a touch of offence in this.

"Do you not remember?"

"I am sure I don't."

"Well,—first—when I told Roberts that I caught a hundred trout, you quickly interrupted me and assured me that I caught only seventy-five. Then when I simply assured you that I caught nearer a hundred than seventy-five, you still persisted, and flatly denied the truth of my assertion."

"And what was there so terrible in all that, I should like to know?" the wife asked, not in the best of humors; for, like many others, she was not fond of being told of her faults.

"There was nothing terrible, Augusta," returned David, kindly, "for were there anything very bad I know you would never have been guilty of it. Yet it was very annoying, and you know I have often spoken to you on the subject before. Now you know how prone some men are to exaggerate all they tell concerning themselves, and how apt such men are to lose the confidence of their friends, at least so far as relates to their own affairs. When I said to-night that I caught about a hundred trout from the old brook, I meant what I said, for I did catch near that number, but when I took them from my bag to string them, I found some fifteen or twenty very small ones so soft and bruised that I threw them out; and if I remember rightly I brought home seventy-eight. The moment you spoke, I saw a smile pass around the company, and I felt as though they regarded me as a common braggart. I dared tell no more anecdotes, nor could I converse as freely as before. And then when I assured you that I was right, you remember how you answered me. That was worse still."

"But how was that?"

"Why, you contradicted me, and still persisted in your assertion that I had misstated the affair. And then, again, in the early part of the evening, you know, you corrected me again, when there was no occasion for it, and when it made me feel unpleasantly. It was while I was relating to Mrs. Anderson the circumstance of my horse's running away with me. I said he ran nearly a mile before I could stop him; but you instantly stopped me, and assured the company that it was not over half a mile. Now neither you nor I know exactly how far it was, and, moreover, it is of little consequence, though I am sure it was over three-quarters of a mile. I assure you, Augusta, it made me feel badly."

"And yet I can't see anything so very bad about it," said she.

"But if it makes me unhappy, can you not refrain from it? For surely it cannot benefit you."

Mrs. Watson did not make any decided promise, though she intimated that she would do the best she could; and here the matter rested for the time being.

About two weeks after this, Mr. Watson had a party at his own house. After supper the people gathered about the fire in the spacious sitting-room, and ere long the conversation turned upon the topic of business. It was a time of great depression in trade, and many a house which had been looked upon as firm and sure, was crushed beneath the weight of "hard times." Business men began to distrust each other, and the first suspicion of weakness was often the signal of destruction. Let it be whispered that A. was in a dangerous position, and straightway B., C., D., E., F., and a host of others were upon him with their demands, and he was sure to fall, though perhaps a single month of forbearance might have enabled him to weather the dangerous shore.

"Mr. Watson," said one of the visitors, a man by the name of Morgan, who carried on a large woolen factory, "how does Gould get a'ong now?"

"O, he's doing well," returned Watson, "very well indeed. He is coining money."

This Gould was Mrs. Watson's own brother, and her only brother—being two years younger than herself, and one whom she had ever loved most dearly.

"I am glad of that," said Morgan, "for I knew that he had sent some heavy consignments west, and I feared he might find some difficulty in getting his pay, for these western houses are smashing up fast."

"There is no fear of William Gould's losing anything," returned Watson. "He is safe now."

"I guess you're a little mistaken, David," interrupted Augusta.

Watson cast a quick, imploring glance upon his wife, but she would not notice it. Her husband had made a mistake, and she must correct him.

"You know what he told us the other night," she added, despite her husband's eager, prayerful look. "He fears that the folks to whom he sent that lot of goods in July, will never pay him. You know their note was due a month ago for five thousand dollars. But I hope he wont lose it, for it will ruin him."

"No, no, Augusta," returned David, with a painful effort, "you do not understand the matter; William has had a letter from the firm, and they will pay him in full."

"Yes—I know," replied Mrs. Watson, now determined, as usual, not to give up her point. "I saw the letter, and you know what William told us. They promised to pay him, but how?"

"Why, in full, and with interest," answered David, trying to conceal his mortification.

"Ay, so they did; but he has got to send them more goods first. If he will send them six thousand dollars' worth of clothing, all made up, they promise to pay him the whole in three instalments. I declare I pity him. It's too bad that folks should treat him so."

"But how is it about this house?" asked Morgan, quite earnestly. "Does Gould think of sending off the goods?"

"Certainly," returned Watson. "It is a safe thing for him, and will be profitable."

"Why, David—"

"Stop, Augusta," spoke Watson, in a peremptory tone. "You know nothing of his business at all."

"I should think I might," quickly returned the wife, "for I have heard him tell about it. He means to send off the second lot of goods, for if he loses the first lot, this second loss will be no worse, for in either case it will break him down. He says he 'may be as well whipped for an old sheep as for a lamb.' For my part I don't see why men will be so mean and deceptive as those western men are. If I was in William's place, I'd have no more to do with them."

David Watson could say no more. His face was worked upon by deep emotion, and the glances which he gave his wife had more meaning then she could then comprehend.

It was at a late hour when the visitors departed, and when the husband and wife were left alone they were for a long time moody and silent. Mrs. Watson was the first to speak, and her tone showed that she was prepared for a lecture.

"I suppose you'll have another scolding for me," she said.

"No, Augusta," her husband returned, in a subdued tone. "If you think you have treated me as you ought, I have nothing to say now."

"But, David, how could I help it? You know what William told us, and why not tell the truth at once? You were mistaken when you said that he was in a prosperous condition."

"I did not mean to deceive any one, Augusta. I am acquainted with the western firm with whom William had done so much business, and I know them better than he does. They are peculiarly situated at this present time, but I consider them perfectly safe. There is a great demand for clothing there, and for boots and shoes, and if they can have the goods at once which William now proposes to send, they can easily make one hundred per cent. profit on them. I know this. But William is young, and being so deeply concerned, he feels uneasy when there is no real danger; and you know very well that when he told us his fears I laughed at them, and assured him that he was perfectly safe. And so I did then believe him, and so I told Mr. Morgan to-night. But we will say no more about it now."

Thus the matter rested for the night. Gould was at that time in Boston, whither he had gone on business, but he was expected home on the next day.

On the very next evening, Mr. Watson and his wife sat alone in their comfortable sitting-room. The clock had just struck ten, and they were thinking of retiring, when the outer door was opened, and shortly afterwards William Gould entered. He was a young man, not over thirty years of age, and possessed a face and form of manly comeliness; but now he was very pale, and his lips trembled with strong emotion.

"For mercy's sake, brother, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Watson, as William took a seat.

"What is it?" asked David, in a low, anxious tone.

"I am a ruined man!" gasped young Gould, clasping his hands, and gazing vacantly into the fire. "Ruined!" he added, looking up into David's face.

"That western house," suggested Augusta, deprecatingly.

"Ah, 'tis not that," returned the young man, sadly. "I believe that western house is good enough, after all. No, no—the people here have come down upon me."

"But you do not mean that all is lost," said Watson.

"Yes, everything!" returned William, in heartbroken tones. "Somehow Mr. Morgan has got hold of the idea that this western firm is going to leave me in the lurch. You know I am owing him some four thousand dollars, beside the new order I had made for three thousand dollars' worth more of cloth. He has come down upon me, and of course the rest have followed his example."

"But is there no retrievement?"

"None at all. The work is done, and I am crushed! One month more would have carried me safely over this crisis. But it's too late now. O, how could Morgan have got hold of this false suspicion? David, you have not let slip any of my secrets."

"No, William," returned Mr. Watson. "But on the contrary, I have endeavored to impress upon the minds of all your friends that you were prospering and making money."

"So I was, so I was, David. Once, to be sure, I felt some little fears of Mangrove & Company, the western firm, and so I told you, but your assurances set me at rest on that point, and in one month more I could have entirely overcome the difficulty caused by the extension of the term of their payment. But it's done now. Morgan has come down, and to-morrow——O, David, 'tis too bad! An officer is already in charge of my store and goods!"

Augusta Watson sat pale and trembling, and her breath came at intervals of spasmodic length. She saw plainly what she had done—she knew that she had ruined her brother! Now the whole truth arose like a giant spectre of evil before her, and she would have given one half of her own life to have wiped away the doings of the past. O, could she but have recalled those few hasty words!

"Augusta, does it affect you so?" murmured her brother, moving to her side, and placing his arm about her neck.

A few moments she was silent. She possessed a generous soul, and a mind above deceit. At length she looked up into her brother's face, and in a bursting voice she uttered:

"O, William, I—I—have done all this! But do not blame me now, for I am miserable enough."

"You, Augusta?" returned William, in surprise. "But how—how could you have done it?"

"Alas, it was from that foolish, wicked habit of correcting my husband before others. But David must explain—for—"

Here Mrs. Watson's emotions overcame her, and she bowed her head and sobbed aloud. Ere long afterwards she retired, and then Mr. Watson explained the whole affair.

"Never mind, David," said the young man. "Poor girl—she suffers enough now. Don't say anything more about it to her. I will call into your store to-morrow, and we will talk the affair over."

On the following morning Augusta Watson arose with an aching head and grief-laden soul; but her husband clasped her to his bosom and forgave her, and ere long her brother did the same; so she felt somewhat easier for this. Yet she saw her brother hurled from the position he had gained, and when his all of worldly goods was gone, she knew that her one besetting fault had caused it.

But as time wore on, Mangrove & Co. paid their notes, and William Gould was enabled to pay every dollar he owed. The western firm learned how much he had suffered on account of their inability to be prompt, and as business brightened with them, they extended liberal offers to him. William went into partnership with David Watson, and for several years they filled all the orders for their western friends.

But Augusta forgot not the terrible lesson she had received. Never again did she interrupt her husband in company with needless corrections, nor could she hear others do it without a shudder.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either Hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SUSPENSE.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Our souls at times the anguish feel
 Of his who in the robber's cavo,
Forgot beneath its potent seal,
 The only word that life could save.
A single word it was, that hung,
 And tortured with its seeming ease,
Almost upon his very tongue,
 Yet baffled memory's power to seize.

Such is the grief of hope deferred,
 The torture of the viewless thread—
Suspending, in a single word,
 Our only joy, our only dread.
Some still, mysterious sign of change
 Awakes the heart to thrilling awe,
As could the startling footprint strange,
 That Crusoe on his island saw.

Our only taper left behind,
 That burnt at best but low and weak,
Exposed to damp and passing wind,
 How tremblingly we turn to seek.
One moment more, and all we fear
 Is from our brightened pathway fled;
One moment more, and joy is here,
 Or nought but darkness and the dead.

Yet thus the spirit must be tasked,
 As was the soul of Judah's king;
The fearful question must be asked,
 Howe'er we dread the answering—
Howe'er from our desire we shrink,
 Howe'er wo doubt, or grieve, or chafe,
Howo'er wo view black misery's brink—
 "O, is the young man Absalom safe?"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BIDDY'S MISTAKE.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Yes, Miss Fanny Barron *did* look very lovely in her pale rose silk and Berlin laces, as she tripped into her friend's private dressing-room, and plumping carelessly into a great, dreamy rocking-chair, exclaimed:

"Do, Aurelia, just smooth my hair and arrange these buds a little, before you glove yourself. Thomas, stupid fellow, has driven me here at such a terrific rate, over the roughest way imaginable, that I believe I must be quite shaken to pieces."

"And so you want to spoil yourself still further by tumbling that elegant dress—you are surely demented, to bury such beautiful drapery in the arms of a lolling-chair—get up immediately and let me make you fit to appear in the parlors, for (now prepare for conquest!) my gallant cousin Orphens is below—arrived only an hour ago from Boston, very unexpectedly, and I am impatient to introduce you."

"There," as she disposed the delicate white buds to droop gracefully among the rich braids, "you are quite bewitching now. But don't admire yourself *too* much," laughed her gay friend, as Miss Fanny glanced into an opposite mirror, and tossed a playful kiss to the brilliant image which it reflected. "Come, come, fair loiterer, mamma and Nora will never forgive me if I leave them to do all the honors alone—besides, I am in haste to dazzle my amiable cousin with the jewel I have so long had in reserve for him—ah ma belle! no incredulity, if you please, but prepare to be carried off in spite of yourself!"

"How irresistible he *must* be?" said Fanny, in a tone of grave acquiescence.

And so, indeed, he proved. Were there ever such superb eyes as gazed admiringly into Fanny's that night? Was there ever so faultless an address, or so graceful a blending of dignity and ease? Fanny was charmed, and she owned to herself, with a smile, as she sank complacently back among the cushions of her carriage, to which she had been handed with the most delicate courtesy, and a low and somewhat protracted "good night," that she had never passed so delightful an evening, or chanced upon so agreeable a companion.

Equally attracted and fascinated was the fastidious Mr. Orphens Dammet himself. Never, as *he* thought, had he beheld so bewildering a woman—so sprightly and sparkling, and withal so enchantingly fair; never before had he listened to so delicious a voice, melting in liquid dreaminess upon the ear—and never, surely, had he looked upon so divine a face, so beautiful in the perfect oval of its outline, the rich, varying color of the soft cheek, the tenderness of the exquisite mouth, and the sweet, starry hazel of the bewitching eyes.

Inwardly flattering his cousin's amiability and cleverness, in leading him to so lovely a shrine—and feeling that in the lady of his admiration he had at last found his destiny, he retired to rest, resolving to call at an early hour in the morning, and follow up the good impression which he could not doubt he had that evening been so happy as to produce. The pleasing image lingered even upon his sleeping fancy, and in his dreams he still admired the sweet repose of the quiet forehead—the satin gloss of the smooth hair—and, above all, the unrivalled charm of the dainty lips, which (O, ecstacy!) parted falteringly with the rapturous "yes" which made him, in his own estimation of felicity, equal with the angels!

O, treacherous dream! The morning broke in unclouded splendor, seeming to our sunshine hero suggestive of his dawning happiness. He breakfasted in a rose-colored mist, through which his cousin Aurelia (whom he did not seem to recollect had always sustained the reputation of a *petite* beauty and a blonde) appeared tall and graceful, with the darkest of hair and the most brilliant of eyes, and to whom he twice repeated, in assisting her to steak and toast, "Allow me, my dear Miss Barron!"

Aurelia smiled as he consulted his watch and then walked up stairs, first inquiring the earliest hour which the etiquette of Derwent permitted to callers. Mr. Orpheus Dammet—though a gentleman of faultless exterior, whose propriety and elegance of attire was everywhere noted and admired—was, nevertheless, a zealous advocate of despatch at the toilet, usually bestowing a period of a little less than ten minutes upon his attractive person, yet upon this particular morning he lingered long at his dressing-glass, unable to decide upon a choice of waistcoats, and alternating between a faint shade of purple and a delicate lilac, in the selection of his cravat.

But at length a most captivating toilet was completed, and the perfumed tips of his Paris kids wafted a benignant, almost exultant farewell to Aurelia, as he threw a hurried glance upward to her favorite window-seat, and then took his way, with an elasticity of tread, which he remembered vaguely as an element peculiar to his boyhood, towards the aristocratic dwelling of Judge Barron, outside whose lofty granite walls he was not at that moment conscious of having a single hope or interest in the whole world.

Mounting the steps confidently, our impatient hero touched the bell with little of the hesitation which marks the feeble summons of the diffident or distrustful lover, but with a hearty, vigorous pull indicative of the highest assurance of welcome in the mind of the ringer.

It was answered promptly by a respectable Irish damsel, who imparted the gratifying intelligence that her mistress was at home, and with the greatest apparent deference for our friend's fine appearance, ushered him into an elegant ante-room, and stood in respectful silence, waiting his commands.

"What name, sir?" at length ventured Biddy, finding that, after having divested himself of hat and cane, he had proceeded to an elaborate criticism of his cravat in the full-length Venetian mirror.

"Ah, what name?" he repeated, dreamily, startled from self-contemplation, and thrusting an inquiring hand rapidly into one and another mysterious pocket. But nothing was produced, beyond a delicately adorned mouchoir, an elegant porte-monnaie, and a few other articles incidental to gentlemen's pockets everywhere; in short, he discovered to his great vexation, that he had neglected his cards, and as Biddy, who did not at all comprehend the object of this remarkable conduct, gathered courage to repeat her timid request for his name, he had completed his unsuccessful search, and with a look and gesture of impatience, answered briefly, "O, Dammet," and immediately resumed his devotion to the Venice mirror—this time addressing himself to the study of his faultless whiskers, which he smoothed complacently, and then, realizing that no touch could be added to the perfection of his appearance, occupied himself with practising his most irresistible bow, with a view to its seductive effect upon the lady of his hopes—on the verge of whose enchanting presence he now lingered.

Meanwhile Biddy, in horror-struck silence, had observed the entire tableau through the medium of the friendly key-hole, and just as our unsuspecting lover, advancing nearer to the flattering glass, extended his hand with graceful enthusiasm to meet the clasp of his imaginary fair—away darted Biddy as if suddenly endowed with wings, and arrived, breathless and with a face of intense terror, in her young mistress's private boudoir.

"O, Misthress Fanny, I'm afeard we will all be killed," she broke forth, with a howl of unmistakable fear, "there's a dreadful man down below, and it's crazy that he is, to be shure! O, dear, dear, if I'd a knowed it, I'd a niver lit him in—but it's not to blame that *I* am, in the laste, Misthress Fanny; he looked like a jintleman, ivry inch, and whin he inkwired afther you, in coorse I showed 'im into the parlor; thin I axed 'im 'is name to tak up to yon, and he jist swore at me awfully, and looked at me so terrible—O dear, Misthress Fanny, I'm shure I shall niver forgit it till the day of me dith. But, d'ye see, I locked up the door and put me eye to the kay-hole, and there I could see 'im, tearin' and ravin', and makin' faces at himself in the glass, and now he's made up to the ilegant mirror with his fist, and he'll smash it to athoms as thrue as the saints!"

"Go instantly and fetch Thomas and Robert," directed Miss Fanny, thoroughly alarmed at the presence of so dangerous a guest, and taking advantage of the first pause which the terrified Biddy had allowed herself. "Go—undo the door, and if the fellow refuses to leave the house peaceably, just bid them put him out by force, with as little disturbance as possible."

"Some poor maniac, unquestionably, escaped from the asylum," soliloquized the agitated Fanny, as Biddy vanished to execute her bidding. "How unfortunate, when Mr. Dammet is likely to call at any moment! It must be very awkward for him to be obliged to engage with a madman at his entrance—how could I ever excuse it? And the parlor, too, to be thrown into such chaotic confusion; I only hope the frightful creature has spared that rich steel mirror, since we have been to so much trouble and expense in importing it. O, dear! it is so fearful! What a dreadful clamor," she exclaimed, hurrying to a retired landing, and looking down into the dim hall where a struggling figure was being borne along in the arms of two stout lackeys.

"Pray, Thomas, where *is* the need of such a tumult? I hope you are not treating the poor fellow harshly, even if he *is* troublesome," remarked Fanny, from the landing. "Carry him out quickly, and without any more confusion," she added, leaning over the balustrade, and suppressing, as best she might, an ardent impulse to laugh at the grotesque figure of the supposed maniac, sprawling and tumbling in the vice-like grasp of his determined captors—but who, she was obliged to admit, did present a much more genteel appearance than is common to the inmates of mad-houses, generally—yet, his face being concealed in the ample folds of an immense handkerchief, a very generous portion of which the zealous Thomas, in his efforts to secure silence, had forced into the throat of the suffocating victim—she had no suspicion of his real identity, and experienced a very natural feeling of relief when the hall-door closed upon the luckless intruder, and, after a critical examination of the injured parlor, where, to her joyful amazement, she found nothing destroyed or even out of place—she retired to her chamber with the comfortable consciousness that she had now nothing to fear in the anticipated event of Mr. Dammet's making choice of this particular morning to pay her his personal respects.

Much less satisfactory were the reflections of our unfortunate hero, as he staggered into the street, unable to recover a proper equilibrium, after his sudden and forcible expulsion from the door. Without deigning a farewell glance at the inhospitable walls w' ere but now he had deluded himself existed all that could make life lovely—excited, confused, and in a frame of mind in which astonishment, perplexity and indignation were equally blended—he ran up the street and across the green at a sufficiently furious rate, and with an amply frenzied appearance, to warrant his supposed insanity.

His present position, to be sure, was hardly one to command calmness, and he reflected bitterly, as he hurried on, scarcely knowing whither he went, that, at the exact moment when he had believed himself about to be admitted into the presence of his divinity—when her hand, as he fondly thought, was trembling on the latch—the door had been rudely burst open and himself seized, and in spite of his protestations and resistance, gagged, and under her very eyes and by her own orders, as his ears attested, hurled into the street like the veriest puppy! How had he merited such insufferable treatment!

He felt himself the victim of some diabolical scheme, of which he had little doubt his cousin Aurelia was the chief projector and instigator; and full of this mistaken apprehension and the chagrin, discomfiture and rage which consumed him, he made the utmost haste to the depot—seated himself in an express train for Boston, and an hour later found him at the office of the Union Telegraph despatching a fiery order to his astonished uncle at Derwent, to the effect that his trunk, portmanteau, etc., should be immediately forwarded to his address!

That evening, as he elevated his feet above the pleasant grate and puffed his luxurious cigar, he inwardly forswore the treacherous sex, and registered deep in his own heart, a vow of eternal celibacy, which, however, we will take the liberty of observing, he has since violated!

The next morning, the Derwent Chronicle contained, among the list of local items, a conspicuous paragraph, headed—"Providential Escape from Fearful Butchery!!"—and presenting a detailed account of the ingenious manner in which a ferocious madman had obtained entrance into the house of Judge Barron, on the morning of the previous day, but who was fortunately secured in season to prevent any personal violence, although not before he dashed in pieces several valuable articles of furniture, thereby doing a considerable amount of damage!

Some months subsequently, however, the same sheet recorded the following, with many congratulations and profuse wishes for the future weal of the happy parties.

"Married—In this village, on the 15th inst., Orpheus Dammet, Esq, of Boston, to Miss Fanny, daughter of Judge Barron, of this village."

That the honest Biddy's unfortunate mistake had been somehow discovered, explained and amicably adjusted, the above authentic notice is sufficient testimony.

A SPORTING PRINCESS.

The court of Bavaria, at the beginning of the last century, set a bad example to the people on whose love and allegiance it made a claim that was but scurvily reverenced. The little and delicate Electress Maria Amelia, had the propensities of a gigantic *roue*. She was delicate only in person, but mind and body were similarly "little" in other respects. She was an excellent shot, followed the chase with the zest of the keenest sportsman, and would toil half the day across ridge and furrow, or up to her knees in mud, in pursuit of game, among which she made such deadly havoc. At these times, and often when the occasion was not warrant for the fashion, she appeared in public in male attire, generally of green cloth, her brilliant complexion heightened by a brilliantly powdered white peruke. She loved dogs as well as she did men—rather better, perhaps on the whole—and was never more pleased than when she dined in no better company than a dozen of these canine favorites, whose unceremonious clearing of the dishes, before the hostess could help herself, only excited her hearty laughter. There were occasions, however, on which she was given to anything rather than laughter, and chiefly when she encountered the favorites of her husband. On these she had no mercy; and her dog-whip was more than once applied to the shoulders of shameless rivals, which had, perhaps, better have been applied to those of the unworthy husband.—*Chr. Freeman.*

AN APOLOGUE.

A dervise, of great sanctity, one morning had the misfortune, as he took up a crystal cup, which was consecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and dash it to pieces. His son coming in some time after, he stretched out his hand to bless him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out, stumbled over the threshold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by on its way to Mecca; the dervise approached it, too, by a blessing: but as he stroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast which sorely bruised him! His sorrow and amazement increased upon him, until he recollected that, through hurry and inadvertency, he had that morning come abroad without washing his hands.—*Dr. Johnson.*

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA.

The accompanying portrait of Charles A. Dana, a leading member of the editorial staff of the New York Tribune, was drawn for us, by Mr. Barry, from a daguerreotype by Meade Brothers, of New York. The subject of our sketch was born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, August 8, 1819. From this place his parents removed, and his early boyhood was passed in Orleans county, New York, and Essex county, Vermont, where he received his elementary education in the common schools. At the age of twelve he was placed in the store of a relative in Buffalo. Here he devoted himself to business with characteristic energy, while at the same time he cherished an ardent love of reading and study, and was less disposed to give his leisure hours to amusements than to books. His position in Buffalo was favorable to indulging his taste for langnages, which he has since cultivated with remarkable success. From the Indians who lingered in the vicinity, he acquired a knowledge of their broken dialects, while his daily contact with the German population, initiated him into that language, of which he has since become a master. The commercial difficulties of 1837 enabled him to gratify a wish which he had long cherished. He determined to receive a public education; and preparing himself for college, entered the freshman class of Harvard University in August, 1839. Here his preferences led him to the study of classical literature, especially of Greek, in which his attainments were of a high order. About the close of his second year in college, his eyes, which had been previously subject to weakness, became so much impaired as to prevent his pursuing the usual routine of study. Just before that time the Brook Farm Association had been established in West Roxbury. Some of its founders were his personal friends. He cherished a warm sympathy with the objects of the enterprise, and accordingly, in the autumn of 1841, he became a member of the institution, having already received an honorable dismission from college. Here a new life opened upon him. In the society of cultivated and congenial minds, engaged in rural and literary pursuits, and devoted to the realization of a favorite experiment in social science, he passed five years of happy activity—a period which he has often since referred to as forming a certain "Idyllic charm," and rich in the most lofty motives and the purest gratification. During his residence at Brook Farm, Mr. Dana was chiefly occupied in teaching, and editing "The Harbinger," a weekly journal, devoted to social reform and general literature. He contributed largely to that publication, and many of the most elaborate and able productions of his pen are to be found in its columns. Brook Farm was the resort of pupils from all parts of the United States, and from foreign countries. The French, Spanish and German were in familiar use. Classical studies were pursued by young men preparing for college. Mr. Dana's love of philology thus received a new impulse, and he engaged in teaching and studying several of the languages alluded to, with almost the zeal of a German professor. At the same time, he took an active part in the industrial operation, which formed a peculiar feature of the place. Expert in manual processes, which required equal dexterity and judgment, his skill was shown in the orchards and gardens of the establishment, and often called forth the admiration of visitors. With the growth of



CHARLES ANDERSON DANA.

Brook Farm, Mr. Dana became one of its principal directors. Identified with its interests in public, and highly beloved and honored by his associates, he bore a large share of the responsibility of the association. Many of the documents issued in explanation of its objects, emanated from his pen. The prestige of Brook Farm had now made a general impression on the public mind. A desire was expressed on the part of numerous friends of progress in Boston and vicinity, to listen to more detailed exposition of its principles and methods. In connection with Mr. Ripley, Mr. William H. Channing and others, Mr. Dana accordingly delivered a series of lectures in various towns of Massachusetts, illustrative of the theories of social science as held by the Brook Farm Association. These lectures excited great interest; they were attended by crowded audiences. Mr. Dana was always one of the favorite speakers on those occasions. But this life possessed too strange a charm to be of permanent duration. A succession of disasters, crowned by the conflagration of a spacious new edifice, which was on the eve of completion, after absorbing much time and money in its erection, hastened the affairs of Brook Farm to a crisis. It was decided to bring the association to a close; and in the autumn of 1846, Mr. Dana formed a connection with the Boston Chronotype, a daily newspaper then recently established by Mr. Elizur Wright. This engagement continued but a few months, and in February, 1847, Mr. Dana removed to New York, and at once joined the editorial corps of the Daily Tribune. He labored with his wonted vigor on that journal until the French Revolution of 1848, when he crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of gaining a personal familiarity with European politics. His arrival in Paris was at an opportune moment. The revolution was at its height; the discussion of political topics was conducted with feverish intensity. Mr. Dana was thrown into the midst of the conflict. His letters at that period to several of the New York journals, contain a full history of those eventful days. Written with great shrewdness of observation, and often with rare picturesque beauty of expression, they furnish the materials for a volume of extraordinary interest. Returning to this country in February, 1849, Mr. Dana resumed his labors on the Tribune, and since that time has been one of its prominent editors and leading proprietors. To his energy and comprehensive judgment, that journal is greatly indebted for its present character. With his knowledge of European politics, his admirable literary cultivation, his extensive acquaintance with the principal men of the day, his keen sagacity, his wonderful power of labor, and his rare executive and administrative talents, the position of Mr. Dana in the Tribune is a conspicuous element in its success. The practical administration of the Tribune is entrusted to his especial charge. In the absence of Mr. Greely, he is the editor-in-chief, and at all times presides over the details of its organization, directing, modifying and controlling the services of a numerous staff of writers. Mr. Dana was married in 1846 to a Southern lady, and has four children. In person he is tall, of a slight frame and great activity; his face, as will be seen from our portrait, indicates equal mobility of intellect and tenacity of purpose.

TURIN.

Turin (in Italian, *Torino*, and anciently, *Taurasia* and *Augusta Taurinorum*), the capital of the Sardinian States, is a large city enchantingly situated in a fertile plain, surrounded by the Alps, at the junction of the rivers Dora Susina and the Po. To convey an idea of the architecture of this city, we have selected an accurate sketch of one of the squares, the Place Vittorio Emmanuele, so named after the reigning sovereign, whose portrait we published in our last number. The scene is animated by the presence of a number of peasants, fruit and vegetable dealers and citizens—for a market is held in this square. The buildings are in the true Italian style, and their effect is enhanced by the mountain background, which swells upward in the distance. Turin owes its foundation to a colony of Transalpine origin. Its historical recollections and antiquities are insignificant, and it is chiefly famous for the beauty and number of its modern buildings, as well as the charm of its location. It has various educational and charitable institutions, and several branches of manufactures. It enjoys quite an extensive trade, and its population is about 150,000.



PLACE VITTORIO EMMANUELE, TURIN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

CURRAN'S HUMOR.

The humor of John Philpot Curran, the famous Irish orator, was often broad and farcical. On one occasion, he arrested the attention of the bench by the following statement:—"On my way to court, my lord, as I passed by one of the markets, I observed a butcher preparing to slaughter a calf. Just as his hand was raised, a lovely little child approached him unperceived, and, terrible to relate (I still see the life-blood gushing ont), the poor child's bosom was under his hand, when he plunged his knife into—" "Into the bosom of the child!" exclaimed the judge, in a tone of deep horror. "Into the neck of the calf, my lord; but your lordship sometimes anticipates." When vindicating his countrymen from the charge of being naturally vicious, he said he had never yet heard of an Irishman being born drunk. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night." In commenting on a decision of Judge Robinson, he said, "I have never met with the law as laid down by your lordship in any book in my library." The judge replied, that he suspected Curran's library was very small. Robinson had written some anonymous pamphlets, which gave his antagonist the opportunity to rejoin. "My library may be small, but I thank heaven, that among my books there are none of the wretched productions of the frantic pamphleteers of the day. I find it more instructive, my lord, to study good works, than to compose bad ones. My books may be few, but the title-pages give the writers' names—my shelf is not disgraced by any such rank absurdity, that their very authors are ashamed to own them."

BOSTON ATHENÆUM.—This excellent institution is in a very flourishing condition. The library has been largely increased during the past year by purchases and donations. The fine art exhibition yielded a gross income of $4443, of which more than $2000 net accrued to the institution. The total property of the corporation amounts to $491,255 97.

OLD IRONSIDES.—Our next number will contain a large and admirable picture by Billings, representing the deck of the Constitution, as she comes into action with the Guerriere, just before the first broadside. It is an admirable and lifelike production.

INGENIOUS.—Lately before the Dublin Photographic Society, Dr. Lover exhibited an apparatus for taking photographs by gas-light.

SPLINTERS.

.... A number of severe battles have lately been fought between the U. S. troops and the Indians in Oregon.

.... The London Times cannot help approving the position of our government with regard to the Sound dues.

.... Austria has proved herself through the Eastern war to be the "Artful Dodger" of Europe.

.... Mayor Wood went to ride the other day, and another mare ran away with him.

.... A milkman was recently frozen to death between Seekonk and Providence, Rhode Island.

.... Some scoundrel fabricated the report of Rachel's death, and sent the news to Europe.

.... The U. S. steam frigate Niagara is the largest war steamer in the world—she is 6000 tons burthen.

.... In Winchester Centre, Ct., but three persons have died in three years. They keep no doctor.

.... The imperial princesses of Russia have sold their diamonds to help carry on the war.

.... Dry wood is more economical fuel than green, but burning wood is a piece of extravagance.

.... A writer in the N. Y. Times says the higher circles of England are the purest in the world. Really!

.... Loaded gun-barrels of revolutionary date, found lately in Vermont, had "kept their powder dry."

.... The New York Observer says the annual cost of a fashionable church is $22,505.

.... Never were there more sleighs on the roads in this vicinity than have appeared this winter.

.... The cold weather last month yielded the ice harvesters an enormous crop.

.... The oldest living English poet is Walter Savage Landor, born in the year 1775.

.... A strange distemper in this vicinity has lately carried off some very valuable horses.

.... The first printing-office established in Russia in 1560, was destroyed by the superstitious populace.

.... The ice business now employs $700,000 capital, and about ten thousand men in the winter.

.... The British men-of-war have been quite too familiar with our merchant vessels in the Baltic.

.... Boston streets were ploughed up by the superintendent during the "great snow."

.... There are one hundred and seventy places called "Washington," in the United States.

.... At the Howard Athenæum they played lately the "Sea of Ice." It was seen gratis in the streets.

.... A golden eagle was lately shot in Montpelier, Vt. The bird fought for his life and died game.

THE OPERA.

What a stir the advent of an Italian opera troupe makes! How it "flutters the Volscians in Corioli!" It furnishes a topic of conversation to all classes, and even the newsboys on the street corners have something to say about the "confounded foreigners." Dressmakers are in their element, gentlemen's furnishers rejoice in the fact that white kids are "lively," opticians are in ecstacies at the ready sale of "double-barrelled" lorgnettes, and cabmen are rendered insane by temporary prosperity. The musical taste of the Athens of America is developed to a marvellous extent by the advent of the signors, signoras and signorinas, and all the copies of "Italian without a Master," disappear from the counters of the periodical dealers.

The *dilettanti* (Heaven save the mark!) revel in the publication of their technicalities and transcendentalisms. They discover "metallic tones" one night in a voice that had too much "woody fibre" on the preceding evening. Very mild young gentlemen become rabid nightly and practise *bravas* and bouquets, and pronounce La Grange "dim foine." The uninitiated purchase books of the opera, and the rustling of the leaves at the "over" is like that of the autumnal woods of Vallambrosa in the equinoctial.

Yet the enthusiasm awakened by the La Grange troupe was justifiable enough. La Grange herself is a star of the first magnitude,

"And flashes through the baser crowd
Like the lightning through the storm."

She is a beautiful creature, with fine eyes, a graceful figure and a voice—the birds at morning in their gayest carols, the deep murmurs of the wind and wave, cannot furnish a parallel. Music flows from her lips as purely and spontaneously as water from a fountain! Hence the wild plaudits, the tearful eyes, the scattered wreaths, the faltering accents of delight which hail her achievements. Success be with her whithersoever fortune may lead.

The Baroness de Trobriand tells us she once came near meeting the fate ascribed by Scribe to Adrienne Lecouvrier in the play of that name. A rival sent her a poisoned bouquet, but whether because the secret of poisoning has been lost with the Locustas and Lucrezia Borgias of past times, or from some other cause, the beautiful prima donna escaped the fatal consequences of the inhalation. There is no crime at which the fury of rivalry halts. We remember reading of an Italian prima donna who threw a laurel wreath of bronze from the upper boxes to a musical rival while she was singing on the stage of La Scala, and killed her on the spot. To these children of the sun "revenge is virtue."

PRIZE FIGHTING.

This brutal practice has not been stopped in England, which, one would think, had been disgraced by it long enough. Not a great while since, a man named John Jones, who fought a battle with another pugilist named Mike Madden, for $500 a side, was killed by his antagonist. A death in the prize-ring may be expected at any of these battles. When this occurred, a few years ago, at a fight on the Hudson River, in this country, a voice in the crowd was heard to exclaim: "Carry off your dead, and bring us on another man!" What a commentary on the influence of prize fighting! Yet many English writers have stood up for it, and one of Hazlitt's very best-written essays was penned in glorification of the battle between Bill Neate and the "gas-man," two favorites of the London "fancy."

PEACEABLE PRISONERS.—Two men named Lowe and Smith, arraigned in Hawesville, Ky., for participating in a street affair, by way of justifying their characters, drew their revolvers as soon as they appeared in the court room, and began blazing away at each other and at the bystanders, thus amusing the court, the lawyers and the officers. Nobody was hurt. Of course they made their own reports.

OLD KENTUCKY.—There is a man in Kentucky, named John Lawrence Bazler, who is ready to wager from $5000 to $30,000, that he can jump on a dead level further than any other man in whole world, and that he can leap from a fair stand over a brick wall fifteen feet in height and four feet in its thickness. Perhaps his "vaulting ambition" may yet be gratified, and old Kentucky still prevail.

THE WRESTLER'S REFLECTION.—Philip, king of Macedon, as he was wrestling at the Olympic games, fell down in the sand; and when he rose again, observing the print of his body in the sand, he cried out, "O how little a parcel of earth will hold *us* when we are dead, who are ambitiously seeking after the whole world while we are living!"

A FOOL.—A fellow by the name of Steeple Jack has lately been balancing himself on the top of a church-spire, in England, one hundred and twenty feet from the ground. When Charles II. saw a similar feat, he promised the blockhead who performed it a patent, so as to prevent any one else from attempting the same achievement.

DELICIOUS FOOD.—Professor St. Hilaire recommends horse-flesh as an article of diet. Sailors are supposed to be inordinate, though involuntary consumers of "salt horse." For our part we think that we might be brought to relish a colt-steak, but could never endure a cut from a Brighton "pelt."

E. G. PARKER, ESQ.—This gentleman lectured a few evenings since before the Mercantile Library Association of this city, with distinguished *eclat*. Subject—Fisher Ames. Mr. Parker is well known as a contributor to Putnam's Magazine.

THE BLACK FLAG.

The romance of the sea, in modern days, has lost one of its essential elements. You meet with the usual natural phenomena, to be sure, such as sharks, porpoises, water-spouts, icebergs, and white squalls, but no pirates. As highwaymen have disappeared from turnpikes, so have buccaneers vanished from the deep. Unless you cruise in the China seas, you stand no chance of being boarded, piked and shot, strung up to the yard-arm, or made to walk the plank. You hear no more in chorus:

"Thus said the rover
To his gallant crew—
'Up with the black flag!
'Down with the blue!
'Fire on the main-top!
'Fire on the bow!
'Fire on the gun-deck!
'Fire down below!'"

Sea-voyaging is ridiculously safe. Formerly, a voyage was a succession of "hairbreadth 'scapes" from the pirates that infested the ocean. A good story is told of a ruse by which a merchant captain escaped robbery on the high seas. He was coming from Smyrna with a rich cargo of silk and cotton, and bound for Marseilles, when he was chased by a Sallee rover. He sent all hands below, except a cunning Ragusan, to whom he had given a lesson. The corsair neared and fired a gun. The Ragusan raised his hand, and waved a white handkerchief in token of distress. The corsair shouted to strike his flag. "Alas! sir," replied the Italian, in a dolorous tone of voice, "I haven't the strength to do it. I am a passenger on this vessel. The captain and half the crew have died of the plague, and six hands are now lying below in the agonies of death. I am no enemy of yours, and I must perish unless you take me out of this plague-ship." The corsair ripped out a volley of oaths in *lingua franca*, consigning the spokesman to perdition, and declaring he "wouldn't touch the brig if he saw all the diamonds of Brazil under hatches." But as the Ragusan pleaded lustily for succor, the pirate finally consented to approach the merchantman in his gig, and pass the sufferer a few bottles of vinegar by means of an oar. This done, he returned on board his vessel, and soon disappeared on the opposite tack, leaving the Marseilles captain to rejoice over the success of his ingenious expedient, by which he had saved the lives of all on board and a rich cargo of merchandize.

SAMUEL ROGERS.—Samuel Rogers, the poet, wit and banker, is no more. He died in London, at a very advanced age. For the greater portion of a century he was the companion and intimate friend of the most remarkable men in Europe, and his biography would involve the history of Europe since George III. He was contemporary with the American and French revolutions. He united many qualities rarely combined in one man—such as imagination, business talent, studious habits and social refinement. His fame rests on his "Pleasures of Memory" and "Italy."

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—A story has been going the rounds that the original MS. of this immortal state paper had been stolen from the national archives. Such is not the case—it is still kept with reverential vigilance in the Patent Office, and has not been taken from its case for fourteen years.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. Osborne Parker to Miss Sarah Jane Hilton; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. William Lannon to Miss Mary A. Dillon; Mr. Charles H. Getchell to Miss Rachel J. Blair; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. John R. Mullen to Miss Sarah Adelaide Norwood; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. E. S. Sisson to Miss E. P. Coggershall, of Portsmouth, N. H.; by Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. Henry A. Mellen to Miss L. Emily Cook.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Rev. Thomas Womersley, of Boston, to Miss Mary F. Taggard.—At Needham, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Henry P. Cole, of Newton Corner, to Miss Rebecca E Newell.—At Carlisle, by Rev. John Lawrence, Mr. William H. Nash to Miss Adelaide L. Taylor, both of Reading.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Lincoln L. Johnson to Miss Frances E. Thompson.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. James W. Elliott to Miss Olive A. Simonds.—At Sutton, by Rev. Mr. Lyman, Frederick H. Hastings, Esq., of Brainard's Bridge, New York, to Miss Lavinia C. King.—At Northbridge, Mr. H. S. Taft, of San Francisco, to Miss Emma Plummer.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Hannah Bennett, a native of Roxbury, 101; Mr. John J Shaw, 28; Widow Elizabeth Sargent, 79; Jacob Stearns, Esq., 82; Mrs. Nancy Hills, 77. Mrs. Sarah P. Gookin, 75; Mr. Charles B. Wells, 47; Miss Elizabeth Choate, of Deer Isle, Me., 23; Mr. Edward Mower, 31; Mrs. Sophia Capen, 47; Miss Bethiah Fitz, 88.—At Roxbury, Mr. Louis Chaloner Balch, 20; Mrs. Eliza Ann Glidden, 52; Mr. Matthew Ramsdell, 34.—At Dorchester, Mr. James H. Tolman, 25.—At Seekonk, Benjamin Clifford, Esq., father of ex-Governor Clifford, 84.—At Newburyport, Mr. Albert P. Griffin, 42 Mrs. Dorothy D. Loring, 76.—At Spencer, Mr. Jeremiah Watson, 73 – At Holliston, Mrs. Jerusha Miller, 59.—At Middleboro', Mr. Nathaniel Macomber, 69.– At New Bedford, Mrs. Hannah Soule, 40.— At Fitchburg, Mrs. Agnes McDermot, 24; Widow Harriot Taft, 58.—At Edgartown, Widow Deborah Cleveland, 78 —At Worcester, Mrs Mary H. H. Houghton. 30; Miss Anna Lees, 60.—At South Windsor, Conn., Mr. Thomas Bissell, a revolutionary pensioner, 98.—At Brooklyn, N.Y., Lieut. George E. Morgan, U. S. N., 30.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melango of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RECALL.

BY SUE M. SCOTT.

Come back to me! the days seem long, when thou art with me not,
I miss thy kind and welcome tone in each familiar spot;
The very sunshine seems less bright, the birds sad music bring,
For ah my heart feels not the light, my lone heart cannot sing;
All nature wears a darker shade—this beautiful, fair earth,
That ever to my fancy brought bright scenes of joy and mirth,
Is changed, alas, how sadly changed—because my gloomy fears
Have thrown their shadow o'er my way—I see it all through tears.
O, why will all these scenes so bright no longer glad my soul?
Why will not friendship's cheering light my weariness control?
It is because I mourn for thee, my soul is clothed with fear;
Thou'rt more than all the world to me, then why art thou not near?
By all the joys of other years, by all my love for thee,
By all my prayers, my sighs and tears, I bid ye come to me;
Shall all my pleading be in vain, my prayers unanswered be?
My dreams of love and happiness ne'er prove reality?
Wilt thou not come? I vainly call; thy fond voice answers not;
And must I mourn with breaking heart my sad, unhappy lot?
Nay, hope still spreads her sunlit wings, sweet solace to impart,
The bird of love her music brings, to gladd my weary heart.
And thou wilt come—thy love will yet shine o'er my life's dull track;
I know thy heart cannot forget—my prayers will win thee back.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RUSSIAN SPY.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

The incidents of the following story were related to me by a Polish officer who was present during the whole Russo-Turkish campaigns of 1828-29. They were never known in Russia, save to a few officers, who kept the secret for the sake of their lives.

On the 20th of July, 1828, the Emperor Nicholas in person led his army upon Schumla, a strongly fortified town of Eastern Bulgaria. Up to the 19th of May, the Archduke Michael had held command of the army, but on that day Nicholas himself joined it. The plan had been to march direct to Constantinople, after having taken Schumla and placed a Russian guard in it. But in his plans the emperor seemed to forget that the Turks might make some stout resistance in Bulgaria. When the imperial army reached Schumla, they found it in possession of Hussein Pasha with a large Turkish army. The Russian engineers supposed they knew all about the defences of the place, and they had drawn plans accordingly, and submitted them to the emperor. But, lo! when they reached the deep vale before the town, they found that Hussein Pasha had changed everything. New entrenchments were thrown up, new forts erected, and such masks thrown in the way, that the invaders could see but little of what had really been done—though they could see enough to convince them that the draughts of their engineers were good for nothing. Nicholas had at his back over forty-five thousand men, and he had planned to spend the night at Schumla, place some one of his competent officers in charge, and then move on. But he was stopped most summarily.

The Russian army prepared for encamping, and as soon as the emperor's quarters could be arranged, he called a council of a few of his officers. There were Rudiger, the Count Suchtelen, Benkendorff, and two experienced engineers.

"So all our plans prove abortive," said Nicholas, after his aid had retired and closed the door. "We find that the Turk has made new and stronger defences."

"And may have a powerful army entrenched here," said Rudiger.

"I care not for his army; but I would not throw away my men until I know where the dogs have concentrated their power. We must find a shrewd fellow who can make his way into the enemy's camp. The thing can be done, for we have minute plans of the old defences, and, of course, some of them must be as they were before. I have examined them carefully, and I know that a fellow of wit can enter the city. If we take not this place, then we pass not over these mountains, but must march back to the Euxine."

* * * * * * *

It was past midnight, and Hussein Pasha was taking a turn about the posts within the town. With him was a man well known in Turkey—Hemen Pasha. Our readers, many of them, remember the terrible massacre of the Mamelukes by Muhammed Ali. Hemen was at that time a member of the proscribed body, and he it was who leaped his horse over the wall of Cairo. He was the only one who escaped the massacre. The two pashas had left the great magazine, and were making their way towards the outer works, when they espied a dark form moving across the path before them. They stopped a moment to watch its motions, but it seemed not to notice them, keeping straight on across the street, and was about to pass into a narrow way that led down to a new line of defences, when they hailed it. Whether the stranger would have attempted to escape is not certain, for on the same moment that the pasha hailed him a Turkish officer, at the head of a relief corps, came up the narrow pass from the new redoubt.

"Who art thou, out here this time of night?" asked Hussein, coming up to where the man had stopped.

"I am a Russian, just come into the town," answered the stranger, speaking the Russian tongue.

"Ha! A spy!"

"I should not have been very ready to acknowledge, as I have, had I come with such intent," returned the Russian.

Hussein Pasha ordered the officer of the guard to bring the prisoner along, and then he started for his quarters. When he reached his own room, in company with Hemen, he turned to look upon the stranger. He was an old man, with flowing white hair and beard, much bent with age, and trembling violently. The fatigue of the rapid walk had affected him seriously, and it was some time ere he could command his speech. He wore a heavy gown of dark brown stuff, that came to his feet, and on his head a bonnet of fur.

"Now, what do ye in our city?" asked Hussein Pasha, as soon as he saw that the old man had become composed.

"I have come into Schumla more to escape the Russian Lion than to do aught here," was the old man's reply.

"What is your name?"

"Othon Lovinoff."

"Lovinoff!" repeated Hussein; and then turning to Hemen, he added, "I have heard that name."

"Ay, so have I," returned Hemen. "I have heard of him as a strange old man, who follows the Russian army, and who holds some peculiar power over the emperor."

"Are you that man?" Hussein asked, turning to the prisoner.

"I am."

"Then tell us your story plainly. What are ye here for?"

"Had I dared to strike Nicholas of Russia to the heart, I should not have been here," the old man returned, in a deep, earnest tone. "'Twas a thing I dared not do; but I could help do it. There are others, too, who would join me in the wish, but who dare not yet strike. Ah, the emperor thinks I have forgotten the past; but Lovinoff never forgets."

"Then you like not your emperor?"

"Say not *my* emperor. Like him! O, he is the only enemy I ever feared. Dared I kill him, I should not have left him. I have followed thus far in hopes to see him fall."

The two pashas conversed apart awhile, and finally Hussein turned again to the old man.

"Hark'e!" he said. "We are inclined to credit you; and now, if you answer us truly, you shall be safe. Do you know what the emperor's intentions are with regard to this place?"

"Yes, he means to take it, if he can."

"And if he cannot?"

"I do not know; he has made no provisions for defeat."

"How many men has he?"

"He numbers them at forty-five thousand; but there must be more than that."

Hussein went on and asked numerous questions concerning the state of the Russian troops, all of which the old man answered promptly and candidly, stating for facts only what he seemed to know, and frankly stating his doubts. Again the pashas conversed apart, and after a while Hussein approached his prisoner.

"Suppose it laid in your power to—to—"

"Speak plainly," interrupted Lovinoff, as the pasha hesitated. "I conceal nothing. I can place the emperor in your power, if you have the wit to take him."

Both the pashas started, and after regarding each other for some moments, Hussein said:

"By the tomb of the Prophet, I have a mind to trust thee! But what assurance have we of your good faith?"

"Only my word. I know that you have hoped to get Nicholas into your possession. Now, I can afford you the opportunity, if you can raise the right men to do the work. It is now half an hour past midnight. At two o'clock (in one hour and a half), Nicholas will visit the outer posts in person, with only his servants with him—perhaps three, but not over four, will accompany him."

"Are you sure that he will do this?" asked Hemen, nervously.

"As sure as I am that he is able to do it. Many a soldier recognizes the officer who gives them the pass, when they do not know the tall, dark figure that keeps him company. Nicholas has little love for his bed; he will go as I have told you. Close by the heights of Strandscha a sentinel is posted. It is far removed from the camp, and the place can be reached without danger."

"But what object have you in thus delivering up your emperor?"

"Say not *my* emperor. He is not my ruler; he is my enemy. Once I had a wife—go ask Nicholas if he remembers her! O, why did he not die then? And once I had a friend, near and dear—one whom I loved with my whole heart. He died! Go ask Nicholas *how* he died! I am an old man, but I have not forgotten—*revenge!* Ask me no more of that. Only let me place mine enemy in your hands, and I shall be content. And when it is done, give me a home where his power cannot come."

It was quickly arranged that the men should be selected for this new work, and an attendant was called and ordered to send the watch to the room.

"Mind this condition," said the old man. "There must be no fire-arms taken, for I know how prone soldiers are to use them—the sword, good and true, is enough. If there is real danger, pistols could be of no use. You understand."

Hussein knew the danger of fire-arms when secrecy was the great object, and he saw nothing in the request to justify suspicion. Lovinoff was asked how many men they had better send.

"You can judge as well as I," returned the old man. "There will not be over four companions with the emperor, and then we shall have one sentinel beside. Twelve men, I should think, would be sufficient."

"But suppose we send more?"

"You may send a hundred, if you wish; but I should thereby run the risk of being exposed, and you of losing your prize."

It was finally decided that only twelve men should be sent, and in the course of half an hour they were ready. Before they set out, Hussein Pasha took them into a separate apartment, and conversed with them some minutes. The old man bent his ear towards the door, but he could hear nothing, yet a peculiar light in his eyes showed that he knew well what the movement meant.

"Well, sir, your men are ready," said Hussein, as he returned to the apartment, "and I will be frank with you, as I *hope* you have been frank with me. Every man has an order to run you through the moment they detect the least signs of treason on your part; and you may be sure that they will not follow you into danger unnecessarily with their eyes shut. Now, go—and if you come back in company with Nicholas, you will come the most honored man of the day; and if you come empty-handed, so you come honestly, you shall lose nothing. But if you come dishonest, you will come dead! The captain will lead you outside the wall, and then give the guidance to you."

Ere long after this the old man was in the street, and around him stood twelve stout men. They were shrewd-looking men, tall, straight and muscular, and just the ones to carry on the enterprise for which they had been detailed. There was a moon well up in the heavens, and its light was sufficient to make the way plain. The captain led the way down to the old fort, and from thence he turned into a baggage-way that ran beneath the walls of some old store-houses. At length they reached some of the new works, and the Russian could not help expressing his admiration of the skill that was here manifested. When they had reached a point opposite the heights of Strandscha, they stopped at a small gate, and demanded egress. The captain conversed apart with the sentinel a few moments, and then passed out.

It now came Lovinoff's turn to guide, and he took the lead. His feeble steps were hardly equal to the eagerness of those who followed; but they had respect for his age, and urged him not. The way was now mostly over uneven, broken ground, and hardly a word was spoken till they had reached the foot of the Strandscha, and here the captain asked how much further they must go.

"Not over a quarter of a mile," returned the old man; "and then we come to the outer post of the Russian army. The emperor will be there ere long."

Shortly after this the guide asked:—"Did you ever hear of the Russian spy who once entered this town of Schumla?"

"Never," returned the captain. "Tell us about it."

"Strange that you should not have heard of it," resumed Lovinoff. "But thus it was:—A Russian army lay encamped before the town, very much as this one now lies. It became necessary that something should be learned respecting the defences of the place, and a bold, reckless man offered to make his way into the city. He did so. Under the cover of night he made his way under the wall along the bed of an old water-course, the iron bars of which had become rusted off. He looked about some, gained much information, and was bent on gaining more, when he was met by the commander of the place. And what do you think became of him?"

"He was hung, of course," said the captain.

"No, not hung."

"What—ah, shot."

"No, not shot."

"What was done with him?"

"Hark!—sh! Do you not hear the movement of feet?"

The party had now reached a thick copse of cedars which made out upon the hillside in a point, and it was to this point they had come. The moon shone full upon them, and the moment they passed those cedars, they would be in sight of the encamped army.

"You asked me what became of that spy," said the old man, as they waited by the copse. "They did not know he was a spy. When he found he was detected, he confessed his nationality at once, and professed to have purposely fled from the Russians. But this was not the best of it."

"Ah—"

"No. He wished to return immediately to his own camp, and to that end he offered to deliver up a very important thing to them if they would accompany him. And now, who do you think that spy was?"

"Who was it?" asked the captain, eagerly.

"But guess."

"We cannot."

"Would you believe me, if I were to tell you that it was the emperor himself?"

"Impossible!"

"But it is true. It was the very emperor."

"Who? What emperor?"

"Nicholas!"

As the man thus spoke, he darted back and let the long robe fall from his shoulders, and tearing away the white hair and beard with one hand, and thrusting them into his bosom, he drew his ponderous sword with the other. The moon shone full in his face—the form was bent no more; but erect, tall, stout, powerful, it towered aloft, and the broad breast bore a single flashing star.

"Nicholas!" burst from the Turkish captain's lips, as his reason came back to him. "At him! O, my men, if we can but—"

His voice was lost in the loud, thunder-like call of the Russian emperor, who heard the relief-guard approaching. With his back against the wood, the lion held the Turks at bay a minute, and then a host of Russian soldiers came bounding through the thicket. They recognized their master in a moment.

"Let not a man of them escape!" pronounced Nicholas, as he struck the Turkish captain to the ground with the flat of his sword.

There were twenty-eight men in the guard, and the Turks were captured before they could fairly recover from the shock of the astounding truth that had burst upon them. The emperor then picked up his dark robe, and led the way down to the camp, where the twelve prisoners were placed under a faithful guard, two of them only being wounded. And not one of all those guardsmen knew that their emperor had been that night within the walls of the enemy.

The feelings of Hussein Pasha, and of the impetuous Hemen, may be imagined when they came to learn the astounding truth—when they knew that the emperor Nicholas, their most fearful enemy, had been so absolutely within their simple grasp, and they had not even known that he was a RUSSIAN SPY!

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The total number of deaths in Baltimore, last year, amounted to 5475. Consumption carried away 856. —— One of the stipulations between William Penn and the early settlers of Pennsylvania, was that, in clearing the land, one acre of trees should be left standing for every five acres cut down, and especially to reserve the mulberry and the oak, for silk and ship-building. —— A diver, named Stephen Crowley, was suffocated in a diving-bell in the harbor of San Francisco, while attempting to recover an anchor and chain in four fathoms of water. —— There is a chimney attached to the chemical works of Messrs. Tennent, in Glasgow, which is circular, 50 feet diameter at the base, and rises conically 460 feet high, to a diameter of six feet at the top. Three millions of bricks, and about thirty tons of iron for bands and supports, were employed in its construction, and at a cost of $50,000 —— There are said to be ten thousand free State voters—French, German, Swiss, Hungarian, and other foreigners,—in Western Texas. The Germans publish an anti-slavery sheet at San Antonio. —— A comparison of the performances of the Collins and Cunard lines of European steamers, for the past year, shows that the former have beaten the latter on the eastern passages one day and four hours, and on the western passages one day, seven hours and twenty minutes. —— The Key of the Gulf says the guns on the new forts of Key West are not heavy enough. —— "Always be prepared for death!"—this was the admonition of a Missouri elder as he placed in his son's belt two bowie knives and a pair of revolvers. —— The city of Burlington, Iowa, is about to be lighted with gas. —— During recent excavations in Peru, the body of an Indian was disentombed, rolled up in a shroud of gold. The workmen very suddenly possessed themselves of specimens. —— A suit for $15,400 damages has been commenced by Mrs. Lucy Ann Howe against the city of New Orleans and Charles Mason, for injuries received by her son George Washington Mahan, from the falling of the walls of Vanuchi's Museum. —— Miss Eliza Logan is said to have decided to make Madison, Wisconsin, her future home. —— The brave General Shields, in a letter dated at Fairbaults, Minnesota, declines a ball invitation, as his "whole time is employed at present in commencing the world anew." —— The Manchester Examiner, one of the ablest of the English provincial papers, says that the increase of pauperism in Manchester has been nearly fifty per cent. in 1855 above the numbers in 1854. The fact is mentioned to illustrate the influence of the war upon the industrial interests of Great Britain. —— Three months since, Mr. Eleazer Brown, of Uxbridge, stuck a small blackberry thorn in his finger, inflicting a slight wound, which grew worse, and finally mortified, causing his death. —— There are men who may be called "martyrs of good health;" not content with being well, they are always wishing to be better, until they doctor themselves into confirmed invalids, and die ultimately, you may say, of too much health. —— R. W. Pease, a medical practitioner of Syracuse, says that lard is a complete antidote to strychnine. He instances several experiments to the point, one of which, tried by himself upon a cat, was perfectly successful. —— Man's vision is one of the most remarkable facts connected with his physical organization. Ross, in his voyage to Baffin's Bay, proved that a man, under favorable circumstances, could see over the surface of the sea one hundred and fifty miles! —— From what small causes great effects may come! An auctioneer's hammer is a little thing, yet it is capable of knocking down the largest house, and breaking up the most extensive establishment. —— The Fall River News says that a New England gentleman in California, who corresponds with a young lady of that city, sent her a letter, which arrived in the mails of the George Law, a short time ago, and which comprised one hundred and forty-six pages of letter paper. —— A gentleman in Buckingham County, Va., has among his domestic animals a large rat, which was caught twelve months ago by a cat; but, instead of devouring it, the cat nursed and fed it, and they now play and sleep together like cat and kitten.

EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1855.—A partial list of railroad casualties for the year 1855, gives the number of accidents as 142; persons killed, 116; wounded, 539. Of steamboat accidents there have been 27; persons killed, 176; wounded, 107. During the year, 73 soldiers of the Revolution have died, and 43 persons who were over 100 years of age. The oldest white man was 110; the oldest white woman, 109; oldest male, colored, 130; oldest female, colored, 120.

MACHINE FOR KNITTING STOCKINGS.—Machines for knitting stockings without seams are at last entirely successful. The work is performed very rapidly, and the machine seldom makes any mistakes in picking up or dropping the stitches. It moves along very accurately around the stocking or across the net it is putting together. One girl may attend to two machines with ease.

NEW TONIC.—The Worcester Transcript says:—"A Yankee doctor has contrived to extract from sausages a powerful tonic, which he says contains the whole strength of the original *bark;* he calls it the 'Sulphate of Canine!' He anticipates a great popularity for it in New York city."

WORLD'S FAIR IN VIENNA.—According to the Vienna journals, it is in contemplation to have a universal exhibition in that city in 1859. It is even said that the plan of the building has already received the approbation of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

SHIP-BUILDING.—During the year 1855, forty-one vessels, making an aggregate tonnage of 23,503 tons, were built in the Portland and Falmouth District, Me. The amount of tonnage built in the district, since 1845, is 150,784 tons.

Wayside Gatherings.

At Santa Fe, by last advices, water was seventy cents a gallon.

The number of miles of railway in operation in the United States exceeds that of the rest of the world by the amount of 3000 miles.

Hon. H. Harding, a member of the Virginia House of Delegates, died recently from the effects of a dose of morphine taken through mistake.

At this season of the year you can tell where the good and benevolent people live in passing their houses and finding the ice well covered with ashes.

The tonnage of the United States for 1856 is stated at 5,212,001 tons, that of Great Britain in 1854, at 5,043,270, and that of France in 1854, at 716,000 tons.

Chilblains may be cured by boiling an ounce and a half of nut galls in half a pint of water, and applying as a bath, or by a saturated linen rag, for a day or two.

Bayard Taylor will make, it is said, $5000 this season by lecturing. John G. Saxe will net $4000, if sickness does not break up too many of his engagements.

The value of clothing manufactured in Boston during the last year was, according to the returns of the Secretary of State, eight millions five hundred thousand dollars.

The alumni of Dartmouth College, residing in and about Boston, are forming an association for social purposes and to aid that college, of which Rufus Choate is the head.

An old woman of threescore and ten, and trembling with infirmity, was incarcerated in the Wiscasset (Me.) jail recently, for the non-payment of a fine of $3 and costs for drunkenness.

Frederick Shaffer, who died at Robinson's Mills, in Clinton county, Kentucky, lately, at the age of 100 years and 5 days, fought at the battle of Bunker Hill, and served in the Revolutionary war as a scout.

The Russ pavement, they say, ought to be grooved lengthwise, and not angularly, so as to catch the horses' feet when they slip, and not merely to assist them to slide sideways instead of backwards, as they now do.

At a recent convention of colored men, held at Sacramento, the total colored population of California was estimated at 4815, with an aggregate in wealth of two million three hundred seventy-five thousand dollars.

During the year ending Dec. 1st, 1855, there were received at Detroit, by the Michigan Central Railroad, 15,974 cattle, 96 horses, 96,902 hogs, and 3656 sheep. Nearly all were destined for the New York and Boston markets.

The New York Mirror says that sailors have become plenty at that port, and materially lower prices will be paid in the shape of advances. To Liverpool, London, Havre, etc., $20 per month, and $25 only advance, is now paid.

The Lyons (France) journals speak of a spectacle at once touching and singular. Eight one-handed Zouaves from the Crimea have been seen walking in the streets by twos, keeping together by the only arm which is left them.

Since the gambling law went into effect in California, the use of lamp oil has decreased one third. This information comes from a reliable source, as it was vouched for by a leading California oil merchant, who has experienced great loss from the result.

Charles Carpenter, of Covington, Ky., has a slave woman originally imported from Africa, who has been in his own and his father's family for sixty-three years. She is now, it is said, in her one hundred and second year, and is quite hale and hearty for her greatly advanced age.

A Scotch judge, Lord Ardmillan, remarked, in a case before him respecting the legality of marrying a deceased wife's sister, that he was surprised none of the counsel had referred to Jacob marrying two sisters, and to the fact that our Saviour was descended from one of them.

The annual statistics of the Rochester flouring business shows that there is now invested in mills and machinery $684,000, and that there are 122 run of stone employed. The total amount of flour exported during the last year is 601,471 barrels; of wheat imported, 1,951,272 bushels.

Mr. Schleiden, the minister resident at Washington of the republic of Bremen, lately presented, on behalf of his government, to Lieutenant Maury a beautiful gold medal, in token of the high appreciation entertained by his government of Lieutenant Maury's merits in regard to all maritime interests.

The expression of Bossuet, to one who found him preparing one of his famous orations with the Iliad open on his table, is finely characteristic of the lofty and magnificent genius of the man. "I always have Homer beside me, when I make my sermons. I love to light my lamp *at the sun!*"

According to a report recently submitted to the New York Chamber of Commerce, the trade between the United States and Canada has quadrupled during the last three years, and is only exceeded by two countries, viz., England and France. Its value is nearly equal to the commerce of the latter.

While some workmen were excavating for a cellar in Concord, New Hampshire, they discovered nine skeletons within a space of ten feet. They are supposed to be the remains of some of the ancient Pennacooks, who once inhabited that region, and must have been buried about one hundred and fifty years ago.

At a recent meeting of the Connecticut Historical Society, Mr. Barnard read from a table exhibiting the donations and bequests made by citizens of Boston within the last half century to the cause of education, amounting to upwards of $4,000,000. The amount of donations and subscriptions far exceeding those of the State.

In Calaveras county, California, there is a grove of immense trees, ninety-two in number, the circumference of the biggest of which is ninety feet. The trees are of the family *Taxodiums*, and the species has been named the *Washingtonia Gigantea*. They are undoubtedly the most remarkable vegetable productions in the world.

Dr. Charles Kidd, of England, announces that chloroform is a perfect cure for hydrophobia. A teaspoonful of either chloroform or ether is to be sprinkled on a handkerchief and placed on the patient's face to smell, and a red-hot poker is then, within half an hour, to be applied to the bite. If these two things be done, hydrophobia need not be apprehended.

The New York Tribune says:—"The cause of so much disease and death among children is certainly, in part, owing to the fashion in dress. Look at the bare-legged innocents, martyrs to their mothers' false pride, dressed only in a manner becoming to South Sea Islanders! They will take cold and die, but don't complain; it is not Providence that kills them—it is their own mothers. They do not dress them to withstand such a change in the atmosphere as this that is now upon us."

Foreign Items.

Numerous battalions of the Spanish army are said to be arming with the Minié rifle.

Napoleon is about to offer a prize, it is said, for the best poem on the taking of Sebastopol. It is not stated if Englishmen are permitted to compete for it.

The members of the international commission for constructing a canal across the Isthmus of Suez, have arrived in Egypt and entered upon the preliminary survey.

While the London Illustrated News speaks of "Hiawatha" as a failure, the London Athenæum, in an elaborate criticism, considers it the best of Mr. Longfellow's poems.

There are, it appears, 11,728 English benefices, of which 1144 are in the gift of the crown, 1853 in that of the bishops, 938 in that of cathedral chapters, and other dignitaries.

A brisk trade has sprung up between Marseilles and Kamiesch. Several private steamers and sailing vessels have been placed on that line, and every vessel leaving Marseilles takes out a rich cargo.

It is stated that there are 200 iron gun and mortar boats building, or ordered to be built by contract, for the British navy. They will be all steamers, and the mortar boats will be so built as to form pontoon bridges.

Jauck, a telegraphic clerk at Berlin, accused of unlawfully revealing telegraphic intelligence for stock-jobbing purposes, was condemned to three years' imprisonment, with the loss of social rights as a citizen for five years.

A bill is to be brought before parliament, next session, for a large hotel to be erected on the site of the National Gallery, at Charing Cross, and also the grounds in the rear, now occupied by the Barrack Yard and St. Martin's Workhouse. The hotel is to be on the plan of the Hotel du Louvre, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

Sands of Gold.

.... Happiness consists in the constitution of the habits.—*Paley.*

.... Levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.—*Seneca.*

.... When lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are: the turbid look the most profound.—*Landor.*

.... To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.—*Sheridan.*

.... Principles are of slower growth than passions: and the hand of philosophy, bolden out to all, there are few who press cordially.—*Landor.*

.... They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hope that one will come and cut the halter.—*Fuller.*

.... Good lawyers are often bad legislators; many know perfectly what has been established, and very imperfectly what ought to be.—*Landor.*

.... Life or death, felicity or lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

.... He that sees ever so accurately, ever so finely into the motives of other people's acting, may possibly be entirely ignorant as to his own: it is by the mental as the corporeal eye, the object may be placed too near the sight to be seen truly, as well as too far off; nay, too near to be seen at all.—*Greville.*

Joker's Budget.

What sea makes a comfortable sleeping-room? Ans.—Adriatic (*a-dry-atic.*)

A wag proposes to publish a new paper, to be called the Comet, with an original tale every week.

"If this should meet the eye of John Smith, he will hear something to his disadvantage," as the man said to his fist.

The name of the man in Vermont who feeds his geese on iron filings, and gathers steel pens from their wings, is Sharp.

Never give a boy a shilling to watch your shadow while you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week. It don't pay.

Rousseau used to say, "that to write a good love letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written."

"This way, captain!" shouted an English soldier at Inkermann; "I have a prisoner." "Well, bring him here." "I should like to, but the scoundrel wont let me go."

In a late speech, Lucy Stone said, "We know there is cotton in the ears of men. Let us look for hope in the bosoms of women." May you not find cotton where you look for hope, Lucy?

"Do you mean to challenge the jury?" whispered a lawyer to his Irish client in California. "Yes, be jabbers," was the answer, "if they don't acquit me, I mean to challenge every spalpeen of them."

The Washington Sentinel, noticing a number of patents just granted, says: "Dan Tucker, whose namesake has been so often referred to in connection with an arrival behind the time for supper, has received a patent for a gimlet."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber,	one year	$2 00
4 subscribers,	" "	7 00
10	" "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

We present our readers with an anthentic and reliable portrait of Adelaide Ristori (the Marchioness Capranica del Grillo), pronounced by competent critics, the greatest tragic actress in the world, as she appears in the costume of "Mirra," in the Italian play of that name. It has been strongly hinted in European journals devoted to art, that this great *tragedienne*, following in the footsteps of Rachel, would probably visit this country, and hence an additional interest attaches itself to the likeness of this fascinating actress. The verdict of the American public is now seriously regarded in Europe as a necessary complement to trans-atlantic celebrity. The precedent established by the many great European celebrities who have visited us is likely to be followed by all who soar above the level of mediocrity, and who are not content with a reputation that is not world-wide. It is senseless to cry out against these occasional importations of foreign talent. Such a reclamation would be justifiable only in case European talent were the staple presented by our management, and equal native talent thrown aside. Such, however, is not the case. Histrionic art is the growth of the highest and oldest civilization—it is not of spontaneous birth—and it is impossible for us to produce actors and actresses equal to the best, unless we place before them the best models for study and imitation, and before the public the means of establishing a high standard of excellence. We have thought we saw already, in the later efforts of some of our leading performers, the influence of the consummate art of Rachel. With these we should be thankful to receive a visit from the fair Italian who is now electrifying the cultivated world of Europe. Born of a race of Italian performers of Ferrara, Adelaide Ristori displayed the greatest aptitude for dramatic art at a very early age. Her first appearance occurred as a member of the Moncalvo troupe, when she was but twelve years of age. Her *role* was chambermaids and juvenile tragedy. A few years after, when a member of the Royal Company at Turin, she studied to perfect her talent, guided by the example and counsel of the celebrated Carlotta Marchioni, who already recognized in little Adelaide the person who was destined one day to replace her on the Italian stage. In the school of this great artist, and by dint of assiduous and intelligent study, Ristori succeeded in acquiring a natural declamation, so rare on the Italian stage, and a marvellous faculty of transforming her nature in changing her part, for no one like herself has so united all the requisites for filling every line of the drama. Her style of beauty lends itself readily to every metamorphosis; her elegant and slight figure—her animated features, which alternately express lofty dignity or breathe passion and gaiety, fit her for the impersonation of the tragic queen, the impassioned mistress, or even the thoughtless *soubrette*. Yet it is always with breathless admiration that she is seen to pass from the character of "Mirra" to that of "Manon L'Escaut," sustaining both with incontestable superiority. This great actress, on whom nature has lavished so many gifts, possesses moreover a melodious voice, capable, on occasion, of varying the monotony of the drama by the charms of song. She is an artiste as remarkable for the brilliancy and variety of her talent, as for the elegance of her manners and the purity of her life. As a wife and mother she is the charm and the idol of the home she adorns and renders happy. She owes her union to a distinguished Italian, less, perhaps, to her dramatic successes, than to her private virtues. Young (she is but thirty), Ristori will probably be for many years the reigning star of the Italian stage. About a year since she came to Paris and created a perfect *furore* of admiration among the excitable Parisians. If a desire to humble Rachel had some share in their first reception of her rival, only sincere admiration could have still held them enthralled to an actress who addressed them in a foreign language. It has been hinted that Ristori was studying French with a view of performing in that language, and her extraordinary versatility warrants her friends in believing that she will accomplish the herculean task, and be pronounced superior to Rachel, even when using the very words of Racine and Corneille.



MADAME RISTORI, AS MIRRA.

PUNISHMENT OF THE WHEEL.

The accompanying sketch represents a military punishment resorted to in the Turkish army in the Crimea, with great effect. Its severity consists not in the amount of physical, but of moral suffering. The culprit, as shown in our engraving, is lashed to a cart-wheel, and there made to stand for hours exposed to the gaze and jeers of his comrades. When we remember how grave and dignified the Turk is, how much self-respect he manifests in his bearing, we can appreciate the severity of this sort of discipline for minor offences. Whoever invented it exhibited no little philosophy and knowledge of human nature. The philosophy of punishment lies in its reformatory character, as regards the individual, and its effect as regards the community. Undue severity defeats the very purpose of punishment. When you lay the bloody scourge upon a man's back, and subject him to extreme physical torture, you change abhorrence of the crime into compassion for his suffering. As the value of a recompense lies not in its intrinsic worth, so the effect of punishment is not measured by the extent of its severity. Our culprit in the picture has need of all his philosophy to sustain the gaze and endure the remarks of his bearded comrades in arms. He will not soon be likely to repeat the offence for which he has been made a laughing-stock, for we suppose his "attachment to the wheel" is not an affair of the heart, but simply an association of necessity. Most people wait anxiously for a "turn of the wheel," but in the case of our culprit, that would be the last thing he could desire, as it would increase the perplexity of his predicament. The Turkish soldiers in the present war have honored reputation for constant courage and good conduct in the field, which even Europeans were not previously disposed to allow them. They never, however, would have performed the achievements that have graced their arms had they not been officered by Europeans and trained in the European drill. Their best generals (Omar Pacha, for instance), are foreigners. Their own valor and skill are far on the wane of that intrepid bravery which once carried terror and dismay to the Eastern nations of Europe.



PUNISHMENT OF THE WHEEL, IN THE TURKISH ARMY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. X., NO. 7.—WHOLE NO. 241.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The accompanying engraving, executed expressly for the Pictorial from a drawing by Wm. L. Champney, illustrates in a very spirited manner the peculiarities of this anniversary of Cupid. We have the young lady reading her Valentine, the young gentleman perusing his, the fair maiden depositing her missive in the letter-box, the group of purchasers besieging the periodical dealer's, the rustic lover and the rustic maiden, the blind god of love, with his bow and shaft, all the actual and emblematic features of the day. "Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine!" says the gentle Elia. "Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal go-between! who and what manner of person art thou! Art thou but a *name*, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet, and thy rochet, thy apron on and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril..... Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little loves, and the air is

"Brushed with the kiss of rustling wings."

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee....Good morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine and his "true church." It was some fifteen centuries ago that a presbyter or bishop named Valentine was martyred by the Emperor Claudius II., subsequently received canonization, and duly received his place in the calendar. The anniversary of his death has come to be the holiday of Cupid, on which young men and maidens select their partners for the year. The origin of the custom is to be found in the Roman Lupercalia or feasts of Pan. During these festivals the names of young women were placed in a box and drawn out by young men, who were thus indebted to chance for their partners. The fathers of the church finding it impossible to eradicate them and some other pagan observances, christianized them as it were, and sanctioned their continuance. Dr. Foster acknowledges the pagan origin of the celebration. This year St. Valentine's day receives additional zest from its occurring in Leap Year, which confers additional privileges on the fairer portion of humanity.



[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST;

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

"Ah—ah!" sneered the fellow; "that is very fine! But we will see what you will say after you have been shut up a day or two. Come, my trade doesn't hurt me; and you'll think better of me in a little while, I dare say. Now, I will bid you good-day, my dear. You will find plenty to eat in the basket yonder. I shall come in to-morrow morning, when I come back, and then I hope to find you more resigned to your fate; for you have no means either of killing yourself or of making your escape; and *my wife you shall be!*"

He went out, fastening the heavy door securely; and Rose was left alone.

"When he comes back!" she echoed; "then he is going away, and I shall, at least, have a few hours in which to meditate on means of escape. But alas!" looking about her, "*how can* I escape! He was right: these walls have shut out hope from me. My father—my protector! little do you know of this moment's danger! Louis—ah, Louis!" She sank down on her dungeon floor and wept. There was no aid near. What was to become of her! How had treachery ensnared her! "If I had but suspected it!" was her sorrowful exclamation.

A shudder ran over her frame as she thought of him into whose power she had fallen. The consciousness of his dreadful character had burst upon her like a thunder-bolt. Ah, if her father could know to what a wretch they had both trusted! This was what she said to herself. But Gasparde had said that he was not her cousin! How could that be? What would her father think? Did he not know it? Thought was a confused tumult. Distressed, bewildered, and alarmed, at first she could only weep, and mourn over these unhappy circumstances in which she found herself. Then, reflecting on what was to come, she resolved to be firm, and maintain her courage; for it would soon, it was plain, be needed. She would eat nothing that was given her—no, not if she were starving. The food which Gasparde had caused to be placed here for her, they might take away, if they chose; and if she should find no hope of deliverance from this den, *her life was in her own hands.* "And if I take that life," said the young girl, simply and sorrowfully, "surely the *bon Dieu* will forgive me."

It was no sudden resolution taken, in bravery, to be abandoned when the trial should come. Rose would not have shrunk from sacrificing her own life to escape Gasparde, if no other way was open. The means were near, too: the silken scarf she had worn—there needed but the force of those slender hands to bind it about her fair and delicate throat, and the sign of a happy freedom would be stamped upon her brow. *Death* should open the portals of her dungeon!

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Gasparde, having securely caged his poor, trembling little captive, proceeded to call his men together; and having armed them, despatched them, nearly all, by different and secluded paths through the forest, where they were to meet at one point, and await his coming. For, that night, there was to be a robbery committed on the high-road running north of the forest; and so rare a prize as promised, with careful management, to fall into his grasp, Gasparde was determined not to pass by without securing. He had, some time since, gained the command of the horde, and his authority was used to some purpose now. As Hugh Lamonte was no longer among them, affairs were in his own hands; and besides reaping a rich harvest from his various unlawful transactions, he had now an opportunity to return an ample revenge for the slights and insults to which he had been subjected, both by Hugh and the Count d'Artois, by keeping Rose in his own power, while her friends might seek for her in vain. The latter deed was accomplished now. He had entrapped her with the deepest cunning; and who was there to betray the place of her concealment? for Jaques, too, was secured, and the brigand was free from other unsafe witnesses.

Confident, then, in the success which had thus far attended his plans, Gasparde concluded to allow Rose time for reflection, and to pursue, meanwhile, such occupations as called his attention in a different direction for the present. The work laid out for that night was one which required skill, management and force, with all of which he was fully supplied. It promised, too, a rich reward, and was worthy his especial care. He had no apprehensions in regard either to Jacques or Rose; for stone walls were thick, and guards were to watch the passages, to make assurance doubly sure. So, when the men were gone, he set the guard in the passage, and feeling that all was safe until his return, himself set out alone for the rendezvous.

CHAPTER XIII.

WIT AND CUNNING AGAINST VILLANY.

It was now afternoon. If we visit our old friend, Jacques Leroux, we shall be likely to find him seated on the stone bench which occupies one corner of his cell, ruminating, after his own peculiar fashion, upon his present situation, its disadvantages, and the means of liberating himself from durance vile.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"For," says Jacques, to himself, "if monsieur le capitaine imagines that I intend to submit to this unpleasant kind of treatment, or suffer him to frighten Mademoiselle Rose out of her precious wits, by keeping her shut up long in that cell, why, he has made a grand mistake—that's all! No—no, monsieur le capitaine! Perhaps you don't happen to know that Jacques never gets a fall without alighting right side up, yet. Just wait awhile, *mon brave!*"

Now Jacques very well knew that Gasparde had gone away by this time; for he heard the bustle of the men's departure, and now all was quiet. He reasoned, too, that his guard, whom he heard occasionally pacing up and down through the gallery, must, in a short time, bring him something to eat. Then he wished to set in operation a half-defined scheme which had been floating in his head. The facility of its action must depend wholly and solely upon the nature and disposition of the guard; and Jacques was unable yet to tell who this was.

He waited, however, and hoped; for, although he had been unable to prevent Gasparde from accomplishing the abduction of Rose, he determined, if the thing was possible, to circumvent his plans in regard to her. For Jacques, simple, yet shrewd as he was, had also a heart to feel affection for others, and gratitude for kindness; and Hugh Lamonte and Rose had both been kind to him. So he resolved to serve them at any cost.

He was right, in respect to the guard. Half an hour after the departure of Gasparde and the men, the bolts and bars of the cell door were withdrawn, and the guard appeared, bearing a basket of provisions.



JACQUES LEROUX IN PRISON.

"Well!" uttered Jacques, good-humoredly; "so you have brought me something to eat, at last? It don't come at all amiss, I assure you, comrade, for I am half famished."

"So much the better appetite for your dinner, then, my friend," responded the man, as he set the basket down and closed the door. "I have got fine living here for you, and a bottle of famous wine, I promise you!"

"Excellent!" said Jacques. "I shall eat and drink with a relish. But now you are here, you might as well sit down and take a morsel with me for the sake of company: for, if there is a thing which I hate, it is to eat alone. Come, Raimonde; I shall miss dining at the *ordinaire:* I am not used to the honor of a private table, you know."

"Oho, my dear! fasting makes you merry," returned Raimonde, with careless cordiality. "Now, if I were in your place, I should be dull enough; but you never seem to let your head stay under water, somehow."

"You must confess, however, comrade, that it's pretty well *under ground* for the present," chuckled Jacques; "and, of the two, I should a little prefer the water; I should stand a better chance of getting out."

"Why, so you would, *mon ami*,—so you would! I should like to liberate you now myself, but then I should pay for it on the return of monsieur le capitaine; and I dare say you can guess what kind of a punishment it would be."

"*Mais oui*—lead or steel at best. No—no, comrade! I would not put you in danger on my account. Monsieur le capitaine is too savage; besides, it is very likely that he will set me free himself, in the course of a day or two."

"But what has he shut you up for, Jacques? Nobody can make out."

"O, a whim of his—that's all, comrade. He chose to fly at me because he didn't like some speech of mine about the girl. You know what a firebrand he is! But sit down, Raimonde,—sit down, and help yourself—wont you?"

"Well, I suppose there wont be any harm in it, except what monsieur le capitaine chooses to see; and he *can't* see very well at present, you know, being, perhaps, at the distance of a league or so from here; so I don't mind accepting your invitation, especially as one doesn't feel over and above merry, pacing that black passage out there, or lying by the fire in front, all alone."

And the man proceeded to ensconce himself in a seat opposite to Jacques, and nearest the door. Jacques remarked this circumstance, but pretended to take no notice of it, and forthwith began to partake, with his guest, of the provisions so plentifully supplied: they were excellent, and the wine was of the finest. Raimonde, always of a good-natured turn, became even more so than usual, under its influence. Jacques was very well satisfied; he managed that Raimonde should drink a little more than himself, without seeming to press the wine upon him. He had no hope of reducing the man to a state of intoxication, and thus effecting an escape for himself and Rose; but he trusted, by leading him on to a certain point, where his heart would work as well as his brains, to make him a tool in the management of that end. Raimonde would on no account have suffered his prisoner to escape, by his means; Jacques was obliged, then, to gain his purpose by stratagem, and prevent his companion from guessing his object, even while making him an instrument in securing it. The repast proceeded; Raimonde grew more talkative and familiar, and at length the moment came when Jacques thought he might safely commence.

"Comrade," said he, as he pushed the bottle towards Raimonde, "I shouldn't mind being cooped up here, since there is a certainty of being set free in a few days, at the farthest—for, of course, monsieur le capitaine will release me shortly,—but the fact is, when he threw me in here, he interrupted an affair of mine, which will spoil if it is neglected; now, you see, I can't attend to it, which is rather too bad."

"Rather too bad, indeed, Jacques," returned Raimonde, tossing off his wine, and refilling the glass; "and I suppose there's nobody who could attend to it for you?"

"Well, to tell the truth, there was somebody else concerned in it, and he wont know where I am, and so, you see—"

"Somebody else?" echoed Raimonde; "perhaps you might send a message to him?"

"Well, if I had some one to trust with—with a letter; it must be some one, too, I tell you, comrade, who can be depended on. It isn't everybody to whom I would give it."

"Ah! now I don't pretend to know what kind of an opinion you have of *me*, Jacques," said Raimonde, "but I should think an old friend like myself might go a little out of his way to do you a kindness."

"Why," rejoined Jacques, evidently with surprise and doubt, "you wouldn't do as much as that? though, I confess, that if I *could* get one as trusty as you to carry my letter, I should be only too glad. It would be the next best thing to seeing him."

"It would? Well, perhaps we might manage even that."

"Raimonde—*mon cher* Raimonde, you are very good!"

"You know monsieur le capitaine wont be likely to get back till morning."

"Exactly."

"And, perhaps, meanwhile, we might manage to forward this business of yours."

"And, as you say, we are old friends."

"Precisely. Besides, monsieur le capitaine need know nothing about it. He told me you must not get out, but I never promised not to let any one in; so you can have an interview with your friend, and nobody'll be the wiser!"

"Yes," answered Jacques, sure now of his man, yet wishing to sound him still a little further, to see to what an extent his good nature would go without flinching; "but you mind that he might learn the way to the cave, if you should bring him hither."

"Never more mistaken in your life, my dear! for I should blindfold him; and besides, if he should, it wouldn't much matter, since I have determined (don't mention it, comrade—will you?) to take to my heels and quit monsieur le capitaine, one of these fine nights. He's getting too savage for my liking; still, while I remain here, I don't want anything to happen—ay, and wont let it happen—which may get me into danger. If it were a few weeks, or even days, later, I would set you at liberty with my own hands, this moment, and let you go and see to your business

yourself; but I must keep things straight till I *do* go. What happens afterwards, is no affair of mine; but I must keep my own head safe, you see, till then."

"Just so, Raimonde; and I'll help *you* off, when you wish to start, for your kindness to me. I shouldn't wonder, *mon cher*—mind I say, *I shouldn't wonder* at all if you were to line your pockets with gold, too, for to-night's work."

Raimonde's eyes sparkled.

"Well, comrade, what's the name of the man whom you wish to see?"

"I dare say you have heard of Monsieur le Compte d'Artois?"

"Yes; a handsome fellow he is, too. *Ma foi!* strong as a young tiger, if one may judge by that light, slender figure of his."

"As you say. Well, the person to whom this business belonged is monsieur le compte."

"Very well. I suppose I might very easily go up to the chateau, and have him down here, and send him away again by dark; and, as I said before, nobody would be the wiser for it. Well, I will start this moment, if you wish me." And he rose to his feet.

"Ah—yes! But, Raimonde, you know he would want some kind of a token from me, to show that he is in safe hands, and that there's no treachery."

"O, yes! What then?"

"Why, if I had a pencil, or pen, and some paper, I might write a word or two, you know."

"So you might. Stop a moment; there are some things of that kind belonging to monsieur le capitaine in his parlor cupboard out here; wait and I will get them."

He went out, fastening the cell door behind him with a scrupulous care that made Jacques laugh in his sleeve. Raimonde was religiously careful not to let his prisoner escape; he had not the most remote idea that he was at that moment forwarding, by his own means, a plan for the escape both of Jacques and Rose. During his brief absence, Jacques meditated profoundly upon his scheme. He knew that the count, upon learning the danger of Rose, would immediately hasten to her rescue; and if Gaspardo and his men only remained away until the following morning, there was not the slightest danger of failure, it seemed to him; for Raimonde could be managed.

Shortly the guard returned, and brought to Jacques the desired articles, whereupon he proceeded to scrawl half a dozen lines, explanatory of affairs, to the count; and lest they alone should not prove a sufficient guarantee of safety, enclosed a small and peculiarly-shaped seal which Louis had once given him, and which would be sure to be recognized.

"Now, Raimonde," he said, giving the letter to the guard, "be sure and deliver it only to monsieur le compte; and you will bring him hither if he desires to see me?"

"Exactly, comrade."

"Because, you know, the letter may not be sufficient. And now hasten; I will venture to say you will find a purse of gold in your pocket by night, if you do the thing correctly."

"Well, I confess that's something of a spur; for I want to have something to get a living with when I cut monsieur le capitaine, and the sooner I get it, why, the sooner I can leave him. But, Jacques, remember, you're to keep still about my intention to leave the horde?"

"O, of course—of course! We serve each other, you comprehend?"

"Just so. And I shouldn't wonder if you'd find it to your advantage to make your adieu at the same time that I do."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I *did* have an idea of that kind," responded Jacques, carelessly; "and since you've put it into my head, I believe I will consider it with you; though, of course, if I had had to go *alone*, I shouldn't have thought of going so soon. But can't you come in to night, after monsieur le compte has left here? and then we will have a private conversation together on the subject."

"Just as you say; it would be a fine idea. We'll bid monsieur le capitaine good-by before long, and set up business on our own account. But I'll go and see about this little affair of yours, now."

"And make haste, Raimonde."

"O, yes; I will be back here in less than no time!"

And fastening the cell door behind him, the guard went his way, carrying the precious paper safely with him. But was there no danger of his learning the nature of its contents?—none whatever; for Raimonde was unable to read. Jacques knew very well what he was about when he employed Raimonde as his agent. The brigand traversed the low stone gallery, and arriving at the mouth of the cavern, ascended the rude steps that led to the surface of the ground, and sprang out from among the brushwood.

He had scarcely done so, however, when, at a little distance, and approaching the mouth of the cave, appeared one of the band. Raimonde was a little disconcerted for a moment; he fancied that the men were all returning; but learned from Michel, who was an indolent, drawling, easy sort of fellow, that he had only been sent back to keep company with the guard, because Gasparde had no need of his services: and very true, for he was only a drone.

"That's it, eh?" asked Raimonde, relieved. "Well, then you may as well come along with me, since you have come for the sake of company; only be quiet about what you see and hear." And he went away, followed by Michel.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALARM AT THE CHATEAU.

Let us return to the chateau. It was some three hours past noon, and the usual dinner hour of the family. There had been an unusual degree of quiet reigning among the guests to-day, arising from the sympathy felt with Rose, who was generally believed to be severely indisposed. Helen had made known her wish to be undisturbed; and, accordingly, no one—not even her maid—had been to her apartment since the morning.

Now, however, the marquis signified his desire that Helen should go and endeavor to prevail upon her to make her appearance among them, or else, if she would not come down, to bring them tidings of her. Accordingly, Mademoiselle Montauban repaired to the chamber of Rose. The door was fastened, as it had been left in the morning, and her summons obtained no reply. She called Rose by name. No answer was given. Becoming somewhat alarmed, Helen procured the key of her own door, which also fitted the lock of this, and directly gained entrance to the apartment. What was her astonishment to find it unoccupied! Instantly she summoned Finette; but Finette had not seen her mistress since morning, when she told her that she should spend the day in her apartment, and should not require her services.

"Doubtless she has gone out for a walk," said Mademoiselle Montauban, giving expression to the first idea which presented itself.

Descending again to the saloon, she despatched domestics hither and thither to seek for Rose, and then rejoined her father and the guests, to inform them of the young girl's absence. Some surprise was manifested at the circumstance. The surprise changed to wonder, as the servants returned without tidings of her, and the wonder to alarm when it was discovered that one of the maids had seen her leaving the chateau by a side door, that morning, and knew that she had not since returned.



LOUIS ARRAYED IN BRIGAND COSTUME.

Now, fear and concern were depicted on every countenance in the household. All were in a state of agitation; the discovery of this strange and prolonged absence excited the greatest apprehensions, for not one of them all but thought, secretly, of the depression and melancholy of Rose, and connected it, somehow, with her present non-appearance, though neither would have mentioned such a thing to another. Louis himself, when it was announced that she was nowhere to be found, experienced the most ardent anxiety and fear, and it grew into absolute torture as the moments passed and no sign of her neighborhood was discovered; and immediately, on the return of the domestics, without waiting to see what steps were about to be taken by others, he ordered his horse, and, with a word of explanation to his uncle, sprang to the saddle, and galloped with all haste down to the village. Inquiries there were fruitless. Rose had been seen by none.

"*Mon Dieu!*" uttered Louis; "if anything has happened to her—" He could not finish; he shivered, and was marble pale. He had caused her sorrow. Louis felt like a murderer. With a last faint hope in his breast, the young man set Roland at lightning speed on the road to the cottage.

He had not accomplished more than half the distance, and as yet beheld no trace of the missing maiden, when he discerned two men coming along the road towards him. Resolved to make inquiries of them, the count drew rein as they came near, when he observed that one of them approached to accost him.

This man was a sturdy, dark, rough-looking fellow, bareheaded, and barefooted as well, and wearing, like his companion, the dress of a smuggler, which failed to attract the attention of Louis, partly, perhaps, from its being seen so far inland, and partly, again, from his own agitation and excitement. So it made no difference, perhaps, that Raimonde had forgotten to don a less suspicious-looking garb. The man advanced immediately to the side of the count.

"Monsieur, I should like to speak with you," he said, while his glance appeared rapidly to scan the features and dress of the young man.

A sudden conviction that this man was about to give him some information with regard to Rose, seized the count.

"Well, what is it, my good fellow?" asked he, hastily,—"what is it? Speak quickly, for I am in haste."

"Your name, monsieur?"

"Louis d'Artois."

"Count?"

"Exactly. What is your business?"

"This!" And the man gave to Louis a folded paper.

He opened it, and perceived the seal which it enclosed—the seal which he remembered having given to Jacques. An involuntary exclamation escaped his lips as he beheld it, and saw the signature of Jacques himself. Rapidly his eye ran over the contents of the billet, which read as follows:

"Monsieur le Compte,—If you wish to rescue Rose from a terrible fate, come to me. Once before, I came to *you*. Now, I am a prisoner, like *her*. The bearer of this note will conduct you to me. You would not heed danger, I know; but there is, I may as well inform you, none in this case, *if you do not delay*. You will be led into a place in which it may surprise you to find yourself; but express no surprise, make no comments, utter no unnecessary word. Bring your pistols, though I scarcely think they will be needed. Do not speak of the contents of this to Raimonde; he does not know *why* he is to conduct you to me. He cannot read. Do not mention the name of Rose, or seem to know anything concerning her. I send for you on a different pretence. *Come immediately, for Rose is a prisoner;* but come alone, and follow the man's directions. He is faithful. Jacques."

"*Mon Dieu!*" uttered Louis, involuntarily, as he read those closing words; "can it be thus?" And turning to Raimonde, who stood beside him, he said, endeavoring to hide his emotion and speaking as calmly as possible: "My good man, will you lead me to the one who wrote these lines?"

"That is what Jacques told me to do, monsieur," returned the man. "But there are certain things which you must do before I can take you to the place where he is. In the first place, I should advise you to get rid of your horse; for we shall go into the forest, where he will hinder rather than help you."

Louis secured, unobserved, his pistols, which happened to be loaded; then, writing on a scrap of paper, "I have gone to search for Rose," fastened it to the saddle, and dismounting, struck the beast with his riding-switch:

"Home, good Roland,—home!" he said.

And Roland, springing forward, set off, willingly, for the stables of the chateau.

"Now!" he said, to Raimonde.

"Now, monsieur, follow me." And, with his companion, who had all this time stood by, comprehending nothing of the scene, and too indolent to trouble himself concerning it, Raimonde crossed the path, and struck into a thicket by the wayside.

The count followed, without a word or an instant's hesitation. Why should he hesitate? He was no coward; and the courage, amounting almost, in its impetuosity, to rashness, which ever characterized him, filled his whole being now. He paused not to consider that there might be a snare for him in this matter; for he was seeking Rose, and no danger which he could have encountered would have deterred him from prosecuting that search. Thus he followed his guide, ready, without a moment's delay, to comply implicitly with the directions of Raimonde.

The path which they took lay over meadow and woodland, leading for the distance of perhaps a mile from the main road which they had left, and lying at right angles with it. They pursued this path, always nearing the windings of the distant blue river, till they had reached a point where the verdure-clothed rocks rose above it. And here Raimonde paused.

"Now, monsieur will consent to be blind-folded for a little while?" he said.

Louis drew forth his handkerchief, and passed it to Raimonde.

"I am ready," he said, simply.

His guide received the handkerchief, and folded it into a broad, thick bandage, casting a glance of surprise at the count, as he did so.

"I thought you would hesitate, monsieur," he said.

"I do not know why I should hesitate, my good man," answered Louis. "One only hesitates when one has fear."

"And you have no fear, monsieur?"

"I have no fear. But I pray you to hasten."

"That I am doing, monsieur. You are perfectly willing, I see,

to trust yourself with a stranger—to leave yourself entirely in his hands. I like that; it shows that you are no coward. But you are perfectly safe. Now I will bind the handkerchief about your head, if you please."

And the young count submitted himself to the hands of the guide in silence. Raimonde drew the folds of the bandage tightly across the eyes of Louis, and knotted the ends securely.

"You can see nothing, monsieur?" he said, when this was accomplished.

"Not a glimpse."

"That is well, monsieur. Now, here is my hand, or my arm, whichever monsieur may prefer. We will go rather more slowly, that monsieur may not stumble."

They walked in silence from the spot. It appeared to the count they were keeping their way close to the banks of the river for awhile. They crossed, as it seemed, broad, fertile meadows now, and now brier-grown patches where stock and stump wearied his feet. Again, their way led through thick growths of forest timber, and anon they descended some smooth, grassy slope, and ascended an opposite one. Anxiety and apprehension tortured Louis.

"My friend," he said, "when shall we reach the end of this long journey?"

"In a little while, monsieur; we have not far to go now."

And on they went, keeping up that monotonous tramp, tramp; while Louis, conjuring up a thousand forms of danger in connection with the situation of Rose, was almost mad with impatience. But he knew that it would be unwise in him to allow his state of mind to become apparent to his guide, and, therefore, concealed his feelings as far as possible. To the occasional brief remarks of Raimonde, he forced himself to make some reply in as indifferent a tone as he could command. But he was in continual torment; the way seemed endless; and Rose was all this time in captivity! He thought of her alarm—her distress—her helplessness; how every moment, an age, as it was, to him, must be an eternity to her. "Perhaps she is even now calling upon me to save her," he said, mentally. And the idea augmented the impatience that he already felt, till it became absolute agony.

Still, on they went—tramp, tramp, tramp,—till suddenly the guide halted.

"Monsieur," he said, "we will stop here. I can take off the bandage now, if you like."

It will readily be believed that Louis did not refuse the man's offer. He gladly submitted to have it unknotted from his head; but the light from the setting sun struck full across his eyes, and obliged him, for a moment, to shade them with his hand from the sudden excess of brilliancy. When he was able to discern fully the objects about him, he found himself standing beside the ruins of what had evidently once been a chateau. The dilapidated wall rising up at his right hand was covered with moss and grass, the growth of many a silent summer day. But the ravine no longer ran at his feet, nor was it anywhere visible; for all to the left was forest land, with occasional bright openings of green meadows that were beautiful, with their soft verdure shining through the dark woods in the declining sunlight; while beyond this ruined wall lay low hills. He was unable exactly to recognize the locality in which he found himself.

"Monsieur is a little bewildered, eh?" said Raimonde, with a half smile, as he remarked the perplexed air of Louis.

"Yes—yes! If your object was to mystify me with regard to the path, you have accomplished it. But hasten—hasten! I am impatient. You have not arrived yet at the end of our journey?"

"No, monsieur. I have brought you hither, first, that I may give you the second condition upon which you will be allowed to see Jacques."

"And that condition?"

"Is, monsieur, that you put on a disguise which I shall presently show you, and without which I will not promise to lead you a step farther."

"Ah—well! hasten, I pray you! I will consent to anything—everything; only do not delay."

Raimonde bent down, raised, with some difficulty, a square stone at his feet, and disclosed thereby an aperture some two feet broad, and, perhaps, a trifle longer, cut in the solid rock. This contained a chest, which Raimonde lifted out and opened. It seemed to be filled with clothing. From it the guide drew forth several articles of dress, which he gave to Louis. The young man started with surprise as he beheld them, and looked inquiringly at Raimonde.

"My friend, would no other dress than that of a brigand be suitable for the disguise?" he said.

"You recognize it, then? No—no! no other will answer my purpose. Do you refuse to accept it? do you fear?"

"Refuse?—no! and I do not know what fear is."

The young man proceeded to substitute for his own garments those which had been provided for him. The mystery of this dress he could not solve. He could not guess why this particular costume was needed. But Raimonde had chosen that he should adopt it, because there might possibly be a chance of their meeting some portion of the band, returning, like Michel, because so great a number would not be needed; and, in that case, Louis would be taken for one of the horde by his dress, and manage to escape. But there was scarcely the remotest prospect of such an occurrence; only the smuggler wished to be on the safe side.

And Michel stood by, with his usual careless indolence, saying nothing, and hardly wondering at his comrade's actions; it would have been too much trouble for him to inquire into the meaning or object; and the slight insight that his own wits gave into the affair, sufficed for him. Michel, however, was too indifferent on the score of other people's business to betray them; and Raimonde being quite conscious of this, took no pains to conceal from him anything that was going on.

And Louis proceeded with this strange toilet, the guide occasionally lending him some assistance, until he was fully equipped. A rifle and shot-pouch were given him. The tall, pointed hat, decked with gay streamers of ribbon, replaced his own, and a rough jacket was slung over his shoulder.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Now monsieur is ready," said the guide; "I will see to these things, and we will then move on."

He stooped down, replaced the chest, and covered it with the stone; then folding the garments of which Louis had divested himself into a bundle, he tied them in a large handkerchief, and gave it to Michel to carry; while the young count, leaning upon the broken wall, with an expression of stern sadness on his handsome features, awaited, in silence and meditation of the most painful nature, the movements of Raimonde.

A few moments, and the guide was ready.

"Monsieur will now," he said, "permit his eyes to be covered for five minutes longer. We shall be at the end of our journey then." And the bandage was resumed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The most reckless sinner against his own conscience has always in the background the consolation, that he will go on in this course only this time, or only so long, but that at such a time he will amend. We may be assured we do not stand clear with our own consciences, so long as we determine, or project, or even hold it possible, at some future time, to alter our course of action.—*Fichte.*

PARIS BY NIGHT.

But however Paris may appear by day, by night the scene is magnificent beyond description. Fairy tales, the Arabian Night's entertainments, all that you have seen, read or dreamed of that is glorious and brilliant, glimmers, fades, goes entirely out in the comparison. The streets all in a blaze of gas-light, and crowded with bustling vehicles and gay promenaders; the hundreds of theatres and other places of amusement, brilliantly illuminated, and sending forth peals of joyous music and laughter; the thousand and one long arcades, covered with glass, and lined with a continual succession of shops full of all manner of tempting wares; the gorgeously-furnished cafes and saloons filled with merry guests of both sexes, eating and drinking together; the hum of ten thousand voices, the glare of myriad lights, the ever-changing panorama of brightness, that is passing before you, charms, dazzles, confuses, intoxicates, fairly stuns you into a state of staring wonder and amazement. You know that there is very little substance to all this show, but you none the less admire. You have seen the other end of the kaleidoscope, how it is only little bits of painted glass that are the basis of these enchanting visions, still they are the none less lovely for all that. But in the morning, when the gas is turned off, and the fog is turned on, when the elegant carriages have given place to the lumbering drays, when the blouses and wooden shoes have the pavement all to themselves, and the dull shutters conceal from your view the treasures of the shops, then comes the disenchantment. Bright poesy, stripped of her feathers, turns out to be only plain prose, after all. You see nothing of your last night's banquet but the broken bottles strewed about the floor, the chairs upside down, and the tables covered with bones and crumbs, and such like tokens of a revel.—*Springfield Republican.*



CATHEDRAL OF ST. GIOVANNI, AT TURIN.

WALKING LEAVES OF AUSTRALIA.

Almost everybody has heard of the wonderful walking leaves of Australia. For a long time after the discovery of that island, many people really believed that the leaves of a certain tree which flourishes there could walk about the ground. The story arose in this way: Some English sailors landed upon the coast, one day, and after rambling about until they were tired, they sat down under a tree to rest themselves. A puff of wind came along, and blew off a shower of leaves, which, after turning over and over in the air, as leaves generally do, finally rested on the ground. As it was midsummer, and everything appeared quite green, the circumstance puzzled the sailors considerably. But their surprise was much greater, as you may well suppose, when, after a short time, they saw the leaves crawling along upon the ground toward the trunk of the tree. They ran at once for their vessel, without stopping to inquire into the matter at all, and set sail from the land where everything seemed to be bewitched. One of the sailors said that he "expected every moment to see the trees set to and dance a jig."

Subsequent explorations of Australia have taught us that these walking leaves are insects. They live upon the trees. Their bodies are very thin and flat, their wings forming large, leaf-like organs. When they are disturbed, their legs are folded away under their bodies, leaving the shape exactly like a leaf, with its stem and all complete. They are of a bright green color in the summer, but they gradually change in the fall, with the leaves, to the brown of a frost-bitten vegetation. When shaken from the tree, they lie for a few minutes upon the ground, as though they were dead, but presently they begin to crawl along toward the tree, which they mount again. They rarely use their wings, although they are pretty well supplied in this respect. The Australian continent is remarkable for many singular peculiarities, besides, both of vegetable and animal life, but this is one of the most wonderful.—*New York Atlas.*



CITY OF GENOA, FROM THE PIAZZA DEL AQUA VERDE.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. GIOVANNI.

We lately gave our readers a fine engraving of the King of Sardinia, and on the opposite page we now present a view of the noted Cathedral of St. Giovanni, in Turin, one of the large cities of his kingdom. Its quaint architecture and massiveness are well delineated in the illustration, being quite unlike any European church or cathedral which has been represented in these pages. Turin is not rich in ancient or imposing architecture, and the good citizens are said to particularly pride themselves upon this edifice. Its modern structures compare well with those of any part of the classic divisions of Italy. The city is not quite so large in the number of its population as Boston.

CITY OF GENOA.

This gem of Northern Italy is very effectively typified above, wherein the harbor and that portion of the city contiguous is clearly defined. It is also one of the capitals of the Sardinian States, and is a place of no little commercial and maritime importance. The city looks best from the sea, and in some respects closely resembles Naples; the bay is crescent shaped, and the town rises gradually from the shore in picturesque groupings of architecture. The whiteness of the houses, the intermingled palaces, and the surrounding villas beyond, add much to its charm and beauty. It is strongly fortified, and very closely built, the streets being but ten or twelve feet in width! being in many parts inaccessible to vehicles.

PALACE OF THE SENATE, IN TURIN.

This elaborate and beautiful structure is probably not rivalled by that of any piece of architecture in this capital city of Sardinia. Our view, below, gives the open plaza that fronts the main edifice on the right of the picture, where those never absent attendants of all European and despotic governments, *fixed bayonets*, may be seen fully represented. It was here that the king, Victor Emmanuel, was received in royal state after his late visit to the French and English courts, and here it is that Louis Napoleon will probably be received with lavish splendor upon his proposed return of his royal friend's visit. Turin is rich in its manufactures of cotton, linen and silk goods, and is a wealthy and thriving city.



PALACE OF THE SENATE, AT TURIN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I WOULD NOT BID FAREWELL.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYES.

I would not wish to bid farewell
To earth, so fair and bright,
When lingers round my soul the spell
Of beauty, soft and light—
And when so many joys are thrown
From pleasure's shining hand;
Like pearls, from angel-fingers strown,
Along life's beaten strand.

I would not wish to fade away,
Like flowers of earthly clime;
When pleasant is the passing day,
And sweet the summer time;
And when around me friendship smiles,
And gales blow smooth and free,
To bear my bark to golden isles,
Upon life's sunny sea.

I would not wish to yield my breath,
And see my bright hopes fade,
And crumble, at the touch of death,
Into eternal shade—
To be but like a fading flower,
Or like a star of light,
Falling from heaven in midnight hour,
Forever down to night.

And yet, at last, must come a time,
Made up of long farewells,
When on the soul will steal the chime
Of heaven's vesper bells.
Then would I sail out from life's sea,
When all around grows dark;
And welcome would the passage be,
Though in death's silent bark.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MR. BAKER'S DOMESTIC SYSTEM.

BY MARY E. ROBINSON.

Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Baker had put the little Balls and the little Bakers to bed, and for the first time during the winter season were spending an evening together. It seemed very cosy and sociable to sit down in front of the open stove, with its bed of glowing coal, and talk familiarly of matters interesting to wives and mothers. And so thought Mrs. Ball, who affirmed that her little ones had been so cross and wayward that day, that she needed just such a quiet period to calm her irritated nerves; which remark was seconded by Mrs. Baker, who added, that Frank, Frederic and Fanny had behaved shockingly all day, wearying her patience sadly, and preventing her from sewing, reading or even thinking.

"I don't know that my boys and girls differ from other boys and girls, but I get very tired with the care of them all the day," said Mrs. Ball, sighing softly.

"And so do I; yet my husband thinks the duty a very slight one," returned Mrs. Baker, sympathetically.

"That I do!" said the person alluded to, emphatically, abruptly entering. "That I do; and as soon as I get on my slippers, I'll give you a good reason for it. Good evening, Mrs. Ball. I didn't intend to be a party to your innocent remarks, but the last one of my wife's I couldn't avoid hearing; an assertion, by the way, which I am ready to make again."

"As she rendered your views so correctly, I presume no harm is done," laughingly returned Mrs. Ball.

"Discussing children, were you not, and the tremendous burden of care and trouble they impose upon tender mothers?" inquired Mr. Baker, half seriously.

"We stand convicted of the heinous crime. Pray, what have you to say against it?" retorted both Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Baker.

"Nothing, certainly, of the right of every lady to talk about what pleases her; but a great deal against the erroneous opinions you maintain. The truth is, Mrs. Ball—the truth is, wife, you magnify your motherly duties; you look at them through a glass which increases their dimensions wonderfully. You make a mountain of a molehill, and then imagine you are climbing up its rugged sides, when you are simply walking on level ground. You complain because it has become habitual; you talk of fatigue and nervousness, because every other mother does the same. There isn't one woman in ten who knows how to take care of children properly."

"Have *you* any experimental knowledge of the matter?" asked Mrs. Ball.

"No, indeed! he knows nothing about it," cried Mrs. Baker.

"I see I am in the minority, but I don't mean to be frightened out of my argument," quoth Mr. Baker. "In the first place, I advance that women don't understand children."

Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Baker looked volumes.

"They make," he continued, undaunted by two pairs of sharp eyes, "a great fuss about a very little matter. Children do not need continual talking to; one word is as good as ten, if rightly applied. Begin right, and there need be no trouble in managing them. When they cry, learn 'em not to; when they want anything, make 'em wait on themselves."

"What if they can't walk? There is supposed to be a period in a child's life when its feet are of no possible service," remarked the listening wife, in a tone the least bit malicious.

"As I have two such critical listeners, it behoves me to choose my words more carefully. To amend my remark, teach children to wait upon themselves as soon as they *can* walk."

"A difficult theory to put into practice," said Mrs. Ball, with the air of one confident of the soundness of her position.

"Not at all, madam, I assure you; nothing is easier."

"Did ever you try it?" pursued the lady, surveying the masculine theorist, as though she compassionated his ignorance.

"Why—no—not exactly," he stammered, "but that doesn't militate against the facts of the case. I'm confident I can take care of children without tiring myself, or thinking it a burdensome duty. I should start right, Mrs. Ball."

The man in the dressing-gown and slippers contemplated the fire with great apparent satisfaction.

"Then why not take your wife's place to-morrow, and let her spend the day with me?" queried the mother of the four little Balls. "She needs relaxation, and as you maintain that children are no trouble when rightly managed, they will not interfere with your happiness, in any degree. You can 'start right,' and I have no doubt everything will go on swimmingly. What say you to my proposal?"

Mr. Baker eyed her attentively for a moment, then slowly replied:

"I don't know but it's reasonable. Should you like it?" he added, turning to his wife, who had been exchanging speaking glances with Mrs. Ball.

He received a hearty assent.

"Then it's settled: I'll keep house, and you shall go visiting. I'm not particularly wanted at the store, and it will be a fine chance to write several letters and look over a book of accounts. I'll wager a new hat against a new bonnet—and the bonnet, with your permission, shall belong to Mrs. Baker—that I will get through the day grandly, without fretting and scolding, or worriment and weariness," was the brave rejoinder.

"You hear, Mrs. Baker—a beaver against one of those eight dollar beauties at Champney's! I wish I was as sure of a new velvet as you are!" exclaimed the merry Mrs. Ball.

"Don't be too positive! a hat may be called for before you are aware of it," briskly retorted Mr. Baker. "I'll demonstrate my system, or confess myself in an error."

Mrs. Ball smiled in a peculiar way, spoke a few words in an under tone to her ally, and bade her friends good night.

Mr. Baker was awakened at a late hour the following morning by baby Fanny, who was amusing herself by pulling his whiskers. Glancing at his watch, he found it was past eight o'clock. Where was Mrs. Baker? Why were not the older children dressed and out of the way, instead of jumping about the room, clamoring for their clothes? Mr. Baker did not make a very elaborate toilet. He ran down stairs, found a good fire in the stove, a pot of hot coffee, and the table spread; but the party instrumental in bringing about this comfortable state of things was *non est*. He went through the chambers, glanced into the parlor, looked into the wood-shed, and put his head down cellar and called "Ellen" several times. No response being elicited, he was driven to the conclusion that his better half had taken an early departure for the mansion of Mrs. Ball, leaving him to get a "right start" without her interference. He was rather unprepared for this punctual introduction to domestic life, but being somewhat of a philosopher, Mr. Baker set about making the best of it. He was reflecting upon the propriety of refreshing his inner man, when two small voices were heard at the top of the stairs.

"I want to be dressed—I want to be dressed!"

These were certainly reasonable requests, and hurrying up to the chamber, he collected together an armful of juvenile garments, and bidding the little ones follow, went back to the warm room below. He was progressing very slowly in enrobing the miniature men (for Mr. Baker, like many other husbands, had but an imperfect idea of children's needs), when a scream caused him to drop a boy suddenly and run to the assistance of baby Fanny, who, indignant at being left alone, had crept from the low bed and started to descend the stairs; but an unlucky misstep caused her to come bumping down on her head and shoulders, to the dismay of her father. Fortunately, she was not much hurt; a little soothing and a lump of sugar soon dried up her tears.

"I wonder why children can't stay where they're put!" thought Mr. Baker, as he wrapped a blanket about the bumped young lady, and sat her in a high chair, preparatory for breakfast. "But I'll get started right, directly."

He went on with the dressing business so summarily disturbed. What a number of small skirts, dresses, pinafores, socks and shoes the young Bakers wore? And the pinning and buttoning that his awkward fingers so bunglingly achieved, was by no means a trifling item. And then Frank and Freddy helped him by "turning round" the wrong way, and thrusting their arms everywhere but into the right sleeve. The shoes seemed several sizes too small for the feet they were to cover, yet by much pulling and working the task was completed. Meantime Miss Fanny was occupying her leisure moments by strewing the sugar about, crumbling the bread and spreading butter on the cloth.

"How can a man look behind him, I wonder!" muttered Mr. Baker, surveying the disordered table; but the complaints of two older boys (who now made their appearance) that they should be tardy at school, made eating a paramount duty. Ranging his five charges about the family board, he stationed himself at the head to attend to their wants. He had no previous experience in that department, and therefore was astonished at the number of pieces of bread he was called upon to "spread," and the quantity of drink he was requested to "fix."

"And Mrs. Baker does this three times a day! Why, it's worth a quarter every meal! I sha'n't get a chance to eat a mouthful!" mentally ejaculated the husband and father, going to the closet to replenish the butter-plate.

When he returned, three of his heirs were quarrelling over the last piece of bread. Mr. Baker thought it time to "lay down" his rules and "get a good start" for the day.

"Children," he said, with as much dignity as though he were delivering a speech in Congress, "children, your mother has gone away and will not return till night. But I shall stay at home with you, and everything will go on as usual. I trust you will make no noise, and prove obedient children."

These words were undoubtedly heard, but no perceptible effect was manifest. The listeners were very quiet, however. There was no doubt that he had "hit the nail on the head." Encouraged by this "good start," Mr. Baker cleared away the dishes with alacrity, pausing only to ask William and Charles why they didn't go to school.

"'Cause we aint ready," replied both at once.

"Why not?"

"Mother brushes our clothes, and puts on our collars, and gives us apples for recess, and reads over our lessons with us, and picks out the hard places on the maps, and mends our pencils, and sews up the holes in our pockets—I've got a great one in mine—and bends our hats into shape—mine's all jammed now—and—"

"Stop—that'll do," interrupted Mr. Baker, frightened at the length of the list of offices required of him.

It was nothing to wield a clothes-brush, but to adjust collars was another affair. He pinned and unpinned, fixed and unfixed; sometimes the subjects of his operations declared that he "pricked," sometimes they insisted that he "pinched." But the poor collars fared the worst of the three; by the time they were satisfactorily adjusted, Mrs. Baker would have consigned them to the wash-tub without an instant's hesitation. Apples were easily found, but they needed wiping; whereupon the officiating manager sent one of the boys after a cloth—the first clause of his new system being to make children wait upon themselves. Charley was expeditious; he made his appearance with one of his mother's damask napkins. Mr. Baker said "pshaw!" not very mildly, and went for a proper article himself. As for the lessons and the "hard places on the map," they were left to take care of themselves. The "hole in the pocket" could not be so easily disposed of, for Charley declared that his pencils would slip through if it wasn't "run up." Up stairs again went the patient father, to consult Mrs. Baker's work-box. After marbles, nails, jack-knives, strings, fish-hooks and a dubious pocket-handkerchief had been emptied, and the receptacle for this heterogeneous mass duly turned (Charley had gathered up one corner and tied a piece of twine around it), Mr. Baker proceeded to repair the rent with something greatly resembling a darning-needle.

"Running *down*" would have been as intelligible as "running up," to the puzzled looking man who had placed the owner of the pocket in a chair that he might be reached more conveniently, and now stood contemplating the "hole" with evident misgiving. If he had been about to sew up a wound in the boy's flesh, he could not have taken the first stitch with less reluctance. His needle unthreaded twice (it took him in the first instance five minutes to thread it) and once rolled out of his large fingers to the floor, where it required father and two sons to find it; but after Mr. Baker had worked himself into a profuse perspiration by his efforts, Charley was of the opinion that it would "hold;" of which his progenitor was by no means certain. Next the "jammed" hat was produced. Mr. Baker manipulated it this way and that, but its crushed proportions defied his skill; it went "jammed" to school. Flattering himself that nothing more was wanted, the demonstrator of the new system wiped his face, and breathed a sigh of relief.

"My shoe string's broken; can't I have a new one?" inquired William, inspecting his foot, with a look of concern.

Mr. Baker groaned.

"Get it yourself, can't you?" he replied, with a frown.

"Don't know where to find one," said the boy; and then aside to Charley, "I wish mother wouldn't go away; father's so cross."

There was no help for it, Mr. Baker got up, searched in all improbable places for the article wanted, and finally made another visit to his wife's work-box, taking therefrom a piece of white cord which was quickly inserted into the shoe. The lad was not exactly satisfied with the color of his string, but the countenance of his father was not promising enough for complaint.

"What are you waiting for?" demanded the latter, sternly, perceiving that the boys still lingered, as if wishing, yet half afraid to speak.

"School's been begun most an hour; must have an excuse; get punished for being tardy if we don't," spoke up Charley.

"I've half a mind to make you go without one, for spoiling hats and breaking shoe strings," responded the impatient father. "However, one of you go and get the inkstand, and I'll write one; I can't wait upon you any longer."

A boy bounded up the staircase, seized the ink-stand and bounded down, spilling half its contents, and upsetting a smaller boy.

"Why can't boys (and he might have added *men*) carry anything without slopping?" grumbled Mr. Baker, surveying the black circle which the ink-stand left on the table-cloth. "I wish I had gone myself!"

The remedy for tardiness being put upon paper, Charles and William went on their way rejoicing, to the great satisfaction of the senior Baker.

It must not be supposed that the three smaller juveniles were inactive during this relaxation of surveillance. Rare reasoners are children. Perceiving no watchful eyes upon them, they commenced amusing themselves in their own way. The movable part of the stove-hearth had been taken out by Mr. Baker to facil-

itate the process of "drawing;" and this was too promising an opening for Masters Frank and Frederic to resist. Their chubby hands and the bed of warm ashes were soon in contact; while tiny heaps began to multiply upon the floor under their nimble fingers, between which they made railroads, placing chips thereupon for cars, and a large piece of coal for an engine.

Miss Fanny (who had begun to realize that she had powers of locomotion) was an interested observer of these proceedings, until the idea entered her juvenile brain that she could do a small business on her own account. Spying a pair of scissors, she slipped down from her high chair and gained, unnoticed, possession of them. Still as a mouse, she seated herself under the table where Mr. Baker had thrown her clothes. A pretty dress happened to lie nearest her hand, which she was not long in trying the edge of the scissors upon. They ran along smoothly through the pliant cloth, and the little lady rather liked it; she cut more, and went on cutting until the pretty spotted print had lost its original shape, resembling nothing so much as a pile of patchwork. But a hearty shaking and an ungentle *sitting down* changed the current of her thoughts and the bent of her inclinations. As Aunt Debby would say, Mr. Baker looked "tried." He had a decided aversion to corporeal punishment, but he never came nearer to administering it than when he saw the ash heaps and the remnants of Fanny's dress; as it was, the shaking was given with a will.

That his eyes could not be everywhere was fully obvious; that children required more watching, much stricter attention than he had before imagined, was another evident conclusion; and that the labor of attending to the wants of five young Bakers was not inconsiderable nor to be performed without fatigue, he was also, just then, inclined to admit. He had assuredly "started right," yet for some singular reason, his system didn't work to his mind. It had met with unexpected obstacles, and was rapidly running off the track. Half the day was nearly spent. What had he accomplished? Nothing—absolutely nothing; or at least, that was the word he felt sure Mrs. Baker would have chosen to apply to his morning's work.

Still there was yet time to redeem his mistakes; between that and night, he promised himself to take a new tack; to triumphantly walk over the difficulties relating to the management of children.

After proper reprimands, the trio of offenders were placed upon chairs where they remained perched until Mr. Baker's back was turned, when they slid down noiselessly to look about for amusement. The culinary department required attention; five hungry mouths would soon be wanting dinner, and our housekeeper purposed trying his skill at a soup. Mrs. Baker made very good soups, but he was confident he could make a better. He was some time in getting the materials together, and once he came very near scalding one of his male heirs, who persisted in disregarding his directions to "keep off;" but the necessary articles were at length collected in a kettle and put to simmering over the fire, which he made of such intensity that he burned his compound in less than half an hour. That accident didn't add to the fineness of its flavor, which he was a little suspicious of before, from the fact that he had, in an unlucky moment, substituted ginger for pepper. But congratulating himself that "the children wouldn't taste it," he poured his preparation into a large tureen, and setting his noisy boys and girl, who were clamoring for "something to eat," he proceeded to divide the spoils. All being duly served, Mr. Baker stirred the soup thoroughly and helped himself to a ladle-full. The first mouthful was smart—the next smarter—the third smartest. That was owing to the ginger. But then ginger was highly sanative, and prized for many purposes; that was no disparagement to the soup. His mouth felt uncomfortably warm, while an incessant call for "drink" kept him trotting busily between the pump and the table.

But though he slily wet his own lips with the cooling liquid, he was not going to retire vanquished from the field, albeit the bitter mingled with the sweet. He made another dive at the bottom of the dish, bringing up a suspicious looking object, which he deposited upon his plate for closer inspection. It proved to be one of Fanny's shoes; and it was neither nice nor tender. *That* did not increase his appetite, or add to his admiration of that young lady's behaviour. No one participated in this discovery but Charley, whose astonished exclamations were cut short by a frown from his father, who dexterously pushed the dripping shoe between the tureen and a large pitcher, that eight other eyes might not detect it.

"What torments children are!" mentally ejaculated Mr. Baker, wiping his moist forehead, after dinner. "It isn't possible the little plagues act like this all the time! If they do, I shouldn't blame most women for committing suicide or going crazy! Here I've questioned the mischievous imps, and not one of them knows anything about that confounded shoe. I've a good mind to whip 'em all and put 'em to bed!"

But the performance of this threat would prevent a satisfactory demonstration of his system; therefore it was given up as inexpedient.

Stepping out a moment for something which he needed, he charged his charges (Charles and William having gone to school again) to be very quiet and do no mischief in the interim. A sheer waste of words! Mischief lurked in their eyes, smiled on their lips; mischief was largely represented in their compositions, and it must have an outlet. Scarcely had the door closed behind the retiring Mr. Baker, than the trio started on a voyage of discovery. Frank, being the oldest, led the expedition, which took for its first field of operations, the kitchen closet. Pushing a chair before him to render less difficult the pleasant task in prospective, he mounted it and took a peep into the sugar-bowl. Generously giving his brother and sister two small lumps apiece, he stuffed his own mouth to repletion, casting, meantime, longing glances at a jar of jam beyond his reach. A logical mind had Master Frank for a boy of five. He thought that if he had a high chair, or was as tall as Charley, he could touch the coveted article; the next link in the chain of his reasoning was, how could he make the chair he was in, higher? A square box stood on a shelf on a level with his feet. He jumped down, pushed it into the chair, and climbed up again. Now for the jam! His little mouth and two other little mouths watered for the delicious compound. He knew he was "doing mischief," but that very knowledge made him more eager to touch the earthen jar; for is it not a truism that stolen fruit is the sweetest? Standing on his toes, and stretching his body as much as convenient, he was about grasping the treasure, when down came boy, box and chair—chair uppermost. The young climber was not heavy, yet his weight was sufficient to break the slight box cover, plunge his feet into a layer of choice honeycomb, slide the box off, and overturn the chair.

Much surprised at this unlooked-for manifestation, but not a bit hurt, Master Frank essayed to rise. That, however, promised to be a matter of some difficulty, inasmuch as both feet were firmly imbedded in the sticky substance. By struggling he extricated himself, and the expectant ones, having no scruples against the contact of honey and leather, set about reguling themselves in the primitive mode—with their fingers. Freddy, in reaching over Fanay for his share, dropped a liberal allowance on her head and his apron, and then tried to repair his mistake by rubbing both with his hands, to the detriment of the silky hair, which assumed at every brush of his fingers a still gummier aspect.

In the midst of this sweet repast Mr. Baker returned. One glance at Frank's feet, Frederic's apron and Fanny's head, including their hands and faces, and the dripping box upon the floor, explained the nature of what presented itself. He shook one, boxed a second, and slapped the third, before recollecting that he was opposed to physical punishment. And Fanny's hair! What *would* Mrs. Baker say! How *should* he get the honey off? He was undecided where or how to begin. He had just taken her locks in hand when the door-bell was heard to ring. Commanding the offenders on no account to leave the room, he started for the door. It was a lady friend whose acquaintance he valued. He shook hands with her heartily, and invited her in. The lady was polite, but eyed her glove furtively. Our founder of a new system thought of his hands and apologized, telling some out-of-the-way story, extremely improbable.

The disagreeable subject was hardly disposed of, before the three victims of honey made their debut, bashfully sliding in, one after the other, Frank with his shoes sticking to the Brussels at every step, Frederic with dripping apron, and Fanny in her night-dress (Mr. Baker hadn't been able to find anything to take the place of the cut one) and bare feet (one shoe was under the stove drying).

The father of this interesting group peremptorily ordered them out, and wished himself in Japan. Was there ever a man so harassed by adverse circumstances and—children? The lady, not finding her host very talkative, and somewhat flurried in manner, withal, took leave very soon; thinking the little Bakers not at all attractive and shockingly neglected; while the disturbed master of the mansion took his way to the kitchen, lamenting the inauspicious chance that had shown her his progeny in such a plight. Mrs. Baker would never forgive his agency in the unfortunate occurrence, priding herself as she did on the general cleanliness and tidiness of her offspring. What could possess the little torments to come trooping in unbidden, with their fingers in their mouths, and said mouths very dirty? To plague him, doubtless, and make their mother miserable when she came to hear of it.

In this perturbed state of mind, Fanny's hair got badly pulled, in his frantic attempts to remove the deposits thereon. It was hard work, rather, the flaxen curls being tangled and matted together in a way that made him feel uncomfortably cross. Fanny bore the pulling heroically, at first; but as the process grew more complicated, began to whimper, finally relieving her pent up feelings by a loud outcry, in which she was joined by Freddy who began to be frightened by the threatening glances of his offended parent.

It was somewhere in the vicinity of four o'clock when Mr. Baker got time to sit down. His limbs ached with weariness, and his head felt fit for nothing but a pillow. Yet desirous of showing his wife that he could find leisure for what he had purposed doing, he produced pen, ink and paper, and commenced a letter; writing, to begin with, with one eye on his sheet and the other on the children, who were penitently sitting in a row, just still enough to be meditating more mischief. The indefatigable but unfortunate Baker was soon absorbed in his occupation, forgetful of the responsibility resting upon him. Casually raising his eyes at length, he beheld Fanny with a suspicious looking vial to her lips, and hastened to take it from her. Unlucky child! it was labelled "Laudanum."

The effect of this terrific discovery upon the nervous system of the father was most startling. It was the grand climax of his experiment—fatal alike to that and to Fanny. The vial was empty, but still emitted a flavor of the execrable drug which it had contained. No time was to be lost. The paternal Baker caught up his hat and ran for medical aid at a speed truly indicative of the pressing emergency. He was tearing by Mr. Ball's house at a frantic pace, when he was hailed by Mrs. Baker, who, from the window of her friend's dwelling had perceived his hurried advance.

"What, for pity's sake, is the matter, Mr. Baker?" cried the anxious wife.

"Fanny—laudanum—doctor!" replied he, much out of breath.

"There's not a drop of laudanum in the house," added Mr. Baker.

"The vial—the vial!" exclaimed the husband, in tones so tragical that they were frightfully Othello-like.

"There was nothing in it."

"Are you sure?"

Mrs. Baker assured him that she was entirely sure, and the alarmed father began to live again. After enjoying the revulsion a moment, he said, with as much coolness as he could summon:

"I guess I'll go back;" then, very kindly added, after taking the first homeward step, "if you are most ready to go, I'll wait for you."

Mrs. Baker was quite ready to accompany the founder of the new system for the proper training of children.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Baker, that you didn't get a good start," she remarked, glancing at the children and their various occupations.

Frank had produced his father's blacking, and was perseveringly engaged in putting a layer of that material over the stratum of dried honey that had adhered to his shoes since the notable accident of the earlier part of the day; but not being well skilled in that branch of industry, made copious deposits upon the floor and his face; Frederic was building a fire of little sticks and shavings upon the hearth-rug, with very good success, having just produced a flame which burned much to his satisfaction; and Fanny, who had a sweet tooth, was up to her eyes in honey again.

There were traces of the day's march of confusion, disorder and destruction in every direction the prudent housewife could turn her eyes. Mr. Baker shrank into himself in absolute dismay; and when he saw Mrs. Ball glide in, with an expression mercilessly quizzical, he undertook to make a desperate rush from the premises. But he couldn't do it; his egress was prevented by Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Ball.

"The system is demonstrated!" quoth Mrs. Ball.

"Its practical working is proved beyond a doubt!" added Mrs. Baker.

"Let me go! let me leave the country!"

"How nice everything looks!" pursued Mrs. Ball, taking a general survey of the room.

"It's a wonderful system!" continued Mrs. Baker. "There's no honey on Fanny's hair; no blacking on Franky's face; no ink on Freddy's hands; no ashes on the floor; no grease nor butter on the table-cloth; no chips on the stove; no water in the chairs; no crumbs on the shelves; no confusion and disorder anywhere prevalent! How stupid women are, not to know how to take care of children, and how silly they are to complain of troubles and trials, when the whole thing can be reduced to a science!"

"Come, Ellen, what's the use?" interposed Mr. Baker, deprecatingly.

"A science! only think!" resumed Mrs. Ball.

"And the grand secret is in getting a 'fair start,'" pursued Mrs. Baker.

"Your husband's name must be mentioned at the next 'Woman's Rights Convention,' for appropriate honors! What light he reflects on the wearers of the bifurcate, generally!" suggested Mrs. Ball.

"What kind of a hat do you prefer, Mr. Baker—a stove pipe section, a Kossuth, or a Wide-awake?" queried his fairer half.

"A *Wide-awake!* most probably," asserted Mrs. Ball.

Mr. Baker said not a word, but nervously drew forth his pocket book and took therefrom ten dollars, which he handed to his wife with a subdued manner that was very significant; it was an appropriation for a new velvet bonnet—an eloquent confession of the fallibility of his system. An elegant piece of head-gear, which attracted much attention, appeared in the Baker pew the next Sabbath.

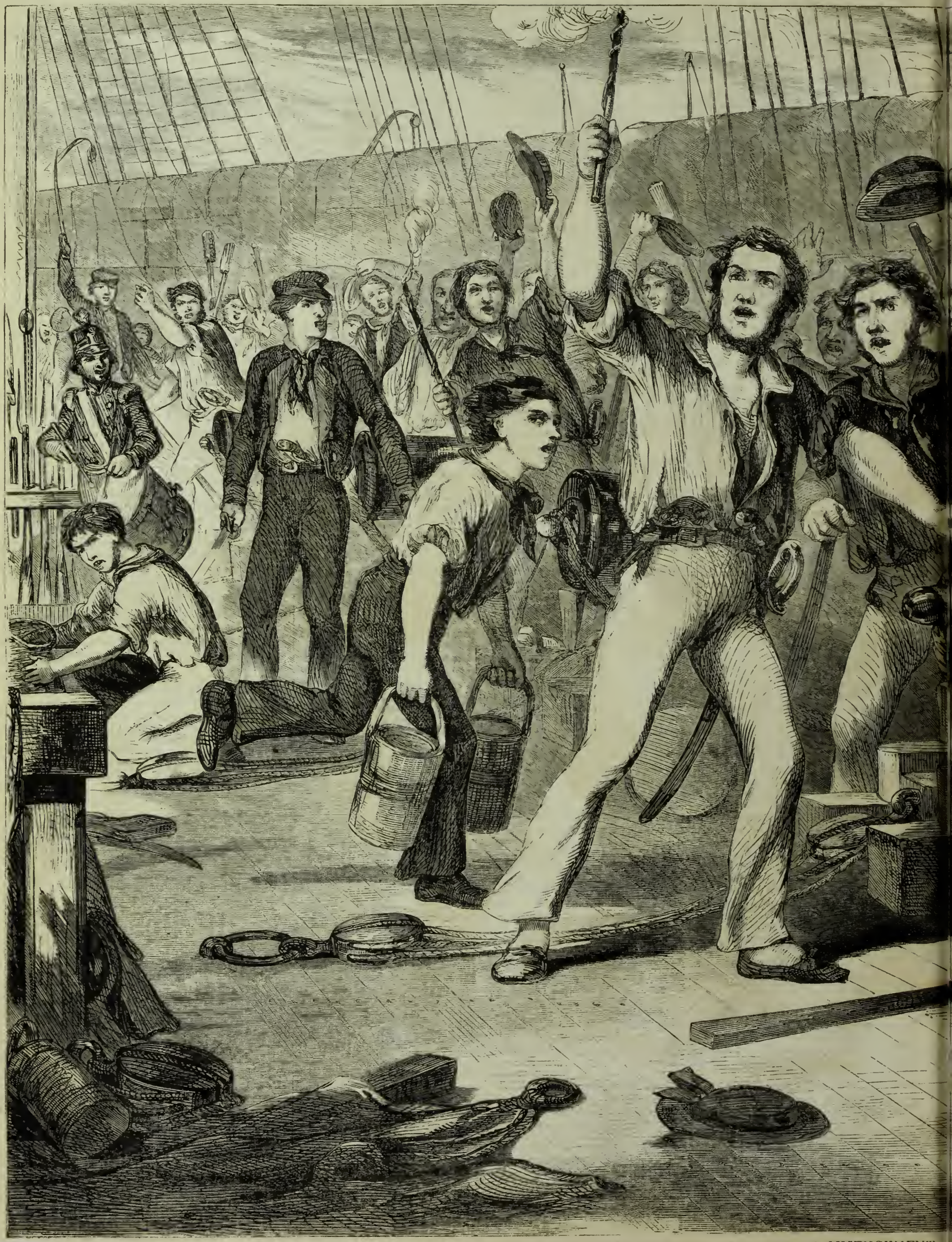
The moral of our story is obvious. Woman's life is, to the majority of men, a profound secret; they know little of its trials; its cares, labors and perplexities are an arcanum so deep and mystical, that they pass on through the trodden way of existence, receiving of her ministrations without pausing to ask the cost of what is enjoyed without cessation from the cradle to the final resting place of humanity.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative faculties exercise themselves in making laws for her nurse; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet and who does not disdain to be beautiful, who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and ravelled edges, slipshod shoes and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and rarely argues, but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance.—*Dickens.*

A SUNBEAM ON THE STAGE.

I once saw a sunbeam stealing through a crevice in the roof, and glancing upon the darkened stage, at a rehearsal. That single streak of golden light, falling upon the dust, and paint, and faded scenery, and glaring imitations of nature, spoke to me, in a thrilling tone, of green, murmuring foliage; of air voiceful with rural sounds; of the flower-studded earth; of nature's rich storehouse of vernal treasures; of all that sunbeam shone upon, far away from this mockery and drudgery, this mimicry and misery. As I watched the beam illuminating the surrounding gloom, my mind was filled with fresh and strengthening aspirations that belonged not to this life of representation, that had no affinity with the place and the hour. It is years ago, yet I have never forgotten that one ray of light, and the sensations and reflections which it called into existence.—*Anna Cora Ritchie.*



DECK OF THE U. S FRIGATE CONSTITUTION, AT THE COMMENCEMENT



THE ACTION WITH THE BRITISH FRIGATE GUERRIERE, AUGUST 19, 1812.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BANDIT CHIEFTAIN TO HIS STEED.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Ha. ha! they're thinking to capture the wind!
To imprison the foaming wave!
Good Fayjah, we'll leave them afar behind—
Allah preserves the brave.
We'll leave them afar on the desert's track—
We'll leave them afar on the shore;
Neither the Arab nor steed can slack
Till enemies scent them no more.

Ha. ha! they're thinking to weary thee, pet,
With their fresh relays of post!
They will prove the Arab and steed well met—
Fayjah against a host!
Push on, push onward, my gallant steed—
Onward for home and life!
My child will divide with thee half of his bread:
Thou'lt share the caress of my wife.

Courage, good courage, Mahratta's bright gem,
Pride of the lord of Ind!
Thou art worthy a star in my diadem—
Ha, ha! can they chain the wind?
Courage, good steed, for thou bearest a king—
The chief of a lordly band:
These Englishmen deem it a laudable thing
To rifle our own good land.

Courage, good Fayjah, they're hunting us now—
But they know not the path to the cave;
They're thinking to twine round their own haughty brow
The glories that round us wave.
Courage, once more, and a season of rest
Shall reward thy devotion and pain;
To morrow at sunrise, with dancing crest,
The bandit will scour the plain.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BLACK SADDLE-MARE.

BY HORACE H. STANIFORD.

Karl Von Dunderman lived near the town of Greffelbach, on a small stream emptying into the Kocher, in the department of Jagst, in Wirtemberg. Karl owned a mill there, that he had bought since he had become an old man. It was an old mill, but a good one, and Karl had as much grain as he could possibly grind brought to his place. He ran the mill two years alone, and then, as he found he was growing blind and weak, he hired a stout man to come and take charge. The person whom he hired was Martin Hoffman, a poor, deformed man, with such a hump on his back as made him almost frightful to behold. Karl's family was a small one, there being only himself and Barbara Luben, who was only fifteen years old, and yet Karl declared she was the best cook in the country. He had taken her when she was eight years old, her parents having died. At that time Karl had lost his wife, and having no children about him to love, he took little Barbara, and she was so comely and good, he loved her as if she had been of his own flesh and blood. Barbara lost none of her comeliness as she grew up, but rather grew more handsome.

There was one other thing on the premises that Karl loved, and that was the black saddle-mare he had owned for thirteen years. She was a good beast, but would not work in harness; yet she would carry enormous loads on her back. But Karl only wanted her for a saddle beast, for since he had grown old and fat he found it difficult to walk much. This mare was jet black in color, and as handsome in form as any horse in Jagst. Karl had owned her from a little colt, and he would sooner have sold his mill than his black saddle-mare.

But Karl Von Dunderman had seen his mill for the last time, and for the last time had he ridden his black mare. Death had come to call him away. He called Barbara to his side and said:

"Barbara, you see I am dying. There is no use in your crying, for I must go—and I am old enough, too. Now I have given all my property to you, save fifty ducats which I have given to Martin. The mill is yours, and you must hire Martin to work it; and besides the mill I leave you over two thousand ducats. Thus you see, you are very rich, for the mill will not only support you, but pay you something handsome beside. Now of course many young men will try to get you for a wife. And now I must have a solemn promise from you. You shall never marry a man until you have seen him ride the black saddle-mare. When a man comes whom you do not want, just send him off at once; but should one come whom you would be willing to have for a husband, you must tell him the conditions on which you will accept him. He must saddle the black mare, and ride her up the hill and back again. If he does this, then take him; but if he does it not, then send him away. And mind you, no man can try but once. If he fails the first time he must give it up."

"But," said Barbara, "then I shall surely marry the first man who tries, for there cannot be a kinder beast."

"I know how kind she is. But allowing it happens as you say, you cannot object, for you are not to let them try unless you would like them. But this shall not always last, you know, for the black mare cannot live till you are very old. You are now only fifteen, so by the time you are thirty the mare will be pretty well worn out. But you shall keep her as well as you can, and be very careful she does not get injured. Now to all this will you give me your solemn promise?" And Barbara promised very solemnly.

And Karl made Barbara give one more promise, and that was, always to use the same saddle she now owned; and she gave this promise the more readily because her saddle was a very beautiful as well as strong and durable one.

After this Karl Von Dunderman died, and after he was buried Barbara went home and was sad and lonesome. Martin Hoffman came to live with her, and though he was cheerful and kind, yet it was a long time before she could become reconciled to the loss of her old protector; but when the spring birds came, and the pretty flowers began to bloom, she laughed once more, and her soul came back to its joyousness. One day, while overhauling the papers Karl had left in his old desk, she found a note directed to her. The superscription was in Karl's hand, and the note was strongly sealed. She was just going to open the missive when she saw some writing beneath the superscription, and it read as follows: "*Barbara must not open this until she is married, nor must she allow any one else to do so. I know she will not disobey.*"

For a while Barbara wished to know what was inside of this letter, but she remembered she had never disobeyed her foster-father while he lived, and she would not now darken her remembrance of him by doing it; and so she placed it again in the desk.

Time passed on, and when Barbara was seventeen she was one of the handsomest girls in the neighborhood. She and Martin lived pleasantly together, for she had become used to his deformity, and he absolutely worshipped her. The mill kept working away all the while, its great wheel groaning and rumbling always while the sun was up, and often by candle-light, for Martin was faithful.

During this time several men had sought the maiden's hand, but she had turned them off without a question. At length, there came a young man whom she did not dislike. His name was John Forstern, the son of an inn-keeper in Greffelbach. But Barbara was discreet, and resolved ere she allowed her affections to become fixed by further intimacy, to put John to the test.

"Come, sweet Barbara—you must allow me to love you," said the youth, upon his knees.

"And why should I do that?" she asked.

"Because I would have you for a wife," was the response.

"You are plain," replied Barbara, "and I will be equally so. Before I can give you any answer you must saddle Von Dunderman's black mare, and ride her up to the top of the hill and back again. I promised old Karl that I would not marry a man who could not do this."

"The old man was wise," cried John, rapturously. "He would have you take a man of nerve for a husband. And yet how simple a job that must be, for you ride the beast at will."

"And mind," added the maiden, "you can make but one trial."

"Very proper," returned John. "The man who could not handle so kind a beast, would not be worthy of so kind a wife."

So the black saddle-mare was led out, and saddled and bridled.

"Dear Barbara," cried Forstern, "I am the happiest of men. To the top of the hill and back, you say?"

"Yes."

"Then hold your love till I am back. Now here's up!"

As he spoke he vaulted into the saddle, and commenced to draw the rein; but—"O! Ah! What the——Whoa!"

But neither force nor entreaty could make the black mare go ahead. She only reared and plunged furiously, and finally, by springing erect on her hind legs, managed to throw her would-be rider. Barbara was sorry; and she said so,—but she could not help it. So John Forstern went away professing to be very miserable.

Lovers kept coming—some for the pretty girl herself, and some for the money and the mill. Among the former at length came Peter Rothendorf. He was a well-looking young man, of respectable family. Barbara had known him some time, and she knew him to be a good, kind man. She felt sure she should love him if he continued his addresses, for she respected him now, and even felt happy when she saw him coming. But she forgot not her promise to her protector, and she told Peter the conditions on which he could continue his visits.

"But that is too easy a task for so rich a prize," the young man cried. "I am an experienced horseman, and may as well call the work done."

"But you must do it," said Barbara.

"Of course—and it shall be done at once, too. 'Hail, happy day, that sees my love my own.'"

And with this scrap upon his lips Peter Rothendorf went out. Martin led the black mare from the stable, and as soon as the saddle and bridle were on, the young man mounted. He waved his hat to Barbara, and then whistled to the mare. The animal's first movement was a sudden spring, sideway, to the left—then, as suddenly, to the right—then three lightning-like leaps forward, and then, in an instant, a rearing straight upon the hind feet. Poor Peter Rothendorf went over the mare's head and lighted in the great water-butt by the fence. Barbara went sadly into the house, and Peter went sadly home.

The next whom the maiden fancied was Rodolf Silthofen. He also passed through the ordeal, and instead of reaching the top of the hill upon the black mare's back, found himself in the mill-brook upon his own back.

Poor Barbara began to fear she should never get a husband, for these repeated failures rather tended to make her want a companion. Within the next year five young lovers tried the task, and they all failed. The black mare seemed bewitched.

By-and-by Barbara was twenty-one years old, and when she looked into her mirror she knew she was beautiful. Eleven lovers—good young men—had confessed her charms, but they had been driven off by the strange fatality attached to the black saddle-mare.

One day a new lover came to the mill. He said his name was Karl Thanhauser. He was not far from seven-and-twenty, with a bold, frank face, a fine, dark eye, glossy hair, that hung in nut-brown curls, and stout and strong of frame. His voice was like music, and his smiles like the summer's sun. He had little money, but a great deal of genius. He came up first to paint the old mill—not to cover the fabric itself with paint, but to paint its counterpart on canvass; and while doing this he worked in the house, and took his meals there. After the mill was done he painted some more pictures of scenery thereabouts; and then he said he must paint Barbara's likeness. To this the maiden readily consented, for she liked the young artist's companionship. Before the portrait was done she wished he would ask her to be his wife, so she could put him to the test. And finally the question was proposed.

Karl asked her plainly to love him, and be his wife. For an instant she thought of accepting him without running the fearful risk of losing him, for her heart would break if she were to lose him now. But her truth triumphed, and she told the artist he must ride the black saddle-mare to the top of the high hill and back again ere she could give him an answer.

"And why is this?" Karl asked.

"Because my old foster-father Karl Von Dunderman made me promise never to marry a man until he had done it."

"And have any tried it yet?"

"Yes—eleven have tried, and failed."

"Sweet Barbara," cried the young man, clasping the maiden to his bosom and kissing her, "I shall not lose you. Thou art mine."

Again Martin put saddle and bridle upon the black mare and led her forth. Karl gathered the rein in his hand, and then put his foot in the stirrup. Then with a cheerful whistle he brought the beast a gentle cut with his whip, and—she put her nose forward and trotted off. Away to the top of the hill she went, and then came back again, and then he alighted.

"Now what say you?" the youth cried, as he clasped the maiden once more to his bosom.

She only laid her head on his shoulder, and said she was very happy. It was arranged that they should be married in one week.

On the very evening before the marriage was to take place, the lovers sat together upon the door-stone.

"Barbara," the youth said, "it is me you love, and not my name, eh?"

"Certainly. But why do you ask such a question?"

"Because my name is not Thanhauser. My true name is Karl Von Dunderman."

"What, the same name as my good foster-father bore?"

"Yes—he gave it to me."

"He?—my father?"

"Yes. I was his own son."

For awhile Barbara was incredulous.

"When I was only twelve years old," explained Karl, "I ran away. My father whipped me very severely, and, as I thought, without cause. I got one letter from him, in which he threatened to send an officer after me if I did not come home. Of course this was not the kind of letter to move me. I made my way into Italy; got a place in an artist's studio, and finally gained a knowledge of the art myself. When I had become able to gain my own livelihood I set about it; and as soon as I had laid up money enough to defray my expenses I started for home. At Mainhardt, where my father used to live, I first learned that he was dead; and there, too, I learned that he had left his whole property to an adopted daughter, who was not only very beautiful, but who yet remained single after a hundred proposals for her hand. It was not the wish for my father's wealth that drew me here—I only wished to see and know the being who had been his to love, and who had taken my place; for as I grew up I loved my father more. I came, and I was not long in loving you. So now you know all."

On the next day they were married, and then Barbara told Karl about the letter. So they went and got it, and upon opening it they found it to read as follows:

"To Barbara, my beloved Child,—Once I had a son. He left me when only twelve years old, and it was my own harshness that drove him away. Should he ever come back, it would be my holiest wish that he might become your husband. But I can hardly hope so much. Yet ere I die, if he comes not back again before, I shall leave you with a restriction toward this end. But I will not leave it so that any unprincipled man can step in and claim to be my son, as some might do in hope of thereby gaining some of the property I leave. I think my son is the only man besides Martin, who can ride the black saddle-mare, therefore I shall use that test. Yet I would not leave this to you so that it might prevent you from gaining a husband, for were you to know of my wish you might put off honest lovers without use or benefit.

"And if my wish kept you from a husband longer than you could desire, the knowledge that it was my earnest prayer will surely remove all unpleasant feelings. If you do ever see my son, tell him his father loved him well, and in his last hours of life blamed him not. Von Dunderman."

"And how could you ride the black saddle-mare when none others could do it?" asked Barbara, as they both wiped away their tears.

"Ah, it was very simple," returned Karl, with a smile. "It was I who broke the mare when she was a colt, and to prevent the neighbors' boys, and any others, from riding her clandestinely, and also to be rid of the pest of borrowers, I taught her to allow no one to ride her who mounted upon the *near side*. By perseverance I got her so that she would throw even me off if I mounted upon the side which it is always customary to use for that purpose. If you will look at your own saddle you will notice that it is made 'wrong side to,' as others would call it; and Martin, I find, knew the secret. Of course no man, not in this secret, would think of mounting upon the *off side;* so my father knew that if I did return, I, and I alone, could ride the beast. Are you sorry the mare threw off so many lovers for you?"

"O, no, Karl," murmured the maiden, with happy tears in her eyes, "I am very glad, for now I have the right one. If you had been thrown off I should never have tried again."

"Why so, dearest?"

"Because my heart would have been thrown off, too, and broken in its fall."

Of course Karl Von Dunderman was satisfied—and so was Barbara—and, more than all, so was the Black Saddle-Mare.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SWEET CECILE LISLE.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

It happened in this wise—years ago,
In Manna-Hatta's far-famed isle,
Beside the sparkling Hudson's flow,
I met the Lady Cecile Lisle.

Her eyes were blue as violets are,
And on each cheek was throned a smile;
And travel near, or travel far,
You'd find no fairer ones the while.

Pebbles were lying round her feet:
Lilies were nestling in her hair,
Fresh from the forest's dim retreat,
And, like the wearer, pure and fair.

I saw no archer bend his bow—
I heard no arrow cleave the air;
But this, and only this, I know,
My heart was wounded then and there.

The tide went downward to the sea,
The white ships floated with the tide;
And then methought how sweet 'twould be,
With Lady Cecile as my bride,

To stem the current of the years,
Heart-nerved by hope, by love, by pride—
Borne swiftly by the shoal of fears,
And reach at last Port Sanctified.

The golden-sandaled autumn came,
As summer doffed her *robe de rose;*
And Cecile took another name
That gave my wounded heart repose.

She whispered vows of love and truth,
The pastor words affirming said;
And in the heyday of our youth,
Sweet Cecile Lisle and I were wed.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

REAL LIFE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"Is there a letter for one Oldfield?" said a stout, decent woman, presenting herself at the window of the post-office delivery, in Norriston, of which office I was then the incumbent. It was a strong Scotch accent in which she spoke, respectful, but quite decided. I looked up involuntarily from my writing, and surveyed the owner of the voice. The clerk was inspecting the pigeon-hole on which the letter O was conspicuously posted, at the same time asking her what was the given name.

"There will be no name but Mistress Oldfield, I am thinking," said the woman.

"Then, here it is," said the clerk, handing her a letter in a thick, handsome envelope, on which was written, in a fine, clear, bold hand, "Mrs. Oldfield, Norriston." It was mailed from Manchester, England.

"Surely, that is from my own son," she said, as she caught sight of the writing, which would not have disgraced Dunton himself. "Do give it me; it is from my William." She took it with a bright smile on her broad, motherly face, that did me good to see. Presently she came back, and with evident reluctance, she asked to have the letter read to her, intimating that she could not read it herself. I took her into my private room, and opened the letter, which was from her son, William Baillie, detailing many circumstances of a family nature.

From it I gathered that he was a clerk in the employ of Dalglish & Co., manufacturers, at Manchester; and further, that the senior partner was married to the writer's sister, of whom he wrote in terms of warm, brotherly affection, and also of her husband as of an employer whom he honored and respected. The letter, altogether, was one which bespoke a cultivation on the part of the writer, such as could hardly be expected of the son of a woman who could not read.

Afterwards, when I became familiar with the woman's appearance at the window, to which she regularly came whenever the steamer arrived from England, I would take out her letters, and beckon her into my room, where I listened with much interest to the artless story which she at various times related, and which found its confirmation in the many allusions to family matters which her son's letters contained.

Helen Fairlie was a bright, rosy, flaxen-haired and blue-eyed Scottish lassie, with a heart full of kindly and social feelings, and a more than ordinary share of natural good sense; but, unfortunately, with no advantages of education, even in the most common branches, which are at present enjoyed so fully everywhere. To spin, weave, make butter and cheese, and occasionally to look after the sheep when the farm boys were otherwise engaged, was the extent of her accomplishments. Nor did she feel at all mortified by this want of knowledge; for many girls around her, of her own age and station, were equally ignorant. In fact, it was seldom otherwise in the secluded district in which she lived, except with the daughters of professional people, and of those landholders who spent only the summer season on their estates, and migrated with the swallows to the south when winter approached.

To one of these estates came William Baillie, to offer himself as head gardener. He was a gentle, modest, good-looking youth, with some pretensions to education, and was well skilled in his quiet and peaceful occupation.

At a fair in the neighborhood, where the pretty, blue-eyed Helen was carrying off the palm of bellehood among the rustic beaux, she attracted the notice of the young gardener from Clover Hill; and for a week afterwards the rosebushes and pink-roots were sadly neglected in the garden, so much did he think of the roses and violets in Helen Fairlie's cheeks and eyes. When he asked her to marry him, she did not tell him how deficient she was in many things which he prized most; and when after their marriage he sorrowfully discovered it, he comforted himself that, at all events, she was of a stronger and more resolute nature than himself, upon which his own feeble nature could lean itself; for in matters not pertaining to his calling, William Baillie was timid as a girl.

Three sons and two daughters were born to them; the former inheriting their mother's physical strength and uninterrupted good health, and the latter, their father's gentle disposition. To the mother's care of them when young they owed much. She was firm and decided, but kind; the father was less firm, but he was gentle, and in all intellectual things was their teacher. The children received the full flow of that inner fountain which to their mother was sealed; for Baillie not only imparted to them his knowledge in all the common branches of education, but something, too, of a higher life—a sense of religious trust and repose, into which she could not enter.

But now William Baillie was laid on a sick bed, in consequence of a severe cold which he caught on coming from the green-house into a chilly and biting air. How much he then appreciated Helen's care and good nursing; never had her nature seemed so soft and gentle. To his wakeful eyes, nothing seemed half so lovely as the kind, anxious face that bent above his pillow—nothing so refreshing as the cool hand on his forehead. But her care and affection were alike powerless; and though he lingered till the time when his beloved flowers were in their summer glory, he never arose from that sick bed.

It was now that Helen's resolute and earnest character stood her in good stead. She roused herself to make an effort in behalf of her children, and she took the first advice which seemed reasonable to her. Pursuing this, she took them over to England; and amidst the smoky atmosphere of the Manchester factories, she found employment for all her family save one. This was Andrew, the eldest, who strongly objected to a life of such confinement and restraint. He had breathed the free air of the Scottish hills too long to bear such a change. "If I must live in smoke, dearest mother," said he, "it shall be in the smoke of battle." And he accordingly enlisted as a soldier. It was Helen's second great trial, but she bore it without complaint, and saw him off with calmness and fortitude.

Now she busied herself in the care of providing for her other children, who, confined through the long days at the factory, were delighted to get back at evening and partake of the social evening meal, which her willing hands prepared for them. But still, her days were necessarily passed alone. No pleasant, friendly neighbor (such as she had by dozens almost in Scotland) ever came to while away her time; and she who had lived in the social freedom of a Scottish neighborhood, found her present situation intolerable, from the perpetual reserve and restraint which environed her. She was wholly separated from her children, except the brief hours of their hurried meals—for sleep overtook them the instant they sat down at home, after the fatigues of their daily life.

When, therefore, John Oldfield proposed to share his worldly fortunes with hers, she consented, not from any love towards him, but because she could not bear the loneliness which through the long days was unecheered and solitary, without even the aid which books might have given her. Helen ought to have known—nay, she did know and feel—that there was a great difference between him and William Baillie; but she was easily persuaded to marry him, and her children were unused to dispute her decisions, and she married—married to find that she should have little after all of pleasant companionship, or even of peaceful quietness. For John Oldfield was indolent, wasteful and intemperate; and the money which her children were spending their young strength to earn, was seized by him and spent at the alehouse.

Helen thought long upon what course she ought to take. She could not bear to have her children injured and mortified; so, when little Helen Oldfield was three years old, after much endurance and long-suffering, she persuaded her husband to emigrate to America, as the only way to save her other children from trouble and vexation. Robert Baillie, her second son, married when quite young, and offered his sister Elizabeth a home in his house as long as she wished it. To William and Mary the mother's heart clung fast, and leaving them was the hardest; but even this pang was softened by the knowledge that they were great favorites with the rich manufacturer, and that he had promised Mary a home with his widowed mother, where she would be well cared for. Helen did not then know that he had for some months wavered between Mary's beauty and goodness on one hand, and their connection with John Oldfield on the other.

For Mr. Dalglish was a well-meaning and right-minded man; and he would not have been ashamed of the virtuous poverty of the mother, while he shrank from the contact with such a man as her husband. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent the Oldfields from emigrating, except John's reluctance to make any effort. But Helen's strength of purpose prevailed; so she gathered up all her resolution to bid her children farewell, and with little Helen in her arms, she departed for the ship that was to bear her away from their sight.

"Keep Helen at school," was William's last injunction, as he kissed the fairy little creature, embraced his mother, and shook hands kindly with his stepfather.

They arrived in America in the early spring, and were advised to go to a village in which some factories had been recently erected, and where operatives were wanting. John obtained work without difficulty, but his irregular habits remained, and he had days of utter listlessness and inactivity from the effects of indulgence. Helen's strong heart did not forsake her; she tried to make him as comfortable as his selfishness would not permit.

Little Helen grew into even more than her mother's beauty, and promised to be as good and wise as she was beautiful. At first her schoolmates laughed at her quaint Scotch attire, to which her mother still clung as to the memory of her native land; but her good breeding, and the sweet voice which uttered such perfect English accents, soon won the hearts of teachers and scholars.

The first letter from England announced Mary's marriage with Mr. Dalglish. The second brought sadder tidings. Andrew, her brave eldest son, was killed in battle; he had fought gallantly more than once, I knew well, for the poor mother showed me, with streaming eyes, the large silver medal which his colonel transmitted to her after his death, with a letter kindly written, containing an account of his bravery.

She had kept it by her a few months, when she received a letter from William (which, by the way, was the one I had first read), asking to have it given to his sister, Mrs. Dalglish, who was anxious to have it in her possession. Perhaps she wished to show to her husband's family that her own was not altogether undistinguished. Be that as it may, the mother reluctantly resigned it. As some consolation to her for parting with it, I took several fine impressions of it, both in black and red sealing wax, for which she seemed very grateful, as well as for the care I bestowed upon the transmission of the medal to England.

Every letter from William—none ever came from Mrs. Dalglish—contained the most affectionate expressions for little Helen, and seemed to refer to her future residence in England, which he intended to offer her. Indeed, her grand brother-in-law need not be ashamed of her; and I was glad when her mother came to consult me about sending out Helen's daguerreotype to be seen by her English relations. She is a glorious little creature, with the air of a born duchess, and a dignity which will charm Mr. Dalglish, who is now as anxious as any of them for Helen's arrival. At the same time pitying the mother's loneliness after she will have left her, they have offered her a home also, if she will but leave her husband in America.

But the strong-hearted, self-sacrificing mother will not hear of it. She has done her duty through life far better than many who have had the advantages of birth, education, wealth and talent; and she believes in doing her duty still. She feels that she has been led into one great mistake (that of her second marriage), and that she must abide by the consequences.

"After all," she said, smiling, "if I had not married him, I should not have been Helen's mother." And she gazed with a mother's pride on the beautiful picture with which she was about to astonish them in England, as she added, "Queen Victoria has not a child so fair or so good as Helen."

And soon, very soon she will send her, fair and good as she is, and guarded only by the holy influences of a mother's love and prayers, to make a home by some English fireside.

Speed on, white-winged messenger of the sea! Speed on, fleet ship! Thou bearest many sad ones to our shores, but few of these return. Now, thou carriest a young girl and her fortunes; and no English maiden, highborn as she may be, who dwells in marble halls, in the shadow of her ancestral trees, is fairer or purer than Helen.

ALL SORTS OF MINDS.

There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong common sense view of the subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders, an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies, and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches! Wit gives to life one of its best flavors, common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations, for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all have their separate duties and uses; all the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt and gladden life.—*Sidney Smith.*

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for nearly fifteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad; *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its own sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother, or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest paper in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

JOHN G. GILBERT.

It is hardly necessary for us to write one word biographical for our Boston readers, concerning this well-known and favorite actor. Mr. Gilbert is a Boston boy, having been born in this city, February 27, 1810, and is consequently 46 years of age. His long connection with the profession, his high order of dramatic talent, his excellent character as a citizen, and his unbounded popularity wherever he is known, have marked him as an individual peculiarly appropriate to be delineated for the gratification of the readers of Ballou's Pictorial. The likeness was drawn for us by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by those well-known artists, Masury & Silsbee. Mr. Gilbert commenced his professional career at the old Tremont Theatre, of Boston, November 28, 1828, making his debut as "Jeffier" to the Belvidera of the celebrated tragic actress, Mrs. Duff, and at once gave promise of the future excellence to which he was destined. He was immediately engaged as one of the stock company of the theatre, then under the management of Mr. Dana, lessee, Joe Cowell being stage manager. The following year, Mr. Gilbert made an engagement with J. H. Caldwell, of the Camp Street Theatre, New Orleans, and remained south and west for the subsequent five years, performing star engagements, and filling permanent positions in various cities. Again returning to this city, he became a stock member of the Tremont, under Mr. Barry's management, playing the principal old men's characters until his (Mr. B.'s) retirement. His next engagement was with Mr. J. S. Jones, at the same house, where he filled the position of stage manager, and also that of a regular acting member of the company, for three years, at which period the theatre was sold for a church. He then joined the National Theatre, Boston, under Mr. Pelby, and when O. C. Wyman revived the Old Federal Street Theatre, he became its stage manager. At the close of the first season here, he went to London, and opened at the Princess Theatre, as Sir Robert Bramble, and engaged here for the season, acting the first old men, playing with Macready, Charlotte Cushman, etc. After a season in London, he returned to this country, and played at the Park Theatre, New York, until its destruction by fire. From thence he went to Philadelphia, where he played three seasons at the Chestnut Street Theatre, where he was eminently popular. At this present writing, Mr. Gilbert and his estimable lady (an actress of high ability) are members of the new Boston Theatre, belieing the saying, that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country"—for few gentlemen upon the stage in this, or any other city, can count more friends and admirers than he. The line of character in which Mr. Gilbert performs is very high and varied, embracing such as Sir Peter Teazle, Falstaff, Sir A. Absolute, Dogberry, Polonius, Shylock, Sir Edward Mortimer, Master Walter, etc., in two of which characters we have never seen him excelled, viz., those of Sir Peter, and as Polonius. The characteristics of Mr. Gilbert's acting are great fidelity to the text and conception of the author, distinct enunciation, great power and flexibility of voice, and a taste in dress which long experience has perfected. His late performance in this city as Caliban, in the Tempest, was a very arduous and remarkable one, night after night producing his careful and nicely conceived characteristics of one of Shakspeare's most peculiar conceptions. We venture nothing in saying, that no actor on our boards is more generally admired, or more justly appreciated than John G. Gilbert. The entire company and general business management of our Boston Theatre are of the first class, and our citizens exhibit a justifiable pride in encouraging, by liberal patronage, so well conducted a temple of dramatic amusement, and where so much good taste is apparent.



JOHN G. GILBERT.

CARS BREAKING THROUGH A SNOW-DRIFT.

We have had some really old-fashioned snow storms in the vicinity of Boston the present winter—storms that blocked up the roads far and near, filled our streets to overflowing with the fleecy fall, and, in short, impeded travel generally. Our artist, Mr. Warren, has sketched for us below an actual scene which he witnessed at the Wellington depot, but a few miles from this city. The snow-plough is seen gallantly dashing the snow from the track, forming a cloudy spray before the train that follows, and burying itself quite out of sight in the drift. On many of our roads, leading to and from Boston, travel was entirely impeded for forty-eight hours at a time, during the late storms, and the same experience has visited various parts of New England. A snow-plough affixed to a train, and in full operation, is really a very picturesque sight.

A Greek maiden being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied in the following beautiful and forcible language: "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain; which is all that descended to me from my parents."

REMARKABLE TREES.

Among the remarkable trees in the world, the following may be spoken of as the most curious:—*The Brazil Nut Tree.*—The Brazil nut tree may justly command the attention of the enthusiastic naturalist. This tree thrives well in the province of Brazil, and immense quantities of its delicious fruit are annually exported to foreign countries. It grows to the height of from fifty to eighty feet, and in appearance is one of the most majestic ornaments of the forest. The fruit, in its natural position, resembles a cocoanut, being extremely hard, and of about the size of a child's head. Each one of these shells contains from twelve to twenty of the three-cornered nuts, very nicely packed together. And to obtain the nuts as they appear in market, these shells have to be broken open. During the season of their falling, it is dangerous to enter the groves where they abound, as the force of their descent is sufficient to knock down the strongest man. The natives, however, provide themselves with wooden bucklers, which they hold over their heads while collecting the fruit from the ground. In this manner they are perfectly secure from injury. *The Cannon Ball Tree.*—Among the plants of Guinea, one of the most curious is the Cannon Ball Tree. It grows to the height of sixty feet, and its flowers are remarkable for beauty and fragrance, and contradictory qualities. Its blossoms are of a delicious crimson, appearing in large bunches, and exhaling a rich perfume; the fruit resembles enormous cannon balls—hence the name. However, some say it has been so called because of the noise the balls make in bursting. From the shell domestic utensils are made, and the contents contain several kinds of acid, besides sugar and gum, and furnish the materials for making an excellent drink in sickness. But singular as this may appear, this pulp, when in a perfectly ripe state, is very filthy, and the odor from it is exceedingly unpleasant. *The Sorrowful Tree.*—At Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable (the Sorrowful Tree), so called because it flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen; and yet half an hour after it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them, than some of them fall off, and others close up; and thus it continues flowering in the night all the year. *The Great Chestnut Tree.*—On one side of Mount Etna there is a famous chestnut tree, which is said to be one hundred and ninety-six feet in circumference, just above the surface of the ground. Its enormous trunk is separated into five divisions, which gives it the appearance of several trees growing together. In a circular space formed by these large branches, a hut has been erected for those who collect the chestnuts. *The Dwarf Tree.*—Captains Kink and Fitzroy state that they saw a tree on the mountains near Cape Horn, which was only one or two inches high, yet had branches spreading out four or five feet along the ground. *The Sack Tree.*—There is said to be a tree in Bombay called the Sack Tree, because from it may be stripped very singular natural sacks, which greatly resemble felt in appearance. *The Ivory-Nut Tree.*—The Ivory-Nut Tree is popularly called the Tagua Plant, and is common in South America. The tree is one of the numerous family of palms, but belonging to the order designated as screw pine tribe; the natives use their leaves to cover their cottages, and from the nuts they make buttons and various other articles. *The Butter Tree.*—On the banks of the Niger, in Africa, they have a tree called the Shea, from which excellent butter is obtained. The tree is like our oak, and the fruit somewhat resembles the Spanish olive. The kernel of the fruit is dried in the sun and then boiled; and the butter thus obtained is whiter, firmer, and of a richer flavor than that obtained from a cow, besides keeping sweet a year without salt.—*New York Sunday Dispatch.*



BREAKING THROUGH A SNOW-DRIFT, AT WELLINGTON HILL DEPOT.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The pioneer among the miscellaneous weekly press, "The Flag of our Union" has proved the most popular and successful. After ten years of profitable existence it is now more pleasing and attractive than ever.—*Quincy Patriot.*

Few papers can compete with *The Flag of our Union* as it regards its *originality*, numbering, as it does, among its contributors a large list of the best names, while its matter is always chaste and entertaining.—*Daily Bee, Boston.*

Carefully printed upon fine white paper, and filled with *original* matter from beginning to end. "The Flag of our Union" merits the extraordinary popularity which it has enjoyed for ten consecutive years.—*Ladies' Repository*

Go where you will, from Maine to California, you are sure to see "The Flag of our Union" in nearly every family circle. Mr. Ballou evinces great taste and liberality in the publication of this charming weekly.—*Burlington Sentinel.*

Justly unrivalled in circulation, "The Flag of our Union" presents its immense list of subscribers with choice *original* matter, which they can obtain nowhere else. The best writers are engaged upon the paper.—*Daily Ledger.*

A charming weekly visitor to the home circle is "The Flag of our Union"—chaste, moral, and very instructing in each issue, and edited, not by a pair of scissors, but by an experienced and careful hand.—*Charleston Mercury.*

HINTS TO BE HEEDED.

We have often wondered that our daily journals, which are all so wide awake to the movements of the times, political, social, scientific and literary, do not publish, at stated intervals, an "Art Prices Current," which would show the statistic-loving public at how low a cost the materials for superb galleries are being heaped up in this favored land. The choicest gems of the grandest old masters are daily knocked down at our public auction-rooms, in large quantities, for a mere song. Why can't we have regular quotations—"Teniers, lively—Rembrandts, shaded down—Titians, firm—Guidos, fluctuating?" In respect to these marvels of art, we are particularly favored over the benighted countries which produced them. In Italy, a Guido or a Titian is worth 5000 or 6000 guineas—the passage across the Atlantic reduces their value to forty or fifty dollars. And observe in this the generosity of foreign picture-dealers, and their liberal desire to encourage a taste for art in this country. Half a dozen originals are a princely fortune to their possessor in Europe; but he renounces his hopes of gain, though his pictures are his all, and sends them to this great republic to be disposed of for a few hundreds of dollars, simply from a genuine devotion to the best interests of art. Of course, we are speaking on the supposition that the assertions of the catalogues as to the genuineness of these productions are reliable. Who would doubt the veracity of a catalogue? As well might you call in question the items of a bulletin, or a lady's statement of her age, or the remarkable events chronicled by Munchausen, or by Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, the pioneer of travellers. No; we insist upon it that our market is deluged with genuine old masters, and that every man of moderate fortune may acquire, if he choose, a gallery surpassing that of Dresden in artistic wealth.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR.—The peace party of Great Britain are making strenuous efforts to bring about a cessation of hostilities between the belligerent powers. England has gained nothing yet by this protracted contest. France has won "glory" by the wholesale, but it is a costly article.

OUR DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen by reference to our Magazine imprint, that we send a gratis copy to any postmaster, or other individual, who sends us eight subscribers.

SPLINTERS.

.... People in New England do not complain for want of snow the present season—tho "crop" is abundant.

.... W. H. Perry's wife deserted him in New York, in consequence of which he shot himself, poor fellow.

.... Miss Louisa Howard has proved a good card and great favorite this winter at our Howard Athenæum.

.... They have passed stringent laws in Illinois and enforce them, to preserve the game from January to August.

.... The *Old 'Un* (may his tribe increase!) has been quite ill, but he is now convalescent, thanks to good nursing!

.... There have passed through the Chicago post-office, in the last three months, 14,368,000 newspapers and printed documents.

.... A sleighing party left Boston the other day, all good friends, but *all fell out* with each other before returning.

.... The insurance companies of Providence, R. I., wont insure any building in which liquor is retailed to the public.

.... The fact that Boston is the healthiest city in the world, is the cause of general remark at home and abroad.

.... A deaf mute lately defined gratitude as being the memory of the heart. True, very, and poetical as true.

.... Flour and provisions of all kinds have fallen in price, and the good time coming seems to be close at hand.

.... A woman named Mills was burned to death in this city the other day while lying upon a bed intoxicated.

.... It is hinted that the English troops are very hard to manage this winter in the Crimea. Riotous, mutinous and drunken.

.... At St. Paul, Minnesota, the people have been luxuriating in an atmosphere thirty-nine degrees below zero.

.... The population of New Orleans is now said to be at least one hundred and fifty thousand.

.... In Europe, thistle heads are getting to be used, as a substitute for rags, in the manufacture of paper.

.... The present estimate of the population of China, is four hundred millions. What a host!

.... During 1855, eighty-two persons committed suicide in Massachusetts, fifty-nine males and twenty-three females.

LITERARY PURSUITS.

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall," wrote Sir Walter Raleigh on a pane of glass, to which Queen Elizabeth appended, "If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all." The admonition is as applicable to those who seek literary fame as to those who "put their trust in princes." The smiles of the muses are even more capricious than the proverbially fickle smiles of princes; and the great heart of Sir Walter Raleigh, that failed not in the path of political ambition, faltered in the perilous road of authorship. We are told that "Sir Walter's History of the World sold very slowlie at first, and the bookseller complayned of it, and told him that he should be a loser by it, which put Sir Walter in a passion. He said that since the world did not understand it, they should not have his second part, which he took before his face and threw into the fire, and burnt it."

In spite of the manifold wrecks that strew the course of literature, in spite of the vast disproportion between the successes and the failures, the former, that is, contemporaneous successes, being the exception to the rule, men conscious of talent persist in embarking their all upon the stormy and fickle wave of popular favor. Few have the courage of Sir Walter, who determined that literature should be his staff and not his crutch; or of Rogers, who invested his temporal prosperity in banks instead of booksellers.

Those who are embarking in literary pursuits ought to understand perfectly well before-hand that they have about the same chances of fortune before them as if they invested every cent in a lottery, in which there is a ruinous number of blanks of every prize. Years must elapse under the most favorable circumstances before their labors can be remunerated. For every Byron there are a thousand Chattertons. Years must elapse before they can win the ear of the public—before they can shape the wealth of their imagination into the coinage that passes current with the public; for it is not enough that the metal be pure, it must be highly wrought to please the popular taste. We do not hold up the old bugbear of booksellers being the sworn enemies of men of letters who "drink their wine out of authors' skulls." That fallacy has long since been exploded. Booksellers are sensible men, and liberal men, who pay liberally for what will sell well, but who are not overfond of publishing books solely for the accommodation of the trunkmakers and pastry cooks. The fact that not one book in ten pays its expenses is a sufficient proof that the booksellers are not the adamantine and unapproachable tradesmen they have been represented to be.

Men of letters too often lack common sense. "I can get plenty of men of genius to write for me," said a London newspaper publisher, "but very few men of sense." Every man of genius, embarking in the sea of letters, should remember, that while he may secure contemporaneous fame and fortune, the chances are that he will not live to see his labors appreciated. He must be ready to say, with Goldsmith, "If the present generation will not hear my voice, hearken, O posterity! to you I call, and from you I expect redress." But we fear men will continue to gaze only on brilliant contemporaneous successes, and refuse to glance at the many miserable failures which make them exceptional cases.

STEADY PURPOSE.—The contemporaneous judgment of the world is rarely correct. Goldsmith tells a story of a French priest at Rheims, who was detested by his fellow-citizens for his niggardliness. He never gave away the smallest sum in charity, and bent all his energies to the accumulation of a prodigious fortune. The secret came out at last. He had seen that the greatest want of the poor was that of pure water, for which they were obliged to pay a large price, and he devoted his wealth to building an aqueduct for its gratuitous supply. His name was Goudinot, and he died in 1749, after expending a million and a half of livres for his benevolent purpose. Had he died with his plans unfulfilled, his memory would have been held in execration.

A CAREFUL ENGINEER.—The Burlington (Iowa) Telegraph of the 5th ult. says that the engineer on a passenger train on the Albany and Salem (Indiana) Railroad, on arriving at the bridge over Salt Creek, near Bloomington, directed the passengers to alight; then, crossing the bridge on foot, he told the fireman to start the train and then jump off, and that he would catch it when over. The train was started, and on reaching the centre of the bridge, it gave way, and the locomotive and cars were plunged into the stream and instantly disappeared from view.

LECTURES.—The editor of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL would reply to numerous calls upon him to lecture in various parts of New England, that he can only comply with such demands upon him in this connection, as shall admit of his returning to Boston at an early hour each morning. To lyceums in the vicinity of this city, any evening will be given which is not already engaged.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE.—The queen of Greece, as her name implies, is ridiculously fat, and is said to have a "foot like a juvenile elephant." The courtiers, when they wish to flatter her, compare it to a young leather trunk, with a fearful disregard of the actual truth.

"THE MILLER OF THE DEE."—Our last page is occupied with a very spirited illustration of this fine old English ballad, with the text beneath. The sentiment of the ballad is excellent, and of universal application.

SEBASTOPOL.—It is said that Sebastopol is to be made a holy city of the Greeks. The balls of the allies have already made it pretty *hole-y*.

THE DECK OF "OLD IRONSIDES."

The large picture which occupies the whole of pages 104 and 105 of the present number is from the pencil of Billings, and is one of his very happiest efforts. It represents the deck of the glorious old frigate Constitution, with the crew cheering just before pouring their first broadside into the Guerriere. The tarpaulins are laced down over the hammock nettings, the crew are gathered at the batteries, the powder-monkeys are rushing to the guns with the cartridges, the drummer is beating to quarters, and the order to fire is responded to by three thundering cheers.

The Constitution, it will be remembered by our readers, was a long time in working into position, and during the evolutions which the manœuvres of the enemy forced upon her, she received many shots from the British frigate, but Hull sternly refused to reply until he could render his fire effective. The suspense of the men was agonizing, and at last, when it was ended by the command of their gallant captain, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. This famous engagement was fought on the 19th of August, 1812. The Guerriere was one of the best frigates in the British navy, and she had long been searching for an American national vessel of the same class, having formally defied every Yankee frigate to the encounter. When the firing commenced, the two frigates were within one hundred yards of each other. Just as the two ships came fairly abeam, the mizzen mast of the Briton came down with a crash over the starboard quarter. This circumstance caused the Constitution to forge ahead. For fifteen minutes her guns had been thundering in one unbroken roar. Hull now luffed short round his enemy's bows and delivered three raking broadsides in quick succession and with terrible effect. The two vessels shortly afterwards got foul, the starboard bow of the Guerriere resting against the lee quarter of the Constitution, the cabin of which was set on fire by the enemy's guns, but the conflagration was speedily extinguished. Several lives were now lost by the rapid interchange of musket shots. At last the two frigates separated, and as they parted the Englishman's fore and mainmasts came by the board, leaving her wallowing in the sea, encumbered by the wreck. Hull now rapidly repaired damages and prepared to run down on the enemy whose jack was still flying on the stump of the mizzen mast. While preparing to rake him, he struck to the American—the first time an English frigate had done such a thing since the war of the revolution. The Guerriere's loss was fifteen killed and sixty-three wounded; that of the Constitution, seven killed and seven wounded. It was found impossible to bring the Guerriere into port and she was blown up the next day, while, in a few hours, the American frigate was ready for another action.

CHURCHES IN RUSSIA.—There are no seats in any of the Greek churches, and even the emperor himself must stand during the service. The priests are almost all majestic-looking men—tall, with hair falling over their shoulders, and beard half way to their waist. They are not allowed to wear any ornaments.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Porter,, Mr. A. L. Coolidge to Miss Mary A. Butrick, of Acton; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Wesley C. Crane to Miss Eliza H. Eaton; by Rev. Mr. Swallow, of Wilmington, Mr. Nelson Parker, of Reading, to Miss Lizzie S. Dike, of Stoneham; by Rev. Dr. Pomroy, Mr. Eben B. Gardner, of Bucksport, Me., to Miss Addie B. Wheeler, of Brewer, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. William W. Smith to Miss Mary C. Johnson, both of Provincetown.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. Edwin J. Benner, of Boston, to Miss Mary C. Cox.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Copp, E. C. Fitz, Esq. to Miss Sarah J. Blanchard.—At East Medway, by Rev. Mr. Sanford, Mr. Luther J. Brown, of Fitchburg, to Miss Sarah P. Harding.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Chaffin, Mr. William H. Stetson to Miss Elizabeth A. Wilson.—At Danversport, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. William Gray to Miss Ann R. Cannell.—At Rockport, by Rev. Mr. Gale, Capt. Alfred G. Blatchford to Miss Elizabeth M. Knowlton.—At Essex, Mr. John C. Low to Miss Ellen Brown, of Ipswich.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Charles E. Sherburne to Miss Caroline F. Seruton.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Weiss, Mr. Frederick S. Allen to Miss Susan B. Gardner.—At Barre, by Rev. Mr. Andrews, Mr. Silas Ruggles, of Fitchburg, to Miss Harriet Fay.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Jane I. Saxton, 30; Mrs. Eliza H. Henchman, 56; Miss Jerusha Pike, 56; Widow Mary Bishop, 62; Miss Mary Jane Twombly, 27; Mr. Josiah Gardner Prescott, of Pittsfield, N. H.; Mrs. Sarah K., wife of Uriel Crocker, Esq., 50.—At Charlestown, Widow Louisa Nelson, 78.—At Roxbury, Mr. Daniel F. Ward, 47; Miss Mary Ann Sweet, 19.—At Cambridge, Dr. T. W. Harris, librarian of Harvard College; Mrs. Abigail Waldron Fiske, 38: Mr. Curtis Powers, 48.—At East Cambridge, Mrs. Susan R., wife of Rev. Henry A. Eaton.—At Dorchester, Samuel A. Lamson, Esq., 43, Widow Susan Holmes, 79.—At Somerville Mrs. Janet Galletly, wife of Mr. John Turnbull, 19; John Turnbull, son of Mr. James and Mrs. Elizabeth Galletly, 6 months.—At Brookline, Mr. Nathaniel Dana, 69.—At Newton Corner, Mr. Samuel F. Mower, 53.—At Braintree, Mrs. Christiana L. Stoddard, 78.—At Canton, Mrs. Mary Billings, 49.—At Watertown, Mr John Stone, 79.—At Andover, Miss Susannah Newton Pierce, 21.—At Salem, Mrs. Huldah J. R. Taxbury, 22; Miss Judith Poor, of Newbury, 79: Widow Abigail G. Chase, 67.—At Dedham, Mrs. Rebecca Newell Alden, 83.—At Swampscott, Mr. Richard L. Henford, 67.—At Marblehead, Mr. Joseph Cushing, 100.—At Newburyport, Widow Mary Ciannin, 89; Miss Margaret Ray, of Newbury, 20.—At Newbury, Mrs. Joanna Prince, 91.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year..... $3 00
4 subscribers, " " 10 00
10 " " " 20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EARTH'S LIGHT AND SHADE.

BY M. W. CURTIS.

I am thinking of the past, with its hours of light and shade,
And a vivid panorama is before my vision laid—
The sunny days of childhood, without a thought of care,
Ever deeming pleasure real, and earth joys beyond compare.

But ah, too soon was shrouded the sunlight in a pall,
Death came and threw its canopy of sorrowing o'er all;
And dear ones whom we treasured have gone afar to dwell—
'Twas then across my path of life a lengthened shadow fell.

'Tis ever thus in this our world—first sunlight, then a cloud:
Oftimes fruition 's nearest when the heart with care is bowed;
Then hopefully and manfully pursue thy onward way—
Remember that the darkest hour proclaims th' approach of day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A LESSON FOR BORROWERS.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"Above all, my dears," said an elderly lady, in prescribing rules for the guidance of her young nieces, who were going on a journey, "above all, remember never to discuss your own affairs, or those of your friends, in stages, rail-cars, or steamboats."

The warning would seem superfluous; yet who that has ever travelled, cannot recall occasions in which such a caution seemed entirely forgotten or unheeded! Who has ever passed a few hours in a public conveyance, without observing ladies who have no more hesitation about gratifying their fondness for gossip, than if they were seated by their own firesides? Nor is our sex alone to blame in this matter; gentlemen are not *always* so particular as they *might* be in the discussion of "Mr. So and So's" affairs, in the hearing of their fellow-travellers. The narration of an actual occurrence, which came to our knowledge not long since, may set some to thinking on the subject—of course, we do not give names, which were incautiously mentioned, as is usual on such occasions.

The cars at —— station were crowded with passengers, though some time remained before they would start. Four ladies, sitting *vis-a-vis*, chatted unrestrainedly, to the great annoyance of a gentleman occupying the next seat, who longed for a quiet spot to enjoy his newspaper, and wondered why ladies could not choose a better time and place for their friendly criticisms of their acquaintances. The dress of one, the manner of another, the circumstances of a third, the matrimonial intentions of a fourth, were duly canvassed; at last a name was mentioned which caused the unwilling hearer to lend an attentive ear to the conversation. Blame him not, reader, for the name was that of an only sister, whom he was now about to visit after an absence of years.

"I do think that of all people that Mrs. Elder makes herself the most ridiculous!" was the remark that arrested his attention.

"Mrs. Elder!" repeated one. "I don't think I know her, though it seems to me I have heard the name."

"So you have, Cad," spoke up another. "Don't you recollect when you came to our church the other Sunday, I pointed out a lady in a dark cloak and black velvet bonnet, in a pew just above ours."

"O, yes, now I remember, you called her Mrs. Elder."

"Well, she is the one Mag was speaking of. She always dresses that way on Sundays, since her brother, who is travelling all over the world, wrote her a description of the plain costume worn by the ladies of Spain, or Portugal, or some such outlandish place on Sundays. So she intends to follow the example as well as she can, for she says it is not proper to show off fashionable attire at church as if it was a theatre."

"She has always some new whim," said the one who had hitherto been silent. "But doesn't she dress magnificently on week days!—everything of the costliest and finest description!"

"She is a very handsome woman," remarked Cad.

"Do you think so? I never did."

"She may look better in her plain dress, as I saw her, than in showier apparel, Lizzie," said Cad, in a compromise way.

"Perhaps she may imagine so," said Mag, "and that is the real motive for the economy she is going to practise."

"The what?"—and Lizzie's large eyes were distended to the widest extent.

"Did I never tell you that she intends to spend very little for dress this winter, but to devote her pocket-money mainly to the relief of the poor? She told me so two or three weeks ago."

"What nonsense! I would not boast of my charities quite so loudly."

"Well, I only hope that her friends may not have to suffer through her economical fit," said Lizzie. "Mag, prepare yourself to be more bored with her borrowing than ever."

"O, I have cured her of borrowing (from me at least) for some time. I played off a capital trick on her—ask Emma if I didn't."

"O, yes, the best thing. Girls, make sister tell you all about it," said Emma, joining in Mag's laugh. And, at the loud request of the others, Mag began.

"You remember the bracelet Susy Wilson gave me when she got married and went out West! It was made of her own hair, and as I never expect to see her again, I am very careful of it. Besides, the clasp is a splendid one—a heart set with rubies, and my initials made of diamonds; so I would not lose it on any account, though I seldom wear it, as it does not match my other ornaments. Well, there was to be a tea-party at Mrs. Wood's (only a small affair), and I had to lend Mrs. Elder my hair bracelet, as she did not wish to wear her diamonds. In the course of the evening, Mrs. Wood's children made their entree—"

"O, what a horrid set they are!" interrupted Lizzie. "I am always in a fever when I go there, on account of them. How a person in good society, like Mrs. Wood, can suffer her visitors to be annoyed with those rude children, I cannot imagine."

"It was not long," resumed Mag, "until one of them made her way to Mrs. Elder; and as she had never seen the bracelet before, of course she must examine it all round, and clasp and unclasp it to her heart's content, and finally go off with it on her arm."

"And what on earth was Mrs. Elder doing all the time?"

"Sitting on the sofa very composedly, laughing and talking with some of the other ladies—and it was 'don't, my love,' or 'take care, Annie, you may break the clasp,' in the gentlest of whispers, while I was in an agony for my poor bracelet, but did not like to interfere. At length the little monkey grew tired of her plaything, and put it on Mrs. Elder's arm once more; but she didn't clasp it securely, for after a time I saw it fall on the carpet. Mrs. Elder was too busy talking to notice it, so I pushed it gently under the sofa, and when we were about leaving, I managed to pick it up quickly and slip it into my pocket. Mrs. Elder had missed it previously, and looked about a little; but she did not speak of it till she was putting on her bonnet, when she said to Mrs. Wood, 'I wonder what your little Annie did with my bracelet.' A servant was sent to Annie, who, of course, persisted that she had put it on the lady's arm. Both parlors were searched thoroughly without success. I was glad to see Mrs. Elder look quite distressed; and all the company sympathized with her, for as it was a hair bracelet, they imagined it was a memorial of some dear friend of hers. I was quite innocent, of course; and to this day she does not know that I have it. I intend to worry her about it for a time—and that, perhaps, will cure her of borrowing."

Every word of this colloquy was audible to Mr. Harvey, above the noise of the cars, which were now flying onward. Pained and grieved, he gave no heed to the laughing commentaries of "Mag's" companions, but, as soon as possible, obtained a seat in another part of the car, and strove to forget the unpleasant circumstance. Not long afterwards he reached his destination, and in the rapturous meeting with his beloved sister, had no time for unpleasant recollections. He had parted with her a girlish bride; he found her a youthful matron, lovelier, more graceful than ever—happy in the almost worshipping love of her noble-hearted husband, and in the artless affection of three beautiful children, who made her stately home a very paradise to her loving heart.

The conversation in the cars was first brought to Mr. Harvey's mind, when, at his request, she prepared to accompany him to the house of an aged relative. As he ran his eye over her elegant costume, he was forced to admit to himself that one remark at least had been truthful, for every article was costly and tastefully made; but he thought it probable that the resolution of economizing in dress for the sake of charity had been lost sight of. Observing his critical survey, his visitor smilingly asked his opinion of her attire. As he made a complimentary reply, she turned triumphantly to her husband, saying:

"Now, you find I was right!" Then, addressing her brother, "Only imagine, Frank, he declared that I was not fit to be seen in this dress, that my bonnet was too plain, and that every one would know my cloak to be an old one," glancing down on the elegant mantle of purple velvet, which so well became her queenly form.

"An old one!—that is a likely tale!" said her brother.

"'Tis true I had it last year," she resumed, "but I only wore it a very few times, and it is just the same as new, as I shall make it last me this winter. I have been shamefully extravagant in dress, and I am going to do penance for it."

"By making yourself look as charming as possible, and yet leading us to believe that you could look better if you chose to try. Is it not so, Alfred?" said Frank, turning to his brother-in-law, who laughingly declared that he was quite right.

Radiantly beautiful was Mrs. Elder that morning, as she walked beside the proud brother, who recalled with a smile the remark of the envious lady who had "never thought her handsome."

The next day gave him a favorable opportunity of introducing the subject. As he was idly reclining on a lounge in his sister's dressing-room, talking over his travels, she took from a box a rich set of diamonds (the wedding gift of her father-in-law), which she began to polish for a party she was to attend the following night.

"A lady who has such ornaments as those," he began, "has no need of borrowing any from her friends."

Mrs. Elder looked up quickly, and by the flush on her cheek, and the shade on her brow, he knew she thought of the bracelet.

"I am going to put you through a regular catechism, sister mine," Frank went on. "Among your lady acquaintances are there two sisters named Margaret and Emma?"

"Yes," was the ready answer, "I am acquainted with a Mrs. Margaret Dale, and her sister, Miss Emma Morris. Why do you ask, Frank?"

"Never mind just now. Mrs. Dale is a tall brunette, is she not?—and her sister small, and rather fair?"

"Yes," answered his sister, eyeing him curiously.

"And these ladies are intimate associates of yours?"

"They are among my dearest friends."

"Friends! Pshaw!" said Frank, sarcastically.

"Now, I should like to know what is your object in all these questions," said Mrs. Elder.

"Patience, Ella. Answer my queries first, and then I shall give you some news. Did you borrow and lose a bracelet belonging to Mrs. Dale?"

She could only gaze on him in speechless astonishment. He repeated the question, and she sprang up, exclaiming eagerly:

"O, yes, yes, I did! Have you found it, Frank? But what folly!" she continued, sinking back upon her chair. "How could you find it?"

"I have not found it, Ella; yet perhaps I can tell you something concerning it. But first I wish to know all the circumstances connected with this foolish affair."

"Foolish, indeed, yet how unfortunate," sighed Mrs. Elder. "O, how much have I regretted it! But I will tell you all. Some time ago, Mrs. Dale borrowed my cameo bracelet, which I kept for occasions when I did not deem these suitable,"—she lifted the gorgeous diamond bracelets from their cushion. "I gave it to her freely, as I was in the habit of loaning her trifling ornaments; for though her husband is in good circumstances, she cannot always obtain money to purchase what she desires."

"So Mrs. Dale was a regular borrower from you, it seems," interrupted the brother, "and you from her."

"Not often, for I have not much occasion for borrowing; but when I have, I go to her. Well, she borrowed my bracelet. By some accident it got crushed and broken, so that she returned it perfectly useless. She was very sorry, but I told her I would get another; that I had had that so long I was almost tired of it—in short, said everything to console her."

"That must have been a difficult task," said Mr. Harvey.

"Not very; she is not one to grieve long. However, I neglected from time to time to provide myself with a bracelet, and calling on Mrs. Dale one evening to accompany her to the house of a mutual friend, she noticed that I wore no bracelet, and good-naturedly offered to loan me one she seldom used. I refused at first, for it was made of the hair of one of her best friends, who had presented her with it, and was consequently valued above all price. But she insisted, laughing away my fears that some accident might befall it, and I at length put it on. Alas, that I yielded! In the course of the evening, one of the children of our hostess began amusing herself with the devoted bracelet. I was uneasy about it, but I knew the best course with the spoiled child was to allow her to have her own way, when she would soon grow tired of it. So I contented myself with keeping a watchful eye upon her, and I am confident she clasped it on my arm before the servant came to take her away. Yet I missed it soon after, and all search proved unavailing; it was not to be found."

"How did your friend, Mrs. Dale, bear the loss?"

"O, she was very kind about it, indeed. As I said before, she is not one to grieve over any trouble. She takes things easily—too easily, I think—for it seemed to me she should have felt the loss of her dear friend's gift more deeply. However, I suppose she made light of it in order to comfort me, I was so unhappy about it. At length Alfred suggested that, as there is no hope of recovering it, the best plan is to get a similar braid of hair, and have it made up in the same style, as I can easily describe it to a jeweller."

"Does Mrs. Dale know of this purpose?"

"Yes, I told her last week to write without further delay to her absent friend for the hair; but she declared she would do nothing of the kind, and laughed at me for my disposition to be always fretting over trifles."

"What an arch hypocrite!" murmured Harvey.

"O, Frank, you must not call my friend by that odious name!" exclaimed his sister, much shocked. "You don't know her at all!"

"Don't I, indeed! Now, I will tell you my promised news, and we'll decide who knows her in her true character."

Mr. Harvey here related the conversation he had heard in the car. At first his sister could not believe that he had heard rightly. For the others she could not vouch; but Mrs. Dale—she could scarcely imagine such deceit and unfriendliness in *her*.

"How could she give me so much trouble about that bracelet," she exclaimed, with tears, "while I was all the time thinking so much of her for treating the loss lightly, through consideration, as I supposed, for my feelings! And then to speak of me as if I were a trouble to her. O, I wish I had not heard it!"

Mrs. Elder wept sorrowfully for some moments. Her warm, generous nature was deeply pained, for there are few griefs more keen than that of finding one in whom the heart had trusted as a friend, unworthy of affection or confidence.

"What could have been her motive in speaking thus of me to strangers?" said Mrs. Elder, when that evening she was able to speak calmly to her husband and brother of what had passed.

"Vanity, I presume," replied Mr. Elder. "To have it supposed that the gay and fashionable Mrs. Elder borrowed her adornments from her."

"And then making it appear that I made a boast of my charity!" resumed Mrs. Elder. "I do believe, Frank, from the manner in which you repeated that remark, that you deemed me liable to such a charge. Mrs. Dale and Emma both wished me to purchase some costly laces of which I had no need; and it struck me, from Emma's peculiar glance at her sister, that they might suppose that Alfred was growing penurious. So I thought it best to tell them my real motives for determining to make no unnecessary purchases this winter."

"Ah, that was it," said her brother, smiling. "I must crave pardon for my ungallant suspicions, for I was rather apprehensive that my darling sister had become a vain-boaster as well as borrower. And, by the way, Ella, I hope Mrs. Dale has succeeded in her benevolent desire to 'cure you of borrowing.'"

"I think she has, indeed. She has given me a never-to-be-forgotten lesson, though very different from the one she intended," replied Mrs. Elder.

Mrs. Dale's extreme mortification when she learned how her deceit and falsehood had been discovered, was almost, Mrs. Elder thought, a sufficient punishment. But a greater one was the termination of all intercourse with the friend whom, above all others, she desired to retain, but whose friendship and companionship she had forfeited forever, by her treachery and gossiping.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The fishing business of Marblehead for the year 1855 required 44 vessels, manned by 312 seamen. —— The St. Louis News says: "Such has been the rush of emigrants to Adair, Scotland, Schuyler and Putnam counties this fall, that hundreds of families have been forced to erect canvass tents in the heart of large prairies, to shelter them from the winter's blast." —— A proposition is on foot to unite West Florida to the State of Alabama. The electors of Western Florida are soon to decide the question by ballot. —— A private letter, giving an account of the bombardment of Sweaborg, says that the men employed on the gunboats had, as is usual, their ears padded with cotton, and few cases of deafness are reported, but all employed experienced severe pain in the chest, and in two days some of the men had not recovered their voices. —— The Buffalo Express reports that 603 disasters occurred on the western lakes during the year 1855. The loss of property amounted to $2,821,529, and 119 lives were lost. —— Gen. Ostensacken, whose military career extends over forty-eight years, who has assisted at more than one hundred battles and combats, in which he has usually been found in the front ranks, has never received the slightest wound. —— Duncan Forbes, of Cumberland, Me., died lately, at the age of 110 years. —— The total population of the town of Milford on the 1st of June, 1855, was 7489, which is an increase of 55 per cent. within five years. No other town in Massachusetts shows so large an increase. —— Between 40,000 and 50,000 bales of cotton, valued at over two million dollars, had accumulated on the levee at New Orleans on the 28th ult. —— Two young men, residing in Granville, Vt., a few days since traced several bears to their den in a cave upon the Green Mountains. While one of the hunters stood guard, the other, named Robbins, sixteen years of age, entered the cave armed with a double-barrelled pistol, and succeeded in killing three bears without receiving a wound himself. —— Although scouted by the learned and the experts in science of Mesmer's time, "animal magnetism" has come to be very generally recognized as a fact in the world. —— Twenty-two years ago Governor Porter concluded the Pottawatamie treaty on the site of Chicago, and now it is a city of eighty-five thousand population, with at least one hundred railroad trains arriving and departing daily. —— The value of the hog crop this year, in the United States, will fall little short of two hundred millions of dollars, or fifty millions more than the cotton crop. —— Grotius was in law practice at seven years of age, and attorney-general at twenty-one. —— The total amount of treasure landed at New York from California during the past year, has been upwards of forty-one and a half million of dollars, of which twenty-nine millions were brought by the mail steamers via Panama, and nearly thirteen millions more came through the Nicaragua route. —— William J. Hemingway, of Searsmont, Me., in endeavoring to rescue his boy, who had broken through the ice while skating, was drowned himself. The boy was saved. —— A young man from Norwich, Conn., Thomas S. Hunt, has received a degree of knighthood from the emperor of the French, for an essay delivered before the Academy of Science. Mr. Hunt is entirely self-educated. —— In New Orleans they have discovered a process by which swamp mud can be changed into coal which will make a very good fire. —— J. W. Gilman, of Jonesborough, Me., while at work in a saw-mill, in attempting to kick a dog from the end of a log, accidentally brought his foot in contact with the descending saw, which severed the foot from the leg in a twinkling. —— Two men were suffocated in Middleshoro', England, by the sulphur of a coke fire ignorantly lighted in order to warm their bed-room. A drunken man crept into a warm stove at the iron works in the same place, closing the door after him, in order to have a sleep. Next morning he was found perfectly dead. —— Commodore Stewart has addressed a memorial to the Senate, complaining of the action of the naval board in his own case, and in that of other officers of the navy. —— The value of stone quarried in Rockport for building purposes last year, was a quarter of a million dollars. There are some three hundred men constantly at work on the ledges, and twenty sloops are all the time employed to carry it away. —— A divorce was recently granted by one of the courts of Indiana, where the only allegation against the defendant was that he had *cold feet*.

A GREAT CITY.—London is now the greatest city in the world, and far surpasses all the great cities of antiquity. According to Gibbon, the population of ancient Rome in the height of its magnificence, was 1,200,000; Nineveh is estimated to have had 600,000; and Mr. Medhurst supposes that the population of Pekin is about 2,000,000. The population of London, according to recent statistics, amounts to 2,500,000—414,722 having been added to it during the last ten years. The census shows that it contains 307,722 inhabited and 16,380 uninhabited houses.

BIBLE TRANSLATIONS.—No less than three entirely distinct versions of the whole Bible have been made, under the superintendence of the American missionaries stationed at Constantinople. One of these is in the Hebrew Spanish, by Mr. Schauffler; one in the Armeno Turkish, by Mr. Goodell; and one in the modern Armenian, by Mr. Riggs.

GAS METERS.—A careful examination of the gas works in London has established the fact, that "the lower the quality of gas, the greater the velocity with which it flows through the meter; that is, the quantity registered is increased in proportion as the quality is deteriorated."

PRAISEWORTHY.—Hoe & Co., the great press manufacturers of New York, have an evening school attached to their establishment, for the boys in their employment.

Wayside Gatherings.

Iowa is now connected by railroads with the Atlantic cities.

The receipts of flour at Chicago the last year were 240,660 barrels.

Lucy Roberts, a mulatto, died in Philadelphia, a few weeks since, aged 106.

The amount of anthracite coal sent to market from the Pennsylvania coal regions during the present year was 6,626,288 tons.

An official announcement has been made, that the $200,000 for the endowment of the new college at Troy, has been secured.

Henry Lee, a convict in the Rhode Island State Prison, recently died there. In that and other prisons he had served seventy-five years.

The New York Journal of Commerce makes the foreign arrivals at New York the past year 3216; at Boston, 3178; at Baltimore, 567; at Philadelphia, 539.

Pittsburg was, in the early history of the country, called Fort Duquesne by the French; and afterwards was named Pitt, in honor of the Earl of Chatham.

In Kentucky, at the Flemington County Court, a wealthy man, who courted a girl just for the fun, has been mulcted in $6000 damages for breach of promise.

The Philadelphia papers announce the sudden death, recently, while at church, of Jasper Cope, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of the metropolis.

A bill requiring naturalized citizens to reside in the State two years after naturalization before being entitled to vote, has passed the South Carolina legislature.

The Transcript states that Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz is about to publish a new novel, "the scenes being drawn in part from fashionable life in Boston and New York."

A collegiate institution of a high order, is shortly to be established at Mobile, Ala. Norman Pinney, Esq. and Rev. J. L. Saunders, are at the head of the undertaking.

The artesian well at New Orleans is now about 580 feet in depth, and still no water has been obtained. The stockholders have resolved to dig one hundred and fifty feet further if necessary.

A soup society in Philadelphia has voted that "no recommendations for bread and soup be given to persons of confirmed habits of intemperance or those who lead licentious lives."

The Spiritual Telegraph announces deaths as births, under the head of "Born into the Spirit World." Having announced the birth of a lady aged 32, it adds: "cause of the transition, typhoid fever."

A little girl, six years old, had her eyes put out, recently, at Baltimore, by a brother, two years old, who put the end of a stick into the fire, and when it was burnt to a coal, poked it into her eyes in play.

Mr. Cozzens, the well-known hotel proprietor of West Point, pays an annual rent of fifteen thousand dollars, and thirty thousand dollars for the furniture, of the "Brandreth House," corner of Canal Street and Broadway.

There are now four collieries on fire in various parts of the coal regions in Pennsylvania. The fires in two of them have been smouldering for several years, and as yet no effort has been made towards extinguishing them.

The Providence Tribune says: "We learn that several of the insurance companies, in this State, have resolved not to insure buildings, any part of which are occupied for the sale of intoxicating drinks, or for gambling purposes."

The railroads of Ohio already nearly equal those of New York, and in a few years will overtake and pass them. The Cleveland Plaindealer says that Ohio has at present 2725 miles of railroad completed, while New York has only 2794 miles.

The New York Post acknowledges the reception of twenty dollars, to be appropriated towards the purchase of books for the woman in Maine who turned out with a shovel to dig a way through the snow for her daughter to get to the school-house.

The senators and representatives of California in Congress intend making an effort at the present session to obtain the passage of a bill for the establishment of a line of mail steamers from San Francisco to Shanghai, touching at the Sandwich Islands and Japan.

Miss M. Parker, a governess from Lowell, Mass., who was in a family in Norfolk teaching the young ideas, it seems inflamed the eldest son of the family with the tender passion. He is about twenty years of age, and carrying off his bride to Welden, they were married.

Vast stores of the purest iron ore in the world are found in Lake Superior regions. Great preparations have been made for shiping it next season, and it is calculated that in three years from the present date, no less than 200,000 tons will be mined and shipped in one season.

A famous dinner was made by a celebrated *bon vivant* in Paris, at which the comparative merits of beef and horseflesh were tested by dishes of both variously prepared, and the guests were loud in their demonstrations of delight over a rump steak of a fat horse immolated at the age of 23 years.

The great distinctive feature and excellence of the guns made upon the American machinery system, is, that each part is precisely like every other similar part, and will take its appropriate place equally well in any gun made upon the same principles. This is attained by no other mode of manufacture.

The Cleveland Herald announces the receipt of additional evidence going to prove the claims of Rev. Eleazer Williams to be the "lost Dauphin." His Indian mother has declared that she adopted him, and somebody has turned up in France who saw the young Bourbon conveyed from the prison to a barge in the river.

Mr. Rogers the poet, recently deceased, possessed immense wealth, and was a banker as well as poet. Indeed he was one of the richest bankers in London. His wealth enabled him to keep a free house for the *literati* of all England; and in former years his residence was thronged with the most distinguished literary and scientific personages of Europe.

A few evenings since, a party of men were throwing fire crackers for sport, in a grocery store at Columbus, Ohio, when one of the crackers fell into a keg of powder which stood on the counter. A terrific explosion ensued, blowing the house to pieces and letting the second floor and roof down upon the inmates of the store, who, strange to say, escaped with very slight injuries.

The New York Express says there is a place of worship in Broadway (not Trinity, nor St. Paul's, nor Grace Church), that has just had placards hung out at the inner doors, like an ice-cream saloon, with this notification in big, scowling, black letters, "strangers are requested not to take seats" (then follows, in the smallest sort of type), "until the sexton directs them to a pew."

Foreign Items.

Report speaks of a return visit on the part of the emperor of the French to Turin in the course of the spring.

Jenny Lind, who has never yet sung in Paris, has, it is said, positively promised to perform there when she leaves England.

The Carlist factions, lately so often annihilated, persist in harassing the Spanish government, and general levies to crush them are announced.

One of the editors of a satirical journal, published at Seville, has been stabbed by the tenor of the chief theatre in the city. The murderer has been arrested.

Dr. Edouard Vehse, the author of a work entitled, "The History of the Petty German Courts," has just been arrested at Berlin, and the work has been seized.

The Austrian army is to be armed with the new Minié rifles of different sizes. The Chasseurs have already had them for some months; but at least four years must elapse before they can be distributed to the whole army.

The Prussian government have entered into an arrangement with France and England to effect an exchange of the commercial statistics of each nation, and orders have been given at Berlin to the proper authorities to that effect.

The remarks made by the Times on the Concordat have not been to the taste of the Vienna authorities, and the coffee-house and hotel keepers are no longer permitted "to lay the paper on their tables" for the use of their guests.

The Rev. Dr. Yere, a benevolent Roman Catholic clergyman in Dublin, who has devoted his energies to the support of a deaf and dumb institution, has decided to dispose of his library (worth £2000) by raffle, for the benefit of the insane.

Sands of Gold.

.... When love begins to sicken and decay, it useth an enforced ceremony.—*Shakspeare.*

Envy is destroyed by true friendship, and coquetry by true love.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Man's love is of man's life a thing, a part: 'tis woman's whole existence.—*Byron.*

Where power is absent, we may find the robes of genius, but we miss the throne.—*Landor.*

.... Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.—*Cicero.*

Every witticism is an inexact thought: that which is perfectly true is imperfectly witty.—*Landor.*

.... Envy, like a cold prison, benumbs and stupifies; and conscious of its own impotence, fold its arms in despair.—*Collier.*

.... As pictures and statues, and living beauty, too, show better by *music-light*, so is poetry irradiated, vivified, glorified, and raised into immortal life, by harmony.—*Landor.*

... The net of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Ambition is but avarice on stilts, and masked. God sometimes sends a famine, sometimes a pestilence, and sometimes a hero, for the chastisement of mankind; none of them surely for our admiration.—*Landor.*

.... If, amidst all your studies, you do not learn to converse or commune with your own selves, whatever you know, or rather, whatever you imagine you know, I would not purchase it at the expense of a straw.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

Joker's Budget.

People about these parts seem determined to kill time by sleighing it.

Is the number of the stars odd or even?—question for Lord Rosse's telescope.

It is a proverb at our colleges, that the students who graduate with the highest honors are seldom heard of afterwards.

A "warm meal" in New Mexico, consists of two crackers dipped in pepper-sauce. Simple, but not calculated to become popular.

Some slanderer asserts that paper-makers are the greatest magicians of the age, inasmuch as they transfer beggars' rags into sheets for editors to lie on.

It is told of an Irishman, that he used to sweep his chimney by letting a rope down, which was fastened round the legs of a goose, and then pulling the goose after it.

An Irishman, in describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee, said: "Be dad, if he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next morning and go round selling maps to the inhabitant."

"Patrick," said a gentleman to his Irish waiter, "I am going out to-morrow—call me at four in the morning."—"Yes," replied Pat, "but wont yer honor have the goodness to ring the bell, that I may wake in time."

During the late Hungarian war, a recruit, who was going through the sword exercise, after having learnt all the cuts, asked how he had to parry the cuts of the enemy. An old hussar answered:—"Never mind the parrying; only you cut, and let the other parry."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee,
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody, no, not I!
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend, said old King Hal;
"Thou art wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three:
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Content like thine few men can boast,
O Miller of the Dee!"

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1856. | $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X., No. 8.—WHOLE No. 242

SNOW SCENE ON BOSTON COMMON.

Boston Common has been, par excellence, the domain of Boston boys from time immemorial—ever since it was ceded to the town as a pasture ground and training-field. The cows have been expelled—the increase of ornamental trees has driven the military to its farther extremity—but the boys still assert their right to their ancient playground. Even when Boston was held by British troops, and their white tents glimmered at the base of Fox Hill, and were reflected in the Frog Pond, the boys persisted in sporting on the Common, in defiance of King George's red coats. It was the interference of the latter with their coasting that induced a deputation of the youngsters to wait upon the British commander, and make a bold representation ot their grievances, demanding rather than soliciting redress. The independent spirit of '76 still animates the boys of to-day; and those who wish to see "Young America" in full glory have only to visit the Common. Our artist, Mr. Warren, has drawn for us one of the scenes to which the ample snows of the present season gave rise. The boys are indulging in all the fun for which the snow furnishes the means. A huge snow-ball has been rolled up to giant dimensions, gathering in its progress until it has become immovable from the force of gravitation. On its summit sits a youth as proud as a king upon his throne, and far happier. Other youngsters are engaged in the amusement of coasting at the base of that noble old elm, which has withstood the storms of so many winters. In the distance are seen Park Street Church, and the line of buildings it terminates, rendered classical as the residences of some of our most distinguished citizens—men of literature, wealth and science. The profile of the State-House will be readily recognized. We can never be sufficiently grateful for the wisdom and generosity which bestowed Boston Common on the inhabitants of the old Tri-mountain town. We hope its name will never be changed, and that it will never be metamorphosed into a park. May it remain plain Boston Common to perpetuity. The Common is very attractive at all seasons, but in summer it is one of the most beautiful places of resort conceivable, and is always thronged with visitors.



A SNOW SCENE ON BOSTON COMMON

[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST;

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.

A JOYFUL RELEASE, FOLLOWED BY SAD FOREBODINGS.

Under circumstances of a less urgent and exciting nature, Louis might have paused to question the wisdom of his course in thus wholly and unreservedly entrusting himself to the hands of an utter stranger; but now no such thought presented itself for consideration. Raimonde himself secretly wondered at the unhesitating confidence placed in him by the count, reasoning, very naturally, that there was certainly something suspicious in all this ceremony to a person unacquainted with its design. But the count's careless confidence rather won his admiration.

Together they continued their new route, Louis still leaning upon the arm of his guide, for the space, perhaps, of three or four minutes. Then Raimonde paused, saying:

"Will monsieur stand here an instant? I must move a step forward, and monsieur must be very careful not to remove the handkerchief just yet."

He released his hand, and left him. Louis, standing still, heard a harsh, grating sound at a little distance before him, and a sound as of some person lifting a heavy body.

"Come, monsieur," said the voice of Raimonde; "take one step forward, and here is my hand. I am below you now. You must stoop. Put your hand on my shoulder—thus. Now, you know that you stand on a rock, from which I have jumped. You must follow me—so; that is it. Here we are!"

The grating noise was heard again. Then Louis was conducted over what seemed to be a smooth and level path of stone. He had been admitted by Raimonde through the rear entrance of the cavern, and was passing now through the long subterranean gallery in the rock.

At length they paused again; a noise of bolts and bars withdrawn, and a door unclosed, through which Louis was led. Then the handkerchief was untied, the door closed behind him, and taking off the bandage from his eyes, Louis found himself in the cell of Jacques.

"Monsieur!" uttered Jacques, springing forward, "so you are disguised, eh! I did not know you at first."

"You here, my good friend?" uttered Louis, in astonishment, looking about him. "What place is this?"

"—sh! not too loud, monsieur, if you please. I told you I was a prisoner—did I not?"

"Yes; but such a prison as this! And Rose—tell me where she is."

"She is here also, monsieur,—in a cell like this, and close by it."

"Jacques! so near me—and in danger? Let me go instantly and deliver her!"

He was at the door, but Jacques sprang to his side.

"For pity's sake, monsieur, be careful, or you will spoil all! Come here, I entreat you, and listen to me. Rose is safe at present, and if you are calm enough to hear what I wish to say, and to act with me, we may rescue her in ten minutes, whereas such impetuous haste as yours would ruin the scheme."

It was plain enough. The count suffered himself to be led to a seat at the opposite side of the cell, and listen to the explanation of his companion, while burning with eagerness to hasten to the rescue of Rose. Jacques made brief work of it. He began by relating the story of the abduction of Rose, and the plot that led to it. Louis was angered and indignant beyond measure, as he listened to the account of Gasparde's villany.

"Who is he—what is he, this wretch Gasparde?" he uttered, hotly.

"The chief of a horde of brigands and contrabandists, monsieur."

"Is it possible!—and yet, why not? One cannot be surprised at hearing it of one so base as he. And Rose is in his power?"

"Not exactly, monsieur. He brought her hither, as I have told you, to this place, which is a cavern in the centre of the forest, and after placing her in the cell of which I have spoken, went away with the men upon an expedition, from which they will not probably return until midnight or to-morrow morning. When he comes back, he will either extort from her a promise to marry him, or keep her confined in that cell, until she pines to death; for he is just so merciless. He never has forgotten the treatment he once received at your hands, nor the threats and rebukes of Hugh Lamonte; and he has been watching, ever since that time, for an opportunity of revenge. It is ours to deprive him of that revenge."

"Your plan—your plan, Jacques!"

"The man who accompanied you hither is the guard left by Gasparde. He has procured for me an interview with you; but he never suspects that it is for the purpose of liberating Rose and myself; for were we to escape, he knows that the vengeance of the leader would fall on him. Now, we must either manage to gain his silence by force, or by a bribe. If we bind him, and leave him here when we leave the place, why, Gasparde will shoot him when he comes back; but if a sum of money were offered him, I have an idea that he would not only suffer his prisoners to escape, but also take leave himself, since he has grown weary of the captain's tyranny.

"The bribe, then,—the bribe, by all means!" said Louis, earnestly. "I happen to have a considerable sum with me; but we must be cautious."

"Yes—yes! we must be cautious, as you say; and in case he *should* refuse the money—of which, however, I think there is hardly a doubt,—we must be prepared to spring upon him. A cord for his hands and feet, and a gag—that will do the business. Now, then, for the work. I will call him in. Be prepared." And he called "Raimonde!"

The guard appeared. Jacques glanced towards the count, and then said:

"Comrade, you don't forget, I suppose, the conversation which we had at dinner?—the agreement which we made, or partly made, about bidding adieu to monsieur le capitaine?"

The glitter of gold caught Raimonde's eye, from a heavy purse which the count held carelessly in his hand. His avarice was aroused

"I remember it very well, Jacques," he answered.

The count stepped forward.

"My friend, suppose you were to shut your eyes for the space of half an hour, and unclose them at the end of that time to find yourself richer by a thousand francs, or two or three times that sum, perhaps?"

"It would be a very pleasant thing, monsieur."

"I offer you that sum, in return for a certain favor which I shall ask at your hands."

"Name the favor, and it is yours, monsieur."

"I desire the use of the keys which unlock the doors of these cells, and you will show me those in which you have prisoners confined."

"It is a bargain. Follow me, monsieur. So this is your business, comrade?" and he smiled grimly at Jacques. "Well, it's all the same to me, since I shall myself escape from this place, which monsieur le capitaine has made already too hot to hold us, and be able to live like an honest man."

So saying, he led the way from the cell, advanced a short distance along the gallery, and pausing before an arched door in the wall, said, as he unlocked and threw it open:

"The only other prisoner we have is in here, monsieur."

And Louis, leaving the others outside, entered. This cell, like that of Jacques, was lighted by a brazen lamp, suspended from the ceiling. Directly beneath this lamp stood Rose, slightly bending forward, with her hands clasped, and an eager, inquiring expression of countenance, as she beheld some one entering, and heard the words of the guard. But she shrank back, at first, with a low cry, as the disguised count met her view. She did not recognize him.

"Rose, do not fear; it is I!" he said.

"You, Louis?—ah, Louis! I know you now!" and weeping, amid her smiles, she sprang forward to the arms outstretched to receive her.

The young man trembled with emotion—with feelings that were unutterable, as he held the light form of Rose in his embrace.

"Rose, I have come to make you free!" he said, tenderly, supporting her to the door. "Come with me, dear child!"

"To set me free? Let us hasten, Louis. But where is *he*—that wicked Gasparde? And how—"

"Gasparde is absent, Rose, and we must escape ere his return. I will tell you all when you are once in safety."

Jacques stood at the door, unable to suppress his delight on seeing Rose again, and urging them to hasten. Raimonde said, briefly:

"You had better use all the speed you can, monsieur le compte; you can scarcely get away from here too soon."

"Thanks, my friend; and here is your reward," returned Louis, at the same time placing in the man's hand a well-filled purse. "And now, Jacques, let us be gone."

They hurried along the gallery, which was lighted now by a blazing fire which Michel had kindled in the front part of the cavern. Rose trembled, as, leaning upon her companion's supporting arm, she passed through that dreadful corridor.

"Courage!" whispered Louis, softly, clasping her hand in his.

They reached the front of the cave. Stretched on a heap of skins, by the glowing fire, lay Michel, smoking a short-stemmed pipe, and meditating.

"Michel, come with me," said Raimonde, briefly.

The man rose, indolently, and obeyed.

The cool, damp, evening wind blew across their faces, as they gained the entrance. An involuntary exclamation of thanksgiving escaped from the lips of Rose and Louis. With joyful hearts they quickly ascended the rude steps leading up to the mouth, and springing to the earth, found themselves in the forest once more. Already night had gathered over the earth.

"We are free—free!" uttered Rose, with sweet and thrilling solemnity; and pausing an instant, she bowed her head upon her clasped hands; and Louis, pausing too, bared his head with involuntary reverence, as he joined, in heart, in the fervent and pious acknowledgement which she breathed in low and grateful tones.

Then, in silence, they went forth. Raimonde led the way, with Jacques and Michel. For some five minutes the party proceeded in perfect silence, winding their way through the forest, with no path to guide them; but Raimonde knew the way to the chateau. It was light enough to discern the objects about them with considerable distinctness; and Raimonde had been familiar with these places since his birth.

"This, monsieur, is the direction to the chateau—straight along," he said, presently; "it will take but fifteen minutes to reach the road. And now, since you are in safety, I will take another course, if you please, and leave you here."

"So be it, and a thousand thanks," returned Louis. "Adieu! I trust we may meet again."

They parted, Jaques joining the count and Rose, to accompany them to the chateau. Louis pushed on, still supporting, tenderly, the young girl at his side. A few moments passed, and they were making good progress, when suddenly their attention was attracted by a sound of voices at some distance to the right, and the faintly-discerned forms of persons moving through the trees. Jacques paused and listened.

"Fly, monsieur,—fly! the men are returning!" whispered he, suddenly.

"*Mon Dieu*, Rose!" murmured Louis, in alarm, "I must save *you*, at least!"

"Hasten—hasten on!" urged Jacques; "there is a hollow tree just beyond here, where Mademoiselle Rose can conceal herself."

They pressed forward, silently; but they were perceived.

"Yonder—yonder! the third tree on the right!" whispered Jacques, frantically; "hide her, or she is lost!"

There were shouts behind; the brigands, eight or ten of them, sent back by Gasparde, were approaching; they discerned the fugitives dimly in the gathering darkness, and their suspicions were roused. They commenced a pursuit. But they pursued only the count and Jacques; for Louis had gently placed the form of the half-fainting girl within the hollow tree, and instantly took an opposite direction to lead their pursuers away from the spot. The ruse succeeded; the brigands passed the tree.

With an irrepressible cry of victorious joy, Louis hastened on, with Jacques; their evident desire to escape increased the suspicions of the approaching party, who now, with cries and oaths, pressed close upon them. On—on, still, they went; further and further, nearer to the edge of the forest. But the brigands gained on them. Shots were fired, too, but they missed their aim.

"Monsieur Louis, we shall be taken!" uttered Jacques, as he made a last effort for life.

And answering not a word, the count, turning, fired at one of the men, who had almost laid his hand on the shoulder of Jacques. The brigand fell. A shout of vengeance was raised by the pursuers, and they rushed forward with mad haste.

"My good fellow, flight is no longer of use. We must yield. But *she* is safe!" said Louis.

He turned to deliver himself up; he heard a cry of savage joy, felt a heavy blow, and then lost all consciousness.

* * * * *

When the young count recovered his faculties, he found himself lying on the stone floor of one of the cavern cells, which was fully lighted by the brazen lamp swinging from the roof. How long he had been here, he was unable to guess; but the scenes through which he had passed, relative to the rescue of Rose, flashed so instantly and vividly upon his recollection as to persuade him that no very great portion of time had elapsed since their occurrence. The flight, the concealment of Rose, the moment of capture—all these were before him. He wondered only that the brigands, enraged as they were at the injury to their comrade, had not torn him limb from limb. As it was, a portion of his clothing had been rent from him, and a shiver ran through his limbs from the chilling atmosphere of his stone prison.

His captors had taken care to secure him beyond the possibility of escape; for they had fettered him, hand and foot, and to these fetters was attached a heavy chain, the other end of which was fastened to a huge ring in the wall. He was in captivity, but that captivity was sweet, since he had, as he hoped, ensured the safety of Rose. Yet he thought of her with the deepest anxiety, still. He calculated the chances of her finding the way from the forest, or, perhaps, she had fainted in that narrow place of refuge, and remained insensible amid the noxious damps of night, and with slimy reptiles and poisonous insects all about her! But what would not be preferable to the prison from which she had escaped? Would not the foulest creeping things that Heaven had made be rather to be endured than the base robber chief, Gasparde? For Rose he had no fear, then. Providence could not but help one so gentle, and beautiful, and good as she.

To Jacques his thoughts turned. As a matter of course, he also must have been brought back, and he, too, must be in a cell, chained also. When would a chance of escape come to either of them? It was a matter of ignorance to him, whether Gasparde had returned with the men who had captured him; and he could form no conjecture either of the fate that awaited him, or how soon he should learn its character. At the hands of Gasparde, he knew he could hope for no mercy. He was in the power of murderers now, and there was no reason for them to be more lenient to him than to any other who might excite in them a thirst for vengeance. Yet, with the probability of the escape of Rose, he suffered no apprehensions to disquiet him.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BANDIT'S RETURN. AN UNLOOKED-FOR DELIVERANCE.

With rare booty, the spoils of that night's work, the brigand chief, Gasparde, returned, a little after midnight, to the cave. He was in an excellent humor with his multiplied success in effecting the capture of Rose, and gaining far more than he had anticipated by the robbery committed that night.

What, then, was his rage and disappointment to learn from the men whom he had sent back three or four hours earlier, that Rose had made her escape! He raved like a maniac; he vowed the direst vengeance on the faithless guard, who had disappeared, and on the spur of the moment, would instantly have gone to assassinate their new prisoners, had not some quarrel arising among the men diverted his attention for a time. During this interval, he had an opportunity to become cool, and afterwards repaired to the

cells to ascertain whom it could be that the man had taken in company with Jacques, and who wore the disguise of a brigand. His mingled astonishment, rage and exultation may be easily imagined on discovering it to be the Count d'Artois.

"Oho, my fine fellow! so you are there, are you?" he cried, savagely. "Well—well, not a bad exchange of prisoners! Wont I make you dance presently, monsieur! Just wait till daylight!"

"You may do with me what you will," answered Louis, calmly, "since *she* has escaped. I can suffer any torture now!"

"You talk bravely, monsieur! But I mean to get her back again—do you hear that? I will watch, day and night, till the time comes, as I have watched since the time when I vowed revenge for all that happened to me at your hands. So you helped her to escape, did you?"

"Yes; and be assured that she will be kept now so far beyond your reach that no scheme of yours will ever draw her hither again."

"We will see to that, monsieur,—we will see to that! Now mark me! I will get the girl back, and you shall starve before her eyes, day by day, hour by hour, till you die in your chains!"

He went out, and left his prisoner in the deep silence of his lonely cell to think of those cruel words.

The brigands were having a merry carousal after their return; and Gasparde, maddened by the cool, courageous defiance of his prisoner, and with reflecting on the loss of the prize he had thought so safe, joined recklessly in the insane riot. The leaping, dancing fire of fagots glowed redly in the centre of the cavern, casting a ruddy light upon each of those dark, swarthy, unshorn countenances, grim and fierce, that clustered about it; and the wine went round, and deep draughts were taken by the weary plunderers. Higher and higher leaped the flames, and more noisy grew the merriment of the brigands, till, finally, there came a lull in the wild tempest of mirth. One by one grew less clamorous; slowly, with the heat of the fire and the unsparing circulation of the wine, drowsiness overcame them, and shortly every man lay stretched upon the heaps of skins that covered the cavern floor, in a drunken torpor, even to Gasparde himself, who had drank more deeply than all.

With cat-like caution, a light tread descended the rough-hewn steps; a dark form was visible by the red glow of the smouldering embers; slowly and carefully down from the mouth it came, pausing at each step, and Raimonde's eyes glanced from face to face of those drunken sleepers. He had been watching ever since this noisy revel commenced, and now was the time come when, without guard or watcher, the way was left clear for him.

Stealing noiselessly in, he scattered upon the dying embers, from a small parcel in his hand, a fine powder, that caused a light crackling sound as it fell among them, and almost immediately a cloud of thin white vapor arose, spreading and circling, till it filled the entire cavern, and a curious odor, faint, yet overpowering, was perceptible, proceeding from it. Raimonde, holding a handkerchief to his face, to avoid inhaling this odor, waited some five or ten minutes, till it had cleared somewhat away; then, approaching the senseless form of Gasparde, dexterously removed from the leathern belt about his waist, the ponderous keys that belonged to the cells.

"Safe enough now, monsieur le capitaine, I'll warrant!" he muttered, with a low chuckle. "You should be a little less careless. All people are not as honest as yourself!"

Swiftly and quietly he traversed the gallery leading to the cells, and opened the first door. It chanced to be the one in which the count was confined. Louis heard the heavy key turning in the wards; he looked to see Gasparde. But it was a careful hand that unclosed the door, and silently into the cell stepped Raimonde.

"Hist! be quiet, monsieur le compte!" he whispered, as Louis, recognizing him, sprang to his feet, with a half-suppressed exclamation of surprise; "do not speak. I have come to give you your liberty!"

"My liberty, Raimonde! Where are the brigands? Where is Gasparde?"

"Sound asleep, monsieur; and I have some reason to believe they wont wake in a hurry. I have given them something to help the wine they've swallowed. Here—I will take off these jewels of yours; I dare say you wont be sorry to be rid of them." And stooping down, he unlocked and knocked off the fetters of the count.

"Ten thousand thanks, Raimonde!" exclaimed Louis, warmly. "But how did you know we had been retaken? how—"

"I had returned to the cavern to get something which I had left here, monsieur, and was going away again, when we saw the men coming back with you and Jacques. You were in a swoon, I suppose, for it took two or three to carry you. We had some ado to get out of their way—Michel and I—without being seen. I watched, afterwards, while they were caroasing around the fire; and when the wine had done its work, I stole in and did mine. They are quiet enough now. Come, monsieur; but stop a moment. I see you will need something more than what you wear now. I will come back in a moment."

He left the cell, and directly returned, carrying a bundle of garments very much like those Louis was accustomed to wear in his excursions about the country. The young man lost no time in assuming them, and then left the cell with his companion. How his heart leaped! What a thrill ran through him as he felt that he was once more at liberty!

Raimonde's next step was to liberate Jacques. The poor fellow was almost beside himself with joy, and only the absolute need of silence kept him from giving unbounded expression to his delight.

Quietly, and with the utmost caution, they passed through the gallery and to the front of the cavern, where the brigands lay here and there about the dying fire, in the various attitudes in which slumber had overtaken them. In their midst lay Gasparde, looking as fierce, and savage, and cruel, even in sleep, as in his waking moments. Louis paused, with a shudder, to regard him.

"Come, monsieur; quick!" urged Raimonde, in a whisper.

The young man obeyed. Stepping cautiously among the extended forms of the drugged slumberers, the three rapidly ascended to the entrance, sprang out upon the forest soil, and sped rapidly and silently away in the early dawn. Cool and fresh the morning wind came to the brows of these men, so lately prisoners, and it was like the benediction of an angel. For some distance they pursued their way together, and then Raimonde paused.

"Now, monsieur le compte, I will leave you, as I wish to strike off to the right here. I should like to have Jacques go with me."

"Well—well; then I bid you adieu!" returned the count, warmly, grasping his hand; "and I trust we shall meet again, when I may offer you a more adequate reward for your services than you received last night. I thank you a thousand times, my friend!"

"I am glad I have been able to set you free, monsieur," rejoined the man; "and as for a reward, I am already made rich by the sum which you gave me last night. And now I will bid you a final adieu, since it is very probable that this is the last time we shall meet."

"Adieu, then, my friend! I am truly sorry to part with you thus," returned the count, regretfully; "but whenever you need assistance hereafter, go the Chateau Montauban, and ask for Louis d'Artois. I will help you gladly, as you have helped me. For you, Jacques, I trust I shall see you very soon again. Will you come to the chateau to-day? I wish to have a brief conference with you. Promise me!"

"I promise, monsieur. Adieu!"

And they separated, Raimonde and Jacques taking a right-hand direction, and Louis keeping the path to the chateau.

Suddenly, as he advanced, some object upon the ground attracted his attention. Picking it up, he found it to be a little tiny slipper. It was one of *hers!* He had seen her wear it often. He gazed upon it for a moment with feelings of unutterable emotion, and then placed it in his breast.

"Poor little Rose!" he murmured, tenderly; "where are you now? How long did you wander in these wilds, with those delicate feet torn and wounded by the sharp thorns in your way?"

With the little relic safe in his breast, he pressed on. With deeper earnestness than ever, he prayed that he might find Rose at the chateau. Soon he observed that the turf all about him appeared to have been trampled and crushed with many feet, whose impress it still bore. Everywhere, as he went, this appearance continued. Further on, he came upon a torch, lying extinguished upon the ground. Anon he picked up a handkerchief, embroidered with a delicate cipher—Francis Egerton's own. What could it mean? He reflected a moment. Yes—they had been seeking her—the people from the chateau—seeking for Rose, their lost darling. And this torch was evidently one which they had carried in their search by night. He was encouraged to think that they had found her.

"And now, Gasparde," he said, involuntarily speaking aloud,—"now, if all your anticipated victims are safe from your toils, look to your own safety! for that den of yours shall be opened to the light, and its iniquitous secrets revealed. An hundred men shall gather this day, and rout you from your fancied security!"

Even as he spoke, he suddenly seemed to hear voices shouting, one to another, at a distance, though so faintly that he paused to find whether he were not deceived. No! faintly still, but sufficiently perceptible not to be mistaken, the echo of those voices came to his ear on the still, clear air of the morning, and the sound came from the direction in which he was going. He could scarcely doubt that they proceeded from parties in search of him.

But at that very moment, as he was hastening forward, he also heard sounds from the opposite direction—a confused mingling of men's voices, with harsh, discordant shouts, and the crashing and tearing of forest branches. Could it be that his captors had aroused from their torpid slumber, discovered his escape, and were pursuing him? For a moment he was disinclined to believe this, and curiosity predominating over every other feeling, he paused to look back.

Even as his glance pierced the interstices of those leafy shadows behind, he distinguished, at a considerable distance, the figures of men whom he could not mistake—those wild-looking forms which he had so lately beheld lying about the smouldering embers of the cavern fire. Three or four were in sight, but one was far before the others, and dashing forward with mad speed. It was Gasparde! with his unshorn hair streaming wildly about his face, and a long and glittering knife brandished in his hand. Involuntarily, Louis sprang forward; then he paused, glancing again, with indescribable emotions of horror and disgust, towards the fierce and cruel countenance of his half-savage pursuer.



LOUIS PURSUED BY GASPARDE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Then, with sudden and firm resolution, he turned unarmed as he was, save with the stick which had served thus far to clear his path, and prepared to meet him.

With a louder yell of triumph at beholding his anticipated victim so near, the brigand rushed on.

"I have you, monsieur!" he cried, with a fiend's laugh,—"I have you! Who will win Rose now?"

"Not you, villain!" answered Louis, sternly. And meeting the assassin, in his mad career, he struck down, with his stick, the uplifted knife that was ready to drink his heart's blood.

"Ah!" shouted Gasparde, raging and gnashing like a wild beast, as he snatched a pistol from his belt; "I will know—I will know who is to win! Come on, my men! Strike—stab—slay!" And, blind with rage, he dashed at his adversary.

What was to be the fate of Louis? There were four to one! But the other three, tearing forward to the assistance of their master, suddenly paused, and then hastily turned and fled. Neither Louis nor Gasparde, however, saw anything beyond each other; while the young count, with firm courage, grappled with the brigand chief, and wrenching the discharged weapon from his grasp, cast him at full length upon the turf.

And now aid was at hand; for the Marquis of Montauban and Francis Egerton, followed by two or three of the villagers, dashed into the little glade, to the scene of combat. With exclamations of joy, Louis and his uncle threw themselves into each other's arms; while Francis Egerton waved his cap gaily in the air, and stepped lightly forward to greet Louis, calling, "Found—found! my dear—dear fellow!" and he clasped the young man in a cordial and laughing embrace; but his handsome, deep-blue eyes sparkled with tears.

But their attention was attracted in another direction; for Gasparde had risen to his feet, and his cry of rage and despair rang through the forest. Deserted by his companions, who had fled on witnessing the numbers of the approaching party, and destitute of weapons, he turned, and was bounding away, when a shot from one of the villagers struck him. With one horrible cry, he sprang into the air, and then fell heavily to the earth. There was a convulsive movement of the limbs, a contraction, a sudden spasm, and the form was stretched out in motionless silence. Gasparde was dead! Men crowded hastily up to the scene; and joyful greetings and congratulations, at the meeting with Louis, were mingled with exclamations of astonishment and horror on beholding the dead form of the brigand chief.

There was a time of silence, and then Francis clasped the hand of Louis, and drew him gently away from the scene.

"It is too horrible!" he uttered, with a shudder. "Come, dear Louis, to where a fairer sight awaits you; let us go and meet Rose, our sweet little blossom, who owes to you her safety!"

"She *is* safe, then!" said Louis, with animation; "ah, that repays me for all!"

"Ay—safe! We found her in the wood an hour or two since; and without waiting longer than to meet Helen, and assure her of her safety, the dear girl insisted on guiding us instantly in the direction of the cave in which she had been confined. We were proceeding thither, with the domestics and villagers, armed with any weapons at command, when, in the distance, we perceived your form, and that of your assailant; and by the time we could get within pistol range, you had him down. But see—yonder comes Rose on the arm of the Count de Clairville!"

It was indeed the beautiful Rose, pale, but smiling, who, advancing lightly, in her white robes, over the forest turf, met Louis with a low cry of joy, and with fervent gladness returned his silent but eloquent embrace. Then she stood apart, as the Count de Clairville, with unspeakable emotion, greeted the escaped captive.

What a meeting was that! Wherein the happiness of each was unalloyed, except when meeting with the blood-chilling picture of death—the stark and bloody form of the brigand chief extended upon the fresh and dewy turf. He could work no evil now. Horrible as was the sight of that ghastly form and that fierce countenance, even in death, they who gathered about and looked upon it could confess to no sensation of regret that the wretch was deprived of the power to carry out his diabolical schemes of vengeance.

They would not allow Rose to look upon that stiffening corpse. They only said, "Gasparde is dead!" And the young girl, even while a sense of relief came to her—even while it seemed that a weight was lifted from her heart—a feeling of uneasiness and dread, wept quietly, and prayed for the parted soul.

It was a joyful return to the chateau. The hands of people who had gathered to assist in the search for the young count, were gay with rejoicing as they wended their triumphant way back to their homes; and at the gates of the chateau, the good marquis extended to them, one and all, a cordial invitation to a merry-making, during the following week, to celebrate the happy return of his lost children. And then, among that joyful family, there were fervent thanksgivings, and explanations followed, and recitals of past plot and peril; and not the least blessed of all was Helen Montauban, who rejoiced none might know how deeply; for it was as if life itself were restored to her, with the restoration of her cousin.

Jacques, making his appearance next day at the chateau, was made a hero of; and fain would all have heaped favors and rewards upon him, but he would none of it. "He was going to Lyons, to seek master Hugh," he said, "and follow his fortunes." And that very day he departed. Rose was deeply affected when she heard of this resolution. She longed to see her father, and confide to him all the trouble she had so lately endured—all that had been on her mind concerning Robin; but, with further thought, she decided that it was better to retain her vexation and trouble within her own breast until she had confessed all to the marquis; for now she resolved to delay that confession no longer. It was very painful to the young girl, now that there were such rejoicings over her safety, and that of Louis, to feel that she must break in upon it thus. But she felt that the necessity was imperative. What was to come afterwards she could not see. She shrunk from contemplating the future.

And so Jacques went, and Rose only gave him a thousand loving messages for her father, and bade him tell of her adventure, and her final safety, and of the death of the villain Gasparde. Nothing of all her sorrow did she desire her father to know yet. He must think of her only as happy and content.

The next day there was a gathering of stout and sturdy men from far and near, armed with serviceable weapons; and the forest was searched, and the robbers' cave discovered—a place never known till then by the dwellers in that region. But the brigands had fled—their chief no longer with them; and the cavern was empty—deserted. The robbers never returned to it. It is probable that the horde broke up, and the men went in various directions to gain an unlawful living elsewhere; but they never were heard of again. Raimonde went to Italy, and thenceforth was unheard from.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CURIOUS DEVELOPMENT.

It was evening. In the lofty and richly-furnished library of the marquis, the silver lamps burned with a soft, subdued glow, blending their moonlight radiance with the deeper and warmer tinge cast by a blazing wood fire upon the broad hearth over the magnificent apartment, with its dark, massive, antique furniture, its broad, high walls, lined with costly and substantial volumes, the crimson draperies of its deep windows, and the polished oaken floor that shone and reflected back the mellow warmth in rippling lines of light. Upon the heavy, deep-red rugs that here and there covered the smooth surface, grown dark with age; upon the favorite hound that slumbered peacefully before the cheerful blaze; upon the amaranthine cushions of the ample *fauteuil* of his master, vacant now, beside which Leon had stretched himself.

But Leon is not the sole occupant of this fine old apartment to-night. Beside a table of curiously carven oak, which is strewn with rare and ancient volumes and the writing implements of the marquis, and which occupies the centre of the floor, sits Rose. She is leaning forward upon this table, her face hidden in her folded arms—those fair, sculptured arms whose snowy whiteness gleams rarely through the veil of falling tresses. Her graceful form is attired in a robe of shining fabric, its pearl-hued folds sweeping the floor about her, and shining, glittering softly in the mellow light shed all around her. She does not move; she is silent—motionless; she hardly seems to breathe even. So quiet is she, as she reclines thus, with her face concealed, that you might think her sleeping.

But Rose is not sleeping. Her errand hither is of too painful a nature for that. Alone, in this swelling silence, she waits; and listening for an approaching footstep, the hour passes in deep and sorrowful reverie. For Rose has a duty, too long deferred, to perform to-night, and its consequences may be only too bitter—bitter to her, inasmuch as they affect others. She does not fear the performance of this duty because she shrinks from fulfilling her trust—from keeping her plighted word; but she pictures to herself the disappointment she may be about to inflict on others. It is this she dreads; it is this of which she dreams so sadly, with bowed head and hidden face. Still the swinging lamps of silver shed their magical mist of splendor downwards upon her reclining figure, in its pure and shining garments; still the red fire-light flashes and glows with ruby warmth upon the rich and costly surroundings of that noble apartment; still the graceful hound slumbers by his master's chair; still the silence is unbroken.

A distant door unclosed, but so softly, in its casing of cloth, that no sound follows. It is a gentleman who enters; he pauses a moment; his glance takes in the beauty and subdued splendor of the scene before him; but it is accustomed to that. It rests upon the centre of the whole—upon the bowed figure of the young girl yonder by the table. A shadow, a blending at once of sorrow and perplexity, rests upon his fine brow. Then closing the door, he advances, and stands beside the table.

"Rose!" he calls, gently.

The young girl raised her head.

"Is it you, Louis?" she asked, with an air of sadness. "I thought you were away."

"I have remained at home, Rose. I could not go. I wished to see you."

"You wished to see me, Louis? We are in each other's presence every day. To-night—"

"Ay, *to-night*, Rose! To-night, you would say, you have an interview with my uncle, and cannot listen to me. I knew of this interview; my uncle told me; and, forgive me, dear Rose, but I would prevent it!"

He spoke in a subdued, but agitated voice. He seated himself beside her, and leaned, also, forward on the table, with his hands clasping hers, as he uttered these imploring words.

"You would prevent it, Louis!—why? Would you bid me neglect the fulfilment of a duty already too long delayed?"

"Ah, Rose, you are about to seal your fate! Think once more, I beseech you; there is time. Break this ideal bondage; be silent, and forget the vows that are no longer binding. Do not bring this great sorrow to my uncle, who loves you so; do not break up this happy household, which can be no more happy when you have sacrificed yourself—when you have left the hearth that is only bright with your presence, to hide yourself in obscurity!"

The tears were filling her sweet eyes; a great cry was struggling or utterance in her breast; but she silenced it with a half-despairing effort. She raised her glance to his.

"You are aware, then, Louis, of the object of this interview?'

"Ah, too well—too well!" he answered; "for I knew that it must come, sooner or later, since you adhere to the decision you once made. But again I ask you—do not reveal this secret to my uncle; forget it, and forbear to offer up your own future happiness and that of those who love you, to a false sense of honor!"

"It is not alone my *promise* to Robin which I regard, Louis."

"You would say that you love him still, then?"

The tears fell from her eyes; a blush stole to her fair cheek; her head was turned aside.

"Ah, no—no! do not say it, Rose!" he cried, sorrowfully.



THE EMBARKATION OF EMIGRANTS.

"Louis—Louis, this is not kind—it is not like you!" said the young girl, turning to him again. "You know I cannot break my promise. Do not add to the sorrow I already feel. I must see your uncle; I must acknowledge my betrothal to Robin."

"And render him unhappy, cut Helen Montauban to the very heart, leave me wretched—miserable! Rose, listen to me—"

"Louis, be silent, I entreat!" she uttered, withdrawing her hand from his, while the crimson glow of consciousness and timidity suffused her countenance; "have pity on me!"

"Rose, one instant. Let me speak for the last time. I love you; I would ask you to be my wife! Nay—do not start and turn away from me. Hear me to the end. How can I bear to see you—you, Rose, who should move among the highest and the noblest of France, envied and admired by all—who should have at command the thousand luxuries for which you were born—who should occupy, finally, a position and enjoy advantages suited to your beauty, your grace, your refinement, your intellect,—how can I bear to see you the wife of a peasant—nay, of my own servant? Ah, be merciful to me! be just to yourself; awake from this fatal trance; for you are dreaming, Rose!"

He spoke with strange energy—even passion. His tones thrilled through her; his glance sought hers, waiting for an answer, with an earnestness—an anxiety that confused her. A feeling of faintness stole over her; she put her hand to her brow; all was strange bewilderment about her. Still his eyes were fixed upon her; still he watched eagerly. But over his lips stole the pallor of death; his fine brow grew cold and white as marble itself, and on it stood the very dew of agony.

"You yield, then?" he said, in a voice choked with emotion.

"Yield!" She rose slowly from her seat; she unclasped his fingers from hers with despairing strength. "Ah, no! You mistake! I love him; I will be true to him; I *will not* yield—no, never, never, *never!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE DEPARTURE FROM LIVERPOOL.

AN EMIGRANT VOYAGE.

We present on this and the preceding page a series of three engravings representing some of the principal features in the voyage of an emigrant ship. Hundreds of these vessels monthly leave the shores of the old world, bringing hither a supply of laborers to meet the requirements of American capital, and to aid in carrying on the great work of civilization commenced, not many generations back, by a few foreign adventurers. Two centuries back, the departure of an emigrant ship from Europe was a rare and great event. The vessels which then bore their passengers across the stormy Atlantic were of a tonnage which now would be deemed only heavy enough for the coasting trade. The Mayflower was but a frail bark for its precious burthen; the caravels of Columbus would now be deemed unfit to carry lumber or potatoes. Yet the dangers of navigation at the time of the voyage of the pilgrims were infinitely greater than they are now. The voyage was long, difficult and dangerous. The course of the winds and currents was but imperfectly understood; while the iron coast that indicated the termination of the voyage, was almost unknown. Our first engraving exhibits the passengers, chiefly Irish, going on board ship with their luggage, at Liverpool. We behold young and old, feeble and able-bodied, crowding the pier and the gangway with their luggage, and pouring into the huge, bulky vessel which is to be their floating home for three or four weeks. All is apparent chaos. Yet the officers and crew of the ship are calm and collected in the midst of the hurly-hurly. They understand their business—know how to command and obey, and in a few moments the vast fabric—the triumph of human skill, committed to human hands fitted for the trust,—will sever its connection with the shore, and float forth upon its way. In the second engraving, the ship is under headway, and the emigrant passengers, crowding their decks, are taking their farewell of scenes which many of them will never behold again. The third engraving—"the roll-call at sea"—exhibits a review of the passengers by the officers, to ascertain their sanitary condition, and to see if they have complied with the regulations. They pass up the starboard gangway to the upper deck, and return to the main deck by the port side. All the internal economy of an emigrant ship is based on rigid system, and under the control of the law.



THE ROLL CALL AT SEA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALICE.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

Wail, O ye winds, mournfully,
Chant your wild songs in vain;
There are sadder sounds in my heart, to-night,
Than your wildest, saddest strain!

For I look from the gray December,
Back to a time agone,
When I watched the springing roses,
In the light of a summer morn.

Then in my heart was the summer,
Then was my Alice here;
Now is the wild song of winter,
Now falls the snow o'er her bier.

And so in my soul there is ever
A sense of unquiet pain:
And I hear a sweet music blending
With the mournful autumn rain.

I dream of a dim old churchyard,
Where Alice is sleeping now:
And I mind how her curls so golden
Lie heavily o'er her brow:

For long time ago her feet wearied,
Treading life's bitter way;
And she murmured, "O, well as I love thee,
No longer on earth may I stay!"

Then the clasp of her white hands grew fainter,
The light of her eyes like heaven,
And thus was the golden bowl broken,
And thus was the life-cord riven!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DRAMA.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

I AM well aware that there exists in the minds of very many excellent and well-meaning individuals, a deep-seated prejudice against any and all theatrical shows or entertainments, and doubtless in some respects their prejudice is well founded. To the young and giddy, the theatre may—and perhaps does—present attractions dangerous, because too fascinating and absorbing, for a youthful, and as yet, unformed mind. But to an old fellow like myself, now fast verging on a quarter of a century, and consequently past the hey-day of youth, and whose principles (none of the best) have become fixed and settled, it may be permitted him to say that despite all that can be said against the theatre as an institution, he clings to it with a loving fondness that no amount of argument can in the least diminish.

In short, then, I love the theatre, I love it at all times and seasons. By day, when the vast building is dark and lonely, the damp and musty smell inseparable from the place, is particularly refreshing and agreeable. By night, at the hour of lighting up, the odor of half-consumed gas which fills the house, is, from association, like "airs from Araby the blessed." I love the plays too, and the players great and small—from Mr. Clarence Herbert Plantagenet Tompkins, Jr., Esq., who does the grand and terrific, down to the humble individual whom an inscrutable destiny has doomed to a pair of scarlet plush breeches and a liveried coat, and whose province it is to run very rapidly about the stage with very short steps, and to say "yes'r" to everything his lordly master may be pleased to utter. And especially do I admire the thin young lady who comes out between the plays and warbles "Smile again, my bonny lassie," in such sharp and persuasive tones, that in admiration for the song, the audience almost lose sight of the singer, the contortions of whose interesting countenance and the truly sublime and magnificent manner in which her sharp shoulders tower to such a noble altitude above the extremest summit of her white satin dress, is worthy three rounds of applause at the very least.

All these things, and many others, have a charm for me which it would be difficult to describe to any but a confirmed theatre goer; and it was to enjoy this pleasure anew that I proceeded the other evening to exchange a half dollar, that somehow wouldn't ring, for a small, oblong bit of pasteboard, which, upon presentation to a half-tipsy, two-legged Cerberus with a battered hat and a dirty shawl choker, procured me admittance into the "family circle" of the Sectional Theatre.

It was quite early and but few persons had yet entered the house, so throwing off my wrap-rascal, which I hung in a gracefully careless fold over the front of the box, and putting in requisition my one-horse lorgnette, which, for a wonder, happened to be out of pawn, I leaned back against a pillar in my most killing attitude, and amused myself watching the arrivals. It was not a "star" night, nor a benefit—merely an ordinary play by the ordinary company, and appearances indicated that there would be but an ordinary house; now a noisy rush of two or three dilapidated boys into the pit gives promise of a future crowd; again a group of the "Uncle Tom" species, male and female, make their presence known by snickering darkly in the gallery, but nothing of interest transpires until the half hour immediately preceding the rising of the curtain, when the arrivals are usually so numerous as to confine one's attention to his immediate vicinity. To an attentive and discriminating observer the occupants of his own box furnish abundant food for reflection.

It is amusing to watch the movements of the young couple—evidently lovers—who have just entered the box; and scarcely less so to study the character of the elegant individual with the hay-colored mustache, who sits directly in front and surveys the audience, the stage, the orchestra and everything else with such supreme contempt. That he is a town-made man can be seen at a glance, and from his lordly air and the conscious superiority of his bearing, it is evident he is a junior clerk on a very small salary—nothing earthly beside, could by any possibility give him such an exalted opinion of himself. He does not come here to see the play, not he; he comes for the purpose of exhibiting himself, and is at this moment showing off for the benefit of myself and the other occupants of the box, particularly the ladies, whom he wishes to impress with a due sense of his importance. Observe with what an air he disposes his befurred and befrogged coat over the front of the box, turning by a careful accident the expensive fur and velvet lining into a position where it can be seen of all men, and women too; then with what grace he raises his lorgnette with those primrose kid fingers, and surveys the house. Suddenly he pauses, gazing intently at the opposite tier of boxes; removing his glass with a smile of ineffable sweetness, he bows profoundly—again he gazes, and again the smile and bow—more profound than ever, a third time it is repeated. What do you say? That he must have an extensive acquaintance? Not a bit of it, my unsophisticated friend; on the contrary he does not enjoy the acquaintance of a single individual in the house—have I not told you he was showing off? The fair creatures to whom he wishes to make you believe he bows and exchanges glances of recognition, are myths—"merely that and nothing more." But we will leave him; ten to one we have done things quite as bad ourselves.

It is a pleasant and instructive thing to watch the lovers of whom I have spoken. The young gentleman is evidently very much in love, and no wonder, for his beau is a very pretty girl indeed, and she is fully conscious of it. No sooner is she seated—but hold! it is a momentous affair, this getting a lady fairly seated, and deserves more than a passing word. "Wherever two or three are assembled and met together" for any purpose whatever, amusement, instruction, or what not, it has never been my lot, nor yours either, to see a lady sit down quietly and keep still as she would at home—far from it; they universally and invariably do precisely as did the young lady in our box. Upon entering she sits down for a moment, throws off her shawl and other superfluous articles of attire, rises, gives a flirt, and sits down again; so far all is very well and not calculated to attract attention; but she is by no means moored yet. After a minute spent in grabbing at and arranging the wilderness of lace and ribbons that surrounds her neck—she rises, gives a wiggle, and again seats herself, when you think of course it is all over; but no, she now reaches her shawl, gloves, fan, muff, pocket-handkerchief, tippet, opera-glass, porte-monnaie, parasol, smelling-bottle, programme, bouquet, card-case, and numerous other small properties to her lover, and again rising, gives a final and decisive squirm, when she settles back into her seat, and is then—but not before—prepared to look about her and pay some attention to the many fine speeches of her adorer.

It is oftener the case that a lady rises more times than I have mentioned, particularly if she is richly dressed, but never less. I defy you to say that you ever saw a lady rise less than three times after first taking her seat in a theatre, opera, concert or church, and what is more, you never will. While all this is taking place, the actions of the young lover remind one forcibly of a heart-broken hen who has been suddenly and ruthlessly bereft of her youthful progeny. Being very much in love, and seeing his beloved in such apparent distress, he naturally has a foggy sort of idea that it is his duty to do something or other to relieve her, but what that something is, he has not the remotest conception. Now grabbing her shawl, he puts it in a dozen different places in as many seconds; then overcome with anxiety for the fate of her bouquet, which both in size and shape resembles a little Lombardy poplar—he lifts it from the cushion on which she has placed it, and immediately lays it down again in the same position; this he repeats several times, until at length placing it too near the edge, it is in danger of falling, when, in his anxiety to prevent such a catastrophe he hits it a short rap and skilfully deposits it on the summit of a bald-headed gentleman in the centre of the pit. At this juncture the lady luckily drops her handkerchief, after which he plunges in gallant style, returning it to her with the air of one who has done a great and noble deed.

The pair having become quieted down in some measure, you fondly imagine that peace is to take the place of anarchy and confusion. Vain hope! by a special interposition of Providence, it occurs to the young man that he has no lozenges; starting wildly from his seat, he rushes into the lobby, and in an incredibly short space returns with his hands full of little pink and blue rolls, marked lemon, peppermint, etc., whereupon a warm discussion ensues as to the kind the lady prefers, she protesting that she has no choice whatever, a statement which he, from some cause, seems disposed to doubt. Before this point is settled, the first bell rings, the orchestra ceases its wailing, the boys in the pit grow less noisy, every one settles back into his or her seat, the last bell rings, the curtain rises, and we derive amusement and instruction from witnessing the enactment of that great moral drama entitled:

"THE NOBLE MILLER:
or,
TRUTH TRIUMPHANT!!!"

"It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom down by the sea," that there lived a powerful noble, known to all the region round about as the Prince Saurkraut, of Saurkraut. Now although the power and influence of the prince were almost unlimited, and notwithstanding he resided in a massive and impregnable pasteboard castle, whose cloud-capped towers were fully fifteen feet in height, yet he was not, I grieve to say, possessed of those noble and generous qualities which should grace an exalted station in life, and which would have shed so much lustre on the house of Saurkraut, had you or I been its representative. On the contrary, he was a man whose ferocious disposition and enormous black whiskers were feared and detested by all whose ill fortune it was to know him.

Strange rumors, too, were afloat touching his early history. It was whispered that his brother, the previous prince, had been foully dealt with; he having suddenly disappeared some twenty years before, no clue having ever been discovered as to his whereabouts, or to his end—if indeed he had come to a termination at all. Now the prince, whose name, singularly enough, happened to be Hubert, found it convenient—such was the unsettled state of the country and his grocer's bills—to make war upon and plunder, not only wealthy travellers passing his domain, but also his weaker neighbors; by which means he hoped to acquire a sufficient sum to enable him to pay his debts, as an honest man should. In one of these marauding expeditions he had seen a beauteous young female, the daughter of "poor but honest parents," and, as a matter of course, fell desperately in love with her; but the young woman did not reciprocate this feeling, for the very excellent reason that she loved somebody else—she unfortunately not having that happy faculty, which you and I possess, of loving six or several at the same time—and the individual upon whom she had bestowed her young affections, and by whom she was in turn beloved, was a sentimental young gentleman with nankeen legs and red flannel tunic, tastefully ornamented with tin spangles; the adopted nephew of the priest of the parish.

It is but natural that a gentleman of the prince's complexion should be extremely wroth to have his best affections thus slighted, and it is by no means therefore to be wondered at that he presently makes his appearance before the castle gate in a long black cotton cloak, with cap and feathers of the same sable hue, which, together with a pair of dirty red tights, very baggy at the knees, gives him a very majestic and commanding air; in this costume he strides back and forth several times, rolling his eyes in a manner fearful to behold, and finally breaks out into a speech in which he intimates that though all the powers in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, stand between him and his object, it wont make the slightest particle of difference; for he has fully decided to do just exactly as he takes a notion; and furthermore he is determined to possess the girl, Marie, at any price; as for the nankeen-legged youth, "he must d—d—die!!" And in all probability this fearful fate would have immediately overtaken both these unfortunate young people, had it not been for the individual to whom we are about to be introduced; and this personage is no other than the noble miller himself.

The first glimpse we have of this celebrated individual, he is standing at the door of his mill, in which, by the way, I cannot conceive how he managed to make a living, for during the whole period of nearly eighteen months which transpires before things got straightened out, I am confident not a single grist was brought to his door; and even if there had been, it is difficult to imagine how he could have ground it, for his very pretty pasteboard mill being situated at the top of a mountain, there could of course be no sufficient water power; and though I examined the place attentively, could observe no signs of a windmill. For a moment I thought of steam, but that of course was out of the question, for though, in those days, noble millers might, and probably did, "steam it" occasionally *themselves*, it is hardly to be supposed they could in that way reduce their corn to meal. However there is little benefit in speculating upon that point, the probability is, that he had by his industry in former years, got a little "forehanded," and was consequently enabled to "loaf" a bit.

He was standing, as I have said, at the door of his mill, gazing abstractedly at a dirty little boy in the pit. Both in face and figure he was well calculated to inspire an observer with awe and respect; the mingled expression of benevolence, rouge, dignity and chalk which overspread his noble visage, was only paralleled by the picturesqueness of his goose-colored tights and blue frock, which he wore with all the easy gracefulness usually observed in noble millers all over the world. He had stood thus absorbed in contemplation but a few seconds, when his attention was suddenly withdrawn from the dirty little boy aforesaid, by a loud and unmistakable feminine shriek, proceeding from the forest near the mill, which, as I have neglected to state, was not only on the top of a mountain, but also in the midst of a howling wilderness. Upon hearing the shriek, he starts, utters a loud "Ha!" stamps forcibly with one foot, and gazes earnestly and expectantly at the prompter. In an instant the shriekeress rushes into the clearing, crying "help! help!" and precipitating herself into the noble miller's arms, beseeches him in frenzied tones to protect her; which he unhesitatingly promises to do, and indeed she very much looked as though she needed protection—especially about the neck and shoulders. To place her inside the mill, close the door and return to the first position is to the noble miller the work of an instant, and is barely completed when in rushes the prince, followed by an immense crowd of six supes as retainers. The prince himself is a very ferocious peer indeed, as it is quite necessary he should be, to make up for the lack of soldierly bearing in his troops; and I must say, a more sheepish-looking band of warriors I never contemplated.

"What hast thou done with the maiden, slave?" roars the prince, in a voice of sublime hoarseness.

"I have removed her from thy sacrilegious grasp, proud noble," returns the noble miller, in a tone so much hoarser than the prince that in intellectual force and moral grandeur it is easy to perceive he is immeasurably superior to the peer, who is naturally not a little riled at this style of rejoinder, and after a protracted conver-

sation, not at all complimentary on either side, the prince promises the noble miller a prolonged bread and water diet in one of the basement rooms of his castle, and bestowing a terrific scowl upon the occupants of the first tier of boxes, he strides off, followed by his retainers in single file.

No sooner has the prince departed than Marie's lover, the nankeen-legged youth, rushes in, with the most intense anguish and a pair of false mustaches vividly depicted on his countenance.

"O, my friend," he ejaculates, addressing the noble miller, "life is no longer to be endured. M—Marie's g—g—go—gone, my lonely life's only b—b—bubble—essing!"

The noble miller hereupon goes into the mill, and returning with Marie, the lovers fly at each other as though about to engage in a wrestling match, but changing their intention, hug each other vehemently; while the noble miller with an expression of the greatest benignity lays the palms of his hands on their respective heads and rolls up his eyes in supplication to the gallery. Having completed this dumb show, he very considerately takes himself off, leaving the lovers to themselves; whereupon they perform an immense amount of billing and cooing, vowing the while something more than eternal constancy, and that they will be one in heart and soul until death parts both of them.

While this pleasing little episode is taking place, a couple of individuals with astonishing eyebrows, and an extremely dingy appearance generally, creep stealthily from the forest on the O. P. side and cautiously approach the lovers. There is no difficulty in recognizing these persons as the "first and second murderer." Indeed, he must be a person of very limited observation who cannot detect a murderer at sight—particularly a *first* murderer; for a long and familiar acquaintance with this class of people has convinced me that one peculiarity is common to the whole profession. I do not mean their costume, that of course differs from the dress of other artists, and is patent to all eyes; the peculiarity of which I speak is their manner of locomotion. With body bent forward and supported on their toes, they creep forward with surprisingly long steps, keeping close as possible to the wall, constantly *pawing* and clutching the while at everything they pass. This *pawing* with the hands led me at first to suppose that murderers as a class were near-sighted, but upon inquiry I found this not to be the case, and why they should do so is to me an insolved enigma, but the fact that they *do* paw, cannot be disputed. I challenge any man to place his hand upon his watch-pocket, and declare upon his honor as a gentleman that he ever saw a *first* murderer come upon the stage in any other way. A second or third murderer indeed, not being so deep in crime, may in rare instances be seen without this peculiarity, but never a first. To go still further, it may also be witnessed in others beside professional murderers. No sooner does a gentleman in a tragedy make up his mind to slay his wife because he is jealous of her, or poke a knife into a friend's vest pattern for some other reason, than he is affected in the same manner—and with outrageously long steps, *paws* his way to the spot where the deed is to be consummated. Even with the fair sex it is the same. If the lovely heroine determines to destroy her lord and master (as they sometimes do), she can by no manner of means reach his bedside with the poisoned bowl without pawing and taking steps the length of which would look funny enough on Washington Street. Indeed, so impressed have I become with this fact, that even in walking the street I am constantly on the watch, and upon seeing a man taking longer steps than usual, accompanied with anything like the pawing motion, I at once say to myself, "that man is a first murderer, or a second murderer, or a third," in proportion as this peculiarity is more or less apparent. I shall plead this discovery in mitigation of my sentence, if ever I am up before the police court.

But to return to our lovers. The murderers having *pawed* their way very near to him of the nankeen tights, are about to spring upon their victim, when the second murderer stumbles over a large brown linen rock on the L. C. In a moment all is confusion; the young lady throws herself into her lover's arms, thereby encumbering him greatly, notwithstanding which, he valiantly draws a short, stumpy sword like a fire poker, with a basket hilt, and calls to the two ruffians to "come on," in a tone so unutterably hoarse that his courage and bravery are at once put beyond all cavil. The villains do come on; and a terrific combat ensues. The lover is at first more than a match for both—but being encumbered by the now senseless form of Marie, he begins to give way; fire flashes from the fierce collision of the weapons, and after a good half hour spent in up-strokes, down-strokes, thrusting and sliding about, our lover's sword is struck from his grasp, and the first murderer is in the very act of plunging the steel into the left lobe of the lungs, when the noble miller again appears upon the scene.

"Hold!" he cries, with an air of majesty and a voice like that of the gentleman who supplies me with my monthly basket of charcoal. At the sight of the noble miller the assassins are struck all aback, and dropping the points of their swords, sneak off like whipped curs, though what earthly reason they have for so doing I cannot comprehend, as the noble miller is completely unarmed, and nothing can be easier than to capture the entire party; but there appears to be a magic in his very presence, for the lovers manage to get themselves into no end of scrapes through the whole of six long acts, yet at the very nick of time, when "death or worse punishment" is impending, the noble miller has only to make his appearance, lift one hand in—I don't know what kind of an attitude—and utter the cabalistic words—"Ba—a—ack, villains!" with a strong emphasis on the "'illains" and instantly they are delivered.

But as the play progresses, clouds begin to lower, the lovers seem slowly but surely falling into the power of the prince; even the noble miller seems to be losing his influence, until in the last act the catastrophe occurs, and all three are brought into the hall of the castle, where, surrounded by the prince and his myrmidons, escape appears impossible. The lovers, of course, rush into each other's arms.

"Tear them asunder!" roars the prince.

"Never!" exclaims the noble miller.

"Who shall prevent it?" sneers the prince.

"*I!*" replies the noble miller, in the largest capitals. "*I*, the rightful prince of Saurkraut; *I*, who your treacherous dagger treacherously wounded, but slew not—*I* will prevent it!"

And throwing off his blue frock, he appears in all the glory of salmon-colored tights and red calico tunic, with pinchbeck spangles, as became a sovereign prince.

The wrongful prince is completely flabbergasted, and staggers up against a pillar, scowling furiously; while at the same moment two boys and an old woman (the tenantry) rush tumultuously in, and give vent to three rousing cheers which can be distinctly heard in the gallery. The rightful prince, turning to the lovers, addresses the young gentleman as his *son*, whereupon he (the son) falls upon his nankeen knees, from which position the prince raises him, addressing him as follows;

"It is now twenty years, my beloved son, since I took you, an orphan, from the arms of your maternal parent—"

"And my mother?" interrupts the youth.

"She still lives!"

The young gentleman claps the palms of his hands together and exhibits the whites of his eyes. The rightful prince further goes on to state that his brother, envious of his titles and estates, had attempted his assassination, and as he had supposed, succeeded; but the wound, though severe, was not fatal, and upon recovery he had in disguise taken and carried on the mill which has figured so conspicuously in this history. That he had intended not to resume the title of prince, and should not, but for the evil doings of his brother; and that now he surrendered all to his son, and placing that young gentleman's hand in that of Marie, he requests them to be happy, which they forthwith agree to do.

At this juncture, the wrongful prince, overcome with a sense of his rascality, fetches himself a dig in the stomach with his dagger, and falling backward, pokes his head through the trunk of a tree, and dies without any nonsense. At this stage of the proceedings the priest enters in a black cambric bag and barefooted. At the sight of him all drop upon one knee, while he spreads out his hands as if to warm them, and shows the whites of his eyes to the tune of "Love's young dream."

The audience having evidently suffered intensely from cold all the evening, take this opportunity to endeavor, by stamping their feet and slapping their hands together, to excite the circulation and infuse a little warmth into their chilled extremities; while engaged in so doing, the curtain descends, and both the play and this paper are ended.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TIT FOR TAT.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

Mr. Grimm and his wife were at tea. They were a young couple, and had been but a little while in the life matrimonial. So far, they had made a very comfortable copartnership. Mr. Grimm came home this evening from his business with an idea that rather burdened his mind. While tea was getting ready he sat and pondered upon it, not quite resolved what to do. But not long after beginning to sip the fragrant beverage the fair hands of his wife had prepared, he began to come at the shape of his resolution.

"Wife," he broke out, "I've been making an investment in a *lottery* speculation. What do you think of it?"

"A *lottery!*" she exclaimed, in mingled wonder and contempt. "You might as well throw your money into the river, as to go to buying tickets with it! I *wonder* men are led away into such nonsense. Well—a fool and his money are soon parted, the old saying is, you know."

"Yes, I remember that, my dear. But now I have *bought* my tickets, I might as well try to hope I've got prizes with them, hadn't I!"

"You'll hope in vain, if you do."

"Well, here are the tickets, at any rate," and he pulled two lottery tickets from his pocket, numbered 37 and 18, and held them up before her. "There they are," said he, "now which of them will *you* take?"

"Will *I* take, a good deal!" said she, sneeringly. "I'll burn them both, if you will give them to me."

"No—no; say which you'll have, my dear, and then let's just wait till the drawing, and see what we'll get. Why wont you gratify me as much as that, now?"

"Why, I wont refuse to *gratify* you, I'm sure, foolish as your plan is. I'll have 18, I guess, just to help you carry out your nonsense, though I know it wont draw anything."

"Eighteen it is then," and he passed the decorated document across the table to his unbelieving partner.

"Now don't lose it," begged he, as she took it and passed it into her pocket. "If you do, you may live to repent of it. There's no knowing anything about it."

"I guess there isn't either. When does the drawing come off, though?"

"In ten days. I'll guarantee you'll hear from your number, though I wont pretend to promise you much luck."

In ten days the wheel turned round, and Mr. Grimm obtained the regular reports from his venture by due course of mail. He hastened home early that afternoon, and laid a printed circular, with a post-mark on its back, in the lap of his wife.

"There's what you get for *your* ticket," he said; "now laugh at me for buying lottery tickets, will you?"

She looked carefully at it, and found number 18 had drawn a prize of seven hundred dollars! 37 had done nothing!

"Now laugh about it—hadn't you better?" again recommended he, with wonderful pleasantness, considering he had had the luck to draw a blank himself. "But what do you think of it, any how?"

"It rather pleases me," said his wife, looking up at him out of sparkling eyes.

"Yes, but how about your offer to me? You said that you *knew* you wouldn't draw anything, and was so certain of it that you promised me *I should have all you got!* What do you think of that *now?*"

"Ah, but seven hundred dollars doesn't grow on every bush," she replied, hastily crowding her evidence of a prize into a pocket.

"Then you refuse to give me your ticket back again?"

"Certainly I do. What a ninny I should be, to go and throw such a little heap of money away!" and she laughed nicely over her fortune. "Seven hundred dollars! Mr. Grimm, are what married ladies don't get at all from their husbands very often—you know. I think I shall hold on."

"But then you *believe* in lotteries more than you did formerly, I conclude?" he persisted.

"I believe in them when they yield *prizes*," she answered him, with a twinkle of triumph in her bright eyes.

"O, well; but I ought to explain this thing to you a little, I suppose."

She looked more eagerly in the face of her husband.

"The fact is," said he, "I only wanted to *try* you, and see if you were really as generous as you pretend! Your ticket has drawn no prize, nor mine either!"

"But here's the *circular report*," she retorted, drawing it forth from her pocket again.

"I know that; but it's easy enough to get *that* printed, I conclude."

His wife looked blank, and said nothing.

"You said if your ticket did draw anything, I was welcome to it. So I got that paper printed, merely to satisfy myself if you truly meant what you said—nothing more. The true drawing is in my pocket. We got nothing, my dear."

The disappointed wife fell off into the sulks, and her husband set up one of the loudest, merriest laughs he had had for many a day. Nothing further was said by Mrs. Grimm about it.

Perhaps it was a full month afterwards, when Mr. Grimm took a letter from the post office, inscribed in the prettiest female hand you ever thought of. He studied and wondered, when it occurred to him to break the seal. The substance of it was as follows: he was very kindly warned by some female who must have had a deep sympathy with his welfare, of an intimacy that seemed to be growing up rather rapidly between his wife and Mr. Gregory, a not very distant neighbor of theirs. The idea made his hair stand on end. His flesh began to creep and his heart to sicken.

"Can it be? can it be?" he muttered, as he crumpled the sheet in his hand; but seeing he had not yet possessed himself of the whole of the message, he controlled himself long enough to read on. The letter further advised him that the writer had accidentally overheard Mrs. Grimm make an engagement to entertain Mr. Gregory in her own parlor *that very afternoon;* and added that he might as well find time to drop in upon them himself. By all that was good, Mr. Grimm would certainly do it!

About half-past three o'clock he complied with the suggestion of his unknown female friend. Filled with jealousy and overflowing with rage, he went storming through the lower hall of his house, and strode like a mad giant up the long flight of stairs. He had seen Mr. Gregory go in, and he determined to follow him. Bursting open the parlor-door, therefore, he rushed across the floor of the spacious room, and made directly for his amazed and guilty victim. His eyes were so full of blinding passion that he was able to see nothing there but the man whom he pursued, and the figure of a female not far off. The latter uttered a very slight scream as he came in so like a fury. The former seemed to crouch and shrink before him.

"You villain!" said Mr. Grimm, standing over him with clenched fists. "What are you here for? What is the meaning of this? I've caught you, have I? Trying to break up the peace of an innocent man's family!"

He was in the act of drawing a cowhide from his pocket and applying it roundly to the person of his visitor, when the door suddenly opened again, and a very pleasant female voice called out to him: "Mr. Grimm! Mr. Grimm!"

It sounded so natural and so extremely sweet, withal, that he stayed his hand to look around. Mrs. Grimm, clad in her very best street attire, was coming through the door!

"Ah—then you got *my letter*, I see!"

"*Your* letter! your *letter*, Mrs. Grimm!" said he, his eyes swelling like lobsters.

"Why, yes, my dear. I sent you a letter, you know, requesting the favor of your company at half past three o'clock this afternoon. But you're a little late, I see, and so am I. But no matter. Why, you don't seem to see that *Mrs.* Gregory is here!"

Mr. Grimm looked carefully at the lady whom he had supposed his wife, and sure enough, it was the wife of his neighbor, Mr. Gregory! Grimm was used up.

"Ah—have you been purchasing any more *lottery tickets* today?" asked his wife, in the gaiety of her usual spirits.

Grimm wheeled like a horse on parade, and drove out of the room faster than he came in. His wife was determined to get her seven hundred dollars out of him in *some* way. The reader will rather think he owed her a liberal balance.



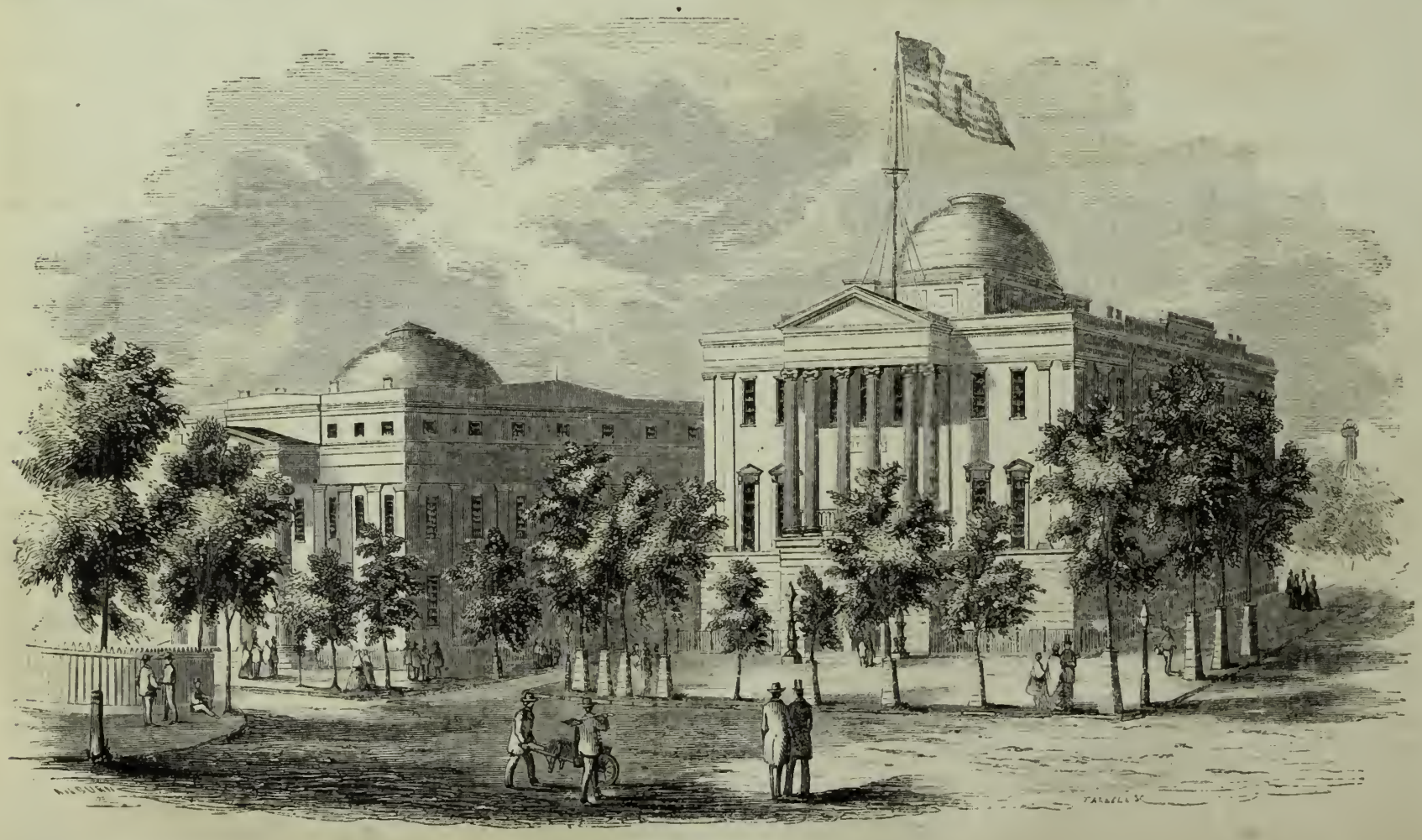
BLEECKER HALL, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

SCENES IN ALBANY, N. Y.

The city of Albany, some of the most striking points of which we have illustrated by original drawings sketched on the spot for us by Mr. Kilburn, and inserted on this and the next page, is one of the oldest cities in the Union. The Dutch established a trading port on Castle Island, just below the present site of Albany, in 1614. Fort Orange was erected where the city now stands, in 1623. The place was subsequently known as Beaver Wyck and Williamstadt. The name of Albany was conferred on it in honor of the Duke of York and Albany, afterwards James II., when it came into possession of the English in 1686. The capital of New York State, and second in importance only to the imperial city of New York, it is advantageously situated for commerce on the west bank of the Hudson, at the head of sloop navigation, and communicates with Lake Ontario, Lake Erie and Lake Champlain by means of a system of canals. It is also the centre of union of a number of very important railroads, which link it with the east and west, the north and south. The following statistics are from Lippincott's Gazetteer, a late and valuable publication:—"The value of property arriving here by canal in 1852 was $27,439,180, being an increase over that of the preceding year of $4,982,625. One of the most important articles in the commerce of Albany is lumber. The clear pine of Michigan and Canada, the oak, cherry and poplar of Ohio, the common pine of Pennsylvania and New York, meet here, furnishing one of the largest lumber markets in the world. The quantity of lumber received in Albany in 1854, amounted to 311,571,151 feet of boards, 24,003 thousand shingles, 28,909 cubic feet of timber, and 135,805,091 pounds of staves, the whole valued at $6,200,000. There were received here, in 1852, 1,651,789 barrels of flour, 4,145,970 pounds of wool, 2,981,938 bushels of corn, 1,495,714 bushels of wheat, 1,386,678 bushels of barley, unmanufactured tobacco valued at $1,303,698, besides other articles of less amount. The number of arrivals of river craft, in 1854, was 849, tons, 88,216. Albany contains ten banks. The total assessed value of real estate, in 1852, was $15,831,630, and of personal property, $4,078,671. Population, in 1810, 9356; in 1820, 12,630; in 1830, 24,238; in 1840, 33,721; in 1850, 50,763; in 1855, about 60,000." The city received its charter in 1686. The general view of Albany from the river, from certain points of observation, is highly picturesque. A broad strip of level alluvial flats borders the Hudson, but within a mile, the land rises to the height of 220 feet, a sufficient elevation to admit of a picturesque display. With regard to its architectural appearance, it does not present that regularity and angularity which characterize so many of our American cities, nor does it impress a stranger with any very striking features. There is enough, however, to stamp its origin, many of the old houses, the relics of past times, being unmistakable offsprings of the great Batavian republic. There are, however, many modern structures of great elegance and cost, and some of these our artist has depicted with great fidelity. Bleecker Hall, the first of our series of illustrations, is a fine Gothic building, situated upon Broadway, and adds much to the appearance of the street. The Reservoir, depicted in our second engraving, is a peculiar structure in the Moorish style of architecture, gracefully ornamented by fine trees. It is situated not far from the capital. The City Hall and State Hall, represented in our third engraving, are fine granite buildings, and occupy a commanding position. Their domes add a fine effect to the distant view of the city. The trees planted around them will in time add greatly to the beauty of the locality. The dome of the right hand building (the City Hall) is gilded, and when reflecting the sun, produces a dazzling effect. Our fourth engraving is a specimen of the old Dutch style of domestic architecture, of which but few relics are remaining. It stands at the corner of Steuben and Chapel Streets. This building, with its quaint gables and unique style, presents a strong contrast to the modern edifices by which it is surrounded. Our fifth engraving shows us Stanwix Hall, a fine hotel building with a dome, near the ferry, and one of the first objects which attract the eye of a stranger in entering the city. The last picture in our series is the Exchange, at the foot of State Street, a commodious and substantial structure. The post-office is located in this building, which also contains an extensive reading-room. Among the praiseworthy institutions of Albany, may be mentioned the University, incorporated in 1852. Its character is peculiar, the design being to furnish graduates of American colleges the means of completing an education without going abroad. Law, medicine, scientific and practical agriculture, civil engineering, mechanics, geography, political economy, history, chemistry and astronomy are embraced within its departments. The Dudley Observatory, connected with the University, is now in the process of erection. The Albany Medical College, founded in 1839, is an admirable institution. It has a fine museum and a well selected library. The State Normal School was established in 1844, is in a flourishing condition, and has a fine library. The Albany Academy and the



RESERVOIR, ALBANY, NEW YORK.



CITY HALL AND STATE HALL, ALBANY.

Albany Female Academy enjoy a high reputation. The free schools of the city, in which a thorough English education is imparted, are provided with excellent teachers, and are well attended. They have libraries, containing "not many but good books." The Albany Institute, devoted to the diffusion of science, has a library of 5000 volumes, and a choice and valuable mineralogical cabinet. The Young Men's Association, for mutual improvement, sustains a course of lectures annually, and has a good-sized and well-selected library. The State Library contains 27,000 volumes. There are also other libraries which we have not mentioned, and which contribute to keep up the high intellectual character of the city. In the old State House building on State Street, are the rooms of the State Agricultural Society, which possesses a noble collection of objects of natural history and agriculture. The State Natural History Society also possesses fine collections. Among the benevolent institutions of the city, we must not omit mentioning the Orphan Asylum, which is liberally endowed; the Emigrant's Friend Society, and also the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, which is under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. There are about a dozen newspapers published in Albany, and the tone of the press is quite elevated. The communication between Boston and Albany is so easy that there is a constant interchange of visits. In fact, thanks to the Western Railroad, this fine old city lies almost at our doors. In noticing the plan of the city, we should have mentioned that the principal street is State Street, which runs from the Hudson River to the capitol. Up to Broadway it is quite narrow, but there it broadens to the width of 150 feet, and thence continues to its western extremity. There are also a number of handsome public squares in the city.



OLD DUTCH HOUSE, COR. STEUBEN AND CHAPEL STS., ALBANY.



STANWIX HALL, ALBANY.

AN ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

A recent resident in India on the Malabar coast, gives the following account of a wonderful escape while attempting to ascend a high mountain in company with a native. He says:—"We had accomplished nearly one half the ascent, and saw the immense wilderness stretching away on every side below us, when we were stopped by a ball of rock, rising perpendicularly, in many places to the height of several hundred feet, and running across the face of the mountain, to the right and left, until the eye lost its curve on either side. Seeing no way of passing over, under, or through the obstacle, I directed the native to follow the ledge a short distance towards the left, in order to find an opening, while I took the right. I proceeded some distance, and found a break in the rock, through which I thought we might make our way to the top. It had been formed apparently by some violent convulsion of nature, which had separated the rock several feet, and detached large fragments from the top; these had fallen, and some of them to the bottom, but many had lodged in various places. Trees had grown up in this opening, and bushes had sprung from every crevice along its sides, filling it up so completely that only an occasional glimpse could be had of the sky through the top, which appeared no wider than one's hand. While contemplating this singular arrangement, the native made his appearance; and after attentively considering the opening, said that he could make the ascent. At this moment, a sudden current of air, bursting through the crevice, parted the bushes, and disclosed to us, a little beyond, a spot where the great rock seemed no longer entire. We proceeded along the passage, which was nearly blocked up by trees and bushes, until we reached this point, and were convinced at once that the ascent would not be difficult. The crevice widened here, and it struck me in particular that it seemed no longer a rent, but a natural opening, which grew gradually wider as it ran further into the mountain, and the sides of which were composed of earth and rocks of various dimensions; some projecting nearly or quite across the fissure. The side which we proposed to ascend was not quite perpendicular at this spot, and its broken appearance, and the shrubs growing from it, made our success apparently feasible. Impelled by curiosity and a desire to know more of this singular opening, I determined to penetrate further into it, while my fellow-traveller tried the ascent. I proceeded some distance, and noticed that the passage seemed to grow no wider; but the vegetation became thinner at every step, and at length ceased almost entirely. Here, on looking up, I saw that the crevice was closed some fifty feet above, and before me was darkness, into which I dared not penetrate. While looking, with a sort of horror, into this dark chasm, which seemed to lead directly towards the heart of the mountain, I heard a rustling sound proceeding from its recess, and started back, appalled at the thoughts of having entered, perhaps, the very den of the fierce tiger or the dread lion. The noise was repeated, and turning, I retraced my steps as silently and rapidly as possible. I cast my eyes up among the rocks to discover my companion, but found I had passed the spot where he commenced climbing, and as I turned again to go back, I saw through the bushes an enormous serpent gliding slowly towards me, along that part of the passage which I had just traversed. He did not seem to be aware of the presence of any foe or victim, but crept along with his body half concealed among the bushes, and his head close to the ground, until, arriving under the native, and probably alarmed by some noise the latter made, he then reared himself several feet from the ground, and beholding the man above him, gave a loud and terrible hiss, and quick as lightning coiled himself around the nearest tree, and ascended to its first boughs. This sight paralyzed every mental and physical faculty I possessed. I had no life but in the horror of gazing upon this frightful monster—a horror which was greatly increased by the peril in which it placed my companion. He, meanwhile, heard the terrible hissing below him, and became fully aware of the extent of his danger. He had climbed forty or fifty feet, perhaps, and was very nearly as high as the top of the tree which the serpent was ascending in earnest pursuit of him. For ten or fifteen feet above where he now stood, the rock was perpendicular, with no facilities for climbing except its crevices and the bushes from them. Up he went, however, with incredible agility, until within a few feet of a spot where the wall seemed to jut back, forming a sort of shelf; here nothing appeared within his reach by which he might raise himself higher, and for a moment he paused. Above him, and quite out of his reach, was a decayed root, which did not look strong enough to sustain his weight, and above that was a strong bush, which, if he could but grasp, he could reach the shelf, where he would have some chances of defending himself, and he saw that the top of the great opening was not far above this, though a closer examination would have shown him his present position, for the wall above the shelf, and on either side, presented a smooth, solid front, without a shrub or crevice. He had but an instant to consider. He heard a quick rustling in the tree below, and again that sharp hiss told him his frightful enemy was almost within reach. With the energy of desperation he made a spring up the perpendicular face of the rock. If he missed his aim, or the root broke, unless he could seize the bush above it, he was lost, for he would inevitably fall, and the serpent would seize him as soon as within reach. The root did break, almost an instant after his weight was upon it, but the agile native had managed to lay his hand upon the bush, and after another powerful effort was on the shelf. Seeing it was impossible to climb further, he turned, and setting his back firmly against the rock, drew his knife and fixed his eyes on his enemy. I saw the latter wind himself around one of the strongest limbs, which would bring him near his victim. The serpent had ascended the tree so swiftly until concealed by its branches, that I had no time to fire, but now that he exposed himself, I determined to do so, though the shot might endanger the life of the native.—As his head came fairly in view, I fired, aiming at his neck. The report of the rifle causing him to turn his head towards the tree, the serpent twisted himself into a large knot on the limb, and I distinctly heard his blood drop upon the leaves near my feet. In anger, he uncoiled himself and again advanced along the branch. My companion had left his fowling piece near where I stood, and I seized it and fired a second time without effect. He reached the end of the limb, which, though running horizontally, was a continuance of the main body of the tree, and having been broken near the shelf, was strong enough to bear his weight and bend very little. Here, with his head flattened, and his arched and swollen crest glowing like fire, he prepared to spring upon his prize. The blood streamed from the wound in his neck, and flowing down, crimsoned the bright scales, and he seemed to be but little injured. His burning and dilating eyes were intently fixed on the native, and his red, forked tongue darted like an incessant flame from his mouth. The man was prepared for him—the keen knife glittered in his hand—but his situation was a terrible one. At this moment a dark shadow fell upon him. He looked up, and in amazement beheld a lion of great size standing on the brink of the opening, some ten feet above him, with his eyes fixed on the other side, and evidently intending to cross. A hiss from below caught his ear, and dropping his head quickly between his legs, he lifted his mane, and with a loud roar sprang fiercely at the native, who avoided him by shrinking closely to the rock, and as he came within reach on the shelf, plunged his knife into his side. As the lion recovered from his leap and turned upon his foe, I saw three coils fly from the limb like rings of fire, and in an instant one of them was around the shaggy neck of the lordly beast, and the fangs of the serpent were fastened just above his eyes. He was dragged struggling from the shelf, and the serpent retaining his hold upon the limb, they swung heavily against the trunk of the tree. The joints of the snake stretched to their utmost tension, and the limb bent and cracked with the weight it sustained, but he firmly kept hold, and drew the cord about the neck of the struggling lion as tight as a hangman's knot. But the mighty beast was not thus to be overcome. With one of his strong paws he grasped the snake above his head, and turning seized that part in his capacious mouth, crushing bone and flesh, and grinding his teeth in fury when they met. The cords upon the limb relaxed, and they fell heavily to the ground, fighting in a heap, and whirling the dry leaves in a cloud with their fierce energy. When we came in sight of where they had fallen, the huge serpent lay dead at the foot of the tree, but the victorious lion had disappeared in the jungle."



THE EXCHANGE, ALBANY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

There's beauty in the skies of night,
When all the stars so brightly shine;
But, love, there is a lovelier light
Within those eyes of thine.
I heed not those cold stars above,
As on their far-off paths they roll;
For ah, they do not glow with love,
They are not lit with soul!
I look on thee, and one soft glance
Outshines their brightest radiance.

Sweet are the notes of bird and bee,
And sweetly summer-rills rejoice;
But, love, more sweetly sounds to me
The music of thy voice.
The bee may hum, the merry bird
May trill his most melodious tone—
The magic of thy lightest word
To them is all unknown:
There is no voice in field or grove,
Can wake like thine my soul to love.

The hawthorn buds are fair to see—
The virgin rose is queen of flowers;
And many a fair bud decks the lea,
And blooms in secret bowers.
The rose unto thy cheeks must yield—
Than hawthorn buds more fair thy brow:
There is no flower in wood or field
Is half so fair as thou—
A flower from some celestial sphere
To enchant my heart, thou bloomest here.

It is a joy to hear thee speak,
To yield me to thy beauty's spell;
I love, but words are all too weak
How much I love to tell.
Ah, could I fold thee in my arms,
And on thy lips imprint a kiss,
And feel that mine were all those charms,
And lose myself in bliss—
My eyes, my beating heart, would tell
How much I love thee, and how well!

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RIVALS.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Several years had passed since Louis XV. had espoused the daughter of the King of Poland. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* Days of grief and of desertion had succeeded days of love and happiness, and Madame de Pompadour was preparing to put the climax to the sorrows of the unfortunate Marie Leczinska.

For two months past, Jeanne Poisson, already become, thanks to her fine eyes, Madame Lenormand d'Etioles, had been aiming at the vacant heritage of the Duchess de Chateauroux, the last favorite of the King of France. After having thrown herself, on a thousand occasions, in the way of the inconstant Louis XV., accompanied all his hunts in the most engaging costumes, appeared at the *grand convert* to have her feet trodden upon beneath the royal table by rivals jealous of her beauty, the favorite in expectancy had ended by introducing herself at Versailles.

The king had already begun to notice her and speak to her; the queen saw herself deprived of the short-lived empire which she had but just resumed, and the courtiers, impatient to salute the rising of this new star, were betting on the period of its advent.

It was at the grand levee of the queen, the 14th of August, the anniversary of her birthday. On this day Louis XV. received with Marie Leczinska, and all persons presented at court had an entrée to her apartments. M. and Madame d'Etioles were among the first there, and Jeanne Poisson, like all the other ladies, kissed the hand of the Queen of France. This annoyance was sanctioned by etiquette, so that the king alone permitted himself to smile. The spectators however noticed the glance of dislike exchanged by the two rivals. But their attention was aroused to the highest degree, when M. d'Etioles was seen to present a petition to Louis XV. By the rapid and interested glance with which the wife followed the gesture of the husband, it was felt that some deep design was concealed beneath this simple proceeding, and that the king was about to declare himself a constant or faithless husband. The queen alone, in her simplicity, suspected nothing of this new attack, and continued to converse with those around her, while everybody was looking at Louis XV. He slowly took the petition from the hands of M. d'Etioles, cast an imperceptible glance from the latter to his wife, assured himself of the perfect good faith of the one and the formal intention of the other, reflected a moment whether he would become the accomplice of a scandal, and decided to commit the fault without taking the responsibility, returned the petition to the petitioner, requesting him to read it.

After having turned pale with tremor, Jeanne Poisson blushed with joy. The general expectation was manifested by an involuntary tremor, and Marie Leczinska herself began to observe what was passing.

M. d'Etioles opened the paper which he had given to the king folded, and read in an imperturbable voice a request divided into two parts. In the first, he solicited letters of high birth and a place of superintendent of the gardens for the young Poisson, brother of Madame d'Etioles. In the second, he demanded for Madame d'Etioles herself the honorary title of *dame du palais* to the queen.

Dame du palais to the queen! This was as plain as bold, and no one could mistake it, not even the unsuspicious Marie Leczinsky, who hastily placed her hand on her heart. He whom the enigma interested most, personally, remained then the only one who was not in the secret of it; and, between the desire of laughing at the simplicity of this good M. d'Etioles, and impatience to see the conclusion of an adventure so delicate and so dangerous, every one was hesitating, like the king himself, when the queen undertook to cut the matter short.

"M. d'Etioles," said she solemnly, addressing to Jeanne Poisson a glance of sorrowful indignation, "his majesty is at perfect liberty to grant to your brother-in-law the superintendence of the royal gardens. As for the title *dame du palais*, it is I who am accustomed to dispose of it, and unless a superior will for the first time controls mine, you have but to request Madame d'Etioles to renounce her pretensions!"

Having spoken thus, the queen withdrew, in defiance of the sacred laws of etiquette, leaving the actors and witnesses of this scene equally embarrassed. And it was well that she disappeared thus, for her own dignity, since scarcely had the door of her chamber closed upon her, when this brief effort of courage terminated in a sob of grief.

The king made a gesture of vexation which promised no consolation for his august spouse, and while he created a prompt diversion to this incident unexampled at court, Jeanne Poisson withdrew proudly, casting upon him an alluring glance.

"I know now that you love me," said this glance, which was well understood. "Well, I will become your favorite when I am appointed *dame du palais* to the queen."

"Will Madame d'Etioles be appointed *dame du palais* to the queen, and will her brother have the superintendence of the gardens!" were queries which passed from mouth to mouth, in the saloons of the Œil-de-Bœuf. Louis XV. addressed them to himself, struggling between passion and duty; and the young queen also asked them, as she redoubled her attentions to captivate her husband. The courtiers comprehended the decisive importance of this affair, and the result was awaited by everybody with an impatience impossible to be described. The expectation was not destined to be prolonged.

"Shall I be victorious or vanquished?" Madame d'Etioles had said on her part. And, as proud towards the king as she had heretofore been submissive, she wished in her turn to be courted by him, and would not yield a line of her pretensions. Besides the consequences which she foresaw from this first triumph, she had resolved to revenge herself on Marie Leczinska, as if it had been herself who was offended.

More than a week passed away in this suspense without the occurrence of any incident to terminate it. What were the queen and Madame d'Etioles doing in this interval? How many tears had the former shed? and how many manœuvres of gallantry had the second devised? Louis XV. alone could know, and this mystery is one which history does not fathom. But, whatever may have been the intrigues, the following was the denouement.

It was one morning after the queen's breakfast. She was in a pavilion of her little apartment, with her private court, awaiting, in order to paint them, the flowers which were usually brought her. Their arrival was delayed, and the royal artist was becoming impatient, when suddenly the door opened, and Madame d'Etioles appeared in the pavilion.

Marie Leczinska started with surprise, so that she dropped her palette, and surveyed her rival from head to foot with an air which would have made any other woman recoil. But Jeanne Poisson, far from being abashed, quietly allowed her to look, seeming by her countenance to say to the queen: "I am more beautiful than you, and do not fear the examination of my person." She was, in fact, admirable, and wore a toilet which became her well. Dressed half as a court lady and half as a shepherdess of Watteau, her long curls fell over her shoulders, her little feet were encased in sandals, and she supported on her bare arms a large basket full of flowers.

"Madame," said she to the queen, presenting her smiling gift, "I have just learned that your majesty was awaiting these flowers, and have taken the liberty of bringing them myself."

At the tone which these words were pronounced, a fatal presentiment crossed the heart of Marie Leczinska. She nevertheless suppressed her emotion, for fear of giving a new advantage to her enemy, and seeking a method to mortify her, she looked at her fixedly, and replied with bitter irony:

"If it is to show yourself that you have come, madame, my dignity pardons you for the sake of my eyes; for you are truly beautiful to look at. Remain thus," hastily continued she, prohibiting her by a gesture from setting down the basket. "Since we are in my studio, allow us to contemplate you at our leisure as a perfect model. These ladies will, doubtless, be obliged to me for the pleasure they share with me."

A general assent, not less cutting than the words of the queen, proved to Madame d'Etioles that she was alone against twenty. Becoming animated in the contest, without losing her self-possession, she attempted to speak, but was instantly interrupted.

After having found the weapon which could wound her enemy, the timid Marie Leczinska would not lose a single stroke, and her courage was blind and desperate, because she felt herself incapable of having it twice. Continuing therefore to analyze in detail, as a material thing or an object of art, and thus reducing at the same time to their common value the gallant caprice of Louis XV., and the insolent beauty who stood before her, she continued, in a lofty tone, pointing to Madame d'Etioles:

"Look, ladies, what magnificent eyes; how soft are those long lashes, and what a perfect arch to the eyebrows! nothing could be more brilliant than those cheeks, and the outlines of the chin are unparalleled. And what a form! that delicacy! and that posture —what magic grace!" A second time Jeanne Poisson attempted a reply, and a second time the queen imposed silence upon her. "That basket of flowers on your arm is so delicious!" said she to her, alluding to her evident fatigue; "I advise you, madame, to suffer yourself to be painted in this costume and attitude. You could not imagine any which would be more to your advantage, and one would never tire, I assure you, of admiring you in this charming state."

Notwithstanding her boldness, Madame d'Etioles would have lost countenance, had she not been sure of having her revenge in rendering sorrow for mortification. She had but a single word to say, and she was seeking to find a place for it. But this word the queen foresaw, and an invincible terror gave her strength to postpone it. Seizing every pretext which presented itself to her mind, and inspired by one of her ladies, she interrupted Jeanne Poisson for the third time.

"Is it true, madame," asked she, "that you unite to the exterior charms which surprise us the precious gift of a voice more delightful still?"

"August appreciators have, indeed, deigned to praise my voice," replied Madame d'Etioles, happy at being at last allowed to speak, and dwelling on each syllable in a very significant manner. She would have even arrived at her vengeance by a direct road, but the queen again interrupted her by entreating her to sing a song.

"Sing as you are," said she to her, "that we may enjoy at once with our eyes and our ears."

Such an invitation, made in the tone of command, was the climax of humiliation; and, hardened as she was, Madame d'Etioles felt her confidence give way, and was on the point of yielding the combat. But suddenly an inspiration came to her, one of those desperate inspirations which resentment sometimes bestows upon women. Seizing, in order to arrive at her object, the very method employed to turn her from it, she threw herself proudly back, and while holding the basket on her arm, fixed on the august brow of the queen a glance piercing as an arrow, gave to her whole physiognomy the expression of the most overwhelming joy, and, displaying her full voice, which was indeed magnificent, chanted in a triumphant tone the celebrated monologue in Armida:

"Enfin, il est en ma puissance!" (At last, he is in my power!)

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed Maria Leczinska, struck to the heart by this frightful allegory.

The avenged favorite stopped tremblingly, and looked at the pale and mute queen, around whom her women were thronging.

"Are you still there, madame?" said Marie Leczinska, when she recovered; "are you still waiting for me to order you to go out and cause you to be chastised for having appeared thus before me!"

"I deserve no chastisement from your majesty," replied Madame d'Etioles, with feigned submission. "I brought these flowers on the part of *my brother, M. Poisson de Marigny, superintendent of the king's gardens*, and I believe I had a right to present myself here in my new quality of *dame du palais* to the queen. As for the rest, I did but obey your majesty, and I ask a thousand pardons if I have had the misfortune to be disagreeable to you."

"It is well," said the royal victim, dismissing with a sign her gratified executioner. And, as soon as Madame d'Etioles had passed the door of the pavilion, she fell fainting in the arms of her ladies of honor.

An hour afterwards, the whole court knew that Jeanne Poisson was installed as the favorite of Louis XV. M. d'Etioles alone was still ignorant of this fact, and learned it only when she laid aside his name for that of the Marquise de Pompadour.

Marie Leczinska endured this new affront in silence, recalling tearfully the calm days of Weissembourg, and praying God to pardon those who had offended her.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Life of George Washington. By Washington Irving. In 3 vols., 8vo. Vol. II. pp. 518. G. P. Putnam & Co.

The second volume surpasses the first in interest, and is written with equal grace and elegance. It is embellished with a fine portrait of Washington as the young Virginia colonel, and with several plans of battles. The only New England agent of this subscription work is Frederick Parker, Cornhill.

Lanmere. By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, author of "Farmingdale." New York: Mason Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 447.

Fully equal to "Farmingdale," which met with a brilliant success. The epigraph from Sir Thomas More, "To love and to labor is the sum of living," is a key to the *morale* of the story. Boston: Fetridge & Co.

Life and Correspondence of Lord Jeffrey. By Lord Cockburn. 2 vols. in one, 8vo. 1856. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

The life of a man who filled so large a space in the world's eye as Lord Jeffrey, is an acceptable present to the reading world. The biographer has accomplished his task fairly, and produced a highly valuable work. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Lectures on the Causes and Cure of Consumption. With Illustrations By Dr. Samuel Shilton Fitch. New York—published by the author. 1856. 12mo. pp. 384.

The author of this work is a successful practitioner, whose speciality is the treatment of pulmonary diseases. He has studied the laws of life with ardor and assiduity, and adopts the recent French theory, that health may be preserved to the age of a hundred years. The book contains a treatise on medical inhalation. It is well worthy of serious study. It includes a number of testimonials from relieved invalids, of which any medical man might well be proud.

Jackson and New Orleans. By Alexander Walker. New York: J. C. Derby. 1856. 12mo. pp. 411.

A thrilling subject, handled with ability. It has all the interest of a romance, with a true hero for its leading character. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

New Music.—Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, has published "Douleur et Joie," a romance for the piano, by Charles Voss, the "Resignation Polka," by Julius Erickson, "Far out in the Moonlight," by Alice B. Neal, and the "Bright Side," by Henry Tiendal.

The House by the Sea. By Thomas Buchanan Read.

We have more than once briefly alluded to this poem, but it deserves something more than a passing notice. It is a more serious and sustained effort than any which its author has yet put forth (with the exception of the "New Pastoral,") and fully sustains his claim to rank with the most brilliant of American poets. Hitherto, he has confined himself to the production of lyrical pieces, exquisite in thought and diction, and glowing with fancy; but here is a sustained narrative of high imagination, and completely original in construction, in machinery and in detail. It is full of mystery and wild excitement; it mingles the natural and supernatural in skilful union, and after a period of breathless suspense, closes with a denouement at once satisfactory and highly poetical. The poem is full of graceful and appropriate imagery; and the measure, changing with the phases of the narrative, alternates between passionate eloquence and quiet beauty. The poem has already received the stamp of critical approbation, and, what is better far, of popular applause.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PILGRIM BAND.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

Hark! methinks the cold December blast
Doth tell a tale of the mighty past;
And as it sweeps through the forests dim,
It echoes still the triumphal hymn,
That mingled of old with ocean's roar,
And pealed along the New England shore.

It tells of a band of hardy braves,
Who fearlessly crossed the unknown waves,
And left the homes of their father-land,
With plenty smiling on every hand,
That here they might worship with bended knee,
The God they feared, with a conscience free.

The thrones of old Europe felt the shock,
As burst the glad song from Plymouth rock;
And freedom's banner to the breeze unfurled,
Thrilled with a strange fear the olden world.
But dauntless hearts for the cause beat high,
And hopes were born that would never die.

Shades of the Pilgrims! ye mighty dead!
Behold once again the soil we tread;
The same ye found, long years ago,
In fierce December, a land of snow:
It bloometh now like a garden fair,
And all are free who breathe in its air.

Then let the loud anthem ever rise,
And pierce each year the December skies,
Till the chorus vast from Plymouth rock
Sent forth by sons of the Pilgrim stock,
Through hill and valley the country o'er,
Shall echo back from the Pacific shore.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOO FAST BY A GOOD DEAL.

BY ARTHUR STANFIELD.

In a quiet little street, or place, in a respectable brick house, still of the original brick color, and in a contented domestic atmosphere, all things duly considered, lived the family of Mr. Bugby. That family, for all its remarkable peacefulness, was but trifling in comparison with some others, and consisted simply of Mr. Bugby's ownself, Mrs. Bugby, and his young daughter Joanna.

Until very recently, we should have said, it was a family where nothing but peacefulness abounded. Latterly, however, an invader had approached—had fairly stormed the stout domestic fortress, and was even now making his demand for them to surrender. The name of the common enemy was Love. He came, too, in two different disguises. One of them was represented in the clothes and person of Mr. Madgrab; the other, in the same parts and properties of Mr. Battles. Two lovers in one cause! Two bows to one fiddle! Verily, the year was a productive one that brought two lovers to the dancing heart of young Joanna Bugby!

Now, concerning these two lovers, there seemed to be some unhappy little misunderstanding in the family. Both were not favorites; at least, both *were* favorites, but not of the same individual. One had got possession of the maiden's heart; the other had only managed to lay in shrewdly with the present governor of the fortress.

For example, Mr. Madgrab had succeeded in winning the favor of the father, and held his solemn promise that he should certainly become the husband of his little daughter, if anybody did. But he was anything but a favorite of either Joanna or her mother. In this matrimonial business, Mrs. Bugby and her daughter "hunted in couples." They were perfectly united in the matter of sentiment; so that it was only necessary for Mrs. Bugby to know that Joanna disliked Mr. Madgrab ever so little, in order to signalize her own coming down upon him in every way a busy mother's heart and brain could ingeniously devise.

Mr. Battles, on the other hand, was the true accepted lover. He knew enough about these things to go straight up to the mouth of the cannon, rather than to hang around on the outside and try the slow and tedious arts of diplomacy; he first made love to Joanna, and thought there would be time enough to have a little talk with her father on the subject by-and-by. And the girl was manifestly both pleased and flattered with the directness and the sincerity of his manner. It is not altogether impossible to suppose (though we cannot pretend to speak "by authority" about these things) that if Mr. Madgrab had possessed the ingenuousness to proceed in the same way, and had furthermore begun the experiment only a very little before his more fortunate rival ventured upon it, he might have come off conqueror on the field on which it was not going to be his good luck to win. It is just as well to go at the core of these matters in the beginning of it. Diplomacy is just as fatal as diffidence.

Mr. Battles, therefore, being accepted of Joanna, was no less a favorite either, of her indulgent mother; and, on the other hand, he was just as ardently opposed, frowned upon, disliked, and even hated, by Mr. Bugby. Whenever he thought of him, his blood grew hot; he wondered how such a young man could *dare* to enter within the sacred privacy of his domestic circle, hoping and designing to break up that circle, too, without first obtaining the proper certificate of admission from *him*, signed and countersigned in that very bold and blazing fist for which Mr. Bugby was, in all business matters, so remarkable.

It stood, then, somewhat in this way. Joanna's favorite, and her mother's, too, of course, was not the favorite of her father; and Mr. Bugby's favorite was a man whom Joanna was resolved "not to go anyhow," and whom, of course again, her dear mother was resolved not to go either.

One evening, very lately, Mr. Madgrab had made one of his usual calls. Mr. Bugby was all attention to him; but as for a word, a syllable, or even a look of favor and kindness from either Mrs. Bugby or her fair daughter, he could no more have got it, than he could have walked with his feet upon the ceiling over head. The two ladies were distant and demure; they had determined to be—and for carrying out a strong determination to its last letter, give us a true blue woman above all things created. They said but very little, and then only to answer his few questions; they sat extremely busy over their work, and let Mr. Bugby do the talking by himself. The latter did not relish it one bit. It maddened him to see how slightly the authority of his example was regarded; he bit his lips and frowned savagely, and made up his mind to put things right again as soon as he had an opportunity. And that soon came. Mr. Battles rang at the door one evening, and the girl let him in. Mr. Bugby looked up from his paper, and asked who was that?

"It's Mr. Battles, husband," answered his wife.

"How! Mr. Battles!" said he, contemptuously. "What is *he* after? I'll go and see myself."

And before either wife or daughter could have whispered a protest or a supplication, even had they dared to utter the former before his face, he had pushed out into the hall, and confronted the visitor face to face.

"Good evening, Mr. Bugby," said the young man, with a trifle of instinctive hesitancy.

"Good evening," returned Mr. Bugby, with rapidity. "Did you come to see *me*?"

"No, sir. I'd like to ask, sir, if Joanna's at home this evening." All this with proper timidity.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Bugby, very loudly. "Yes, she *is* at home!—and she'll *stay* at home!—and there's where you'd better stay *yourself*, sir! You can't *see* Joanna, sir, and you might as well give up the idea first as last!"

"Why, mother," gasped Joanna, in the other apartment, "hear him!" Saying which, she started off through a side door, and disappeared for the evening in her chamber. What heart was ever so mortified, so bruised and pricked, as was poor Joanna Bugby's heart on that unfortunate evening.

Mr. Battles turned pale at the father's angry answers to his modest inquiry, stammered out some unmeaning expression of his disappointment, put his hat further on his head than was his usual habit, and put himself hastily out into the street again. The open air was the best place for a man who felt as he did. If he had stayed in the house another minute, he must have suffered nothing less than a downright collapse of the most lively description.

The balance of the evening was spent by Mr. Bugby and his estimable lady alone. Joanna was not there. Mr. Bugby pretended to read his paper; but he fell into a strange habit of talking very rapidly, and very angrily, and in a very monotonous tone, too, to Mrs. Bugby, which would have been likely to suggest to any observer that he did not get on so extremely fast with the news department before his eyes. Now and then he laid the paper down in his lap, and proceeded to address his wife in a strain of greater directness, and positiveness, and so forth.

The result of this evening's performances was simply to this effect—which almost any astute individual could have foreseen, had he got but half an eye to his head, and that looking in the wrong direction—Mrs. Bugby comforted Joanna by promising to arrange matters for her, and the interdicted suitor was henceforth admitted to the house by special favor of the mother and her admirable management. A system of signals was forthwith entered upon, to the varied meaning of which both parties secretly held the explanation and key.

Mr. Battles henceforth was received at the Bugby mansion "on the sly;" there is no other phrase in literature that will express it half so well. If he came, it was only in obedience to an authorized summons. When he came, Mr. Bugby was most generally out, or had gone to bed—generally the latter; so that the mousing lover ordinarily felt safe for a whole skin as long as he stayed. And to make assurance just as sure as possible, Joanna made it a point never to have a light burning, but received him at the door, and conducted him softly up stairs in the dark.

An evening was duly appointed, as the days skipped along, for another interview. Mrs. Bugby had been kind enough to go round to Mr. Battles's place of business that afternoon, and slily tell him that "all was quiet," which meant that he was expected that same evening, *after the usual bedtime*. So Mrs. Bugby exerted herself, from the time she got up from the supper-table, to get her lord and master off to bed as early as she could. The absence of everything like a light was a warning to Mr. Battles that he could come over to the door and slip in.

Of course he was punctual to a minute; of course he waited for no second invitation. The moment he saw the lights go out, he came over from his sentry-box across the street, as a matter to be expected; the moment he reached the door, too, he put his hand on the handle and essayed to go through with all quietness and secrecy.

Being on the lookout for him that evening, it is natural to believe that Jo (which her mother often called her for short) was all ready at the door for him the moment he came in. She took him affectionately by the hand, whispered a soft sort of a "—sh! —sh!" and proceeded to lead him quietly up the stairs. He was not at all behindhand with such salutations either, as belong to these special occasions; and before she had fairly gained the top of the stairs with him, had rifled her cherry lips of all the kisses one would think ever grew on them! Into the sitting-room they went, Jo shutting the door as softly as she knew how, and conducting her lover straight to the sofa. Then she had the grace to seat herself plump beside him—a circumstance which he improved to the extent of a gallant lover's proper license.

Things got on swimmingly; they talked in very low whispers, and said no doubt some very soft things. Finally Jo got up to go to the window and look out. On her way a sad accident befell her. She fell flat over a cricket that unkindly stood in her way, and expressed the fright she felt by a short and poorly suppressed scream!

"What's that?" quickly spoke Mr. Bugby to his wife, who had retired at the same time with himself.

"What's *what?*" said she, affecting ignorance.

"That noise down stairs! By Jupiter, I'll *see*, if I have to get up and go down *myself!*"

Now, whereas Mrs. Bugby well knew from what cause the noise must have proceeded, Mr. Bugby already mistrusted; his suspicions had been excited that way for some weeks. So he got up as quick as he could, threw his flannel wrapper around him, struck a light in a jiffy, and went off down stairs, his wife following in silence and alarm behind him, straight down to the sitting-room with his nightcap stuck so queerly on the back of his head, too! What an evening figure he cut, with his wife there behind him!

Jo, who had heard her father coming, clapped her lover into the closet as fast as he could be squeezed through the door. She had just turned the wooden button, and still stood with her back upon it, when in came her father! Her face was as red as the harvest-moon.

"*You* up!" exclaimed he. "But what's here, miss? What's in *here?*"

The question so frightened her, that she made an open confession of her guilt by bracing her back stoutly against the door. Her father took hold of her shoulder to push her aside. Mrs. Bugby sprang to her daughter's relief, seeing that the play was quite played through, and braced up against the door likewise. "Mr. Bugby!" said she, imploringly, "Mr. Bugby!" with a strong emphasis on the Bug part of his name.

This opposition but served to make him more furious, as it had the effect to confirm his suspicions. He crowded in violently between both of them, thrust them this side and that, as if they were straw bundles, and proceeded to turn the button! Jo set up a scream, putting both hands before her eyes. Her mother said "Mr. Bugby!" once more, putting a still stronger emphasis on the first syllable.

Mr. Bugby deliberately pulled open the closet-door, and thrust in the candle. There stood Mr. Battles—no! *Mr. Madgrab*, looking as wily as a fox, and illy restraining his laughter at the scene which the candle helped illuminate! Mr. Madgrab! Was ever such a thing heard of? Where did *he* come from?

Mrs. Bugby took away her daughter in a notable huff, leaving her husband and his favorite there together. Jo was as mad as a March hare about it—and to think of the kisses she had given the rascal, too!

The way of it was this. Mr. Battles very unexpectedly went out of town by the cars, and had no time to notify Mrs. Bugby of his changed destination—least of all did he think that anything more than a little disappointment would come of it. Mr. Madgrab, however, had learned all about this sly way of Battles, and resolved to avail himself of any such advantage as the present opportunity offered. He suspected an interview was appointed for that evening, from seeing Mrs. Bugby go to Battles's store; and he likewise knew of Battles unexpectedly going out of town. That was enough; the rest was in his own hands.

But Joanna never would have him, let it blow as hard as it might. She *hated* him *now*, if for nothing but the kisses he had got by his mean and false pretences, on the evening when she certainly thought she was dispensing them to his rival!

As for Mr. Bugby, it was said that he actually gained a pound of flesh a day, for at least two weeks afterwards.

No Perfection.—Naaman was a mighty man, *but* he was a leper. Every man has some *but* or other in his character—something that blemishes and diminishes him—some alloy in his grandeur—some damp to his joy. He may be very happy—very good; yet, in something or other, not so good as he should be, nor so happy as he should be. Naaman was as great as the world could make him; and yet, as Bishop Hall remarks, the basest slave in Syria would not have changed skins with him.—*Matthew Henry.*

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

Ballou's Dollar Monthly is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages: there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



STREET SCENE IN CALCUTTA.

STREET IN CALCUTTA.

We present herewith a view of a street in the famous city of Hindostan, the seat of the supreme government of British India. The Indian name is *Kallee Ghattah*, which signifies "the ghaut, or landing-place of Kallee, the goddess of Time." It is situated on the banks of the Hoogly, a branch of the Ganges, about one hundred miles from the sea. It was founded by Job Charnock, the agent of the first English East India Company, incorporated by charter of Queen Elizabeth, in 1600. Calcutta is a very interesting city, and contains a vast population. Some of the buildings are beautiful, and there are many fine gardens within its precincts. Iti s a place of the greatest commercial importance, extending its bands of trade with every part of the world.

CHARGE OF THE BASHI-BAZOUKS.

Our engraving represents a body of Bashi-Bazouks rushing in full career to the charge. These wild Oriental troops have done good service in the Crimea, and have rendered themselves formidable to the enemy in the field. Unfortunately, their impatience of discipline, and their savage nature, have caused a great deal of trouble when not engaged in active duty. The Sultan of Turkey has been laboring for years to introduce European discipline into his army, employing for the purpose, some of the finest European officers—but, after all, it is but up-hill work. The very qualities which make the Orientals formidable in fray, render them unmanageable in camp. Ferocity and submission to authority are rarely associated. It is impossible to combine these wild troopers, and to manœuvre them in masses; hence they are only effective as irregular cavalry. Individually, the horsemen that Murad Bey commanded in the Battle of the Pyramids, were the first in the world; and their valor, and the speed and strength of their matchless steeds, almost warranted the boast of their commander, that he would "cut up the French like gourds." But the fiery valor of the east was nothing when matched with the perfect discipline of the west. Before the steady and sustained fire of the French squares, that splendid Oriental cavalry melted away like mists before the sunbeams—they were almost wholly annihilated. If it were possible to combine the fiery valor of the Bashi-Bazouks with the steadiness of English troops, we should then have such a cavalry corps as the world never saw.



BASHI BAZOUKS, AT A "CHARGE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

One has only to refer to BALLOU'S PICTORIAL from week to week to realize the great improvements in wood engraving in this country. This charming paper richly deserves the vast popularity it enjoys.—*Boston Herald.*

Let fathers take this pleasant and instructive weekly home to their families; it will amuse while it improves the domestic circle. In what way can *six cents* be so properly invested?—*Boston Transcript.*

It is the only illustrated paper in this country which has attained a firm basis, and successfully established itself. Its imitators, who have started up and as often failed, lacked the necessary capital and enterprise.—*Hartford Courant.*

We are at a loss which most to admire, the charming reading matter in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, which is all *original*, or its fine and elegant engravings. The proprietor says it is the cheapest paper in the world, and so it is.—*Burlington Sentinel.*

The superb engravings of the Battle of New Orleans, the Entry of Gen. Scott into Mexico, and other large pictures, which have lately appeared in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, are the best wood engravings yet produced in America.—*Tribune.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL is entirely *original*, and its subscribers get their money's worth twice over—first, the reading matter is worth the price charged for it, and then, how the illustrations can be afforded for the price charged is a mystery.—*Indianapolis Gazette.*

☞ One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, when taken together, one year, $4.

FEBRUARY.

The last month of winter! It is something to have reached that halting-place on our annual journey, and amidst the snows and ice, and thaws and chilly sunblinks, to remember that we are on the verge of spring—of that nominal spring in which our rugged New England climate rejoiceth. The month is named from the Roman goddess, Febria, or Februa, who is sometimes confounded with Juno Lucina. In this month the Romans held a feast in behalf of the manes of the deceased, and in this month also, sacrifices were performed, and the last honors paid to the dead. The Mosaic law prescribed purifications also. The Saxons called this month *Sprout-Kele*, because the kaleworth put forth its herbage at this season; they also called it *Sol-monath*, or pancake month—*sol*, or *soul*, signifying food or cakes, which, in this month, were offered by the Saxons to the sun. The present winter has been wintry enough to satisfy the most inveterate lover of artistic "keeping." Snow-storm upon snow-storm—Pelion upon Ossa—and the mercury in the thermometer diving madly below zero with daily depravity. Yet we have had many a merry and many a profitable winter evening, for our hearts have responded to the invitation of the poet Read:

"And when old Winter, through his fingers numb,
Blows till his breathings on the windows gleam—
And when the mill-wheel, spiked with ice, is dumb
Within the neighboring stream:

Then come, for nights like these have power to wake
The calm delight no others may impart—
When round the fire true souls communing make
A summer in the heart."

EDUCATION.—Governor Clarke states that during the last year, the sum expended for schools in New York State was $3,220,618—a very liberal provision.

FANS.—It is stated that some of the fashionable fans in Paris cost $2000 a-piece. How can they raise the wind?

SPLINTERS.

.... The superintendent of schools advises that girls and boys should attend together. It is a judicious counsel.

.... Bayard Taylor is to spend his honeymoon in Sweden and Norway—a variation of the "grand tour."

.... The crop of sugar in Texas is about one and a half hogs-head to the acre. Short and sweet.

.... The Ohio legislature have rejected a bill abolishing capital punishment; they believe in hanging.

.... Mr. Allen's Victoria Regia lilies have been coveted and culled by Jack Frost, Esq.

.... Masury & Silsbee have been taking the heads of custom house officers—not by the guillotine, however.

.... One Colonel Prosper has "done" a bank at Lynchburg, Va., by forged drafts for $7000.

.... An avalanche is not a blessing from above, the Post intimates, and we say ditto.

.... The "sunny south" has been luxuriating in a crop of icicles and orange-tree-killing frosts.

.... Three young ladies of Indiana were recently killed by taking a pan of live coals to their bed-room.

.... There are two millions and a half of farmers in the United States to feed twenty-five millions of folks.

.... India-rubber ladders don't work. You climb all day, and don't rise a foot.

.... A lunatic thought the rising of the sun depended on the crowing of the rooster—a slight mistake.

.... To open a "bank" requires no great capital—only a snow shovel that costs two shillings.

.... On the 4th of July the sun is a million and a half miles further from us than in March.

.... The rings of the planet Saturn are said to be made of steam, taking shape from velocity.

.... Not less than a million pieces of lawn goods will be for sale this season.

.... The city of Washington has seen more snow this winter than for fifteen years before.

.... Four hundred bushels of sweet potatoes can be produced to the acre in Texas. This will pay.

.... Macaulay again assaults Penn in his third volume. Penn's memory is proof against the attack.

AMERICAN FOREST TREES.

We have seen during the past winter, how ornamental trees may be, even in their season of repose; how those slender limbs and filaments, gracefully interwoven, by the magic influence of a single frost-night were converted into glories defying the pen and pencil to depict, "glittering in the bright sun with the matchless splendor of a diamond mine." And what grace have the evergreen plantations added to our environs, preserving a souvenir of summer in the midst of winter, an oasis of green in a wilderness of frost, supplying our altars and our hearths with decorations for merry Christmas, with verdure and beauty that need no artificial warmth for their development. The season is now fast approaching when these glorious gifts of nature will put on their holiday attire,—

"The sapling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-propped elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oake, sole king of forests all,
The aspine good for staves, the cypress funerale."

Let us hope that every man who has an hour's leisure, and who lives without the city limits, will this year set out a tree. It will keep his memory green through many generations. There is no such faithful biographer as a tree. In one of our counties at least, its agricultural society has offered a large premium for the greatest number of ornamental trees of the best kind, and in the most thrifty condition, planted by the road-side. It is a wise and thoughtful provision. A few years since, Mr. Samuel Carpenter, of Attleborough, in this State, left a legacy of several hundred dollars for planting trees by the road-side. "What future wayfarer, as he seeks rest and shelter under their welcome shade, will not pronounce blessings on this benefactor of his race?"

Our noble forests are fast disappearing before the fatal axe of civilization. The ponderous engines that traverse our valleys in every direction, devour acres of woodland daily. It is time that strenuous efforts were made to replace the ravages of the axe. No country in the world is blessed with a richer or more varied sylva. Nor are these forest trees to be valued simply as ornaments or as fuel. They contribute largely to the preservation and the enriching of the soil. They deepen and improve it by their annual deposit of leaves and branches. Their roots open the ground to the influences of the sun, rain and air, and in some localities grasp and bind together shallow soils and prevent their waste. "They equalize the temperature of the climate; protecting us, our flocks and herds, from the violence of the winds and the scorching rays of our American sun. They furnish us with building material for our dwellings, our shops and stores, our ships and steamers, —for our cabinet ware, carriages, wooden ware, fences and agricultural implements. To say nothing of the cultivation of certain varieties of trees for the value of their bark and nuts, the sugar maple recommends itself to us as a source of easy and enormous profit. It has been stated that a single town in our commonwealth has produced in a year 100,000 pounds of sugar from this tree."

In short, every consideration urges us to set out trees. How would the beauty of our lovely bay be enhanced if the islands on its surface were now covered, as they once were, with a beautiful growth of forest!

RIFLE MANUFACTURE.

The new rifle musket manufactured at the United States armories has the length of its barrel reduced from forty-two to forty inches, the exterior reduced, and the calibre from 0.69 to 0.58 of an inch. The barrel has three decreasing grooves, with a point and rear sight brazed on, graduating from one to one thousand yards. The weight of the new arm is one quarter of a pound lighter than the old model. The lock is changed to a front action swivel lock, with the Maynard attachment, which will contain sixty primers. The ball is an elongated, hollow, pointed ball, weighing four hundred and ninety-seven grains, which is about sixty grains heavier than the present round ball. The new model rifle requires but sixty grains of powder, which is fifty grains less than the present service charge of the smooth-bore musket.

RACHEL, THE ACTRESS.—One of the most noticeable features of this great tragedienne's manner was the eloquent play of her hands. This appears to be traditional on the French stage. The celebrated Mademoiselle Clairon, whom Garrick admired so much, "employed her hands with graceful variety, so that they pleased every moment with some new and unexpected eloquence."

THE CHINESE.—The Chinese are the most beastly and brutal of all human vermin. They lately crucified and cut out the living heart of a poor woman simply because she had given birth to a rebel. It is time these scoundrels were swept from the face of the earth with cannon and sabres.

A SAD SCENE.—A intoxicated woman was lately brought into one of our station houses with a child in her arms, a little boy of seven staggering drunk at her side. Misery and destitution had driven her to drink.

RAILROAD FARES.—The directors of the Worcester Railroad have raised their fare five cents at each station. They consider the new fare about fair.

HARD FOR BIRDS.—Numbers of quail, partridges, and other birds, have died in the woods from the recent severity of the winter weather.

FILLIBUSTERING.—There are no fillibusters now-a-days—only "invalids" seeking a warmer climate for their health.

THE PRESS

Napoleon is reported to have said, in substance, that a free press was more formidable than a million of bayonets. He aspired to guide this engine himself. Madame de Stael says:—"Bonaparte, when he had a million of armed men at his command, did not attach less importance to the art of guiding the public mind by gazettes; he often himself dictated articles for the newspapers, which could be easily recognized by the jerking violence of the style. People saw that he could have wished to put blows instead of words into what he wrote." Louis Napoleon has the same opinion of the power of the press; like his uncle, he keeps it closely muzzled, and also, like the illustrious founder of his family, dabbles a little in the editorial business. He is not a very bad writer, and might earn a fair salary as a sub-editor, if all else failed.

The perpetuity of his power depends upon the subordination and enthralment of the press. If the Hugos, father and son, and a few other master-spirits of the age, were permitted to write and publish what they pleased in Paris, one month would not elapse without a revolution. In England and this country, the press is the bulwark of popular liberty. Perhaps the actual power for good or for evil, of the London Times, is, or rather was until lately, greater than that of the throne itself. Certainly the united power of the English press can control the policy of the United Kingdom, and yet there are not near so many newspapers, nor so large a number of newspaper readers, in England as in this country.

GREEK TRAGEDY REVIVED.—Mr. Alexander Dumas has produced at the Port Saint Martin, Paris, a tragedy entitled "Orestes," in which he has followed Æschylus step by step. The proportions of the Greek tragedy have been re-produced in the getting up. Agamemnon appears in his car drawn by magnificent horses, and the chorus of the people plays a conspicuous part. The diction of the play is said to be lofty, melodious and majestic.

COLD WEATHER.—The cold at Moscow has been intense this winter. Think of the sentinels freezing in their boxes, though relieved every half hour! Soldiering in Russia must be an ice business.

SHAMEFUL.—The neglect of some persons to strew ashes on their sidewalks when the bricks or stones are covered with ice. The ice cannot, under some circumstances, be removed, but the ashes are always handy.

MELROSE.—This beautiful town, a suburb of Boston, is flourishing like a green bay tree. Building is going on largely the coming spring, and the town is generally very prosperous.

GOOD IDEA.—The farmers in and about Northampton, Mass., are fatting their cattle, and getting ready for a public exhibition thereabouts.

RAILROADING.—We are sorry to observe the increase of railroad accidents in all directions. Carelessness prevails extensively.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Vinton, George R. Sampson, Esq. to Miss Sarah A. D. Phillips; by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. Nathaniel B. Sherman to Miss Betsie C. Parker, of Plympton; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Bailey Parker, of Pembroke, N. H., to Miss Mercy G. Frost; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John Duggan to Miss Eliza Peters; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Alanson P. Gould to Miss Elizabeth C. Baker; by Rev. Mr. Robbins, Mr. Aaron Hobart, Jr. of North Bridgewater, to Miss Ellen H. Thacher.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. Charles W. Fernald to Miss Clara A. Sawyer.—At Cambridge, Mr. Henry C. Rand to Miss Martha J. Favor.—At Melrose, Mr. Thomas T. Sweetzer to Miss Elizabeth Davis.—At Danvers, by Rev. Dr. Braman, Rev. Alfred P. Putnam, of Roxbury, to Miss Louise P. Preston.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Abbott. Mr. Luther Foster to Miss Joanna Fisk.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Pierce, Mr. Joseph Williams to Miss Mary Ann Leonore.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Charles E. Marsh, of Amesbury, to Miss Abba F. Mace, of Hampton, N. H.—At South Dartmouth, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, Capt. John C. Almy, Jr. to Miss Mary S., daughter of the officiating clergyman.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. George O. Lewis, of Scituate, to Miss Mary M. Bly.—At Douglass, by Rev. Mr. Holman, Mr. Joseph T. Wallis to Miss Harriet M. Thompson.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Martha Kittredge, 59; Mr. Francis L. Willson, 31; Mr. Elisha H. Collier, 67; Mrs. Sally, wife of Hon. Joseph Mitchell, 46; Miss Eliza C. G. Rowin, 20; Mr. Dennison B. Green, 40; Mrs. Abigail, wife of Dr. John Hilton, 58; Widow Mary James, 85; Widow Deborah Tenney, 75.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Mary Till, 68; Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Frost, 24; Mr. Richard W. Hall, 20.—At Chelsea, Mr. Edwin A. Chard, 25.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Harriet, wife of Hon. Willard Phillips.—At Somerville, Mr. William A. Russell, 66.—At Brighton, Mr. Horace Haynes, 63.—At Weston, Dea. Thomas Bigelow, 87.—At Danvers, Mr. Joseph Griffin, 43.—At Marblehead, Mr. Robert Dodd, 84.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Gaffney, 45.—At Newburyport, Mr. William Brown, 23.—At Duxbury, Mr. George Canning Weston, 28.—At Salisbury Mills, Mrs. Eliza Morrill, 45.—At Attleborough, William Riley, Esq., 77.—At Wendell, Mr. Timothy Armstrong, a soldier of the Revolution, 96.—At West Springfield, Mr. Ezekiel Sibley, 90.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Betsey W. Norton, 76.—At Worcester, Mrs. Frances M. Homer, 30.—At Clinton, Mrs. Catherine Smith, 60.—At Leicester, Miss Susan Knights, 25.—At Enfield, Mr. Joseph Keith, 86.—At Hadley, Mr. Josiah Kellogg, 88.—At Bethel, Me., Mr. Charles Stearns, 87.—At New York, Mr. Newell J. McClure, of Concord, N. H., 37.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WINTER.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Old winter is not, as his slanderers tell,
A merciless tyrant at heart;
For something of humor within him must dwell,
And something of fancy and art.

For where is the artist abiding on earth,
That ever, from matter so cold,
Calls palace and tower in a night into birth,
That glow like the temple of old?

O'er houses whose owners no gold can amass,
He turneth to silver the eaves;
He changes the forests to forests of glass,
And chiseis his diamonds to leaves.

Then social and gay as the gayest can be,
The circle at Christmas he joins;
A jester, a gourmand, a Falstaff for glee.
Well met with his Hal and his Poins.

The saint of our childhood all sooty he brings,
The year in its youth he has reared;
And listens while merry Saint Valentine sings
Of blessings to lovers endeared.

While beauty his means, and while wealthy his will,
With winter I gaily will share;
Nor take his cold gifts in the spirit of ill,
Whose own is but beggarly fare.

He surely can give (who is fated to prowl,
With ruin besetting his path—
Still hooted and cawed at by raven and owl),
Nought better than such as he hath.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PRAIRIE SCOUT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I LEFT Fort Snelling on the first day of August, and took my course to the southwest through the northern part of Iowa, meaning to strike the Missouri where the great Indian mounds are. I followed the Blue Earth River two days, a distance of a hundred miles, and after this I traversed a track of uneven bluff. On the fourth day I entered on a vast prairie, and had it not been for the sun, I should have needed a compass. I had a compass, however, having been advised by those who knew, never to travel over these regions without one. I had seen prairie land before, but this was the first time I had seen one literally boundless to the sight, save by the horizon. My course was now south-southwest, and after stopping a few minutes to gaze upon the strange scene, I started on. My horse was a powerful one, and he seemed to be a very knowing one, too, for I am sure he stopped twice of his own accord for me to consider whether I was right or not.

By twelve o'clock, noon, I was to have reached a camp; but noon came, and no camp was in sight. Could I have missed the way? I looked at the sun, and was sure I was right. While I was thus considering, I noticed a sort of break in the tall grass a short distance to my left, and having reached it, I found it to be the place where there had been a camp. Of course I understood the matter now. The camp I was to have found had broken up, and I must guess my way, for I had only been directed to this point, having been left to obtain the rest of my information here. But I spent not much time in thought. I knew nearly the direction of the mounds, and knowing that I must strike the Missouri somewhere, I kept on in the same course until my watch told me it was four o'clock; and I was on the point of stopping to let my horse rest, when my eye detected a clump of trees a little to my right. I knew it must be one of those oases sometimes met with in these vast prairies, and at once turned my horse's head towards it. The noble animal knew my intent well, for he pricked up his ears and started into a swift gallop. When I reached the oasis, I found it to be a small, rocky elevation, containing some seven or eight acres, and thickly wooded, and, what was more pleasing still, I saw a curl of smoke above the trees. I soon found a beaten path, and having gone a few rods, I came to a small log hut, at the door of which sat an old man smoking a pipe. He bade me welcome in the warmest terms, and asked me to dismount and stop with him. He showed me where I could secure my horse, and having attended to the comfort of the animal, I entered the hut. It was a small concern, not over ten feet square, and was formed by four stout poles driven into the ground at the four angles of a square, and meeting at the top; and then the walls were formed by logs laid up against these, and secured at the corners. Within there were any quantity of buffalo skins, and also a very good sort of a fireplace. My host was a tall, powerfully built man, between sixty and seventy years of age, with hair as white as snow, and a face very strongly marked. I introduced myself, and gave him my name and business, and he told me his name was Philip Brock.

After we had chatted awhile, the old man went at work to get some supper. He built a fire, and as soon as there was a sufficient quantity of coals, he unrolled a fresh buffalo hide, and having taken therefrom a rump of the animal, from which the hide had been taken, he cut off some slices and placed them on the coals. While these were broiling, he got out some bread, salt, etc., from an old chest, and I ate a supper, than which I never relished one better in my life.

After this we walked out over the oasis. It was a lovely spot, with a spring of pure, sparkling water, and a goodly growth of hickory trees, from which Brock gathered nuts. He also had a cornfield in a good state of cultivation, but it was small, for the owner knew not how soon he might move away. After we had returned to the hut, I asked him how long he had been in this section.

"Ever since I was one and twenty," he replied; and I thought his voice assumed a sad tone as his mind was thus carried back to his youthful days. "I came here from Massachusetts, and ever since have lived amid these great solitudes."

Some further conversation was held, and then I asked him what those wig-like looking things were I saw hanging up over his bed. There were some four or five and twenty of them hanging there, looking like wigs made from hair of horses' tails. His face grew dark with a heavy frown as I asked the question, and his eyes burned with a strange fire.

"Those," he uttered, in a hoarse whisper, "are *scalps!* Scalps I have torn from Indians' heads, dead and dying. You see there are twenty-five of them."

"And you slew them all?"

"Yes."

"All at once?"

"No, sir. I have been a long while gathering those trophies up."

A few moments' silence ensued, and then he resumed:

"Of course you are curious to know more about this, and if you have a mind to listen, I have no objections to explaining it. I told you I came here when I was one and twenty. I came because one whom I loved as life itself came before me. John Garland and his wife, and one child, came out to Kentucky, and for that child I followed them. Within three years from the time that I came, both the father and the mother died, and Martha Garland was left alone with me. She became my wife (the priest of St. Edwards united us), and then we sought a home further west. We were happy, for we had none to hate, and all to love. We had a daughter, whom we called Eliza, but she only remained with us a few years. When she had learned to know our loves, and when the first bloom of intellect had mantled her brow, and lighted up her dark eye, she faded away and died. Another child was born to us (another girl), who remained with us a few years, and then she, too, died. At length we were blessed with a son. He grew up healthy and strong, and he took the place of all we had loved and lost. We called him Philip, and when he was only four years old, he could rest my rifle over his father's shoulder, and hit a tree at ten rods. When he was five years old, a party of Crow Indians came along and camped near our cabin. I gave them powder and shot, but I would give them no rum. At night they seized me while I slept, and bound me hand and foot, and then they took my wife—and—and child, and carried them away."

The old man stopped and wiped a tear from his eye, and then, while his voice assumed a deeper tone, he added:

"O, I cannot tell the agony of that moment—of that hour! I strained with all my power; I called upon God to help me; and, you will not wonder, I cursed the power which held me! The red demons laughed and howled at me as they searched my cot for rum. They found some in a jug; some which I only kept for times of need—for I never poured the fire down my throat—they found this, and having drank it all up, they threw the jug at me, and then started off. My wife held out her arms to me, and said: 'Help me, my Philip!' And my little boy held out his hands, and cried: 'Papa! papa!'"

Here the old scout bowed his head and wept aloud.

"O," he murmured, in choking accents, "who can tell such agony as that with a whole heart! I heard the last shriek of my wife, the last cry of my boy, and then I fainted. When I came to myself, I was still by the tree, hanging forwards with my whole weight upon my bound hands; and just as I was fairly regaining my consciousness, I fell forward upon my face. The knot in the leathern thong had gradually loosened and given way. As soon as I could collect my energies, I started off in pursuit of the savages. I followed their trail as far as the Missouri, and there I lost it; and I never saw my wife and child again. But I swore a deadly vengeance against the Crows. I swore that not one of them should cross my path and live—and I have kept my oath. That was thirteen years ago. Since then I have had no settled home. I have lived here longer than I ever lived in any one place before since that fatal hour. Most of the time I have been employed by government against the Indians. I know every crook and turn of their haunts about here, and I have served as a scout for the fort. These scalps are all Crows; but these do not tell the number I have slain, for many a Crow has fallen by my rifle whose scalp I could not get."

As soon as the old man became composed, he gave me some account of his adventures while out scouting among the Indians; and he continued his account until we were startled by the sound of pattering rain upon the roof. We went to the door and found that the heavens were black as ink, and the rain falling fast. My horse was put under the little shed, with Brock's cow, and then we returned to the hut. It was now after ten o'clock, and we prepared to retire. The old man spread out his buffalo robes, and I had laid down, when there came a rap upon the door. He went and opened it, and I heard him talking with some one without. Soon he came to me, and caught me by the arm.

"Friend," he uttered, in a quick, husky voice, "you must get up; there are two Crows at the door! I cannot let them in, nor will I drive them away in such a storm as this. One of them is a woman. Let them in, if you will."

"But you will not kill them here?" I said, fearing that his enmity might overpower him.

"No, no. Philip Brock is not a coward! Go let them in."

So I arose and went to the door, and there I found two Indians. I could not have told whether they were Crows, Pawnees, Blackfoots, or what; but I told them to come in. They followed me into the hut, and as soon as they had removed their outer garments, I pulled a bench up to the fire for them, for there was yet some fire upon the hearth. One of them was a woman, as the scout had said, and the other was a tall, stout man, whose face was painted in many colors; they warmed themselves awhile, and then asked for a place in which to lie. I showed them some spare robes, and soon afterwards they were apparently asleep.

Once more I went to my own place of rest, and as I lay down, I noticed that Brock had got his pistols, but I made no remark. I went to sleep without fear, and I think I must have slept some hours, when a movement of my companion awoke me, and on opening my eyes, I found him sitting up. He had his pistols in his hands, and was gazing towards the place where the Crows lay.

"What is it?" I asked.

"—sh!" he returned, in a whisper, "do you think I am blind? Suppose these catamounts come here to slay me?—to revenge the death of so many of their tribe?"

"Nonsense, Philip Brock," I replied. "Do you suppose—"

"sh! See—they move now. Ha! See that head come up!"

One of the redskins did raise a head as he thus spoke. The storm had passed over, and the moon was shining full and bright without, so we could see the motion of the dark sleepers. But soon all was still again, and once more I lay back. Again I awoke, and it was hardly yet daylight. The scout was still awake, and I told him if he would sleep now, I would watch.

"Very well," he replied. "It is near morning, and if you have a mind to remain awake, I will catch a nap."

I told him I would, and he accordingly lay back, and was soon asleep. I had no idea of such a thing, but yet a drowsy spell came over me, and I closed my eyes. I remembered afterwards how the feeling came, and how I gradually gave way to it. When I awoke, the daylight was struggling faintly through the small window, and I was sure some movement had aroused me. I cast my eyes towards my companion, and a low, quick cry escaped my lips, as I saw one of the Indians kneeling directly by his side. My cry awoke the old man, and he started up.

"Ho! my pistol!" he cried, grasping the intruder by the throat, and reaching his hand towards me. "Shoot the demon!" he gasped.

At this, the second Indian sprang to his feet, and leaped towards the spot where we lay, and just as I had cocked one of the pistols, the woman (for the woman it was who knelt by the scout's side) spoke:

"Philip?" she said, in a choking, gushing tone, "Philip! Ah, art thou not my Philip?"

With a cry like a startled bird, Philip Brock started to his feet, and with the grasp of a giant he raised the woman up.

"Speak again!" he gasped.

And again she spoke, and again she pronounced that same name.

"Once—once more! O, speak once more!"

"Philip!" And as she spoke thus, she threw her arms about the old man's neck and burst into tears.

"Martha! Martha!" was all the old scout spoke. He knew now whom he held to his bosom. I carefully eased the hammer of the pistols down, and then arose to my feet. The other seeming Indian I could now see plainly. He was a youth, and now that the paint had been wiped from his face, he looked noble and handsome. With a tearful eye and trembling limbs he gazed on the scene before him, and I could see the stout cords in his neck work with the deep emotion that moved his soul.

"O, my husband, see! here is our Philip!—our son! Come, my noble boy, it is your father."

Perhaps my readers can imagine the scene that followed. As for me, I could not see plainly through my tears, and my emotions were too strangely overpowering to enable me to distinguish much that was sobbed forth by the re-united ones.

But by-and-by, when the sun was well up, and the birds had opened their matin songs, the happy trio were able to converse freely. I had meant to leave that morning, but I could not resist the urgent request held out to me to tarry. I heard the whole of the wife's story—how she was carried off, away up towards the head waters of the Yellowstone; how she had been enslaved there, and how her son had been taken from her and brought up by a Crow chieftain. At length they came together once more—the mother and son—and then they commenced to lay plans for escape. A year passed away after this, and at the end of that time the way was opened. The youth—now a powerful man—gathered together such provision as he could find, and when the warriors set out upon an expedition against the Flatheads, he deserted from the party on the second night out, and made his way back to the Crow village. There he secured his mother, and having slain five old warriors who opposed him, he set out. At the landing he destroyed all the canoes but one, and that he took, and for seven days, during which they had been on the trail, they had only slept fourteen hours. When they stopped at the scout's cot to gain shelter from the drenching rain, they little dreamed who lived there; and it was my pronouncing the old man's name when I first woke up during the night, that startled the woman's thoughts with a flash of the truth.

Before noon the wife and son succeeded in removing most of the stain from their skins, and I could now see much of the old man's looks in the stout youth. And it did me good to see Philip Brock gaze upon his son; such a mixture of noble pride and holy love, I never before saw. I remained with them until the next morning, and when I was prepared to leave, the old scout assured me that I should not find him there on my return.

"For," said he, "I have no wish for vengeance; and since those I love are mine once more, we will go where there is a little more of civilization and comfort."

I set out amid many wishes for my welfare and safety, and several times after I had gone did I look back upon that humble cot, and think of the wondrous joy that was reigning there.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association have made a donation of $400 to the Mechanics' Apprentices' Library Association of this city. —— By a late steamer from Europe, Mr. Heild, now attached to the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, received from the writers of the Signet in Edinburgh the announcement that he is entitled to about $22,000. The Edinburgh Dramatic Fund having been dissolved, the assets have been divided among the surviving subscribers, and the above sum is the share of Mr. Heild. —— The forthcoming statistics of Massachusetts will show that the Shoe and Leather Manufactures of the State amount to the astonishing sum of $55,000,000. —— The Chinese in California are disinterring and collecting their dead along the river near Downieville, to ship them back to the Flowery Land. —— Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. accomplished recently a feat in publishing worthy of note. In seven days, the whole of the two volumes of Macaulay's History of England were composed, stereotyped, printed, bound, and in the market. —— The carrying of sand to supply the masons in Boston, is quite a business at the month of the Merrimac River. —— A correspondent at Havana says that "several young gentlemen have been ordered to residence in Spain, for the utterance of idle words from idle brains; and it is hoped by their families that they may learn discretion before their return, which is probable, if it is possible." —— The City Council of Cleveland have passed an ordinance fixing the rates of license for theatrical exhibitions at $10 per night, $200 per month, or $1000 per year. —— Thackeray called the new City Hall in Springfield the finest room he had seen in this country, and he knew of but one superior to it in England. —— A lad named West, residing in Swanzey, Mass., picked up a piece of cigar on the road, and put it in a pipe and smoked it; in consequence of which he was taken suddenly ill, and died in a few hours. —— Several steamers and twenty sailing vessels were locked into Baltimore harbor by the ice, lately, an event of a generation. —— The cultivation of the osier, or basket willow, is engaging the attention of farmers. George S. Colby, of Jonesville, Vt., has gone into the business somewhat largely, and finds it a paying crop. He has invented a machine for peeling the slips, which saves much time and labor. Peeled willow now commands $150 per ton. —— Mr. Fink, a German by birth, has lately died in New Orleans, leaving the bulk of his fortune, estimated at half a million dollars, to found an asylum for destitute Protestant widows. —— Fifteen tons of bronze had to be melted, in the casting of the colossal horse for the monument of Washington, designed by Mr. Crawford. —— Rev. P. J. Vanpelt, of New York, who was the spiritual adviser of Aaron Burr previous to his death, says, in refutation of the charge of Atheism, often preferred against Mr. Burr, that "he was not an *Atheist* nor a *Deist*." —— The ladies of Haverhill propose to raise a monument to the memory of Hannah Dustin, for her heroic achievement in the Indian war of 1698. —— A young man, named Harry Gray, who is now engaged as watchman at the Kentucky Locomotive Works, has recently had left him, conditionally, by a deceased uncle in England, $200,000. The condition is that he shall not be indebted to the amount of $500 when he is thirty years old. —— Edward Norton the burglar tried at Trenton, recently, was convicted on thirteen indictments, which, if sentenced to the full extent of the law, would cover one hundred and thirty years in the State prison. —— Douglas Jerrold has a son in New York, who has emigrated with the intention of connecting himself with the American newspaper press. —— Milton, Hobbes, Dr. Parr, Rev. Robert Hall, Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Camphell, Moore and Bloomfield were addicted to the use of tobacco. —— The late Samuel Rogers entertained the warmest friendship for Washington Irving, and he pronounced William C. Bryant the greatest of living poets. Of American literature generally, he had a high opinion, and watched its development with intense interest.

DICKENS ON AMERICA.—Dickens has at length outgrown his unworthy prejudices against this country, if one may judge from this passage in his latest Christmas story:—"Nevertheless, again I drank my cobler, julep, sling, or cocktail, in all good will to my friend the general and my friends the majors, colonels and civilians—all; full well knowing that whatever little motes my beamy eyes may have deseried in theirs, they helong to a kind, generous, large hearted and great people."

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN PARIS.—A universal exhibition of breeding cattle, implements, and French and foreign agricultural products, will open in Paris on the 23d of May next, and continue open until the 7th of June, to be re-opened on the 22d of May, 1857, and close on the 6th of June following. Premiums and gold and silver medals will be distributed for all the cattle, tools and products adjudged to deserve them.

CITY FEED.—During the past thirteen years, the Albany and Troy Railroad has transported to Boston not less than *six millions two hundred and sixty-two thousand two hundred and thirteen barrels of flour*. The largest amount transported in any one year was 702,500 barrels in 1847.

BOSTON PHYSICIAN FOR THE CRIMEA.—A letter from Washington says Dr. C. W. Moore, Jr., of Boston, has been offered the appointment of surgeon in the Russian army, at a salary of $3000 per annum, and a liberal outfit.

REGULARITY.—The chills and fever exist to such an extent at a certain village in Michigan, that it is said the church bell is rung every day at twelve o'clock to notify the inhabitants that it is time to take their quinine.

Wayside Gatherings.

The deaths in Chicago last year, were 1970; during the previous year there were 3823.

Manuel Echireria, tried at New York for fitting out a slaver, has been found not guilty.

Christmas day was the coldest ever known in Texas. Great damage was done to the fruit trees by the ice.

Shanghai chickens are of some use, after all. Kirkland, of Greenbush, keeps them in his orchard to frighten away the hogs.

Mrs. McVine, thinking it one of woman's rights to be a horse-thief, stole a horse, cutter and harness and ran away from Buffalo.

There is a large party "on the other side of Hoosac Mountain," waiting to see the great boring machine come through.

The Vicksburg and Texas Railroad, now in progress, does not vary three miles from an air line throughout the entire length, which is 190 miles.

During the present year there have died in the United States, 71 soldiers of the revolutionary war, and 43 persons who were over 100 years of age.

M. L. Sweet, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has a hog whose live weight is 1200 pounds. He measures nine feet from the end of the snout to the root of his tail.

A machine, modelled after the Hoosac tunnel apparatus, is about to be applied to tunnelling the mines of California. A Mr. Steen has the patent right to the invention.

Rev. John Pierpont, within two years past, has travelled 25,000 miles, and averaged five nights a week lecturing. Mr. Pierpont is now upwards of 70 years of age.

The Chicago Democrat says a Kentuckian went to the post-office in that city recently, where he had a box. Seeing a letter in it he broke the glass and took it out.

The Toronto Colonist is urging the construction of the Georgian Canal. This would make a water communication between Lakes Huron and Ontario, and the St. Lawrence.

The Lutheran Almanac for 1856 gives the following estimate, based upon accurate synodical statistics: 1000 ministers, 1000 congregations, and 225,000 communicants.

At the last session of the legislature of Missouri, a law was passed, incorporating a company to establish a line of stages from the western part of that State to San Francisco.

The Galena and Chicago Railroad has a surplus of three hundred and fifteen thousand, two hundred and thirty-five dollars, in addition to the 22 per cent. dividend for the past fiscal year.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one; and why should it not? It will have seven days more experience.

The biographical sketch of the poet Rogers, in the London Times, was written some five years since, in anticipation of his death then expected. His biographer has been three years in the grave.

The price of molasses has advanced nearly a hundred per cent. within two years—the result, in part at least, of the immense quantities of New England rum manufactured for the armies in the Crimea.

The loss to the Hudson River Railroad by the *last* accident is said to be $40,000. The loss by the previous accident is said to have been $40,000, besides what will have to be paid for the lives and limbs of the passengers.

Rev. Dr. Adams, in his "South-Side View of Slavery," says it may not be generally known that the colored congregations of the South assume to themselves collegiate powers, and confer honorary titles upon their favorite preachers.

Rev. Daniel Miller, presiding elder of the Methodist church for the Hartford (Ct.) district, fell out of his wagon at Burlington, recently, and broke his neck—producing instant death. He was much esteemed as a preacher and a man.

In 1851, there were in Egypt but three missionaries; there are now nine—established chiefly in Cairo and Alexandria. They are under no restraint; but can speak freely on the Christian religion to Jew or Mohammedan, without risk or insult.

Rachel left Havana for Southampton in the British steamer. M'lle Sarah Felix will remain permanently on this side of the Atlantic and returns to New York to attempt—so we are informed—the experiment of a French theatre.

Three hundred and twenty-five of the small population of Rowley, Mass., are in the boot and shoe business, manufacturing two hundred thousand dollars' worth annually. There are 8500 apple trees cultivated for their fruit in the same town.

Benj. Spencer, a butcher, in attempting, a short time since, to hang a piece of meat on a hook in his stall at the Columbus (Ohio) market, made a mistake, and hung himself by the hand, instead of the meat. The hook passed clear through, coming out at the back of his hand.

An edition of 115,000 copies of the New Testament has just been completed in China, and preparations are being made at all the ports for carrying on a system of colporterage for the Bible on an extensive scale. The mission chapels throughout the country are said to be crowded daily.

Capt. Frederick H. Hibbard, the oldest London packet master sailing from New York, died lately. He had been in the employ of Grinnell, Minturn & Co., some thirty-five years, and had amassed a handsome fortune. About two years since, he bequeathed $20,000 to the Brooklyn Hospital.

There are, in Belgium, 6000 of the order of nuns called "Beguines." They all dress in black, with long white veils, and at the hour of vespers they enter the church together, remaining covered during the service, but laying aside their veils on leaving the church to return to the cottages in which they live.

The Yarmouth Register says hundreds of bushels of eels, "frozen stiff as pokers," have been driven ashore and raked up on the beach, and after being packed in barrels, shipped for the city markets. They sell readily in New York at from ten to twelve cents per pound.

The managers of the American Bible Society have issued a circular, cautioning the public against the patronage of private versions of the Bible in different languages, for which subscriptions are occasionally solicited, both because these versions are usually defective, and because there are already good versions in circulation.

In the Puritan churches of Massachusetts, in the olden time, the boys were ranged on the stairs of the meeting-house, and a man was appointed to keep people from sleeping, by means of a short, clubbed stick, having at one end a knob, and at the other a fox-tail, with which he would stroke the women's faces who were asleep, and with the other would knock unruly men and dogs.

Foreign Items.

The fall of Kars had rendered Omar Pasha very unpopular at Constantinople.

The Russians continue to receive large reinforcements, and it is thought that before spring there will be some desperate attacks upon the allies.

The London Critic intimates that Dr. Lyon Playfair composes Prince Albert's speeches, and always sees that the reporters are well provided with verbatim copies.

Among the latest Parisian novelties in dress, is an article called a Caspiato, or folding-bonnet, which we are told will go into a box measuring two inches.

The Marquis de Turgot, French minister at Madrid, has appealed to the law tribunals relative to an article inserted in that journal, insulting to the Princess Eugenie.

The Spanish government has got wind of a plot to carry off the young Princess of Asturias, and in consequence she never goes abroad without an escort of 40 or 50 dragoons.

The flour of chestnuts and acorns has just been used with great success in the manufacture of paper in place of potato flour, by the director of the large paper mills at Liege, Belgium.

The manufacture of perfumery is a very important branch of chemistry, in Europe and Asia. British India and Europe consume, annually, at the very lowest estimate, one hundred and fifty thousand gallons of perfumed spirits, under various titles.

Communications from Constantinople say that the unfortunate Lady Ellenborough, whose romantic adventures are familiar to the public, was assassinated in Arabia by "the harem of an Arab sheik." The deed is supposed to have been committed at the suggestion of some women who were jealous of her ladyship.

Sands of Gold.

.... Language is a part of a man's character.—*Landor.*

.... Compliments are only lies in court clothes.—*Sterling.*

.... There is a foolish corner even in the brain of the sage.—*Aristotle.*

.... O liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name.—*Madame Roland.*

The wider the base of life, the higher may we hope to raise the summit.—*Sterling.*

.... Action is happiness here, and without action there can be no heaven.—*Voss.*

.... Ennui is the desire of activity without the fit means of gratifying the desire.—*Bancroft.*

.... A great poet is more powerful than Sesostris, and a wicked one more formidable than Phalaris.—*Landor.*

.... Life is like wine; he who would drink it pure, must not drain it to the dregs.—*Sir Wm. Temple.*

.... That which moveth the heart most is the best poetry; it comes nearest unto God, the source of all power.—*Landor.*

.... One man is the carrier of one kind of excellence, another of another. Achilles wins the victory, and Homer immortalizes it: we bestow the laurel crown on both.—*G. H. Lewes.*

.... Æser taught me that the ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose, and thence it follows that no youth can be a master.—*Goethe.*

.... The fathers of poets are seldom gratified with the progress visible in their sons. Only your perfectly stupid young gentlemen uniformly delight their parents.—*G. H. Lewes.*

Joker's Budget.

The cheapest excursion you can make is into the realms of fancy. No return ticket is required.

Why is a man's brewery like the well of the Israelites? Ans. Because He-brews drink there.

Pulpernickel says a woman's heart is the "most sweetest" thing in the world; in fact, a perfect *honey comb*—full of *sells*. *Bee* ware.

The Albany Knickerbocker says "the editor of the Reporter shifts about so that we begin to fear he was weaned on weather-cocks."

A fellow "out West," on being asked what made him bald, replied that "the girls had pulled his hair out pulling him into their windows."

Among the articles enumerated in the report of the secretary of the treasury, which we do not import but manufacture for ourselves, are "*vices* of all descriptions."

The last case of indolence is related in one of our exchanges; it is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy, that in writing his name, he simply used the letter J., and then punched a hole through the paper!

An imaginative Irishman gives utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins! I cried aloud, "My fathers, where are they?" and echo responded, "Is that you, Patrick M'Clathery?"

"Bosom adjusters"—this is the name of a new article extensively advertised by our dry goods men. They are, doubtless, very ingeniously contrived, but we doubt their utility. In the opinion of Dobbs, the only "bosom adjuster" worthy of a moment's consideration is "an honest conscience." The question now is—is Dobbs right?

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

THE LATE SAMUEL ROGERS.

The accompanying portrait of the poet Rogers represents him as he appeared in his last days, at the age of 92. He was truly a remarkable man—remarkable for his poetical powers, for his business talent, for his wit and social qualities, and for the long continuance of his faculties. Few men have exhibited more versatility—few versatile men have done so many things so well. He was the third son of Thomas Rogers, Esq., of Stoke Newington, Middlesex, and was born July 30, 1763. He was consequently in his ninety-third year at the time of his decease. His father was an eminent banker of London, and Samuel Rogers became a member of the same banking house, and continued a partner till the day of his death. Rogers first appeared as a poet in 1786, when he published an "Ode to Superstition." There was then a dearth of poets, and the time was favorable for a debutant. In 1792, he gave to the world the "Pleasures of Memory," a poem in two parts, in English heroic measure, remarkable for great elegance and purity of language, and correctness of thought. It is inferior to the "Pleasures of Imagination," which preceded, and the "Pleasures of Hope," which followed, but still the elegance of its versification and the tenderness and purity of its sentiments will ever preserve it from oblivion. In 1798, he published his "Epistle to a Friend," designed to illustrate the virtue of true taste. By some, this work has been considered as his master-piece. In November, 1811, Rogers and Byron became acquainted, and formed an intimate friendship. About this time, his poem called "Columbus," made its appearance, but neither engaged the public ear nor pleased the critics. "Jacqueline" appeared anonymously in 1814, in connection with Byron's "Lara," also published anonymously. In the same year Rogers visited the continent and travelled extensively, meeting Byron in Italy. The result of his travels was embodied in his charming poem, "Italy," which is, perhaps, the most popular, if not the best of his works. The history of the last thirty years of his life would be little more than a series of visits between Bowood and Holland House—of princely breakfasts at his own table, where he entertained the most eminent men of all countries, paying, by the way, particular attention to Americans, in whose country and literature he took a deep interest—of dinners and visits in the best society. He had a very high opinion of Bryant, and repeatedly expressed it. He was exceedingly liberal to artists and men of letters, and he it was who afforded pecuniary assistance to Sheridan in his last days. He was an exceedingly agreeable companion, being an excellent story-teller and a man of wit. He had a vein of satire in which he occasionally indulged, and yet he made very few enemies. The poetry of Rogers is graceful and classical—but it embodies no startling original thoughts, and expresses no deep passion. It flows onward with the calmness of a still, bright river. It will always be appreciated by men of taste, though it will probably never occupy a very prominent place in English literature. Rogers was personally acquainted with the most eminent men of two centuries, and his recollections, of which he committed many to paper, will, if ever published, prove the most acceptable literary gossip ever given to the public. His house in St. James Place was the abode of everything that could be obtained, that was beautiful in nature or art, and its entire arrangement evinced the presence of the most exquisite taste and elegance.



SAMUEL ROGERS, THE POET, AGED 92 YEARS.

THE ESCAPE OF SERGEANT CHAMPE.

The spirited sketch accompanying this notice was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Warren. The scene is on the Hudson River. Champe has just dismounted from his horse and plunged into the stream, while the British boat's crew who are pulling forward to receive him are firing on the detachment of Lee's cavalry, who have ridden up on the spur to prevent the sergeant's escape. John Champe was a native of Loudon county, Virginia, and at the age of twenty-four, in the year 1776, entered the revolutionary army, with the rank of sergeant-major in Lee's legion. After the capture of the unfortunate Andre, General Washington declared that if the traitor Arnold could be secured, he would spare the life of Andre. He sent for Lee, and asked him if he knew a man brave enough to undertake the task. Lee immediately suggested Champe, and Washington acquiesced in the selection. Lee sent for Champe, and proposed the plan to him. Champe was to desert with his orderly book to the British. Arrived in New York he was to seize Arnold and place him in a boat, and cross the river to Paulus Hook on a certain night, where he would be met by a detachment of the American troops. Champe accepted the mission and left the American lines. But such was the vigilance of the American troops, especially since the treason of Arnold, that the sergeant's absence was soon noticed, and Lee was informed of it. He made all the delays he could, but finally, with great reluctance, gave the order for pursuit. So active were the Virginians, who instantly mounted as soon as they received the order, that they came very near capturing the fugitive. They came almost within pistol-shot of him as he reached the river and signalled to the enemy, and he came near falling a victim to the shot of his comrades. He succeeded, however, in getting on board the Vulture, and was taken to New York, where he was closely examined by Sir Henry Clinton With admirable self-possession, he told a very plausible story, and the production of his orderly-book dispelled all doubts with regard to the sincerity of his desertion. He was accordingly enlisted in the American legion, then forming by General Arnold, for service against his native country. So far all seemed to promise well for the success of the plan. Champe made himself familiar with Arnold's habits, and found that he was accustomed to pass a portion of his time, in the evening, in the summer-house of a garden attached to the house where he lived. Champe, with the assistance of a comrade, determined to seize the traitor, gag him and carry him to the water side where they had secured a boat. But on the night fixed for the execution of this project, Champe was ordered on board a transport-ship bound for Virginia, and the project failed. On arriving at Virginia, he left the British lines, and after incredible hardships, rejoined the American army. His old comrades who had come to regard him with abhorrence, were astounded at his warm welcome by Lee, but the truth soon became known.



ESCAPE OF SERGEANT CHAMPE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1856. | $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X., No. 9.—WHOLE No. 243.

VERMONT.

Mr. Billings has here drawn for us, with his characteristic grace and spirit, an emblematic picture of the Green Mountain State. The State arms represent a pine tree, a cow and wheat sheaves, typifying the native productions and agricultural pursuits of the inhabitants. On the right is a snow scene, with school children wading through the drifts. On the left an Indian is spearing salmon, and in the foreground are other red men—one exhibiting a fish he has caught, another preparing a salmon for cooking, the manner of doing which is also delineated graphically. No large body of natives was ever established within the present limits of the State. The country seems to have been a thoroughfare for contending tribes, and was traversed rather than settled by them. The first English settlement of Vermont was in 1723, at what is now Brattleboro', on the western bank of the Connecticut River. The early colonists of Vermont had great hardships to contend with—the disputes about the titles to the land, which it would take considerable space to relate, occasioning much trouble. Vermont was a sort of disputed territory for years, the claims of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New York not being settled for a long time. January 17, 1777, the territory was declared a free and independent State, assuming the name of Vermont. The people of Vermont bore an active part in the Revolution, and some of the most stirring scenes of that great drama were enacted within its borders. Vermont has always sustained a high character as a worthy member of the group of New England States. In religion, from an early period, free toleration and liberal sentiments have prevailed. There are a very large number of religious societies, all in a flourishing condition. In education, the State takes high rank. The New England school system has been introduced, and there are upwards of 2400 district schools liberally conducted and supported. There are several academies in the State. The State University at Burlington is in a flourishing condition. Middlebury College was incorporated in 1800, the funds for its support being derived entirely from individual donations. There is a well-selected library, and several scientific cabinets and collections of great value. Norwich University was first opened in 1820, as the "American Scientific, Literary and Military Academy." It has since assumed the character of a college. The surface of the State, where not mountainous, is undulating; the soil is fertile, and chiefly adapted to grazing. Vermont contains 9700 square miles, with a population of about thirty to the square mile.



THE CONTRABADIST;

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

And Louis, too, rose. He stood with one hand snpporting himself by the table, the other pressed hard against his side, and his face averted, so that she did not see its expression. He did not speak; but the hand resting upon the table was withdrawn in a moment, and it trembled.

"Louis, I have hurt—wounded you; I have been too harsh! Will you not forgive me?" Rose said, gently, and in a tone that quivered with agitation. She drew near to him, and laid her hand imploringly upon his arm. "Tell me that you forgive me, Louis. You can but see that my promise must be kept, and it pained me that you should urge me to break it. Ah, it is sacred, Louis! help me to keep it so."

There was no reply. But he turned towards her; he held out his arms; he gathered her to his breast, and held her there, while his lips were pressed calmly, silently, tenderly to hers. Then releasing her, he went out from her presence. The door closed behind him. A faint moan, a half-uttered exclamation, and Rose, pale and nerveless, sank once more to her seat, with her fair head drooping upon her white arms.

A step is heard without—that of the marquis, who, from the saloon, where he has been engaged in an interesting discussion with the Count de Clairville, is returning to the library.

"*Mon Dieu!*" murmured the young girl, pushing back the heavy hair from her pale face, "have I not endured enough of anguish for this night? must it—*must* it be?"

She clasped her hands together till those tender fingers were like the sculptor's marble. She listened to the step that drew nearer and nearer. The marquis entered.

"Well, my Rose, you are waiting for me," he said, cheerily, as he approached her; "and have been waiting some time, I am afraid, too. What shall I say for myself, eh?" and he seated himself beside her. "But, what ails you, my child?" he added, with evident concern; "you are ill?"

"No—no! I am not ill, sir; but I am unhappy," returned Rose, lifting her beautiful eyes, swimming with tears, to his earnest face.

"Unhappy? you are young for that, Rose. Some girlish whim it is, I'll warrant me, has got into your head—nothing more, and you are making yourself extremely miserable about it." And he stroked her bright hair gently, as he spoke these words in an enlivening tone.

"It is not whim, sir," answered Rose, sadly. "I have been doing wrong all this time—" She could proceed no further, for her tears.

"Doing wrong, poor little mouse? and come to make a confession?" smiled the good old man, kindly. "Why, Rose, I think, then, that I must grant absolution beforehand, and refuse to listen to your story. I wont hear any tale against my little girl—do you hear, petite?"

"Ah, monsieur, you treat it lightly! You do not know how—how—"

"I don't know, I suppose you would say, how serious an affair it is—is that it, little Rose, eh?"

"Yes, monsieur," answered the young girl.

"Exactly. Well, then, suppose I try to guess?"

"You could not guess—you could not guess! Monsieur, you must read this." And she drew from her pocket a letter, which she was about to give him; but he put it away, smilingly with his hand.

"You will not allow me to guess, Rose? then, I will not look at your letter. Come, that is fair play, you will admit."

"Monsieur, I entreat—"

"And I am obdurate; I am harder than stone, my bird. And now, Rose, don't interrupt me, for, as I told you, I mean to guess; and I'll wager a—a wedding-dress shall it be, petite?"

His good-natured, comical manner, and lively tone, together with a certain significance which he threw into his last words caused her first to smile, and then to blush, despite her sorrow and agitation. He waited an instant, and then went on:

"What—silence? then you consent, Rose?—well, a wedding-dress it shall be, then. As I said, I will wager a wedding dress, lace, jewels, and all."

"I shall neither want lace nor jewels, monsieur," said Rose, half sadly.

"Do not interrupt me, my child! Against—let me see—against a pair of diamond buckles. You see I mean to make you pay well, Rose,—that I shall guess rightly."

"I do not understand you, monsieur," said the young girl, wondering, perplexed and diverted at his manner.

"You don't? what a pity!" There was mischief in his eyes, that brought the smiles to hers. "What a pity!" he repeated. "Well, at all events, I will commence, and probably, by the time I shall have finished, you will comprehend my meaning more fully. In the first place, then, there is a certain young girl—you see I mention no names, Rose,—a certain young girl, I say, who has a lover. You are listening, I presume, my child?"

"I am listening, monsieur."

"Good! This young girl, then, is betrothed. Very well; that is not all to be wondered at, as young girls very frequently find themselves in this position. She is betrothed to a poor young man—a workman. He has, however, of course, although he is poor, some settled occupation; we will say he is—a gardener. Well, these two—the girl and her lover—cannot marry yet, because they are by no means in suitable circumstances; for she is quite as poor as he. Ah, they must be content to wait! Our handsome young gardener (we must allow him to be very handsome, my child; I will show you his portrait presently) immediately commences to increase the little stock of money which, by strict economy and hard work, he has been enabled to lay by, in order that he may, in the course of time, amass a sum sufficient for the purchase of a small farm, which he intends for the future home of himself and his bride. He is very industrious; he is satisfied to toil with patience and diligence for the desired end; and she, although she has beauty, and youth, and grace, which might win her a much richer husband, and which may possibly wear out by the time that far-off wedding day arrives, is content to wait until he shall claim her. Good! You like these two young people, Rose, eh? You think with me that their faithfulness, their affection, their patience, are commendable?"

He paused, and regarded her with a curious smile. She looked up, her eyes sparkling with fresh-streaming tears.

"Ah, monsieur! you are telling me my—"

The good marquis kissed her.

"I am telling you about two people whom I once knew, my child. I will proceed. Our young gardener, we will say, goes away; and the girl, who meets with some slight change of circumstances during his absence, continues to remember him. But for some reason, which is, doubtless, in this case, an extremely natural one, she neglects to inform a certain friend, or friends, of hers that she has promised to marry this young man. For this neglect she presently begins to reproach herself. I see you are interested, Rose; but ah! pray do not speak—only listen. You shall make whatever comments you like when I have finished." And the good marquis laid his hand gently on that of Rose, as he checked the earnest words which were ready to flow from her lips. "She reproached herself," he continued, "with a want of confidence in this friend; she magnifies this fault (which I am inclined to impute to extremely simple and innocent, and at the same time, very natural causes,) into an actual sin, thereby making herself very unhappy. Now, listen again, Rose;" and he grew quite serious; "if this young girl—if *you*, Rose (for now you know to whom I have reference), if you, I say, had been really about to bestow your hand upon a poor, low-born peasant, who had no desires, no aspirations, above his condition; if you had become the bride of such a one, and forsaken us and our love and care for you, after we have all been so happy here together, and cast away from you all that belongs to you in your present position, all those comforts and luxuries to which you have accustomed yourself, which are daily becoming more and more necessary to you; if, above all, you had suffered that finer mind, those quick sensibilities, that loftier, that more elevated and refined nature, to mate with the coarse, gross, blunt composition of a mere tiller of the soil, a rude, uncultivated peasant, then, my child, I confess that it would have been a bitter—bitter thing to me. It would have been the hardest blow this heart has borne for many a long year, Rose!" And his voice grew husky, and faltered, and the tears, despite his manhood, gathered in his eyes. "I have learned to love you, my darling," he said, "with a father's affection. I had a little child once, Rose, and I lost her. You seem to bring to my mind what she would have been; you grow more like that ideal daily—hourly! You have taken her place in my heart; you are dear to me, Rose, as she would have been!"

He clasped her tenderly to him; and the young girl, most deeply touched by his words and manner, wept silently upon his breast.

"But, my child," he continued, when he had become calmer, "it was no clown whom you promised to wed. You have been always sensible of that."

"O, yes, monsieur!" she responded, raising her head and speaking earnestly—seriously. "Robin was different from those about him. He was better—more noble than they. He was—" She broke off in the midst of her words, blushing and confused at her own animation.

"Nay, my child, you need have no shame," said the marquis, kindly; "this young man was, indeed, something more than those whom one is accustomed to meet in that class to which he was allied. I confess that your preference for him is no mystery to me, and I do not at all disapprove of it."

"Ah, how good you are, monsieur!" uttered the young girl, gratefully, as she pressed his hand to her lips.

He smiled.

"It is no merit to me, Rose, that my own honest convictions force me to acknowledge his superiority, and the good sense you have displayed in your choice. And now," he added, while the old, laughing glance shone in his eyes, "I dare say you are dying with curiosity to know how I came in possession of all this knowledge?"

"Indeed, sir, it is a matter of curiosity to me," she answered, frankly.

"What, then, will you say, if I assure you that Robin himself told me the greater part of it all, and that I divined only a very little bit—eh, Rose?" he asked.

"Robin, sir? ah, then you have seen him!" said Rose, with hardly suppressed joy.

"I have seen him, my child."

"And lately?"

"Quite lately," he returned, pleased and amused at her innocent betrayal of delight.

"May I ask when it was, monsieur?"

"It was yesterday; nay—I have seen him as lately as to-day."

"To-day? ah, then, he is very near!" she said, in a subdued yet joyful tone, and with her eyes bent to the floor, as in meditation. Suddenly raising them, she asked: "Where was it, monsieur?"

"Too many questions, Rose," laughed the marquis,—"too many questions! Why, I shall tell every bit, and a little more, if you proceed in this direct way! I must keep his whereabouts a matter of secrecy for a short time."

"Ah, monsieur!" said Rose, gently, and with a pretty air of deprecation.

"Indeed, my dear child, it will do you no harm. Wait till to-morrow, only to-morrow, and I will tell you where he is; nay, more—you shall see him. At present, we must have a little further conversation together. And first, you will probably ask how I came to describe to you, so minutely, the character of your feelings, in regard to the want of confidence in me, which troubled you; how, in fact, I guessed at them, or the reason of them, at all; or how I knew the subject which you were about to introduce at this interview, for which you asked me this morning. Is it not so, Rose?"

"Yes, monsieur; it perplexed me a great deal, I confess," answered she; "for you could not have known that I had a secret to withhold until Robin told you, and even then, I do not clearly see how you could have penetrated my feelings in regard to it, so as to describe them so fully. How was it, monsieur?"

"I will defer the explanation, if you please," he answered, smilingly, "until to-morrow. You will grant me until then?"

"Willingly, if you promise to tell me at that time."

"I promise, Rose. Now you can easily tell how I guessed at the object of your errand hither to-night."

The young girl considered a moment; then she replied:

"Since Robin told you all about this," she said, with a slight and charming blush, "you must have had little difficulty in divining my purpose, when, at your questioning this morning, I acknowledged that it was to say to you something immediately connected with myself that I desired to meet you here."

"Exactly, Rose," said the marquis, gaily; "how quick you are! I scarcely thought you would remember having said that. Perhaps, however, it was as much in the *manner* of saying it as anything. Well, my darling, we have made our confessions—have we not? and they were not such terrible confessions, after all. Robin, I honestly declare to you, I like, and am proud of. I have invited him here to-morrow. But, Rose," and he took her hand in his, "you must not expect to behold the linen blouse and serviceable garments in which you were probably wont to see him. Robin is no longer a gardener, and, therefore, you must anticipate quite an alteration in his personal appearance."

"How?—no longer a gardener, monsieur?" iterated Rose, in some surprise.

"No longer, my child; he was offered an employment of an entirely different character, which he immediately accepted; it was much more congenial to his talent and capabilities, as well as to his taste and desires. He is fast rising in the world, Rose;" and the good marquis smiled. "Ah, he will be a great man, some day! You would scarcely recognize him now, I'll warrant. Why, child, this rustic lover of yours is as great a gentleman as there is in France this day. The throne itself smiles upon him!"

"He said so," said Rose, musingly,—"he said so—did he not? that he should rise to honor, and preferments, and wealth? Yet how little I imagined that it would be so soon!"

"Well, you see I have won my diamonds, Rose," he said, laughingly. "You shall give them to me on your wedding-day. And now, my darling, let us join the people in the saloon. They will be waiting for us."

And Rose went with him, almost in a state of bewilderment, knowing that she had not said half she wished to say, yet unable to recall it, or to think of anything but this sudden revelation of the marquis.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A JOYFUL SURPRISE.

"I SHALL see Robin this morning!" was the first thought of Rose, as she sprang from her couch at dawn, and her heart beat faster, and her cheeks flushed with a deeper red, and her sweet hazel eyes sparkled with happy excitement as she sat before her mirror. The blue-eyed Finette was in raptures.

"*Mademoiselle est si charmante, ce matin!*" she protested, with undisguised pleasure and admiration, as her busy fingers rapidly formed into looped clusters the rich curls of Rose's soft chestnut hair. "I think mademoiselle must be *tres heureuse*—very, very happy this morning!"

"Wise conclusion," laughed Rose, blushingly—"wise conclusion! What a sagacious personage you are, Finette! Does it follow, because I am '*charmante*' that I must be '*heureuse*' also? Yes, I *am* happy, as you say,—*very* happy! And now hasten, for I am impatient;" and she commenced beating with her tiny foot, on the floor, a quick accompaniment to the dancing of her lightly throbbing little heart.

Rose had hardly thought, during the absence of Robin, that she could be so deeply excited by the news of his anticipated return; but she was too overjoyed to remain quiet a single moment. At breakfast, it was impossible for her to eat; and the remarks everywhere made concerning the sudden improvement in her appearance, as well as on her sudden and contradictory loss of appetite, increased the tinge of crimson that already glowed in her young cheek.

One thing detracted from her otherwise perfect happiness. Louis had excused himself from appearing. She had scarcely seen him the night before, after leaving the library, and then he had been unusually quiet, remaining in a secluded nook of the saloon, com-

muning with himself, during the entire evening; and he was absent this morning. She longed to see him—to hear him speak, that she might know he was not offended with her; for she remembered the interview between them; and might not the abruptness—the violence, perhaps, of her manner, unconscious though it was, have wounded him? Yes; despite the tenderness of that silent parting. How her pulse quickened at the remembrance of his embrace! She could but sigh.

The marquis was the only one who refrained from remarking on her increased animation, or heightened bloom: but his rapid glance surveyed her once, as she entered the saloon, and he turned away with an involuntary smile. She caught the smile, however; and though she did not meet his eye for a long time afterwards, she was conscious that his thoughts were occupied with her.

"I wonder at what time I shall see Robin?" soliloquized the young girl. "Will monsieur le marquis call me into the library, I wonder? Or will the meeting take place here, among all these people? Where is Robin?" was her next restless inquiry—an inquiry which she had started a thousand times, and as a matter of course, in vain, since the previous evening; "and where is it the monsieur le marquis has seen him so often of late?"

Her queries were interrupted by observing, suddenly, that the marquis was about to leave the apartment.

"Ah, he has not said a word to me!" meditated Rose. "He tantalizes me. Will he not come back and speak—only three words? Will he not even look at me, that I may understand—that I may know whether Robin is coming soon?"

But he neither spoke, turned, nor gave her a single glance. Yet there was something, despite his evident care, which betrayed in his countenance the sympathy he felt with Rose. He went out. The Count de Clairville talked, aside, with his wife. Helen Montauban, at a distant window, sat calmly at her embroidery. Lord Egerton bent over her, and spoke, from time to time, some words, which, if their effect had been noted, might have been seen ever and anon, to be followed by a deeper mantling of color in the fair cheeks of the lady, though she scarcely seemed pleased, either. Anon the young man toyed and trifled with the gorgeous silks that lay in a tangled mass of rainbow bloom in the tiny basket by Helen's side; and then his glance rested on her face with an expression difficult to be defined, though at times it was clearly one of unhappiness and disappointment.

But Rose, albeit she glanced towards the pair more than once, hardly took note of these things. She could only think of the marquis, of Robin, and of the anticipated meeting. She was restless—uneasy. From one employment to another she turned without being able to settle her attention undividedly upon any individual thing.

Suddenly, mademoiselle called, gently:

"Rose, come hither a moment!"

The young girl advanced towards the window.

"You wish to speak with me, Helen?" she asked.

"I have been telling Lord Egerton of some favorite books of his which are in the library," returned Mademoiselle Montauban, carelessly. "Will you have the kindness, Rose, to help him find them? He will tell you their titles."

"Cruel Helen!" murmured Francis Egerton, reproachfully, as he glanced at her quiet face, before turning away.

"Not so, my lord," she answered, in the same tone, without lifting her eyes.

At that instant, a domestic entered the saloon, and coming directly to Rose, informed her that monsieur le marquis desired to see her immediately in the library.

The young girl's heart bounded violently.

"I am going now, Pierre," she answered; and yet she paused.

Francis Egerton glanced back at Helen, with an air, half of triumph, half of sorrow, which said plainly, "You see your unkind artifice to repel me avails you nothing. Why will you persist in this conduct—this treatment of me?"

Mademoiselle Montauban saw the look, and read it easily; but she never once changed countenance, and her eyes were instantly fixed on her embroidery again.

Lord Egerton turned to Rose:

"You are going, mademoiselle?"

"Yes—now." She gathered courage; she would not look up in her companion's face, but hastily proceeded to meet the marquis.

Francis accompanied her as far as the library door, and then leaving her, returned directly to Helen.

But Rose, even though her hand rested upon the fastening of the door, had, at first, scarcely the courage to pass in. She hesitated and trembled, but finally, laughing at herself for a little coward, she quietly entered. The marquis stood at the further end of the apartment, in company with a gentleman—a stranger, and both had their faces turned from the door. They had not heard her come in. She paused an instant longer, and looked about her. No other person was in the room. Robin, then, was not here. She had half expected, she hardly knew why, to see him at this moment, and she sighed. The marquis still continued his conversation with the stranger. This person, who was richly yet plainly attired in a suit of deep black, with a short cloak of sable velvet drooping from his shoulders, held in one hand a pen and a small portfolio of papers; the other rested on the table beside him, supporting him, as he leaned forward towards the marquis.

Suddenly, the latter, aroused by some movement of Rose, turned and beheld her, and immediately, after whispering a single word to his companion, advanced to meet the young girl. There was an arch smile on his countenance as he bent down to kiss her.

"Rose, my pet," he said, simply, "yonder is Robin; go and meet him." And he passed her directly, leaving the apartment and closing the door behind him.

"That Robin?" Rose, in her astonishment, could neither speak nor move. "That Robin?" was her inward query. For, forgetting the warning of the marquis, she had looked for Robin of the olden memory, and the change bewildered her, until recollection came.

Here, indeed, was no sturdy figure, in its linen blouse, its heavy boots, and coarse *pantalon* of gray stuff; no large hat, such as had covered the gardener's head, and shaded his face from the sun; no peasant's garb, or peasant's air; and yet it was Robin!

"Why does he not speak?" said the young girl, tremblingly, to herself.

But, suddenly, the gentleman raised his hand, passed it across his brow, and held it there for an instant; then laying aside the writing materials which he held, turned and advanced to meet her.

A low, glad cry escaped the lips of Rose on beholding that face—Robin's face, and then she was silent—she turned pale. What was this change which she behold, as she came nearer? what countenance was it? Did she indeed behold Robin himself, or— The cloak dropped from his shoulders.

"Robin—Louis!" she uttered, quivering with emotion.

"Well, which is it?" With the same light, beaming, sunshiny smile that she had met every day for the last two weeks—with the familiar voice and air that blended in one two characters hitherto distinct, he came forward, and taking her hands into the gentle, yet firm clasp of his own, while he drew her to his breast, repeated: "Which is it, Rose? Doubting and believing, too? Tell me my name, mignonne!"

"Ah, Louis—Louis, tell me what this means?" she cried, in an imploring tone.

"Then you declare that I am Louis?" he said, laughingly; "but see—see how audacious he has grown!" And the young man, with daring tenderness, pressed his lips to hers. "Which is it now, Rose?"

"It is—Robin—it is Louis; either, and—both. I cannot tell. I am bewildered!" She covered her face with her hands.

"My Rose—my little, faithful, noble-hearted darling!" Louis murmured, lovingly, and with the softest emotion in his tones, as he led her to a seat. "My generous—brave Rose, will you forgive this long and heavy trial? You have conquered—nobly conquered! You are victorious, love. Look up and speak to me. Let me see, at least, that Louis has not lost the heart that Robin won."

She did look up. The sweet face, tinged with reddest blushes, sparkled with blended tears and smiles.

"You deceived me, Louis. I see it now; I understand it all. But you deceived me most cruelly!" she said.

"And almost broke my own heart, Rose, as well as your own. Ah, if you knew how I suffered last night, you would forgive me!"

And Rose could but do so. The period of probation was passed. The unhappiness to which each had been subjected, in its duration, was terminated now. Louis d'Artois had perfected his scheme, and tested it fully, to his own satisfaction. The outward charms of the woman he loved were nobly equalled by her truth, her firmness, her constancy. Neither ambition, nor pride, nor cupidity, had tempted her, for one instant, to swerve from her faith. She had remained—through all the suares that spread about her way to take advantage of her failing firmness—true to the humble lover who had won her first affection.

"Rose, do you love me? will you take Louis now?" asked the count, with arch tenderness, while they sat together there, during the hour's happy talk that succeeded the scene above described.

"How can I take Louis? I am promised to Robin," returned she gravely. "I came here to meet Robin; he has vanished, and you are answerable for his disappearance. I refused Louis last night."

"Nay, then,—I will become a gardener again, for your sake, love. I will put on my peasant's dress once more, and take my spade, and toil in the garden from morning till night; while you sit, as you used to sit, just by the cottage door, and sing to me while you sew. What a pretty cottage girl you were, Rose! I believe I loved you the first time we met. I am sure I loved you afterwards."

"And I thought—"

"Ah, what, Rose?"

"That you loved Helen," she answered, blushing.

"Helen? thou little mouse, what put that thought into thy pretty head?"

"It came there, Louis; I do not know how. I suspect the idea was a very natural one. She is so beautiful!"

"My pet, Helen must never hear you acknowledge that little piece of innocent audacity. Helen? Ah, she would smile with amusement at the mere mention of such a thing! She would not marry *me*, Rose. I do like her very dearly. She likes me, also, quite as well, I believe; but I should as soon contemplate an alliance with a queen as with her."

"You make *me* smile, Louis. How modest you are! You mean to say that Helen—"

"I mean to say Rose, that my proud and lovely cousin will be content to remain unwedded all her days, rather than wed with so humble a personage as myself. She is a dear cousin, Rose; but I think that, secretly, she is ambitious. Francis Egerton loves her, I am sure; but do you not see that she treats him coldly?"

"I thought it was so," said Rose, in a half musing tone—"I thought so."

"And, speaking of that same Francis Egerton, do you know, Rose, that I came near being jealous of him, on the first evening of my return hither, two or three weeks ago? He was continually near you. He seemed chained to your side."

"And you to that of Helen, do you remember?" archly asked Rose. "Probably the latter circumstance was the cause of the former.

He laughed.

"Perhaps; but I think, if he had never seen Helen, he would have been your captive. How would you have treated him, petite?—as you treated me last night?"

"Yes."

"I believe it. How fortunate he is! I endured agony last evening, Rose!" His tone was sad, as he said it.

"Agony, Louis?"

"Lest I should gain the very boon I seemed so earnestly to crave. But you were true to Robin. I was more than satisfied with the result of my trial. And then, what joy filled my breast, with the ringing echo of that sorrowful yet firm denial of my suit! It was music to me. And then you came to me with such gentle sadness in your face, and asked forgiveness for your fancied harshness, while still adhering to your decision. I was almost on the point of betraying my identity for very happiness. But my uncle had insisted that I should retain my assumed character until to-day."

"And he knew of your disguise?"

"He has been acquainted with my secret for a long time."

"Why, Louis—Louis! Where are you, my boy?" shouted the rich, clear, merry voice of the Count de Clairville, from the terrace; and the next moment they heard his step approaching the library.

Rose sprang up.

"Let me go, Louis," she said.

"Away, then, my bird!" And he sprang to a side door that opened on a staircase leading to the gallery above. "This way, Rose. Our mischievous friend, I strongly suspect, knows all about this business of ours, and is inclined to tease me a little. *N'importe;* I will match him, never fear!"

And the door closed behind Rose just as the summons of the count was heard at the opposite entrance.

* * * * *

It required some hours of retirement and silence, in the solitude of her own chamber, to restore to Rose anything like her usual tranquillity. The excitement of the last four-and-twenty hours had their effect on her, and every nerve was thrilling to the tension produced by it. Quiet was impossible; so she sent away Finette, fastened her door, and walked the floor, to work off, in some degree, the restless agitation she felt. When she had succeeded in wearying herself with the exercise, she sat down, and leaning back among the cushions that lined with their soft depth her capacious *fauteuil*, laughingly and resolutely shut her eyes, with the determination to sleep. This was a difficult matter, however. Her mind was not quite composed yet; and the strange and unlooked-for revelations which had so lately taken place, yet employed her thoughts, to the utter banishment of repose.

She could scarcely realize, as she looked back, that affairs had assumed such an aspect. She could hardly persuade herself that she should never see her rustic lover again; that, after preparing to put away wealth, station, and the love of a rich and titled suitor, she had found herself in sure possession of all three. She dwelt on this change, to assure herself of its actual reality.

In the midst of these meditations, slumber did in earnest overtake our pretty heroine, and not until the afternoon did she awake again. It was Finette's entrance that roused her. Finette had come to inform her mistress that dinner was nearly in readiness; and Rose, after she had bathed her face, had her hair re arranged, and made some alterations in her dress, descended to the saloon.

Louis was gone to the village. The marquis and his friend, Count Frederic, walking together on the terrace, was engaged in conversation. The Countess Marie, in one corner, read quietly from a favorite book. Helen Montauban worked at her embroidery, and wore a brighter and better pleased expression than in the morning; for Francis Egerton was away. She beckoned Rose immediately to her side.

"Truant! where have you been?" she said, smilingly, as she made the young girl sit by her, and stroked her bright hair.

"In my chamber, Helen," answered Rose, laying her pretty head against the shoulder of her companion, with happy and loving confidence.

"A penance of solitude and reflection, my fair sister? What sin have you committed?"

"No sin—no penance was mine. I was restless. I went to become calm and quiet."

"And succeeded, I think. But what ails you, Rose? What is in your eyes—your face? Some reflex from underlying emotions—*glad* emotions. You have had good news, *enfant?*"

"No—yes! Ah, do not ask me—at least, not *now!*" laughed the young girl. "Come to my chamber to-night—will you, Helen? or, I will come to yours; it does not matter which; and *then* I will tell you, what I cannot—dare not tell you now, here, in this broad daylight, with eyes and ears all about us. Yes—ah, yes, Helen! I *am* glad!" She hid her face on Helen's breast, and clasped her arms about her.

A strange expression flitted, for a moment, over the countenance of Mademoiselle Montauban. It filled her dark eyes with a glance of quick and searching meaning, as they rested fixedly on Rose. But it was only for an instant; for Rose lifted her head again, and those sweeping, jetty eyelashes veiled every gleam of the awakened spirit.

CHAPTER XIX.

WOUNDED LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

It was night. Helen Montauban had entered her apartment, and securing the door, gave way to the passionate feelings born of



JOHN TAYLOR & SONS' BREWERY, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

a dire suspicion, which had been rankling in her breast for hours The interview between her father and Rose, in the morning, at which she had reasons for believing a third person to be present—the appointed meeting with Rose—the hint at a confession, the character of which she but too well guessed—the thousand slight yet convincing tokens of feeling witnessed that afternoon and evening, in her close yet silent and stealthy watch over the actions and words—nay, even the very glances and tones of more than one of the party gathered in the saloon, and more than all, something peculiar in the manner of the marquis, and the occasional gay yet mysterious jests of the Count de Clairville,—all combined to awaken within her the bitterest and most tormenting distrust and suspicion.

"I will know—I will know!" she said, to herself. A little while she waited, till she was able to assume a manner of perfect composure; and then, lifting an alabaster lamp from the toilet, she crossed the gallery, and entered the apartment opposite.

Rose had dismissed her maid, and was brushing out her hair, whose rich folds, falling around her light shape, almost concealed it with their shining veil. She turned from the mirror as Mademoiselle Montauban entered, and a lovely smile brightened over her sweet face.

"Ah, I am so glad you have come, Helen!" she said, running to her, and throwing those fair, snowy arms about her in an innocent, loving and happy embrace.

And Helen Montauban, bending her beautiful head, calmly, and with seeming kindness and affection, kissed Rose on her forehead. The girl shuddered.

"How cold you are, Helen! Are you ill? Your lips are like ice!"

"No—I am not ill, dear child; and I think it must be because you are so warm, so excited, so happy, that you imagine me to be cold. I have come to sit with you a little while before I retire." She went and set her lamp on the dressing-table, and then seated herself near by.

"That is good, Helen," said Rose. "You were kind to come. I wanted to see you; I was waiting for you." She sat down by the side of Mademoiselle Montauban, and put her arms about her again.

"Well, you wished to see me—is that all?" asked Helen, forcing, or attempting to force, something like playfulness into her manner.

"I wished to—to tell you something, and now I have not the courage." Rose hid her face on her companion's breast again. "Helen, it was about—Louis."

Those sweet eyes were hidden; it was well; they could not see the stony fierceness of that wild, white face above, that grew wilder and whiter as the girlish, timid confession was made.

"It was about the interview in the library this morning, when your father sent for me."

She paused again; and Helen Montauban, crushing, with calm and terrible force, the thousand mad emotions in her breast, that struggled to have way, compelled herself to utter, softly:

"Go on, Rose, I am interested—I am listening; go on!"

And Rose told her all—all, from beginning to end, with her fair head lying on that stormy heart, whose gathering fires her innocent, whispered, bashful words fed with a fearful sustenance Helen Montauban listened. She heard all this—every word, every syllable of this confession, and each word, each syllable, struck her with a deadly blow. The deliberate stab of the midnight murderer tells with no deeper power. Yet she listened, and stirred not; she spoke sometimes, made some remark or comment, and then listened again. There was a kind of savage agony within, that dwelt upon that simple love-story in its every detail, and comprehended it with sharp and greedy eagerness; but at the close, all memory of those details departed. All that was left of that story, gathered into three words—three single words, that Rose, with bashful joy, whispered as she finished: "He loves me—Louis loves me!"

And Helen Montauban said to herself, "He loves another; he does not love me!" The words were branded into her heart; they were written there in characters of fire; they were ineffaceable.

"You are not going yet? do not go yet, dear Helen!" murmured Rose. "Stay with me a little longer."

Her soft eyes, raised so tenderly, so pleadingly, to that face, shone with a divine beauty. The gold-tinged tresses, flowing about her graceful head, were like the glory that surrounds the brow of a saint. Thus seemed this young girl, as she stood before the dark, stately Helen, whose proud face was calm and quiet, whose splendid eyes shot forth no shaft of the smothered fire within.

"Ah, stay with me, dear Helen—sweet Helen!"

But Helen Montauban uttered some gentle words, and turned away. She bade Rose a pleasant good night before she went out, and then, taking her by the hand, bent down once more and kissed her. With that kiss, she swore hatred—undying—eternal; revenge, speedy and sure, to the one who had robbed her of his love. And Rose sought her pillow, to dream such dreams as youth and joy may bring, even while hate and revenge, with sleepless eyes, watched over her.

Helen Montauban secured herself in the privacy and stillness of her chamber, and putting her lamp again on her own dressing-table, threw herself upon the couch, not to sleep. The spirit of rest fled from those eyes, that gloomed upon vacancy. There was no peace for that heart, beating with hard, fierce, heavy throbs beneath its silken vesture. Still those words burned upon it their scorching characters—"he loves another!"

She had sworn revenge. The dream of her whole life had been broken now. It was as if a single thread of shining silver had run its glittering line through her life-woof, and those slender fingers, so lately pressed upon her own, had ruthlessly snapped it asunder. Rose might be innocent of intention to wrong *her*—nay, she knew her to be so. And yet she hated her—hated the beautiful face, the sweet voice, that had won him to love them. She shuddered as she seemed to feel once again the pressure of that young head upon her bosom. It oppressed—suffocated her; she could not breathe. The very air of the room was stifling.

She flung open a casement, with trembling hands, and leaned far out to drink the cool and dewy air of the dark midnight. She threw back the heavy hair that, loosed from its confinement, flowed in cumbrous masses about her form, and pressed her burning cheek against the icy stone framework of the casement. She heeded not the chill that struck through her. It was a relief to the fever heat that had flushed her from head to foot before.

There was no moon—no stars. The heavens were dark. There was not a gleam of light over the wide midnight, save that which streamed from her casement; and even that she hastened to quench. She needed no light; darkness—utter obscurity, must surround her; it was best suited to her. What had she to do with the light? The inner gloom of the spirit found its mating element in the blackness that reigned without. She was miserable, and over her misery she wished to brood undisturbed.

There was guilt in her heart, too, as well as hatred. The evil spirit that dwelt within her was roused, in its worst form, to action. It was seeking only opportunity to display itself. She had sworn revenge on Rose for her innocent rivalry; sworn it in the first hour of this bitter disappointment, and deliberately and calmly had she sealed that oath with the seal of another Judas. This desire of vengeance grew none the fainter—none the less terrible, now that, in the darkness, she sat and cherished it—nay, it even acquired tenfold force. She had no pity for the girl's youth, and gentleness, and goodness; she loathed it all, since it had been so fatal, as she thought, to her; she would have no mercy on her—none.

This was all she thought of—that vengeance must be had. How it was to work, or when, was unknown. Its very shape was yet undefined; but some shape or other it must take soon. At present, a vague idea only floated before her. It was sweet, in her bitterness of soul, to contemplate it. She would lay her plan carefully. It should be matured to the rarest perfection, before the period for action came, that there might be no failure. She said to herself, "I will never see Rose Lamonte the bride of Louis!"

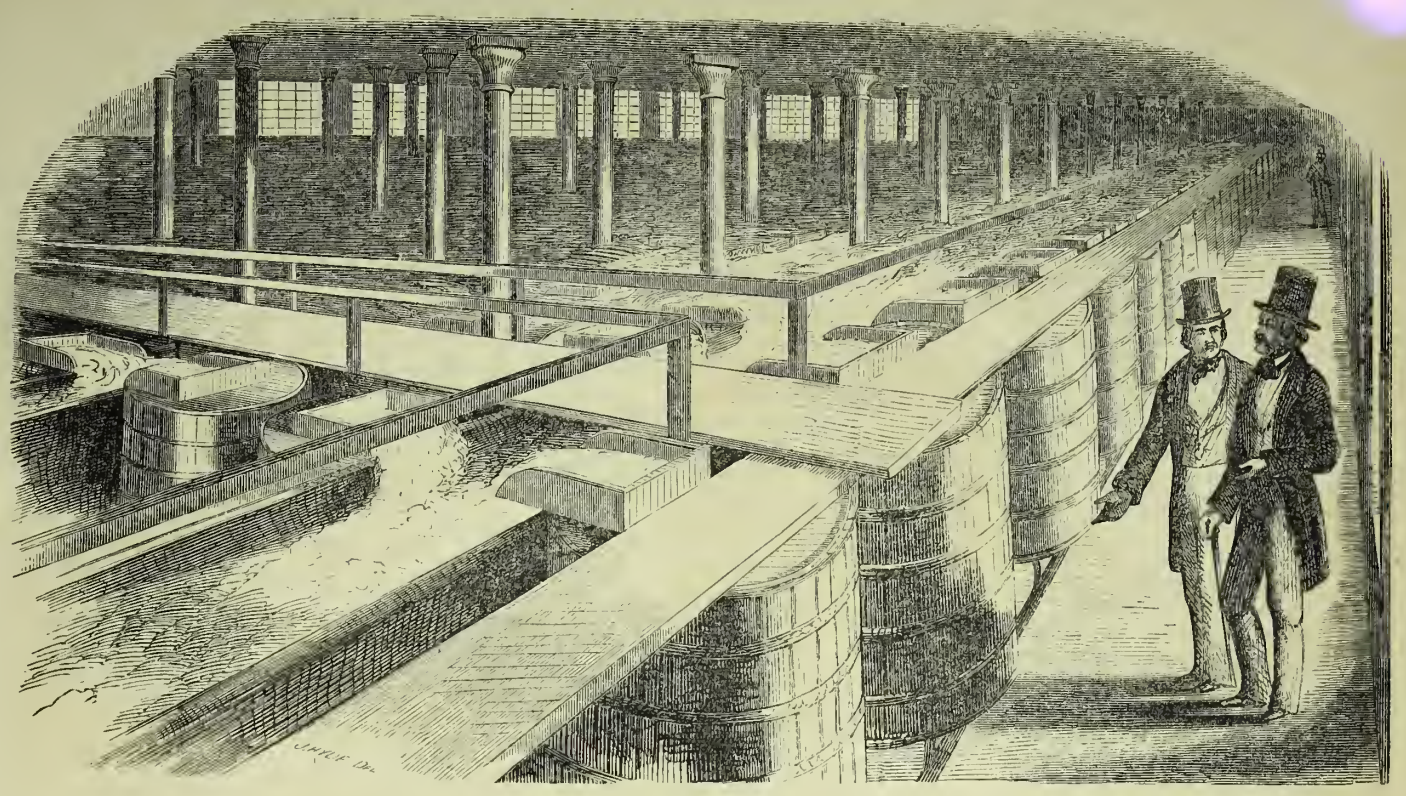
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MASH ROOM.

TAYLOR & SONS' BREWERY.

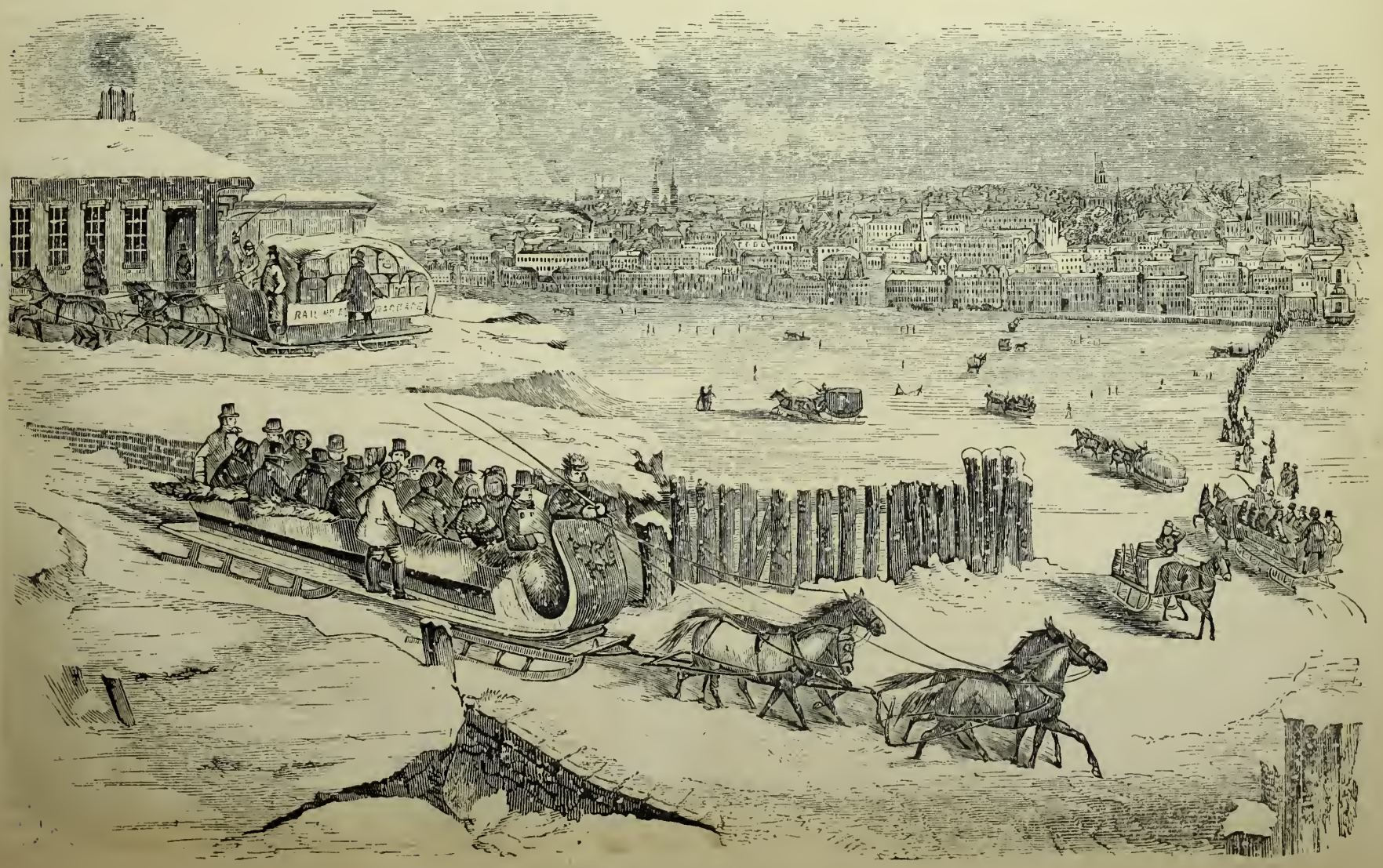
We present on this and the preceding page, three sketches of the various departments of one of the most celebrated breweries in the world, that of John Taylor & Sons, New York. Our first engraving is a front view of the building, which was erected in the year 1852, at South Ferry, in the city of Albany, and covers an area of two hundred feet by one hundred and ten feet, facing the Hudson River, the main building being 200 feet long and 65 feet wide. Upon the end facing the river, a wing 70 feet by 40 is erected, the whole being seven stories high, and provided with elevators for hoisting grain from vessels, at the rate of 1000 bushels per hour. There are also provisions of ample space for storage, etc. The end of the brewery or main building contains nearly all the machinery; in its basement an enormous water-pump, capable of raising four hundred barrels per hour to the sixth story, where the water tank is located, attracts attention, and also the three-throw gun-metal pump which can raise two hundred barrels of ale per hour to the coolers which are in the sixth story. In this department we find the hop back—a wort back, a spent-hop bin, ashery, etc. In the second story we find two mash tubs, of 500 and 1000 bushels capacity, 2 mills for crushing malt, 2 immense vats or brewing coppers of 600 and 1000 barrels capacity, 2 double-geared engines of 25 horse-power each, which are employed to drive the mechanical labor-saving contrivances throughout the establishment, serving, by the connection of 700 feet of shafting, to do all the hoisting, elevating, pumping, etc., which is required. This is delineated in our second engraving. The third story contains the cases for ground malt, with the screens for cleansing the malt from all foreign or deleterious substances on its way to the mill for crushing, and the repairing room. Omitting the intervening stories, we proceed to the sixth, where we have the capacious wrought iron water-tank, holding 1000 barrels; here also is a steam condenser for heating water. Proceeding now to the end of the brewery facing on Broadway, we have, in the basement, two storing vats for ale and porter, of the capacity of 600 barrels each, a racking-tub, and sufficient space to store 10,000 barrels. Of this portion of the buildings, the second story is devoted to the cleansing and refining of ale and porter, and contains 365 pontoons, and 5 receiving tubs capable of holding 2600 barrels—all made of white cedar; these pontoons are divided into five sets and placed in rows, between which yeast troughs are so arranged as to carry off the flow of yeast as it purges from the ale in the process of cleansing. These are shown in our third engraving. The third story contains 5 parachute tuns, to feed the ranges below, and 4 huge tuns of 1000 barrels capacity each—all of these are made of white cedar, and receive the ale or porter as it descends from the coolers; there yeast is added to give the first stage of fermentation. In the fourth and fifth stories 2 malt bins a ford room for over 40,000 bushels when prepared and ready for use; the sixth story is covered with shallow, square vats, lined with tinned copper, capable of holding, when spread out to the depth of two inches, over 500 barrels of ale or porter. Over these vats fans are driven with great speed, to reduce the temperature of the liquor before it descends for the processes of the rooms below, which we have already described. Attached to this end of the brewery are the office and library, and in its rear is the cooper's shop. 150,000 barrels are brewed in one year. J. Taylor & Sons have, connected with their brewery, four extensive malt-houses, two upon lots of land each side of the brewery, capable of malting over 300,000 bushels of barley, during the malting season. This model brewery is built and internally arranged upon the plan of Lion Brewery, Southwark, London. A large portion of the hops used in this establishment are raised by Charles D. Palmer, Esq., of Oneida county, N. Y., the quality of which is unsurpassed. Mr. Palmer is supposed to be, and doubtless is, the largest and most successful hop-grower in America. In their business, the Messrs. Taylor have over half a million of dollars invested, and their principal offices for the exclusive sale of their manufactures are at No. 356 Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 286 Commercial Street, Boston, but they have agents in every seaboard State of the Union, from Maine to Texas, and also in California, where their ales are exclusively sold, having the preference over all others.



PONTOON ROOM.

CROSSING THE ICE AT ALBANY, N. Y.

The universality of the snow and ice will make this winter almost as memorable a one as that which, in the early part of the last century, was duly chronicled by Cotton Mather. The snow, in its prodigality, has "known no north, no south, no east, no west," but has distributed its favors from Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Sierra Nevada, in which latter place it "just as naturally" belongs as it does on the top of the White Mountains. But our engraving exhibits a place where snow is no novelty. Somebody has said that Albany is the hottest place in summer and the coldest in winter in the United States. At any rate the Albanians never pass a year without sleighing, and the Albany sleighs and cutters are renowned all the world over. The advent of the snow is always welcomed with cordial glee, and is the signal for turning out all the teams of every description. Albany can boast of a large proportion of fine horses, being in just the position to pick up the finest specimens. Our engraving shows the Hudson frozen up to a satisfactory degree of solidity and covered with snow, a regular thoroughfare being established across, on which the sleighs are swarming. On the left is the railroad station, and in the distance the crowded city with its whitened roofs. The present season has been remarkable for the high-roads old Winter has thrown over the rivers even to the south and west.



SNOW SCENE AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PARTING.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

They met, that quiet autumn eve.
 At the old trysting place;
The harvest moon beamed softly down,
 Upon her tear-stained face.
They parted—one to go abroad,
 Into the common strife,
The other went with sinking heart,
 Back to the olden life.

Then, often came there words of love,
 And hopeful tenderness,
From the lone wanderer on the sea,
 Her weary heart to bless.
And brightly there was pictured forth,
 The time when they should be
United as in olden time,
 Beneath the trysting tree!

At length her fond heart traced a change—
 In vain she questioned why;
For pride was strong, though hope's white wings
 Were folding silently.
Then many blessed her gentle heart,
 Her kindness evermore;
She was not one to idly weep,
 Though her life dream was o'er.

Years hurried on. One summer day,
 When winds were breathing low,
There came one to the old churchyard,
 Who wandered to and fro;
And where amid the cypress boughs,
 The sunshine wandered through,
He knelt beside a slender mound,
 And sighed, "Had I been true!"

There were deep furrows on his cheek,
 And silver in his hair;
There were no need of words to speak,
 His life was written there!
A sadder but a truer heart,
 He turned him back again;
By all the visions of his dreams,
 She had not lived in vain.

And often comes there to him now,
 A sweet Madonna face,
A gleam of waving golden hair,
 Replete with every grace;
The burden of his midnight hours.
 His dreamings all alone;
A white stone in an old churchyard,
 And "Alice" on the stone.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

Twenty years ago, the parish church of Allentown was deprived of its pastor by death. The old minister had labored, year after year, among his people, and on their part, they willingly undertook to watch his declining years to the end. The tie between shepherd and flock was not so easily severed then, as in the latter days; and these relations were beautifully sustained by the Allentown church. Too poor to allow of hiring a colleague, they had been willing to support the old pastor, and to require him to preach, only when his failing strength would permit, the sermons which he had written in more vigorous days.

When his lamp of life was at length extinguished, they set about getting a new minister. Like all parishes, there were some unquiet souls in Allentown, who made trouble and vexation enough, before they could finally settle upon any individual to supply the place of Mr. Harding. On the list stood Deacon Harding, the minister's own nephew. Ten times did the people appear to be almost decided in their choice, when the deacon would raise some cavil which would throw everything into confusion. Sometimes the candidate was too old, sometimes too young. One had too large a family, another had none. One spoke too low, and another wore too fashionable a coat.

But a new aspirant to the favor of the Allentown church appeared, armed with a letter from the president of a popular theological seminary; and before his modest, serious and humble deportment, even the deacon's fastidious scruples melted away. Mr. Gilbert was a young man. His requirements were respectable, his talents of no mean order, his appearance quiet, and, at first sight prepossessing; while subsequent acquaintance deepened the favorable impression.

His somewhat pale face showed the student—his air and bearing, while they were in keeping with his profession, were yet frank, open and manly; and his conversational powers, when awakened by contact with congenial minds, were full, clear, and impressive. Such was the man who appeared in the pulpit of Allentown church, on the first bright Sabbath in June. It was a lovely morning. "The old bell rang out in the clear summer air," the earth wore its greenest livery, and the sky its deepest blue. The whole parish was out, except the lame cripple, Marion Torsleff, her sister Elinor, and a few who staid to keep infants at home.

Bright summer dresses were donned, and ribbons of every light hue were streaming from the pretty straw bonnets; while the men appeared in new coats, and thin vests and light colored gloves. The church was newly painted, carpeted and curtained. Fresh flowers filled the vases on the pulpit and the communion table, and the air came in, soft and fragrant with the perfume of roses and honeysuckles, which had been carefully trained around the church. Every eye was turned anxiously on the new minister, as he gave out the morning hymn. As he rose for prayer, there was a deep hush all over the house. His voice was low, yet distinctly heard in the remotest part of the church, and he prayed fervently and earnestly. The text—"One Lord, one faith, one baptism," was the burden of the sermon. He was mild, spiritual and persuasive in presenting it; and the perfect silence and attention manifested, spoke the sympathy and interest of the audience. A quiet, satisfied look was upon every countenance; and when, at length, the services were closed, there were many who came forward and expressed their deep approbation of his words.

The young minister looked gratified at this unexpected demonstration, and responded to their friendly conversation; but, in a moment, he made his way out through a side door, and entering the vestry room, he burst into tears. They had been waiting in his eyes all the morning, but he had pent them in, and now he leaned his head upon his hand and wept like a child. He had so dreaded this hour! A thousand times he had fancied just such a scene, and as often, he had seen himself in imagination, breaking down in the pulpit, and making himself a mark for the smallest child, or the weakest in intellect, to laugh at and despise. His nerves had been so highly wrought upon, that now that the tension was relaxed he was prostrated. When at length he recovered, and was retiring from the church, a little girl who had evidently waited for him on the steps, came up and said to him:

"I am sister to Marion Torsleff, who is lame and could not come, but she wants to see her minister, and sent me to beg you to come to her. Will you go home with me?"

The young minister hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I will go with you, my dear, if I can do any good, but I am very tired now. Shall I not rather go to your sister in the evening?"

"Are you tired, sir? Well, never mind; come to-night if you please;" and the fairy child, who seemed only seven or eight years old, returned to her home with a slow and measured tread quite unusual to her.

She soon entered the small brown house in which Marion Torsleff lived. There was the most perfect neatness in the little room where she lay on a couch, amidst a heap of roses which little Annie had lavishly thrown over her. She was pale, and the paleness was more striking, from the quantity of dark curls which hung over her pillow in heavy masses. A girl sat by her, whose resemblance showed her to be another sister; but she was bright, beautiful and happy, while the other was sad, ill and feeble. There was a strong contrast between the two—one so pale and deathly, the other with such rich, glowing color on her pure cheek, whence the eloquent blood seemed bursting forth like "the flash of a ruby imprisoned in snow."

As little Annie came slowly in alone, Marion looked sad and disappointed. She pressed her hands over her eyes, but did not speak; and seemed as if she were suffering from some great injury. She drew up her limbs spasmodically, and finally moaned as from pain. Elinor, the other sister, tried to soothe her, but, although she gave up going to church, to stay with her, still Marion was cold and gloomy the whole afternoon, and exhibited that mixture of sullenness and wretchedness so common to people of her class. Elinor attempted to read to her, but she turned her face to the wall, and throwing back her hair, she lay for an hour without speaking.

The afternoon service closed, and as the last straggling footstep passed away out of hearing, the minister entered Marion's little room. He had come too late for Marion. She was in one of her wayward moods, and would not converse with him now, although at noon she would have pleased and interested him. Now he saw only an ordinary cripple to pity. Had he gone to her when she sent for him she would have charmed him by her simple beauty of expression, her quickness of thought, and the real genius which inhabited that poor suffering frame. But Marion's disease had injured her temper, and at times she displayed a degree of impatience and restlessness that made every one miserable around her. Elinor was the greatest sufferer, because she was most with her, and also because she was most ready to bear without retorting, her sarcastic and jealous speeches.

As Mr. Gilbert entered, little Annie came running in, with a beautiful wreath of fresh roses in her hand, and throwing it on the bed she said to her sister:

"William is at the door; may he come in?"

A faint blush overspread the invalid's cheek; but Elinor, rising, went forward and motioned to the visitor to enter. A young man entered, whom the girls addressed as cousin William. He sat down by Marion's bed, took little Annie on his knee, and seemed to be perfectly at his ease; but it was evident that the invalid was disturbed and restless in his presence.

"The minister conversed with the sisters for some time; elicited from them the story of their father's death, and the consequent depression and decay of their mother; their mutual dependence on each other, until Marion's unhappy accident; and finally, that the bright flush in Elinor's beautiful cheek was but the hectic coloring of the same disease that had carried away her mother. This last was whispered to him by Marion; but the minister could not believe it, as he gazed upon the open, happy face, serene in its youthful beauty. Nor indeed was it so—though Marion's thoughts all tended that way, especially in a repentant mood after treating her sister ill, as she often did.

He found that the whole dependence of the family, in regard to pecuniary matters, was in a small estate which they were too poor to occupy, but which brought in an income upon which they contrived to live; that Elinor's spare hours were devoted to needle work, to eke out the scanty sum necessary for their support; that her cheerfulness was the light, as Marion's despondency was the shadow, of their little home; and that "Consin William" had been Marion's devoted lover before her misfortune, but had rather leaned to the other sister after that event.

How Mr. Gilbert ever got at such a multitude of facts in a half hour's visit, was a mystery; but he was one whose manners bespoke confidence, and the innocent trust of the sisters put him in possession of their whole history, for his winning manners had unconsciously chained even poor restless Marion. Little Annie clung to him as to an old friend; and when he left the house, it seemed as if a stray sunbeam had darted suddenly across Marion's sick bed, and as suddenly vanished.

"William was still sitting by her, but with his eyes fixed on Elinor. There was no reserve in their communings, for William's mind had been freely opened to both at once, and he had told them plainly, while sitting together, that his heart was given to the eldest sister, whom he had so long watched in hours of cheerful waiting on the younger. Now he offered to marry Elinor, and to hire a nurse in his own house for Marion; but the latter declared that she would never burden him with her presence; and thus the matter rested.

When Hanson Gilbert returned to the house where he had taken up his abode, he sat down and wrote to a friend in a distant city, who had made diseases of the limbs his study for years, detailing Marion's case, and urging him to come to him if he saw any reason to hope that she could be restored to any degree of ease. The condition of the poor girl, her friendless state, and the evident good sense and intelligence which her disease was fast obscuring, interested him. The idea that he could, indirectly, become the means of her restoration struck him as being the first offering of his ministry; and he went to work most enthusiastically in her behalf.

How often Mrs. Porter, the opposite neighbor, had remarked to her daughter that the minister went quite too often to see the Torsleffs—how many times William accused his cousin Elinor of receiving Mr. Gilbert's attentions—how much the people of the parish objected to what they deemed a monopoly of the minister's time, by people so obscure as the sisters, we have not time to tell. But Mr. Gilbert did not heed any of these things, although he heard them all. He was bent upon doing good to a worthy and unfortunate family; and he continued to visit them.

It was only a few weeks after this, that Mr. Gilbert's friend, Dr. Prescott, arrived in town. The two friends had not met for two years, and were mutually delighted to renew their intercourse. Those two years had been mostly spent by Dr. Prescott in Paris, where he had found and improved great advantages in his profession. He came cheerfully at the minister's call, not only from a desire to see him, but because he desired to take every opportunity of introducing his methods of cure; and, moreover, he was a man of large benevolence, and the case, as Mr. Gilbert described it, was one of interest to his feelings, privately, as well as professionally.

Mr. Gilbert took him, the same evening, to visit Marion, and was rejoiced to hear him say, on leaving the house, that it was a case that certainly admitted of palliation, and probably of restoration. Marion was not allowed to know of this, as she was so excitable; but the minister called the next morning, and told her that Dr. Prescott would operate slightly upon her limbs, and hoped to give her ease. She was alone when he went in, and they had a long conversation. Mr. Gilbert had found the true key to Marion's heart, and she unveiled it without fear. For the last three weeks he had seen her every day, and found her so perfectly intelligent, so well educated, yet so simple, that he could not conceal from himself the interest she excited in him. Her occasional fits of despondency and unrest, he believed truly, were only the result of her disease, and he felt that, were she only well, she would be happy.

That she had made up her mind to bear the loss of her cousin's affections he well knew—for she had repeatedly urged Elinor, in his presence, to accept the transfer. Elinor could not, however, be persuaded to do so, because she knew how sensitive Marion had always been on the subject. She did not dream that a new and powerful interest—an affection not the less deep because she felt it hopeless—was awakened in Marion's heart; that, as she lay on her bed, racked with pain, one voice could bring patience and calmness to her suffering hours; that, lying there, her quick ear caught the sound of his footstep, long before his form was seen coming up the green lane; that the flowers he brought were cherished and preserved, long after their beauty was faded, and that everything which he had touched in the room, was henceforth sacred in the eyes of the lame girl. Ah! Elinor had no such love as this for Cousin William—and yet she had half promised, that if Marion should ever recover, she would marry him.

As yet, Marion believed herself alone in her love, but this morning's conversation had told her that if she could not be his wife, no other woman ever should. How her pale cheek glowed at this unexpected avowal! How the white hand was pressed over the brow, and the dark eyes filled with tears! She—a cripple!—could she win the heart of a man whom, in her imagination, she had cherished as a superior being! She had so kept her love in her heart, that she believed no one would ever know it; and she had rejoiced in the thought that, as she could not live for him, she could at least die for him. Die for him! The thought was rapturous indeed. She had never, in her wildest dreams, fancied that he would ask her to live for his sake; and now it was overwhelming. It was all revealed to her now! The attentions that he had shown her, which she supposed were hers only beca se

she was ill and poor, and might equally have been given to the lame beggar over the hill! She almost wished him to go away, that she might be alone with her great thought. Now she could see why Mr. Gilbert's friend—she did not know what his profession was—was so earnest in asking so many questions about her accident and its subsequent effects. Now she could look at the subject in so true a light!

Elinor came in after he was gone, and wondered at the mysterious light that shone upon Marion's usually pallid face. There was a quiet hush in the room, which Elinor almost feared to break by the sound of her voice even; but for the meaning of what she saw and felt, she could not account. She almost feared that Marion was going to die, with that glorified face of hers. Her voice too, sometimes so sharp and unnatural, was low and sweet, as she spoke to Elinor upon the beauty of the morning. Then Elinor smiled, for the clouds were already lowering with rain.

In the afternoon Dr. Prescott came again, in his own proper title; examined the diseased feet, and arranged for the operation of the next morning. Elinor was quivering with alarm at the thought; but Marion borrowed a courage from her new circumstances which she could not have felt, had this been proposed a week before.

There is a sentence in common use:—"Bring out your hopes and look at them." Marion did so with hers, and did not dare to let her faith stand beside them. It was too much to believe even when the doctor assured her that he should be successful. Still, she was anxious that the experiment should be made, both for her own sake and that of another; so, at ten the next morning, she submitted to be taken out of bed and placed on a table. It was a weary and painful process, which Elinor had not courage to bear, and she was sent away without knowing that it was to take place.

Mr. Gilbert stood by Marion, holding her hand and offering up voiceless prayers in her behalf. At length he heard Dr. Prescott's voice announce that the operation was finished. The minister looked up from the table where he had buried his face, and met the animated and satisfied look of his friend, telling him that all was safe. So strongly did the doctor feel for Mr. Gilbert, that he left the patient in other hands, while he came to him and pressed his hand in token of his sympathy.

Marion was taken back to her bed, exhausted and pale. She had fainted three times, and now lay in a stupor, unconscious of all around her. Elinor was summoned home to attend her, and the doctor drew Mr. Gilbert away by force to his dinner.

Meantime, the Allentown people were terribly scandalized at the utter devotion of the minister. It was shocking to them to feel that he was going to be engaged to Elinor Torsleff—for of Marion no one would ever think, in connection with their pastor! They knew nothing beyond the bare fact of his going there. It was enough to rouse their jealous scrutiny, and they forthwith constituted themselves into legislators, went into a committee of the whole, and voted Elinor Torsleff a coquette, and Mr. Gilbert a fool. He, for his part, went on his way without any let or hindrance. His heart and conscience acquitted him fully in regard to the young ladies of his society. He had never so much as waited on one home in a storm. He had determined not to know any thing of what they might say of him; and he equally determined never to try their patience by relating to them his last experience.

"Well, my good friend," said Doctor Prescott, as he came in from a last visit to Marion, before he left town, "I shall have to tax you with payment for my late services, after all."

Mr. Gilbert blushed crimson, for Prescott had assured him that it would cost nothing.

"I shall not 'cease from troubling' until you repay me by pleading my case with the elder sister."

"I am heartily glad of it," said he; "you shall have all my influence in that quarter, especially as I do not like the 'Cousin William' to whom she is partially engaged."

William's desertion of Marion had seemed so heartless to Mr. Gilbert, that he could not bear that he should marry her sister. Gratitude to him who had taken the shadow from their home, soon deepened into love, in Elinor's heart; and the minister soon had the pleasure of congratulating his friend upon another success.

The next morning after the operation, Marion awoke to new life and energy. She lay all that week and the next, patiently—thinking how sweet it was to be nursed and tended by one beloved, and scarcely uttering a single groan, even when the bandages were removed—so happy, that it was happiness enough to others to sit in the reflected light of her countenance. In a few months she was able to walk; still slightly lame, but without suffering. On the first day of the following June, the anniversary of their first meeting, Hauson Gilbert and Marion Torsleff were married. After them came Doctor Prescott and Elinor, and the minister himself pronounced the marriage benediction for the last couple. The two brides, in their simple white dresses, looked indeed beautiful. As Marion walked slowly up the aisle of the church, where she had not been for long years before, every eye followed her in tears. She was yet pale, but the light of happiness was in her beautiful eyes, and there was scarcely a heart in the church that did not own the goodness and beauty of the MINISTER'S WIFE.

A SINGULAR MAN.

It is not often the case that authors manifest indifference to their pecuniary interests. An exception, however to the general rule is found in the case of the anonymous writer of a new lyceum tragedy—"The Gladiator of Ravenna." The play has attained great popularity in Germany, and the poet's shares in the profits of its various performances, amount, it is said, to upwards of seven thousand dollars—which sum, deposited in the various cash boxes of the different court theatres, has for some time awaited the disposal of the legitimate owner. Neither laurels nor gold can induce the dramatist to reveal himself to the public.—*London Athenæum.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"PEACE, BE STILL!"

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Wildly raged the angry billows,
While our Saviour calmly slept;
The fragile vessel heaved and trembled,
As howling past the strong wind swept.
Fear fell on each troubled spirit,
Then they to the Saviour prayed:
Lord, arise! help, or we perish!
The tempest's keen, we're sore afraid!
He rose, and by his mighty will,
Calmed the wild waves—said, "Peace, be still!"

And now, as on life's restless ocean,
We slowly steer towards our home—
Often tossed in wild commotion,
Often wrapped in saddened gloom—
When storms and darkness cross our path,
And sorrows keen around us play,
We'll pray to Christ, our God in heaven,
He'll turn our darkness into day—
And gratitude each heart will fill,
For those words all powerful, "Peace, be still!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LIFE-LIKE PORTRAIT.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

GREAT was the commotion of the little New England village in which he lived, when Ethan Vane, the son of Widow Vane, a lad of nineteen, whose taste for art had been developed without instruction, and without models of any kind, produced his first picture, a portrait of his old mother. Everybody went to see it, and everybody pronounced it a striking likeness. Nor did they err in the decision; but when the editor of the "Bird of Freedom," a small newspaper which appeared from time to time, as circumstances permitted, pronounced it a splendid work of art, he simply evinced his ignorance of art, and not a wilful desire to pervert the truth. The little paragraph, however, was to the heart of Ethan Vane like a ray of sunshine to a prisoner's cell. Hitherto, while loathing the dreary mechanical toil to which his boyhood had been condemned, and while aspiring proudly to rank among the gifted ones of earth, he had sometimes doubted his own powers, and it was with trembling distrust that he had submitted this, his first serious work, to inspection and criticism. But now it seemed to him that his wildest wishes were destined to be crowned with complete success. If he had accomplished such a marvel, without instruction, with the rude materials which were at his command, what might he not achieve when a few more years had added their experience, when skilful masters had guided his hand, and when the masterpieces of the world had been submitted to his adoring gaze? He would visit Boston—he would study the works of Copley and Allston—he would go abroad—he would pass years in Dresden, Dusseldorff, Paris, Rome and Florence, improving himself each year, each month, each day, and return at last to be recognized the Raphael, the Michael Angelo of his dear native land.

And there was nothing selfish in these wild dreams of youth. He did not forget for a moment the gray old mother who had buried so many children and a husband, and who had lavished on him, often wayward as he was, the wealth of her priceless love. He would first of all secure her comfort. The first fruits of his success should be devoted to buying her that little cottage which was her beau ideal of comfort. More than half of all his golden harvests should be hers.

And it really seemed as if his bright dreams were destined speedily to come all true. He was immediately commissioned to paint a new sign for the Blue Eagle tavern. The captain of the militia company desired to go down to posterity in regimentals. The clergyman was not destitute of vanity and charity. He gratified both by ordering a portrait. Other less illustrious personages followed the example of these worthies. At five dollars a head the young artist found his talents engaged for some time to come, and yet, at intervals, was enabled to dash off some landscapes and some ideal heads, for with the impetuosity of youth, he was already aiming at the most difficult achievements of art before he had become familiar with its preliminary steps.

Alas! over this golden dawn of life there came suddenly a gloom—as a thunder storm springs on us without a warning in the midst of a midsummer's day. His old mother sickened and died. The money designed to lay the foundation of her cottage was expended in conveying her to her narrow home. Days and nights of agony followed this bereavement, and it was with an attenuated frame, a blanched cheek and a sore spirit, that the youth again resumed his seat before his easel.

His loss, however, had the effect of widening and deepening the sympathy already felt for him. His fame spread, and he now became talked about, not only in his native village, but throughout the whole country. Though he painted now mechanically, he had plenty of patrons, and numerous admirers. Among the latter was a young girl—an orphan, like himself, of congenial tastes. Esther Harlow was beautiful in the eyes of a true artist—beautiful with that spiritual beauty which so charms us in the Madonnas of Raphael. Friendship—intimacy—love—followed each in rapid succession. Neither the artist nor his mistress had near relatives to interpose with counsels of worldly prudence, and so, after the briefest courtship, they were married, and shortly afterwards Vane removed with his bride to Boston, carrying with him a few pictures, on which he prided himself, to serve as introduction to the people of the Athenian city.

But alas! from his first visits to the studios and galleries he came home disheartened, and turned all his pictures to the wall.

"I must do something better, dear Esther," said he, "or I shall never win fame as a painter."

The next day he procured a canvass and set his palette.

"Dear Esther," said he, "I can find nothing so worthy to paint, so full of inspiration, as your own sweet face. You shall be my model, and the world shall learn to admire your beauty, while it acknowledges my genius."

"Do not ask me to sit, Ethan, I conjure you," said the young wife, with a shudder. "I have always had a superstitious dread of being painted. I have always had a fancy that my life would ebb away with each stroke of the pencil."

"How absurd!" said the painter, with a laugh. "These scruples are not befitting an artist's wife. Believe me, our very existence depends on this experiment."

Esther made no more scruples, and the work commenced. A rapid, masterly drawing was an auspicious beginning. Then came the plastic moulding of the features, as yet nearly colorless, but permeated with a slight glow as the blood permeates the living form. Vane looked little at his model, after catching the form of the features. Indeed what need had he of Esther sitting there? He wore her image in his heart of hearts. He had but to look inward and behold her. So he wrought on. Now indeed he knew what it was to be a painter. Never before had he felt true inspiration. Heretofore he had dimly copied—now he brightly created. It was his Esther that rose from his caressing fingers; but how spiritualized—how radiant—how glorious in her high beauty!

"You are not looking at me!" sighed the wife.

"I *am* looking at you, dearest," answered the painter, fixing his gaze on the canvass. "You are mirrored here as in my heart. Look yourself. Is it not my life, my Esther, that smiles back on you?"

Esther gazed, and as she gazed she sighed. There was a more than mortal beauty in the picture, and she wondered not that Ethan could not withdraw his eyes from it for a moment.

Days wore on, and the painter was still enamored of his task. He now no longer needed his model. She stole quietly into the room at times—but always unbidden, and then to bring him that refreshment without which he would have fainted in the severity of his toil. At last his work was completed. The reflected sunlight was fading away from the east, as he drew aside his window-curtain and gazed upon his consummate work.

"It is done!" said he, with an almost haughty exclamation. "They will now no longer deny me a place among the great ones of the earth. I can say to the spirits of Angelo, and Raphael, and Paolo—I too am a brother."

A slight noise at his side roused him from his reverie. Esther had entered unperceived and had sunk fainting at his feet, like a lily bowed down by a rain-storm. He bore her to the window, and he sprinkled her face with water.

She slowly opened her eyes.

"My Esther!" said the painter. "What is this? what has caused this illness?"

"The picture," she murmured faintly. "Cherish it for my sake. It will soon be all you have to remind you of me. As the work went on, I felt my life passing away from me to that canvass. As its colors warmed beneath your touch, so my heart grew cold. It is finished—and so is my life. But no matter—it was necessary to your glory."

Her words were prophetic. She did not long survive the completion of the picture.

Vane stood beside her coffin and gazed in agony upon the "last of earth."

"Fatal art!" he murmured. "The gray old mother—the fair young bride—both gone—and for what? That I might be a painter. Is it not written that he who demands success must be wedded to his art alone? What have I to do with domestic ties? I have poured my life-blood into the crucible, and if fame be not the result, I shall know how to rejoin the lost on earth."

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

DESIGNED FOR EVERY AMERICAN HOME.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is

A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS,

is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for

ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself*.

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for

THE MILLION,

north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE. THE GREAT BOSTON SL



. PASSING THE NORFOLK HOUSE AT ROXBURY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SNOW-STORM.

BY WILLIAM L. SHOEMAKER.

Gray clouds the blue of heaven shut out,
The snow is falling fast:
The air is chill: the streams are froze:
Old Winter's come at last:
He makes
A mantle of the feathery flakes,
And o'er
His shoulders spreads it wide;
Then, with a scowl, he stalks about,
In stern and gloomy pride.

For miles away the fields are white;
And faster now descends
The winged rain from cloudy halls.
And all the trees it bends:
Each branch
Shakes off a noiseless avalanche,
When calls
Alond the Norland blast,
Ah me! 'twill be a dismal night,
And night is nearing fast.

Make bright the fire upon the hearth,
And let the storm come down:
Let us not measure time by sighs,
Nor with wild winter frown—
Should we
Be sad, because he's bleak of blee?
'Tis wise
To learn to scorn his din
Without, while we with wholesome mirth,
Make summer-time within.

This life of ours, at best. is brief,
And swift away doth flow,
As, when the warm sun shines again,
Do these cold flakes of snow.
'Twere good
To snatch a joy from nature's mood,
Nor 'plain
Whatever it may be,
Nor wear away by causeless grief,
What is so soon to flee.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DOING ONE'S OWN HOUSEWORK.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

It was the third week after her marriage; and the little wife sat dejectedly by the parlor window, watching the retiring footsteps of her husband as he passed round the corner. Tears were in her beautiful eyes, and her little white hands hung down listlessly over her silk apron. Yon would think that John Ellis had said something very cruel to his poor wife, to call out such a burst of sorrow. But the "height and breadth" of John's cruelty was merely to show his pretty Margaret how pleasantly they could live, and how much they could save up for future years, if she would but dismiss the great slatternly servant girl, who was dawdling about all day long in the kitchen, breaking the crockery, wasting the food, and destroying, in fact, nine times the amount of her wages, every day of her life.

"So he married me for a slave," poor Margaret thought, "and all my education, which dear father was so proud of, and the pleasure I was to enjoy in going out and receiving company, and being constantly dressed in the way which he used to like to see me, must all give way to John's whim of having me drudging in the kitchen!"

And she would have sobbed aloud, had she not thought that Kitty would hear her. She looked at those delicate white hands which John had so much admired when she was playing on the piano, and it was very hard to think that now he had married her, he was willing that they should become large and red with kitchen work. She sickened at the thought, and then she turned the sparkling rings that John had given her, round her fingers, and thought how soon they would be too small, if she should have to wash dishes. Poor little Margaret! She, whose parents had brought her up so delicately that she had never yet (to use a phrase which people employ to express the greatest possible exemption from labor), brought even the water to wash her hands, and who felt that John had looked upon her as a being altogether too refined and exquisite for common purposes; to think of his wanting to take her down from her pedestal, and place her in the kitchen! It was too much. She almost wished she had married old Mr. Hale who had offered himself regularly every year since she was fifteen. She wondered if John would want her to black his boots. Perhaps he would like to have her take in work. Had she really married such a mean man after all? Nobody knows what dreadful images of servitude and hardship Margaret might have called up, had not a loud crash of broken china startled her, and wiping her eyes she descended to the kitchen, where for three weeks Kitty had reigned sole mistress. Had Margaret's mother been near her daughter, she would have turned away Kitty the first day she came; but neither John nor Margaret knew enough of domestic affairs to perceive that she was wholly incompetent to do what she had undertaken, though bitterly feeling that there was disorder and discomfort in the house. They attributed it only to the inconvenience of the house; for both had hitherto been accustomed to the wide halls and ample rooms of country houses, and were annoyed by the dark stairways and dimly lighted basement of their city home. They had chosen this house out of many which offered, because it had two parlors, and Margaret's handsome outfit of furniture demanded a good deal of room.

When Margaret went down, Kitty was hastily hiding something in the cellar, back of the kitchen.

"What was that broken?" said Mrs. Ellis. "I thought I heard a terrible crash."

"O, no, mum—no indeed; it must have been in the next house," said Kitty, whose very red face told a different story.

Margaret went into the cellar and fastened the door, when she commenced searching at the barrel where Kitty had been standing. Among the straw which had been thrown into it from her crates, she discovered four of her precious cut glass goblets, two china saucers, three plates and the top of a sugar bowl. Looking round, she spied a large pail filled with pieces of cold meat, and further on a pan full of spoiled dough. Vegetables, in various stages of decay, lay scattered round the cellar, the closet showed at least five plates of butter, three of cheese, and six or seven of bread, pie and cake. Margaret was roused now, and she was determined to look closer. Opening her nice new wash boiler, she found it covered with rust; the kettles were set away without washing, a new soapstone furnace for heating irons, was broken by a heavy log of wood which had fallen on it, and a long handled brush was also broken. On coming back to the room, where Kitty was wearing a defiant look, she proceeded to the inspection of the closet there. In a basket, she found her ironing blanket rolled up wet, and two of her own French collars mildewing among its folds. In the dining room, the girl had been tampering with the new French clock, and put it to sleep. In the closet there were various cracked articles ingeniously disposed so as to hide the cracks.

Margaret was good at figures, and without noticing the girl by a single word, she proceeded up stairs to her own room, and sat down to perform a very simple operation, which ran as follows:

Three goblets	$5 00
Two saucers	1 00
Three plates	1 00
Sugar bowl	2 00
Brush	1 75
Wages, for three weeks	5 25
Servant's board	4 50
Total,	$20 50

Her judgment led her to call the waste and injury she had witnessed, at least four dollars and a half more, making the very respectable sum of twenty-five dollars for the three weeks, and amounting in a year, allowing at the same ratio, to four hundred and thirty-three dollars and sixty cents! And this from a salary of only fifteen hundred dollars a year! Adding this to the rent of an expensive house, the style of dress which she expected, and occasional rides into the country, and a few concert tickets—Margaret was really overwhelmed. Her tears were gone. She was a woman of spirit, after all, and her decisions were usually made with promptness and executed with despatch. She called Kitty up to the parlor, and giving her the amount of her wages and money enough to pay her board for a week, she dismissed her at once.

As soon as Kitty was gone she went to her chamber, and selecting the coarsest of her dresses, a dark gingham, she put it on. A plain linen collar was added, and tearing off a piece of calico from a roll which her mother had provided for winter spreads, she sat down and made her a large apron. Pinning up her sleeves, and putting on her apron, she went down to the kitchen. In an hour she had managed to bring it into something like order, by sweeping the floor and laying aside the numerous towels and napkins which had accumulated for the wash. Her spirits actually rose with the fine exercise she was taking, and the nice order into which she was bringing her rooms. She did not feel tired at all; not half so much, at least, as she was the other day, going up Washington Street; and on looking at her dress after she got through, she was forced to acknowledge that it was not half so soiled as the one she wore on that occasion.

"But why need we live in town at all?" thought Margaret. "I think I could manage things better if we only had a little cottage in the country, and I will coax John to remove."

When John came home that day, he heard no sound of piano or guitar; and he wondered why the parlor blinds were so closely shut. Margaret, he thought, must be ill or out; and he anxiously applied his key to the latch. Not finding her, he descended to the lower regions, where he found a nice little dinner smoking on the table, and Margaret already seated. She had taken off her apron, smoothed her hair and adjusted her collar; and her pretty dark dress was well fitting and becoming. She had a glow on her cheek, and her eyes had recovered from the tears of the morning. So exhilarated had she become from her exercise, that she had actually forgotten that she intended to meet John with a great deal of dignity, when he should return. John sat down to dinner, praised the steak, admired the pudding, and thought Kitty, for once, got them a good dinner. Margaret looked rather queer, but he did not understand that anything was going on until Margaret went round to his side of the table, and told him that she had taken his advice and dismissed Kitty, and had resolved to do her own work. John thought, of course, that she was the best little wife in the world; and he listened eagerly to her plan of living out of town.

"Why did we not think of that before?" said he. "I know of a good house just out of the city, only a few miles by railway."

"We will go and see it this afternoon," said Margaret; "and I know you can easily dispose of our lease here."

So, after Margaret had cleared away with her own hands, and washed the dishes without breaking them, she dressed herself neatly, and when John was ready to go, she accompanied him. It was spring, and the smell of the fresh earth and of the budding leaves was delightful. A walk of a very few minutes brought them to a pleasant little cottage, in the window of which was a notice, implying that it was to be let. The owner happened to be near, and they walked over the house, admiring its pleasant and convenient rooms. They could have it at once, and they agreed to take it immediately; and so it was all settled.

The next week found them settled quietly in their new home. One attic room was appropriated to the furniture which they could not find space for below. The kitchen was almost perfect in its arrangements, and Margaret thought that, comparing it with the house in the city, it would be only play to do all the work. She even talked of keeping a cow and making her own butter! and with those little white hands too.

How pleasant was her room with its bay window looking out on green meadows and blossoming orchards, and all the beautiful sights which the country affords. There was a tall rose bush growing over the window, and a fine honeysuckle round the porch, and a little yard full of mignonette and verbenas; and Margaret was delighted with all.

The neighborhood into which the Ellises had removed, happened to be a very good one. Several of the ladies near her were highly intelligent and cultivated. They soon called upon her, and she found that many of them had removed from the city from the same motive which had influenced herself—to get rid of the annoyance of bad help, and to live in a place where it was not considered disgraceful to take charge of their own housework. Nor did it detract from their intellectual excellence, nor make them less polished and agreeable, because they could make their own bread and pies, and superintend their own washing. So thought Mr. Ellis, when he returned from the city one warm, dusty day, and found his wife reading in the cool, comfortable parlor; while the piano standing open, and the guitar out of its case, showed that she had been practising.

She went out of the room for a moment, when he heard her little silver bell ring for tea. He found her at the table, where her nice white biscuit, iced butter, and cool strawberries and cream, formed fine accompaniments to the smoking tea. Then the stroll into the woods after tea, and the pleasant chat with their new neighbors, and lastly the music which Margaret gave them, closed their delightful evening. Margaret never complained of the work, nor again thought that John could be so cruel as to make her a slave. She became one of the neatest of housewives, and in time she actually did make the nicest of butter.

UNKNOWN TONGUES—THE BIRD.

The best known of animal tongues, are, of course, the most perfect among them—those of birds. It would be a long list, were we to mention but half of the curious literature, that of old and of late has been written on this subject. Pallas Athene herself gave the knowledge of the language of birds to Tiresias, to console him for the loss of his eyes. Helenus of Troy, Thales and Melampus claimed to possess it. Solomon, who had wisdom exceeding much, and spake of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes, is reported to have understood the meaning of every bird's song. Pliny even gives, in his Natural History, an unfailing receipt for the obtaining of such wonderful knowledge; and King Dag, who was a master of the science, kept sparrows, which brought him the news of the world from every country on earth. Gerbert of Seville, the great christian master of the Black Art, learned to explain the flight and notes of birds; and Benedict IX., who rose to the Holy See at the early age of twelve years, knew their voice, and could tell from it what had happened to day, yesterday and the day before, anywhere through the wide range of Christendom. It is not long since a German scholar studied the language of geese, and issued proposals for a dictionary of their idiom. Two adventurous Frenchmen, Dupont de Nemours and Pierquin de Gembleux, carried out the unfinished plan, and actually published works on the language of birds and other animals. It has been a favorite task of many authors to set the songs of birds to music, and to give their meaning—a scheme which Thomas Gardiner, in the Music of Nature, has more fully developed.—*Ind. Courier.*

SUFFERING AMONG THE RICH AS WELL AS THE POOR.

When I compare together different classes as existing at this moment in the civilized world, I cannot think the difference between the rich and the poor, in regard to mere physical suffering, so great as is sometimes imagined. That some of the indigent among us die of scanty food, is undoubtedly true; but vastly more, in this community, die from eating too little; vastly more from excess than starvation. So, as to clothing, many shiver from want of defence against the cold; but there is vastly more suffering among the rich from absurd and criminal mode of dress, which fashion has sanctioned, than among the poor from deficiency of raiment. Our daughters are oftener brought to the grave by their rich attire, than our beggars by their nakedness. So the poor are often overworked; but they suffer less than many among the rich, who have no work to do, no interesting object to fill up life, to satisfy the infinite cravings of man for action. According to our present modes of education, how many of our daughters are victims of *ennui!*—a misery unknown to the poor, and more intolerable than the weariness of excessive toil. The idle young man, spending the day in exhibiting his person in the street, ought not to excite the envy of the overtasked poor; and this cumberer of the ground is found exclusively among the rich.—*Channing.*

A DOCTRESS IN BLOOMER COSTUME.

Chestnut Street was thrown into a perfect fever of excitement lately by the appearance of a lady, Miss Lydia Sayer, Doctress of Medicine, from Washington city, in the full Bloomer costume. A more befitting and beautiful costume we have never seen than that worn by Miss Sayer, but its novelty was the cause that set the newsboys, the Third Street clerks, the butcher boys in the neighborhood, the applemen and piewomen, in a most curious state of bewilderment. Not only was she the observed of all observers, but the followed of all followers. A crowd of half-grown juveniles led off, then came several gray beards, ripe for fun, and behind these was a score or two of people of that class who always run when others do, without knowing why or wherefore. Making all due allowance for the weakness of men and women, too, it was a disgraceful spectacle.—*Philadelphia Evening Argus.*

Better spend your time in catching little fish than be idle.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

DR. KANE.

This gentleman is just now deservedly a lion. His life has been very adventurous, and illustrates a character of great strength and energy. An iron will has carried him through a constant succession of perils and hardships, in spite of a slight frame, and a not very robust constitution. Immediately after completing his medical studies, he obtained a surgeon's commission in the navy, and was attached in his professional capacity to the first American mission to China. He explored the Philippine Islands on foot, and was the first man who ever descended in the crater of Taal—a most daring adventure, which he achieved with his accustomed nerve and success. Before returning from the Eastern hemisphere, he had scaled the Himalaya Mountains, traversed Greece and Egypt on foot, and amassed an immense amount of geographical and scientific knowledge from personal observations.

After being exposed to the pestilential climate of the western coast of Africa, and narrowly escaping death from the coast fever, we find him engaged in a mission to General Scott during the Mexican war, and winning his spurs in a sharp fight with a party of Mexican officers and troops. From Mexico to the Arctic regions was but an easy transition for his adventurous spirit. His chivalrous response to the appeal of Lady Franklin is well known; he was the surgeon, naturalist and historian of the first American Arctic expedition, which set sail in 1850. Returning in safety from this voyage, he embarked upon a second, the result of which is now engaging the attention of the public. Dr. Elder truly says of him, that "he was the surgeon, sailing master, astronomer and naturalist, as well as captain and leader of the expedition." With all this, Dr. Kane is a modest and retiring man, and has an unaffected dislike to speaking of his own adventures. Such a man is truly an honor to his country.

BINDING.—Having extended the facilities for prompt and neat work in our binding department, we are now prepared to bind all works handed in to us, at the lowest prices, and in the best possible manner. Books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, will all be bound in any desired form; our own works being finished as heretofore, and at the same prices.

A SHADE WORTH HAVING.—Mr. A. Shade, of Galt, Canada, has presented the Episcopal church with a school-house worth $20,000. It is worth while to "keep shady" if such are the results.

SPLINTERS.

.... Twenty five years ago, Iowa was the home of the red man. It now contains 500,000 white inhabitants.

.... Frazer says, "Education does not commence with the alphabet, but begins with a mother's look."

.... A baker's horse is the only animal that isn't afraid of crackers on the fourth of July.

.... The very last accident on the Hudson River Railroad cost $40,000. Accidents are expensive amusements.

.... Already 300,000 men have perished in the war of the Western alliance. How many more will be sacrificed?

.... Rev. Antoinette L. Brown has taken charge of a husband. S. C. Blackwell is the "'appy" man.

.... A young man at St. Louis has been fined for wearing a shawl, on the ground that it was female apparel.

.... There is an Epsom salts mine in California, and there is a rumor of a hot coffee spring, also.

.... A painter who fell off a scaffolding with his paint pots, "went down with flying colors."

.... Twenty thousand copies of Holbrook's "Ten Years among the Mail Bags" have been sold, and the people "cry for more."

.... It was said of a miser and his liberal wife that one was for-getting, the other for-giving.

.... The mayor and Mrs. Rice lately had a large juvenile party at their house in Union Park.

.... A company in New Orleans is to build a ship canal from the Mississippi to Lake Borgne.

.... About $40,000 worth of white fish have been sold, this season, in the Detroit market.

.... The New Orleans Picayune is one of the very best papers on our exchange list. Its motto is "excelsior."

.... The Morse telegraph line connects Brooklyn with New York and the other cities.

.... "Acorn" has been seen on the Neck, in a skate sleigh, with a flyer before him.

.... Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, is in Philadelphia for the benefit of his health.

.... Punch says the Emperor Alexander had to keep Christmas without his Turkey.

.... George Sands is writing the history of "Celebrated Lovers" from Adam and Eve to the turtles of to-day.

.... Mr. Merriam says the "cold cycle has commenced." He means the i-cicle.

.... The sea serpent has been seen off Corpus Christi. He will be at Nahant next July.

.... Six thousand Indian braves are in the field against the whites in Washington Territory.

.... The 100th anniversary of Mozart's birthday was celebrated throughout all Germany, lately.

BOOKS AND BABIES.

A sensible writer in Blackwood's Magazine, says, "a child of three years of age, with a book in its infant hands is a fearful sight." And so it is. It is enough to make the stoutest heart shudder. Education indeed should begin when a child is very young—but that education which is conveyed in the eyes and the voice of a mother—in pleasants sights and sounds—in the music and images of nature; the song of birds and bees should mingle with nursery tales and rhymes, and the groves and fields should be the "academe" of the young learner.

But to check its physical development, to confine the infant in school rooms, to force it to keep still for hours, to punish it for whispering, to compel it, even at five or six years, to such hard diet as syntax and prosody, geography, the elements of mathematics and astronomy, is a species of infanticide. It has been the besetting sin of modern times to reverse the processes of nature in the processes of education. The reasoning faculties have been viciously developed by a hot-house system of forcing, when the receptive faculties should have been cultivated. Infants have been set to chopping logic, when they should have been made familiar with natural objects—they have been chained face to face with the grim abstract when their minds were struggling after the concrete. The education of the head has been the occupation of the period that should have been devoted to the education of the heart.

Grim Dr. Blimbers racked their rigid brains to see in what manner and what measure algebra and metaphysics could be forced into heads on which only six or seven summers had shed their golden gleams. All the gay disports of youthful fancies were frowned away—we use the past tense, because we have now reached a period of reaction, and are more philosophical in our dealings with the young. "Mother Goose" and "Goody-Two Shoes" were condemned as ruinous; and the whole race of fairies, giants, ogres, elves and sprites, that of old made up the gay mythology of the nursery, were sternly warred against by a cold, hard-hearted, repulsive and uncongenial army of stubborn facts.

The result was—and always will be, when books and babies are brought into unhallowed union—that almost every family could boast of at least one infant prodigy with a very large head, and sallow cheeks and thin legs, who disdained peg-tops and solved algebraic equations, and who afterwards went into college an abnormal wonder, and came into the great world an intensified ass—and an unhealthy ass at that.

We have known trees, forced by high culture and severe pruning, to be covered with blossoms and fruit the year after they were set out—but they never bore afterwards. And so it is with children:—"It is of more importance that you should make your children loving than that you should make them wise, that is, book-wise. Above all things, make them loving; then will they be gentle and obedient; and then also, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children brought up lovingly on your knees, will never shut their doors upon you, and point where they would have you go."

THE PRESENT CABINET.

On page 141 of this number we present a large engraving containing likenesses of the cabinet officers of the United States, all of whom have held the same posts since the inauguration of President Pierce's administration. The Hon. Wm. L. Marcy, Secretary of State, is a native of New York. He served as a volunteer in 1812, has filled various high offices, and was secretary of war during the Polk administration. Caleb Cushing, Attorney General, is a native of Massachusetts, and went into the cabinet with a brilliant legal, literary and diplomatic reputation. He is an accomplished man, and possesses a very versatile genius. Hon. James Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury, is a native of Kentucky—has held various public offices, and is a man of great business and administrative ability. Gen. Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, is a graduate of West Point—has been in public life for years, and greatly distinguished himself in the field during the Mexican war. Hon. Robert McLelland, Secretary of the Interior, is a Pennsylvanian, liberally educated, and a lawyer by profession. James C. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy, is a native of North Carolina, born in 1814, and is the youngest member of the present cabinet. James Campbell, Postmaster General, is also a young man. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and born of Irish parents. All these gentlemen had seen long service in public affairs before receiving their cabinet appointments.

WHOLESALE MURDER.—At the battle of Leipsic, which lasted three days, Napoleon lost two marshals, twenty generals, and about 60,000 men killed, wounded and missing. The allies lost 1790 officers, and about 40,000 men. At the battle of Waterloo, the allies lost 16,636 men, and the French about 30,000. About 300,000 men were killed in the various battles of the world in 1855.

WOLF! WOLF!—This is no false cry in Iowa. The wolves there have been committing great ravages, and have had their part in more than one tragic occurrence this winter. The accounts given of them remind us of portions of Byron's Mazeppa.

FINE ARTS.—Two fine pictures by Paed, have lately been on exhibition at Frederick Parker's, 50 and 52 Cornhill, the subjects being Milton and Shakspeare in their studies. Mezzotint engravings are to be made from them.

RATHER HARD.—In Alabama, it has been made criminal to loan, give or sell a minor a bowie knife or pistol. How will the young idea learn to shoot or cut its stick without the tools?

SLEIGHING SCENE.

The spirited design by Billings, which occupies the whole of pages 136 and 137 of this number, was drawn expressly for us, engraved by Andrew in his best style, and is, perhaps, the most artistic large picture we have yet presented to our patrons. We safely challenge a comparison of it with the boasted productions of the London and Paris illustrated journals, feeling sure that productions of American art will not suffer in the least from criticism based on an European standard. Not only the execution, but the subject is strictly national. The scene is during the great sleighing carnival, and the locality is in Roxbury. The Rev. Dr. Putnam's church rises on the left; on the right, is seen the façade of the Norfolk House. Occupying a conspicuous position is Ward's famous Cleopatra Barge, with its splendid team of eight gray horses, the ribbons held by an accomplished "whip." The sleigh is crowded with ladies and gentlemen. Nearer in front, a pair of blood-flyers are making play before a light sleigh, while another vehicle is dashing up on the left. Life on the road is here depicted in its most attractive phase. Not for years have we had such a plethora of snow as during the present season; and never did more persons avail themselves of the pleasure of sleighing, which, after all, notwithstanding Dr. Franklin's disparaging remarks, is a most exciting sport. Owing to the quantity of snow on the ground, there has been less fast driving than in ordinary seasons; but on every pleasant day, for weeks, all the roads have been thronged with gay parties, all the hotels in the vicinity filled with company, and all the stablers made happy by a golden harvest.

THE STROLLING PLAYERS.—A troop of strolling players had just been performing the piece of the "Misanthrope" in a little town of Normandy. The actor who had boggled through the leading character with the help of the prompter, advanced to the footlights and said: "Gentlemen, we shall have the honor of performing to-morrow, 'The Philosopher without knowing it!" "No you wont!" shouted the mayor, who was present. "You have just played the 'Misanthrope,' without knowing it, and to-morrow you shall study the 'Philosopher' before you play it."

THE "DEACON."—Deacon Cyrus Foster, a well-known colored gentleman of this city, a veteran of seventy, lately led to the hymeneal altar a lady of suitable age and accomplishments. Honiton lace and white kids were prevalent at St. Paul's, and a *soirée dansante* and serenade on the "hill" followed. The bridal *trousseau* was enriched by gifts from his imperial majesty Faustin I. The happy deacon is one of the venerable institutions of this city.

SHARP SHOOTING.—In the streets of New Orleans, lately, two gentlemen fired at each other with revolvers, without effect. This interchange of compliments in the streets is exceedingly pleasant to bystanders.

CUTTING.—Mr. Harker, of Northampton, last summer mowed twelve acres with Ketchum's machine in half a day. This is not intended as a *memento mow-rye*.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Right Rev Manton Eastburn, D. D., to Miss Mary J. Head; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. Cyrus Foster to Mrs. Harriet Low; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Joseph H. Boardman to Miss Pamelia C. Harding; by Rev. Mr. Grimes, Mr. Abraham W. Anderson to Miss Caroline Jackson; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Burton Crowe to Miss Mary Rutherford; Mr. Nathaniel Child, of Charlestown, to Miss Mary E. Freemantle.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Newell, Mr. James Brackett to Miss S. Elizabeth Whitney.—At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Adams, J. Johnson Underhill, Esq. to Miss Mary Dix.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Dwinell, Mr. Edward A. Thomas to Miss Deliah Roberts, of Kemp, N. S.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Chaffin, Mr. James Pike, of S. Danvers, to Miss Lydia Ann Staples.—At Boylston, by Rev Mr. Sanford, Mr. Charles Goddard, Jr. to Miss Sarah E. Moore.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Wheaton, Mr. Amos K. Flowers of Manchester, to Miss Mary Ann Burnham, of Essex.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Dwight, Mr. Joseph A. Sargent, of Lewiston, Me., to Miss Cordelia Cooley.—At Westminster, Mr. Samuel H. Sprague to Miss Anna M. Miles.—At Portland, Me., George W. Cahoon, Esq., of Lyndon, Vt., to Miss Charlotte D. Cahoon.—At Groveland, N. Y., by Rev. Mr. Aikeu, Mr. James Logan, of Clinton, Coun., to Miss Agnes Sprowl.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Thomas Carter, 90; Miss Abigail Crosby, 53; Mr. Charles A. Randall, printer, 37; Mr. W. D. W. Allan, of St. John, N. B., 23; Widow Elizabeth Bell, 82; Mrs. M. A. Chaffin; Mr. Samuel Hoit Mellen, 27; Mrs. Sarah Choate, 58; Mrs. Georgie L. West, 24.—At Roxbury, Widow Sarah Agnes Hathorne, 44; Widow Sally Barstow, 65; Mrs. Margaret G. Proctor, 37.—At Charlestown, Capt. Samuel Moore, late of Boston, 78.—At Chelsea, Mr. Alvin F. Mann, 44.—At Lexington, Mr. Charles Harrington, 93; Mr. Andrew C. Davison of Boston, 67.—At Waltham, Mrs. Maria L. Cushing, 84.—At Woburn, Mrs. Ann Maria Crooks, 30.—At Salem, Mrs Abigail Chapman, 58; Mr. Thomas Bryant, 66; Mr. Horatio R. Langmaid, 33.—At Danvers, Mr. Uzziel Shillaber, 59.—At Lynn, Mr. George H. Jillison, 46; Mr. Henry W. Austin, 41; Mrs. Nancy Breed, 55; Mrs. Lydia Goldsmith, 75.—At Annisquam, Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, 86.—At Rehoboth, Mrs. Martha, relict of the late Colonel Christopher Blanding, 95.—At Newburyport, Jacob Feltch, Esq., 79; Mr. William Brown 23.—At New Bedford, Widow Patience Hathaway, 81.—At Wendell, Mrs. Eunice Bryant, 83.—At Putney, Vt., Hon. Theophilus Crawford, 92.—At Bath, Me., Hon. Ebenezer Clapp, 77

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

INTERIOR OF KING'S CHAPEL.

We present below a fine interior view of King's Chapel, at the corner of School and Tremont Streets, Boston, as it appeared during the Christmas holidays, in its beautiful garniture of green. The wreaths, the festoons, and, indeed, all the decorations, are most tastefully arranged, and harmonize with the architecture. The King's Chapel has always been noted for the beauty of its Christmas decorations. Our artist, Mr. Hill, has faithfully delineated for us the appearance of this venerable church. The first Episcopal Church in Boston was built on the site of this edifice in 1689. It was a wooden church, and the fifth house of worship erected in Boston. It had a square tower at the west end, from the roof of which rose a staff, supporting a vane, just beneath which was a large crown. The king and queen of England (William and Mary) presented it with altar and pulpit furniture, prayer book, cushions, etc., the decalogue, and a costly service of communion plate. Mr. Giles Dyer, church warden, seems to have imitated the generosity of the royal benefactors of the chapel. In the church records, is the following entry in his own hand:—"To my Lahor for making the Wather Cock and Spindel, to Duing the Commandments and allter rome, and the Pulpit, to Duing the Church and Winders mor to Duing the Gallarey and the King's Armes, fortey pounds which I Freeley Give, G. Dyer." "Duing" here means painting. The royal favor was also manifested by an annuity of one hundred pounds for the assistant minister of the chapel. The king also made the church a present of valuable books. On the death of King William, in 1702, the chapel was put in mourning. On the accession of Anne, it was styled the Queen's Chapel. In 1713, the church was almost entirely remodelled in the interior, and about this time a clock and noble organ were added. On the accession of George I., in 1714, it was again called the King's Chapel. The increase of Episcopacy in Boston led to the erection of Christ Church in 1723, and Trinity Church in 1734. In 1741, a movement was commenced for rebuilding the King's Chapel of stone; a voluntary subscription was set on foot, and Peter Faneuil chosen treasurer for receiving the sums contributed. The corner-stone of the new edifice was laid by Governor Shirley, August 11, 1749. He gave the workmen £20 to drink his health. The new chapel was dedicated on Wednesday, August 21, 1754, a little more than a century ago. Many of the proprietors being loyalists, left Massachusetts with their clergyman, and the church was closed on account of the Revolution, in 1776, and remained closed till the autumn of 1777, when it was opened for Congregational services, to accommodate the society of the Old South Church, who had not been able to repair the damages caused by the use of their church as a riding-school for the royal troops during the British occupation of Boston. This congregation remained in the Chapel till February, 1783. In 1783, Rev. Mr. Freeman, having been invited to officiate, was chosen pastor of the church by the proprietors. Mr. Freeman's views were not in accordance with those of the Church of England, and his society coinciding with him, important changes were made in the liturgy, the declaration of the Trinitarian doctrine being omitted. Retaining the general form of church service, a different creed was adopted. Hence, in the language of the Rev. Mr. Greenwood, "the first Episcopal church in New England became the first Unitarian church in America." "Our church," says the same authority, "as a building, has undergone no considerable change since the Revolution, except the erection of the colonnade at the west end or front, which was put up in the year 1790. The crown and mitres have, to be sure, disappeared from their stations on the top of the organ, and the governor's pew, with its Corinthian pillars and crimson damask drapery, has been lately (1833) taken down, and converted into two pews of common size and pretensions. But the architecture and interior arrangements are, in all other respects, the same as before the war. The Vassal monument, and two mural tablets, one to the memory of Frances Shirley, the lady of Governor Shirley, and their daughter Mrs. Bollan, and the other to Charles Apthorp, Esq., maintain their old situations, and form interesting and appropriate decorations of the church." The architecture of the church is plain and massive, and the building has a marked individuality. The burial ground attached to it is the oldest in Boston, and contains many rich old tombstones with quaint and striking inscriptions.



CHARLES A. PHELPS.

HON. CHARLES A. PHELPS.

The accompanying portrait of Hon. Charles A. Phelps, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, was drawn expressly for us by Rowse, and engraved by Pierce, and is an excellent likeness of the subject. Mr. Phelps was born in Boston, on the 19th of October, 1820. He is the son of Dr. Abner Phelps, of Boston. The speaker's earliest impressions of politics were doubtless received in early boyhood, when his father's office was much frequented by many leading public men of the day. Young Phelps was fitted for college at the Public Latin School in Boston, and at Phillips's Academy in Andover, having also, at times, the instruction of private tutors in particular departments, and during some years of his boyhood, resided in the family of the late Professor Stuart, of Andover, who was a maternal relative. Even at this early period of his life, he evinced unusual talents and gave auguries of future distinction. At the age of twelve years, he delivered a Fourth of July oration before a juvenile charitable society, at Chauncey Hall. At the age of eighteen, he delivered the valedictory address at the closing exercises of the Boston Lyceum, Edward Everett being, at that time, president of the institution. Mr. Phelps entered Yale College in 1838. After pursuing his studies there three months, he entered the Sophomore Class in Union College, whence he graduated with distinguished honors in 1841. It has been remarked of President Nott that he has sent into public life more successful men than the president of any other college. Mr. Phelps's oration at the commencement exercises was highly praised by the New York press. We are inclined to believe that Mr. Phelps was never particularly ambitious of political distinction. At any rate, he does not seem to have had any regard to that end in the choice of his profession. The early development of his elocutionary powers, and his early success as a public speaker, would have justified him, we think, in expecting unusual success at the bar. Quite to the surprise of his friends, however, he chose the modest and laborious profession of medicine, and after pursuing his studies at Boston and Philadelphia, he received the degree of M. D. at Harvard University in 1843. The same year, he married the sister of Judge Ira Harris, of Albany. Although Dr. Phelps, at this time, as from boyhood, took a lively interest in political movements, and was a diligent student of them, he kept himself aloof from all public participation in them, and quietly practised his profession, and cultivated general literature. His first public political speech was in behalf of the American party, in 1854. He was elected to the Legislature of 1855 from the City of Boston. As a public speaker, Dr Phelps possesses an uncommonly rich and melodious voice by nature, and he has evidently cultivated it with care. His speeches are logical, without dullness, strong in satire, without being ill-natured, and abound in humor and pathos. Having been returned a second time from the City of Boston, he was elected Speaker of the present House of Representatives. With the exception of Hon. N. P. Banks, we think he is the youngest man that has ever held the speakership. Thus far he has discharged all his duties with remarkable promptness, accuracy and judgment, and, we believe we are justified in saying, to the entire satisfaction of all parties in the House.



INTERIOR VIEW OF KING'S CHAPEL, DRESSED FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.



MEMBERS OF THE PRESENT CABINET.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WINTER.

BY LILLIE LIGHTFOOT.

Aha, old king with the hoary brow,
You are making yourself quite busy now;
You have shaken your locks o'er hill and dale,
From the loftiest peak to the lowliest vale!

Old Boreas obeys thy kingly call,
And comes from his bleak old northern hall;
He makes himself heard by rich and poor,
At the lowly cot and the palace-door.

But, nevertheless, you frosty twain
Bring frolic and pleasure in your train—
Hurrah, hurrah, for the gay sleigh-rides,
And the calmer joys of our firesides.

The fair young belle hails with delight
Your drifts of snow so soft and white;
And joy is seen in her merry glance,
For now is the time for ball and dance.

And the schoolboy shouts aloud with glee—
O, the winter, the winter's the time for me!
And he builds himself a snowy fort—
O, this is the time for the schoolboy's sport.

But we must not think that *all* is mirth—
There is many a cold and cheerless hearth;
O, forget not the words once spoken to thee,
"As ye do unto them, so ye do unto me."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RACE FOR LIFE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

Towards the middle of July, 1840, a party of us city-hived mortals determined to take a cruise upon the salt water, and no sooner did the idea present itself than we set about putting the plan into effect. At Atkins's Wharf, at the North End, we found a small schooner, the "Othello," of about a hundred and twenty tons burden. She was a Baltimore built craft—regular clipper-shaped, long and handsome, carrying fore-topsail and topgallant-sail, and a gaff-topsail upon the main. She had been used some in the West India trade, and perhaps for other trades. She had four port-holes, and some of our party could detect the marks upon her deck where gun-carriages had run, though the faint marks might have been made by a thousand other things just as well. The owner's name was Johnson—a short, dark-complexioned, lame man, but a good seaman, and a good man. The moment we proposed hiring his schooner for a pleasure trip he was pleased with the idea. He proposed that we should furnish a new main-sail, find provisions and other necessary fixings, engage our own skipper, and take him as a private member of the party. He asked no more. Of course we accepted his offer.

We found Tom Phillips lying on his oars. We knew him to be a good shipmaster, and we engaged his services. Then we got a good cook, a steward, and one other experienced seaman, and finally all our arrangements were made, and on the seventeenth of July the "Othello" left Boston harbor, under a fair breeze, and with a happy crew on board. There were twenty-four of us in all. Johnson had had the vessel thoroughly cleaned, and she was not only neat and tidy, but we found her also a splendid sailer—glid through the waters like a dolphin, and riding like a duck for graceefulness and ease.

As soon as we were out of sight of land we took a vote to decide which course we should pursue. There were twenty of us privileged to vote, and each one having written upon a slip of paper the place he wished first to visit, it was deposited in a box by the binnacle. When the votes were all in, we examined them. Sixteen were for Havana, one for Gibraltar, and three for "Anywhere." So to Havana we went. We had a splendid run, and when we reached the queen city of the Antilles, we found no difficulty in landing. We remained there a week, and having taken in a good quantity of fruit, we prepared to set sail again.

"Which way now?" asked Senor Torrijos, as we were preparing to leave.

"To Saint Domingo," answered Phillips.

"A fine trip," returned the old merchant; "but," he added, with a sort of serious smile, "you may meet Tradillo on your way."

"Tradillo?" repeated Phillips; "who is he?"

"What, have you been here a week and not heard of Tradillo? Why, he is one of the most daring villains that ever lived—a pirate who has infested these seas for over three months, and whom no amount of strategy has been able to conquer. His hand is turned against the world, and he fears nothing. He has a crew as bold and bloody as himself, and he leaves no witnesses to tell of his deeds."

"Then he kills all whom he captures, does he?"

"Yes. He goes upon the principle that 'dead men tell no tales.' He was formerly a native of this place; but some time during the year 1836 he was apprehended for robbery, and condemned to be whipped, and then imprisoned. He was whipped in public, but he made his escape from prison, and now he has made his appearance among our islands as a most terrible avenger. But he must soon be apprehended, for many vessels are after him."

"Does he sail in a large craft?" asked Phillips.

"No, his vessel is not larger than yours. It is a schooner, of United States build, and not a bit larger than yours; yet he carries from fifty to a hundred men, and six guns."

"But how do you know so well his crew, when he kills all his prisoners?"

"From two sources: he has written two letters to the captain-general; and three men escaped from him about a month ago. They were in a brig that he captured at night, and they jumped overboard with life preservers on, and were picked up in the morning."

"And is he about here now?"

"There is no knowing where he is. The last that we heard of him, he took a French barque off Anguilla, and murdered the whole crew. But I guess there wont be much danger, for I think it very likely he is down on the Brazil coast now."

This was not very cheering intelligence, but then we had no real fears—our hearts were too light for that. It was after dinner when we hove up our anchor and made sail, and before dark we had passed the headland of Matauzas harbor. Through the night we had a northerly wind, and kept our course with flowing sheets. We concluded to run to the north of the island of Hayti, and on the morning of the fourth day from Havana we had made the north-easterly cape of the island. Here we had the wind from the southeast, and we had to make a tack to the eastward. The wind was steady, and we chose to make a "long leg" on the easterly tack, so as to come down well on the next one. Our course by the compass was east-by-north, and by looking at the map it will be seen that this course lay clear, to the northward, of all the islands.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we belayed the sheets on this tack, and in half an hour afterwards we were once more out of sight of land. I was sitting upon the main hatch, engaged in peeling an orange, when some one sung out, "Sail-ho!"

"Where away?" I returned, sportively. And then Phillips asked the same question.

"Right there—just over the starboard quarter," returned the man who had spoken.

We looked, and sure enough, there was a sail in plain sight, which must have come out from behind Samana. Johnson went below and got his glass, and when he returned he examined the stranger, and was soon confident she must be a schooner.

"Suppose it should be the pirate?" suggested one of our party, a Milk Street book-keeper named Paine. There was a tremulousness in his tone as he spoke.

"No, there's no danger of that," said Phillips. "I don't imagine we're going to fall in with a pirate so easily. I've followed the sea now going on twenty years, and never saw one yet."

"Unless that's one," persisted Paine.

"Pooh—nonsense!"

Our vessel was close-hauled upon the starboard tack, and the stranger was coming down almost before the wind, with fore-top-sail and topgallant-sail set, and starboard studding-sails drawing. In half an hour more the fellow was in plain sight. It was a schooner, long, low, and black, and just such an one as Senor Torrijos had described the pirate to be. There was no mistaking this. And then her deck was full of men, as we could plainly see with the glass.

"What d'ye think now?" asked Paine, tremulously.

"By the piper, there may be a snuff of powder here after all," returned Phillips, rather dubiously.

Minutes fled rapidly, and ere long the schooner was within a couple of miles. There was no more room for doubt. Her whole contour was rakish and bloody, and then no other craft would carry such a quantity of men.

"Well, boys," said Phillips, "there can't be any mistake about that fellow, and now what shall we do?"

"Why—run, of course," said Paine; and we all coincided.

So without further consideration our helm was put up, the sheets eased off, and in a few moments more we were bowling off before the wind in fine style. For some ten or fifteen minutes we watched the pirate with the utmost anxiety, and at the end of that time it became evident that he was gaining upon us. The thought was a fearful one.

"They never spare anybody," whispered a young salesman, by the name of Bolster. He spoke to Phillips, and seemed to hope that something might be done to increase our speed.

But Bolster was not the only one who bore fear marks upon his face. I think we all came in for our share of that. Whether the pursuer was a pirate or not had been settled in our minds, and the only thing upon which we now hung was the thought of escape. To be captured was sure death, and that, too, most horrible.

"*Can* we escape?" was a question asked by more than one, and asked by one more than once. Capt. Johnson knew most about our vessel's sailing qualities, and he was appealed to; but he only shook his head in doubt.

It was a stern chase, and we felt sure it must be a long one. Perhaps we could hold off until night, and then steal away.

"I'm afraid not," said Phillips, who had been watching the pirate narrowly, as the hope was spoken to him. "The case 'll be settled before night."

It was now ten o'clock, and the wind was moderate, our schooner running off seven knots. It was a fixed fact that the pirate was gaining upon us—it was very slowly done, but yet we could see it. The fellow's hull became gradually more plainly developed to our sight, and one after another of his ropes became defined against the blue sky. It was just twenty five minutes past ten when he fired a gun. We had not been able to see any ports before, but now that point was settled.

"That means for us to heave to," said Johnson, as the sound of the report had fairly died away.

"But we wont heave-to!" exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"Of course we wont!" cried Paine. "We'll use the only means of safety we've got while it lasts."

And this was the general impression. To calmly stop and let the rascals come up and cut our throats was something we were not prepared to do, for though the pirate was gaining upon us, yet it was so slowly that there was a strange sense of hope while the distance was anything between us. Perhaps some other sail might heave in sight—and perhaps a great many things might happen to help us.

At eleven o'clock we could plainly see the heads and shoulders of the pirates, and we could now see that her ports were open, and the guns run out. They were brass guns, for we could see them glisten in the sunlight. There was not now much over a mile between us. But remember a mile at sea does not look like a mile on the land. Go on the frozen lake, when the ice is clear and smooth, and you shall skate a mile and think it but a very few rods. We could see the white crest that rolled away from the pirate's bows, and we fancied we could hear the rushing of the water as she cleared it. At any rate, we could see the dark faces of the crew, and fancied we could detect the scowls of triumph that lighted up their diabolical features.

By-and-by another gun was fired, as before, to leeward; but of course we took no notice of it. At twelve o'clock the villain fired again. He was gaining on us.

"Look!" spoke Phillips. "She's yawing."

"Going to steer off?" breathlessly questioned Bolster.

"Rather guess not. That's for a shot at us."

And so it proved; for hardly had the words passed from our skipper's mouth, when a wreath curled up from the fellow's deck, and just as the report reached us a shot came ploughing up the water under our quarter rail. A score of cheeks turned pale. Powder was ahead of wind at that game. A few shots like that upon our deck would be dangerous. We were not fighting-men—not even sailors; inured to no hardship but that of sea-sickness, and all of us wanted to get home again safe and sound. We could see four-and-twenty bloody corses on our deck, and we were to make the scene. It was an hour of terrible trial. We looked involuntarily for a means of escape. Had there been a stone wall, a fence, a wood, a hill, or even a few trees, we might have had some hope; but nothing of the kind was to be seen. Only that endless, boundless waste all about us! We had our limbs free and strong—only cooped within those fatal limits.

Another shot struck the water alongside, and sent the spray dashing upon our deck. The pursuer lost something in distance by thus firing, for she had no bow-port, and consequently had to yaw in order to bring her guns to bear. It was just one o'clock when she had more than gained all she had lost by firing, and at that time she fired the fourth gun. The ball struck the main throat-halyards, and the sail was on the next instant flapping.

"We are lost!" gasped Paine, as he saw what had happened.

And so it would seem, for our headway was checked, and ere we could splice the halyards the pirate would be up with us. We turned our eyes over the taffrail, and there was the villain, not over half a mile distant, his deck bristling with men, and their polished arms plainly to be seen. But while we were thus lost in fear, Capt. Johnson and Frost (the latter was the seaman we had engaged) had spliced the halyards, and the gaff of the mainsail was again in its place. Hope had once more dawned dimly upon our deck, when a savage messenger came and drove it all away. The pursuer was now within a quarter of a mile, and as the smoke curled up again from her gun, a round shot and a stand of grape came upon us—the former carrying away our fore-topmast, and the latter tearing the throat of our foresail in pieces.

"By heavens, boys, let's not die like cowards!" cried Johnson. "We have guns on board—muskets—which we brought to shoot birds with. We ought to have thought of them before; but it is not too late now. Let's load 'em at once, and when we've fired 'em we can use 'em for clubs."

We had taken a lot of fowling-pieces with us, and in a few moments they were brought upon deck, and each man requested to take one and load it. I was fear-struck—I acknowledge it—very much so—but yet I know there was a smile upon my face as I looked around upon some of my companions, whose excited fears had also quite unmanned them.

In ten minutes from the time our fore-topmast came down the pursuer was alongside. I uttered one prayer, gave one thought to home and friends, and then turned to the coming enemy. Our vessel had broached to, and as we lay with our head half way up to the wind, the pursuer came up under our lee quarter, and in a moment more a score of men were upon our deck. I looked at them, and their leader I recognized. I had known him on board the old Brandywine,

"Rogers!" I gasped, starting forward.

"What—old mate—is this you?" he returned, grasping my hand. "But this schooner?"

"The Othello!" I answered. "We are out on a pleasure trip. And *that* schooner?" I added.

"Why, it is the United States schooner Grampus, and I am commander. What a precious fool I've made of myself! I was sent after a pirate. I chased him from Trinidad, and lost him off Saint Domingo. May I be blessed if I didn't think you were the same chap. You look as like him as one pea to another."

"And we took you for the same fellow," I said. "We had had a description of you, and you came up to it so well we felt it safe to run."

A hearty laugh followed this strange and bloodless denouement, and after all was understood, we sat down and had a social chat together, while the carpenters of the Grampus were fixing our fore-topmast. Rogers settled with Johnson for the damage done, and by three o'clock we started in company for the coast of Hayti.

The rest of our cruise we performed without much excitement, and, in fact, we needed none, for that *race for life* was enough, and has afforded food for conversation and laughter ever since.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Companies are forming in Connecticut for emigration to Kanzas in the spring. —— The oldest work in the Russian language was published in 863, and was a translation from the Greek of the four gospels. —— The merchants of St. Louis are about to build an exchange in that city. —— James T. Fields, Esq., has presented the Mercantile Library Association with autograph letters of all the presidents of the United States. —— Joshua Silsbee, the well known Yankee comedian, died at San Francisco, on the 22d of December. He was born at Wayne, Steuben county, New York, and was about 35 years of age. He first acted in this city at the Tremont Theatre, in 1843, and and last appeared in Boston, Oct. 7, 1853. —— The salaries of the judges in New York city have been raised to $5000 per annum. —— The Rockville (Md.) Journal complains of the great scarcity of laborers in that county, and adds: "A full grown man readily commands from $115 to $120 per annum, and from $12 to $15 per month. —— Madame Grisi had a daughter born on Christmas day. She (the mother) is singing in Paris. —— Franklin's definition of the word "gentleman," is included in his pithy saying, "A ploughman on his *legs* is higher than a gentleman on his *knees*."——A miser squeezed a post-office stamp till the effigy on it offered him five dollars to desist.——The latest news from California is to the effect that the mines are yielding more abundantly than ever, and several new ones have been discovered. ——How can a man who bets be worse than one who is no better? Unanswerable. —— Every family should have a blackboard in it, for the benefit of the young folks; every family should be a school house, where the heart and the will, as well as the head, are to be cultivated. —— Schoolmasters are sent to the Crimea—to teach the young idea how to shoot! —— A contract has been entered into with the British government by Messrs. Napier, of Glasgow, for the construction of the first of the great gun batteries. It is intended to be of 3000 tons, and it is to be delivered on the Thames on the 15th of April next, under penalty of £1000 per diem. —— The Chinese never touch milk; they also abhor the milk of human kindness. —— A letter from Berlin states that the celebrated traveller, Madame Ida Pfeiffer, has instituted a suit against a newspaper in that city. The *Morgenpost*, or Morning Post, remarked that "Ida Pfeiffer may be seen and talked to daily, by any one, from nine to twelve o'clock." The lady regarded this as libellous, and instituted a suit. —— The inhabitants of Spryten Duyvil, New York, want the name altered to Linwood. Pshaw! —— At a meeting of the veterans of the war of 1812, held in Norfolk, Virginia, upon calling the roll, it was ascertained that *twenty-one* of those brave men had fallen since the last meeting. —— What did Napoleon mean when he said "Bayonets think!" The meaning is obvious; every polished bayonet is capable of reflection. —— A New York detective police officer had his own pocket picked of a gold watch and chain the other night, as he was "spotting," or searching for thieves. —— Mr. Crawford, the American sculptor, is now busily engaged in completing his models, twelve in number, for the pediment of the capitol at Washington. They are designed to represent the progress of civilization. —— The ice crop promises well; the ice dealers expect to make *cool* thousands by this winter's operations. —— It has been remarked by foreigners as a beautiful trait in the American government, that it has never shed a drop of human blood, nor banished an individual for State crimes! —— Plaintain leaves are now shipped from Cuba to this port, for the purpose of being converted into paper and cordage. —— The value of a well-drilled and well equipped English soldier, landed in Turkey, is estimated at $1260. At Scutari, recently, one hundred and twenty died of cholera—a loss of $150,000. —— Pie-crust is bad for children; and in the nursery, neither pie-crusts nor promises should ever be broken. —— During the year 1855, there have been four vessels loaded with pearl-shells at the islands in the Bay of Panama, amounting to 650 tons. The shells from the island of St. Joseph are the largest and purest in the bay. —— A stud of blood horses, belonging to the Marquis of Waterford, Ireland, was sold at the large sum of £70,062 10s. ($350,000).

BUILDING IRON SHIPS.—Timber-built ships are now becoming scarce in the British marine, and the chief reliance is sheet iron. Until quite recently, the building of iron ships has been chiefly carried on on the Clyde; but the discovery of extensive beds of iron ore in the North of England has led to the prosecution of the business on the Tyne.

THE CRIMEA.—The British press, or at least a portion of it, seems to have forgotten the old receipt for cooking a hare, which commences with "First catch your hare;" and they are already laying plans for the future disposition of the Crimea, without considering that they must first *catch* the Crimea.

NOISY CARRIER'S BOOK AND STATIONARY CO., No. 77 LONG WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Incorporated according to an act of the Legislature of California, January 1, 1855. CHARLES P. KIMBALL, President.—TRUSTEES—Charles P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibben, G. B. Haywood.—CHARLES GALACAR, Agent, NEW YORK. 3—8m

FALSE SWEARING.—A serious charge has just been made against a Provincetown codfisherman for false swearing, in order to obtain bounty. The matter is now under investigation in that place.

THE SERFS.—The emperor of Russia talks of abolishing serfdom. Punch thinks his sympathy for the serf is all on the surface. We should think he had a surfeit of serfdom.

LITERARY.—The British Museum Library contains 550,000 volumes, and 30,000 are added annually.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mrs. Thoman, formerly of the Boston Museum, has obtained a divorce from her husband in California.

The office of sheriff of New Orleans was proved in the recent contest to be worth $100,000 per annum.

It is a curious fact that England now sends to America for her guns and the machinery to make them.

A company has been organized at Ottawa, Illinois, with a capital of $100,000, for the manufacture of starch.

The marriages in New Bedford, Mass., numbered 522 in 1855; in 1854 they were 521, showing an increase of *one* in 1855.

A "Farmers' Reading Room" has been opened in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Society for promoting agriculture.

Mrs. Lucinda Thompson, of Crawford county, Ohio, obtained a divorce from her husband at eight o'clock, and on the same evening was married to Mr. Talcott.

The area of Central America may be calculated in round numbers, at 155,000 square miles—very nearly equal to that of the New England and the Middle States combined.

A Mr. Shinn, of Camden, N. J., recently recovered $600 of a Mr. Wells, for knocking six of his teeth out during an assault. A hundred dollars a tooth!

The Underwriters' Convention at Buffalo, just adjourned, resolved to employ nine suitable persons at different points on the chain of lakes, to act as marine inspectors.

In the woods adjoining Petersburg, Va., many hares have been found starved and frozen to death, and large coveys of partridges have been found crouching together to keep alive by warmth alone.

There have been a large number of marriages in Norfolk and Portsmouth since the refugees have returned to their homes, and a correspondent advises us of seventy-two others upon the tapis.

Bootbroyd Fairdough is the name of a young aspirant for the mantle of the lamented Booth. He recently made his first appearance on any stage in New York, where he sustained the part of *Sir Giles Overreach*.

At a recent concert given by the Campbells at St. Louis, a prize of a gold watch was offered to the gentleman who should attend with the largest number of ladies. The winner appeared with ninety-three fair ladies under his escort.

Grant county, Wisconsin, must be a glorious place to live in just now. Game of all kinds is abundant there. Venison sells for three cents a pound; prairie chickens, pheasants and rabbits $1.00 per dozen; quails, forty cents per dozen.

There is on exhibition at Bath, Me., a man, who, according to the advertisement, must be an astonishing creature. "His right hand represents the head of a black snake, a part of his left hand representing the tail of the snake and the head of a dog."

A joint resolution has been introduced into the New Jersey Senate for memorializing Congress to restore Commodore Stewart—"Old Ironsides"—to his station in the navy, of which he was deprived by the decree of the late naval board.

It is stated in a new book just published by Derby of New York, entitled "Jackson and New Orleans," that the 93d Regiment, which obtained distinguished honor at Balaklava, is the same that got so awfully whipped at the battle of New Orleans.

General Scott, in his annual report on the condition of the army, advocates a retired list, and says: "Some forty or fifty officers, mostly in the higher commissions, rendered non-effective by the infirmities of age, by wounds or chronic diseases, now press downwards into lethargy."

Intelligence from Japan states that a fleet of American whalers on being refused provisions at Nagasaki, had helped themselves by force, leaving, however, an equivalent in cash. This transaction led to a rencontre between the crews of the whalers and the inhabitants, in which a number of the latter were shot.

The huge haul of fishes in the Sea of Genneseret, as related by the apostles, was rivalled lately by a similar feat in the Bay of San Diego. The number of fish taken at a single haul, in this modern exploit, was not far from 2000, and their weight between three and four tons.

David Hunt, Esq., of Mississippi, a friend to the colonization cause, has lately made a donation of $5000 to the American Colonization Society. In 1843, he made a similar donation, besides regularly contributing annually for several years past, the sum of $500.

Felix, the Cuban revolutionist, who was sentenced to ten years in the Spanish chain-gang at Ceuta, has been pardoned by the Spanish government, and is now at liberty. He was implicated with Estrampes, who was garroted. It is said he is about to publish a book on Cuban life.

The secretary of the treasury has selected as the site of the new custom-house, post-office and United States courts to be erected in Detroit, Mich., a lot at the corner of Larned and Griswold Sts., the property of Henry Barnard. The price the government pay for it is $24,000.

Last year the English found themselves under the necessity of supplying a deficit of £1,500,000; at the close of the present year they find that nearly four millions must be raised on deficiency bills to meet the excess of expenditure over revenue, although the income includes the £16,000,000 loan to the very last instalment.

The Albany Atlas says that Mr. John Upton, express messenger, who was severely injured at the late accident on the Hudson River Railroad, has been presented with nearly $1000 by the banks of New York, for his fidelity to their interests in watching their treasure during that fearful time, while he himself was badly hurt.

Some hunters at Richmoud, Va., recently fired at a flock of ducks in an eddy at the mouth of a creek, and after killing a dozen, found the wing feathers of the whole flock were so loaded with ice that they could neither fly nor dive. The weather being excessively cold and the marksmen chivalrous, they desisted from further slaughter.

The Harpers have defeated the N. Y. City Insurance Company who refused to pay the policy on the premises that were destroyed, on the ground that camphene had been improperly used for printing purposes, in the establishment. It was proved, however, that it was in general use among printers in wood cuts, and a verdict was rendered for $11,278 76.

Joseph Serbiech recently met with a singular and fatal casualty in Monroe, Pa The deceased, with two others, was engaged in cutting down a large tree, when the axe of one of the others slipped from the helve, the bitt striking him on the thigh, severing the main arteries and causing his death in less than five minutes. The affliction of so sudden a death is, in this instance, greatly aggravated, as he was to be married the next day.

Foreign Items.

A party of three Englishmen lately ascended Mount Ida, in Crete. They are said to be the first Englishmen who ever made this ascent.

We learn from the French papers that Rossini, the celebrated composer, has had so serious a relapse, that he does not see his most intimate friends at present.

Ferdinand Freiligrath, the celebrated lyric poet of Germany, the author of "Die Rose" and "Der Blumen Rache," is preparing a German translation of "Hiawatha."

The group of figures carved by Gibson, the English sculptor, for the Parliament House, representing the queen enthroned between Justice and Clemency, is completed.

There are four public libraries in the city of Florence, containing about two hundred and fifty-eight thousand volumes, while the population is about one hundred and ten thousand.

Queen Victoria is partly insane, and has to be kept in continual motion. She is jealous of Prince Albert; she has also given the French Empress Eugenie some important domestic hints.

From the 1st of May up to the 15th of November, 549,099 persons had the cholera in the Austrian empire; 278,039 recovered, 230,861 died, and 30,208 were still under medical treatment.

The Cork Examiner announces on authority, that it is the intention of a company of high mercantile position to establish a line of steamships, which will ply regularly between that port and New York.

Another attempt has been made on Louis Napoleon's life. A man hired a room where the emperor was to pass on the day the Crimean soldiers entered Paris, and when arrested was armed with two of Colt's revolvers.

Sands of Gold.

.... Complaining is contempt upon one's self.—*Halifax.*

.... There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.—*Shakspeare.*

.... As love will often make a wise man act like a fool, so will interest often make a fool act like a wise man.—*Greville.*

.... The happiest of pillows is not that which love first presses; it is that which death has frowned on and passed over.—*Landor.*

.... Even as a hawk fleeth not high with one wing, even so a man reacheth not excellency with one tongue.—*Roger Ascham.*

.... We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.—*Landor.*

.... No preacher is listened to but time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.—*Swift.*

.... The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.—*Landor.*

.... Much which passes in the world for knowledge is but a slight and trivial thing; and man's being so eager and industrious in quest of it, is like sweeping the house, raising the dust, and making a great ado, only to find pins.—*Dr. Smith.*

.... Is it not in accordance with divine order that every mortal is thrown into that situation where his hidden evils can be brought forth to his own view, that he may know them, acknowledge them, struggle against them, and put them away?—*Anna Cora Ritchie.*

.... Learned and good men are often deterred from engaging the adversaries of religion more through fear of their ribaldry than their arguments; as Antipater's elephants, which beheld the apparatus of war unmoved, but ran away at the grunting of the Megarcutian hogs.—*Bishop Horne.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is the Delaware River like a bottle of ink? Because *Penn* (pen) was the first who put it in use.

Horne Tooke being asked by George III. whether he played cards, replied: "I cannot, your majesty, tell a king from a knave."

"Did he hit you on purpose?" asked the magistrate. "Och, no, yer honor," said Pat, "be jabers, he hit me on the head, sure."

An editor in Iowa has become so hollow from depending on the printing business for bread, that he proposes to sell himself for a stove-pipe.

Of all men in the world, daguerreotypists should be most fond of children, for they universally find it very difficult to get along without *a little sun.*

Timid people are now defined to be—a lover about to pop the question, a man who does not like to be a shot, and a steamboat captain with a cholera case on board.

"Spell cat," said a little girl of five years of age, the other day, to a smaller one only three. "I can't," was the reply. "Well, then," continued the youthful mistress, "if you can't spell 'cat,' spell 'kitten.'"

A runaway thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him some handcuffs, and desired to know if he made such kind of work. "Why, yes, sir," answered the fellow, scratching his head, "guess I've had a haud in 'em."

A fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, a short man on parade, and a lady in a huge bonnet sitting before you at a public lecture, are declared to be four of the most unpopular personages of the day; the bonnet is a decided nuisance.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber,	one year	$2 00
4 subscribers,	" "	7 00
10	" "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



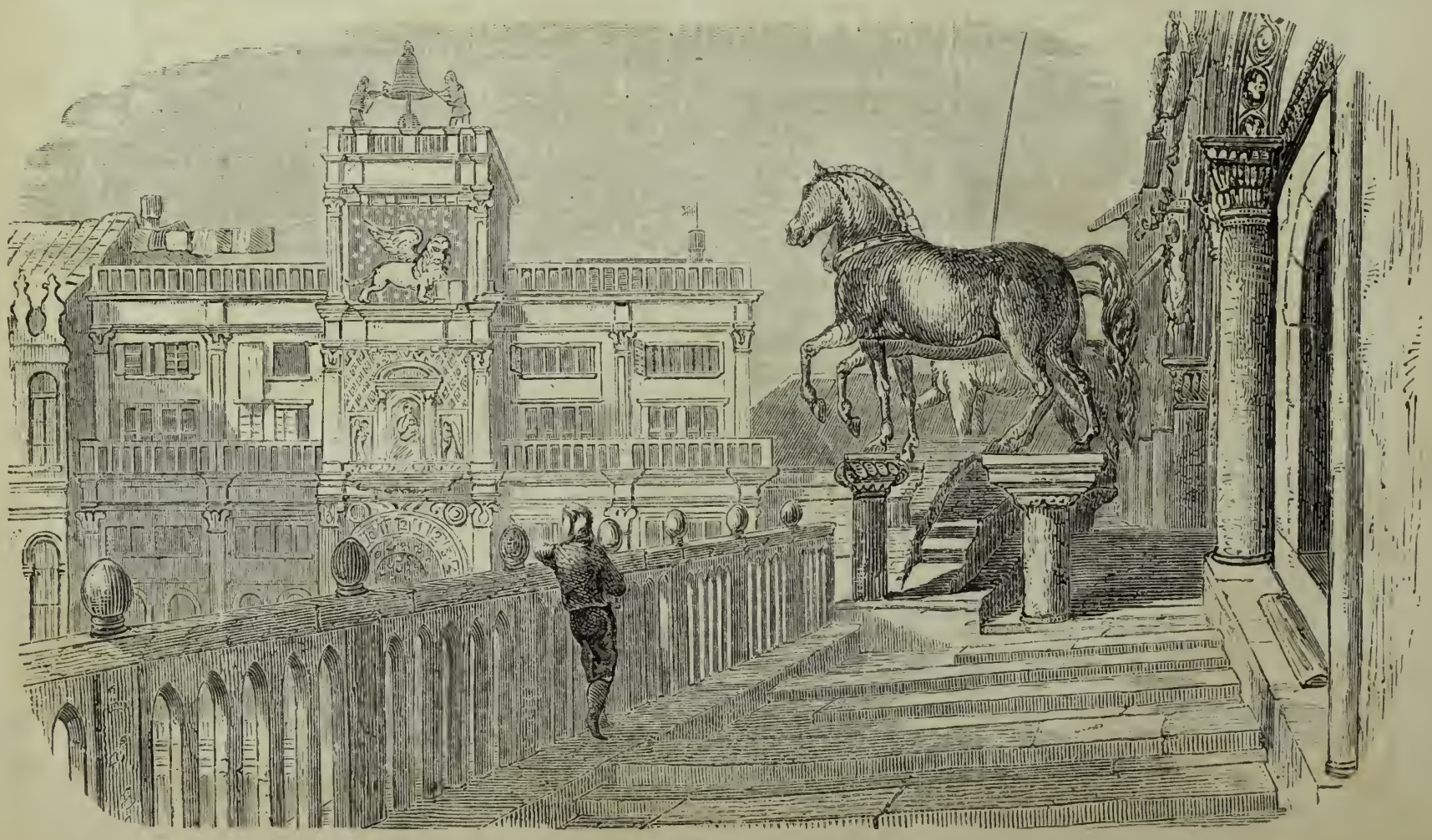
VIEW OF THE CITY OF VENICE.

VENICE.

The engravings on this page represent a general view of Venice, and the famous bronze horses of the great republic. On the right of the first picture is the piazetta which has the doge's palace on one side, and also contains the famous columns bearing the winged lion and the statue of St. Theodore. Along the quay are moored those gondolas which navigate the watery streets of the Queen of the Adriatic, and are always brought to mind by the very mention of the name of Venice. The gondolier stands at the stern of the boat, and propels it with singular dexterity. Cooper, in the "Bravo," gives an admirable description of the management of these gondolas. Before us rise the domes, the palaces and towers of this once splendid but now decaying city, whose very stones are eloquent of the past. "Where, on the whole earth, are stones so eloquent as those of Venice? Where is the creation of human hand that can be compared with this wondrous marble flower floating upon the surface of the sea?" The wealth of a thousand years created this city and piled its sumptuous palaces on these islands to render it secure from the assaults of enemies. The famous bronze horses represented in the second engraving, stand in the piazza of St. Mark. Byron sings:

> "Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
> Their gilded collars glittering in the sun."

In the 14th century, the Genoese and Paduans obtained signal successes over the Venetians, and threatened their destruction. The Venetians made proposals for peace which the lord of Padua was disposed to listen to, but Peter Doria, the commander of the Genoese, replied: "On God's faith, gentlemen of Venice, ye shall have no peace from the signor of Padua, nor from our commune of Genoa, until we have first put a rein on those unbridled steeds of yours, that are upon the porch of your evangelist, St. Mark. When we have bridled them, we shall keep you quiet." He did not, however, succeed in his laudable attempt. Though their enemies approached within five miles of the city, the Venetians, roused to desperation, sallied forth and changed the fortune of the war. The steeds, however, may be said to have been figuratively bridled, when Napoleon, the all-conquering, triumphed over the Queen of the Adriatic. Yet it is said that "when the last of the doges, weeping like a woman, sent the keys to Napoleon, that haughty conqueror was on the point of abandoning the siege in despair." The bronze horses, with other trophies, were sent to Paris, and set up in the Place du Carrousel. They were, however, restored to Venice when the empire was crushed by the restoration. Venice, however, is no longer independent, though the bronze horses still seem to breathe fire from their nostrils before St. Mark. The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom is governed by Austrian viceroys; and Austrian uniforms and bayonets glitter amid the marble walls of Venice. With regard to the manufactures of Venice, we may say that they are very various, and more extensive than is generally supposed. The glass works, which produce magnificent mirrors, with every variety of artificial pearls and gems, colored beads, etc., of Murano, employ in all, about 4000 hands, including the women and children who are employed in arranging the beads.



BRONZE HORSES OF VENICE, ON THE PIAZZI OF ST. MARK.

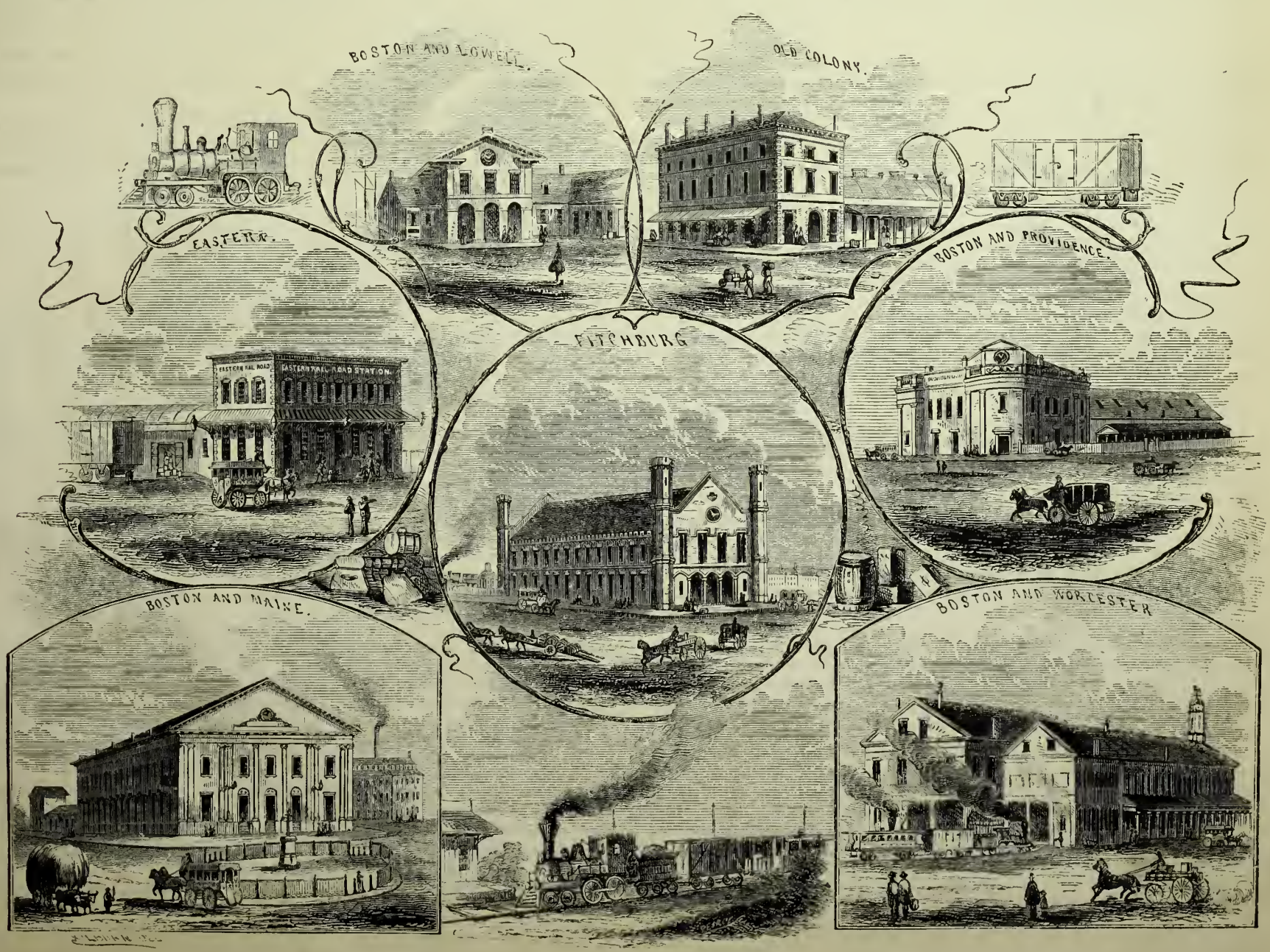
BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1856. | $3 00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X, No. 10. — WHOLE No. 244.

RAILROAD DEPOTS IN BOSTON.

A glance at the map of Boston shows it to be the great point of departure and of union of the system of railroads which cover the whole face of New England with their iron network, bringing its first city into rapid communication with the northeast, the north, the west, and the south—great channels of travel and commerce, through which the merchandize of the eastern hemisphere and the products of the west are constantly passing and re-passing each other in their ebb and flow by night and day. Our artist, Mr. Kilburn, has grouped together for us the various railroad stations in this city, delineating their architecture with great fidelity. On the right hand upper corner is a sketch of the Old Colony and Fall River Railroad Depot, at the corner of Kneeland and South Streets, a plain and substantial building of brick. On the left hand upper corner is a view of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Depot, at the foot of Lowell Street. This is also a brick building, and makes no pretensions to architectural elegance. The internal arrangements are good. Below this is the Boston and Providence Railroad Station, on Pleasant Street, near the foot of the Common. It is a brick structure, rather striking in its architecture. The interior arrangements are good, and unusually convenient. The Boston and Worcester Railroad Station is a very plain brick building, but covering a large area of ground, facing on Kneeland Street, with entrances and exits on Kneeland, Albany and Lincoln Streets. The accommodations are spacious and the arrangements excellent. The vicinity of this depot presents a busy scene on the arrival and departure of the New York and Albany trains. In the centre of our picture is the station of the Fitchburg Railroad, fronting on Causeway Street. It is a vast pile, built of granite, and with its towers and battlements, has the appearance of a feudal castle. On approaching the city from Charlestown, it is a striking feature in the panorama. On the right of this view is a sketch of the Eastern Railroad Depot, which is built of wood, and stands also on Causeway Street, a little to the west of the Fitchburg Station. The Boston and Maine Railroad Station is a large brick building in Haymarket Square, and the nearest to the centre of business of any of the stations. Our artist has tastefully ornamented his group by pictures of a railroad train in motion, a locomotive and a baggage car.



VARIOUS RAILROAD DEPOTS IN BOSTON.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST;

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

You never would have guessed that this graceful, brilliant, winning woman had passed the hours of darkness, during the whole of the past night, in a wild and fearful vigil. You would scarce have dreamed that such foul things as jealousy and hate could hold their dwelling-place within her heart, making that fair exterior a temple, upon whose altar was offered up every holy and upright feeling of the human heart.

It was known among the guests at the chateau, this morning, that Rose and Louis were betrothed, and something was whispered, too, concerning the romance attached to the affair. The good Countess de Clairville had kissed and congratulated the young girl to her heart's content. Everywhere there were smiles; everywhere there were happy hearts, save in *one* bosom.

The young count had taken his cousin Helen out upon the terrace; he had told her he wished to talk with her alone, and she knew well that which she was to hear. To Helen, Louis had been wont to give his confidence; it was pleasant to do so; and now, that he had so much to confide, he turned to her still.

Helen Montauban listened quietly to all, and with an interest scarcely feigned. Was it not the story of a ruined hope, as well as of a rival's happiness? Every word struck deep and keenly; she felt them but too well; yet she hid her agony, and listened, and sympathized, and congratulated, till she wondered at her own self-command. And Louis, in the honest sincerity of his own heart, fully trusted in and gratefully credited those false, deceitful, gently-uttered assurances. Helen Montauban had force of will sufficient to make her an admirable actress. She was gentle, amiable, cheerful. Her usually somewhat stately mien was softened and subdued. Toward Rose, her manner was most affectionate; and when others were completely deceived, she laughed in scorn.

Lord Egerton was much more gay and light-hearted than he had seemed for some time past. For always, despite himself, uneasy and jealous because of what, with jaundiced sight, had seemed to him to be the preference of Louis for Helen, he had now experienced a sudden and most welcome sense of freedom from apprehension that he was relieved of his former fears. True, Mademoiselle Montauban treated him with no more favor than formerly; but he did not cease to hope.

There was a talk of the approaching wedding-day. The impatience of Louis had urged its being fixed at an early period. He asserted that a delay of three months would be quite sufficient—equal, indeed, to a corresponding number of ages. His gay and vivacious yet earnest arguments, presented and discussed, were half accepted. The marquis was inclined to favor them, though it was evidently with a sore struggle that he contemplated the idea of parting with her. It was not until now that he had realized the full depth of his affection for Rose. She had become very dear to him. Her gentleness, and innocence, and goodness of heart, her childlike loveliness, and more than all, her likeness to one beloved in by-gone years, endeared her to the heart of this second father. He shrunk from speaking of the parting, though he could not deny to Louis the boon so earnestly sought.

And it is needless to say, that the guests anticipated with pleasure this much-talked-of wedding. The marquis had endeavored to persuade them to remain at the chateau in the interval preceding it; but they had decided to return, shortly, to Paris, promising, however, to come again during the month in which the ceremony was to take place.

It could be seen, by a close observer, that now, while this discussion was going on, and one and another laying plans touching the event, Rose herself said little, merely giving assent to the various propositions laid before her, and seeming to take but a passive part in the general action. There was, too, at times, a certain gravity, which might as well have been called actual sadness, in her demeanor, and which could not well be accounted for. Gradually it became so evident that it occasioned the deepest uneasiness in the breast of Louis. He endeavored to draw from her the cause of it; but the result was anything but satisfactory. She seemed disinclined to acquaint him with the origin of this unusual mood.

"You are ill, dear Rose?" he asked, with a lover's solicitude.

"I am not ill, Louis; indeed, you alarm yourself unnecessarily."

"Then you are unhappy?"

"I am not exactly unhappy, either."

One month of the three had passed away.

"There are but two months now, Rose," said the happy young man.

And Rose, even as she received the kiss her lover gave so fondly, turned away to sigh. He observed it with increased uneasiness.

"My dear uncle," he said, to the marquis, "what can ail Rose? I am sure she is not quite happy, though she refuses to admit it. I confess my uneasiness."

The marquis did not observe the downcast mood of the young girl, for the first time, now. He had watched it since its commencement, and meditated seriously, and with deep concern, on the subject.

At length, one day, he sent for her to come to him in the library.

"My dear child," he said, "I must know the reason and the nature of this gloom which continually rests upon your spirits. It is, as you must be aware, a matter of some anxiety to me. You do not deny that, if not precisely unhappy, there is yet some wish to be granted—some desire to be fulfilled, which could restore to you your usual serenity?"

"I will not deny it, monsieur," she returned, quietly and sadly.

"And you will not tell me what it is—this wish?"

She was silent.

"Dear Rose, this reserve pains me extremely. I am sure you would not wish to cause me a moment's disquiet, and yet you unconsciously give me the utmost apprehension. You confide neither in Helen nor Louis; then I entreat you to be, at least, frank with me. Is it anything which I can do to gratify you, my child?"

"Indeed, I scarcely think so," answered Rose; "I do not think any one here could bring me what I wish. It is—"

"Rose, I think I know what you wish. I have thought of it more than once—of the very subject, doubtless, upon which you are secretly dwelling at this moment. You have not seen your father in a long time. You are about to take a most important step, and you wish to see him, to tell him of all this. Is it not so?"

The tears quietly escaped from the young girl's downcast eyes.

"It is true, monsieur. I wished to see him. I could not forget *him* in my happiness—my poor father!"

"And it was very natural, dear Rose, that you should not. Neither did I forget him; but I hardly knew where he could be found."

"I knew that, monsieur," she rejoined, "and it was partly on that account that I have been silent all this while."

And the good marquis could easily comprehend the restraint that had also been instrumental in preventing her from giving utterance to the wish she had so long and sorrowfully cherished. Much as she loved them all, she had shrunk from reminding them, in their seeming forgetfulness, that while all was busy and joyful excitement in their midst, while her future was occupying them continually, that her father, poor, and homeless, and forgotten, might be glad to clasp his only child once more in his arms, and breathe a father's blessing over her.

They had not quite forgotten it, however; and now that her desire was made known, the marquis and Louis were equally anxious to seek for him. Though nothing absolute was known concerning his whereabouts, there was some reason for believing that he had gone to Lyons, and a faint hope of finding him there. Accordingly, the matter was taken into consideration.

It was about this time that the Count and Countess de Clairville, with Lord Egerton, had arranged to continue their route to Paris, and as they had been endeavoring to persuade their host and his family to accompany them, and spend the time with them there until their return, before the union of Rose and Louis, it was decided to adopt the proposed plan, and remain some days at Lyons, on the way, in order, if possible, to hear something concerning Hugh Lamonte.

This course having been fixed upon, preparations were immediately commenced for the journey. The Countess de Clairville could not suppress her joy at this arrangement. Rose began, in a great measure, to recover the gentle vivacity and animation natural to her; and Louis, charmed at observing the change, was the happiest of men.

Nor was Lord Egerton the one least satisfied of the party. He had looked forward to his departure from Helen's presence with feelings of the utmost pain. He had been restless—disquieted. Nothing but the anticipation of his return thither had relieved his dissatisfaction. His pleasure, then, in the prospect of the approaching journey, was as intense as his discontent had formerly been.

And how was it with Helen Montauban? It was well known that she was pleased with this arrangement. She had expressed her satisfaction more than once in alluding to it, and took an active part in the preparations making for the occasion. But there was no one, in all that party—not even Rose Lamonte herself, seeking tidings of her father,—who took so deep an interest in the thoughts of this journey. For Helen Montauban had a purpose—the bare skeleton of a plan as yet—over which she had been brooding, in secrecy and silence, through many a day past. Her desire, her *thirst* for revenge, was fierce and unquenchable. Long had she been meditating upon the mode of its fulfilment; but her hands had been, in a measure, bound; the necessary facilities for action were difficult to be attained. Now, however, means of forwarding her wretched scheme were at hand; the approaching journey opened to her ways and means that she only too eagerly snatched at. With calm and unimpassioned deliberation which but assured a more terrible consummation of her hateful design, she meditated upon the new assistance afforded her now; she looked forward to the method to be adopted, and carefully made her calculations—carefully and coolly. For every day but increased the black hatred she cherished towards Rose; and now, she made this purpose of revenge the one great business of her life. She had no fear—no hesitation. Hers were strong passions—strong and fiery, and deep and deadly as well. Love and hate had equal violence when roused in her breast; the love was forgotten now; the hate was uppermost; it was meat and drink to her; it had turned her heart to steel. Compassion, tenderness, pity—all were banished. The fiends themselves could plot no more mercilessly than this woman, when vengeance had once become her object.

A smouldering fire lay in those proud dark eyes, as she left the old chateau on the morning of the departure for Lyons. She leaned forward from the carriage window, as they wound slowly along the road leading northward, and looked upon the dark pile that rose against the blue, serene air of the declining autumn.

"See," said Louis, gaily, "Helen is taking a sentimental farewell of home."

"Nay, cousin; I was thinking of our return," answered she.

"So soon?—why, that scarcely augurs favorably for the enjoyment of your trip to the gay capital, Helen! I had an impression that you anticipated a great deal of pleasure, during our sojourn there."

"So she does—so she does, I am sure!" joined in Rose, as she took the hand of Mademoiselle Montauban affectionately in hers. "We shall both enjoy ourselves—shall we not, dear Helen?"

"Undoubtedly," was the reply; "how can it be otherwise?" and she smiled.

"Then why be thinking already," said the marquis, "of our return? Indeed, I am half inclined, Helen, to believe that you really regret leaving the chateau."

"Monsieur," returned Mademoiselle Montauban, "this journey is, of all things in the world, one of those which I most desire."

She leaned back in the carriage, and said no more. Gradually they entered upon the road skirting the forest, and then the chateau and its neighborhood was lost to view.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ABSENT ONE FOUND.

The party had established themselves at their hotel in Lyons, there to remain for some days, before proceeding to Paris. It was here that Rose had some hopes of meeting her father. She could not but be sad as she thought of him, and the difference between his fortune and hers; of his poverty, his loneliness; of his homeless wanderings. It contrasted so bitterly with her lot, that she wept over the reflection.

There was but a slight chance of finding Hugh Lamonte, even if he were in Lyons; for how many thousands were there, in that dense old city, who might daily pass to and fro without presenting a single familiar face! Yet, for the sake of Rose, the marquis and Louis resolved to find him if possible.

So Rose waited, and from morning till night, she listened, and watched, and promised herself that she should presently see him. But the first day went by, and the second, and the third; and still, though every possible attempt was made to find such a person, it was in vain. The marquis, or Louis, or both, were away from dawn till dark, seeking tidings of him, yet no satisfactory result followed. Rose did not despair, however. She always said to herself, "If he is here, they will find him."

It was on the fourth day that, as Louis was passing along one of the principal streets, he suddenly observed approaching him, in the crowd, a figure that seemed familiar. Almost immediately he lost sight of it, and hastening forward, it again appeared in the distance. A nearer view caused him to utter an exclamation of satisfaction, and the next moment he stood face to face with Jacques Leroux.

"Monsieur!" he exclaimed, with a broad glow of pleasure, astonishment and satisfaction lighting up his rough face, as he returned the frank and well-pleased greeting of the count,—"monsieur, you in Lyons? Why, I thought—but no matter. I was thinking of you just now. We have not met since I saw you at the chateau, after that lucky escape of yours."

"No. Where have you been, my friend?" said Louis, clasping his hand warmly,—"where have you been?"

"In Lyons, monsieur."

"In Lyons?"

"With Master Hugh."

"Is it possible? I wished to meet him. Rose is here in the city, and desires greatly to see her father. And now, Jacques, perhaps this is an impertinent question; but I certainly ask it with the best of motives. Can you inform me what are the circumstances of Hugh? Is he in poverty?"

"No, monsieur. He lives in a quiet neighborhood, and in a comfortable though lonely home, at some distance from here. I am his only companion, and servant as well. He is *not* poor, and is quite content."

"Will you give him a message from me, Jacques?"

"Fifty, if you have so many of them, monsieur."

"Tell him, then, to come, as soon as he can, to-day, if possible, to the Rue ——, No. 30. Tell him that Rose is there, and wishes to see him. She is with the Marquis of Montauban, and his daughter Helen."

"Very well, monsieur; I will tell him."

"And you are sure he will come, Jacques?"

"He will come, monsieur, I think you may be sure. He will be glad to hear that Mademoiselle Rose is near him."

"That is well. And now, Jacques, I have an offer to make you. You have done me, on more occasions than one, such services as I shall never forget. I should like to have you near me. If you are inclined to enter into my service, I will take you, and pay you well; if not, I shall give you such a sum as may buy a handsome farm in the country, or set you up in business in the city. Come, what do you say?"

"In the first place, monsieur, I am very much obliged to you for your kindness. But I must stick by Master Hugh; I have been with him for many a long year, and now he is knocked about, here and there, I do not like to leave him. I have got used to him, and he to me; and he isn't the sturdy fellow he was once; so you see he needs me about him. And then, it was not for pay that I helped you out of a close corner once or twice, monsieur, but because I liked you, and was not over-fond of Gasparde. I shall share the fortunes of Master Hugh till the end of the journey; sometimes I think it's not far off for him."

The poor fellow's voice grew husky, and slightly trembled. Louis was affected, spite of himself.

"Well, then, Jacques," he said, "since you must stay with him, and will receive no compensation, perhaps I shall think of some other arrangement. Hereafter, I wish you would keep me advised of your whereabouts; I may want you occasionally. Will you do so?"

"If you desire it, monsieur,—yes."

"Good! Now, where are you at present?"

Jacques informed him. Louis took down the street and the number.

"We part now, Jacques," said he, "but mind what I have told you. And take this—if not for yourself, for Hugh." And pressing his purse into the man's hand, he turned quickly away, and disappeared.

Hastening to the hotel, he ran quickly up stairs, and entered the apartment where Rose and Helen were sitting. He immediately imparted to the former the intelligence he had received concerning her father. The young girl thanked him a thousand times.

"I shall see him to-day—I am so glad! How good you have been to take all this trouble for me!" she said, gratefully.

"All this trouble!" exclaimed Louis, gaily, as he kissed her; "I know no trouble when I am trying to gratify you, my Rose. I am as happy as you are."

At that moment the marquis entered, and heard the news which had preceded his arrival.

"It is worth coming to Lyons for—is it not, Rose, my darling?" said he.

For an hour afterwards, he was conversing with Louis apart, and the subject of their discourse was connected with Hugh Lamonte. It was a difficult and delicate affair to undertake to offer pecuniary assistance to this strange man; and yet they determined to benefit him, if there was the remotest possibility of such a thing. The marquis wished to instal Hugh in possession of some landed property and a small farm belonging to him, and lying a mile to the south of the chatean. This he resolved to present to him immediately; and proceeding to the office of an *avozat*, he caused the necessary papers to be drawn up, set his own hand and seal to them, and carried them off with him.

But though all waited with impatience, Hugh Lamonte did not come that day. The marquis and Louis wondered at the delay; and the bright eyes of Rose grew dim with watching. But the day passed, and the evening went by, but he did not come.

"He will come to-morrow—do not you think so?" asked Rose, anxiously, as she looked up at Louis.

"Undoubtedly, my darling," answered Louis, with a smile of sanguine cheerfulness. "Something must absolutely prevent him, or he would be here to-day. You know he would hasten to seek you, Rose. But he will come to-morrow; and, at all events, I have his address. O, he will come, never fear!"

His confidence communicated itself to Rose. She retired to rest, with a heart full of hope, and happier, a thousand times, than she had yet been in her anticipations of the future, now that she was about to meet her father.

It was noon of the following day. All the morning, Rose had been waiting, with the utmost impatience, for the appearance of Hugh; but, as yet, he had failed to come. The countess and Helen were in their respective apartments. The marquis and Louis had gone out, after awaiting since early morning the arrival of the expected visitor, but had promised to return shortly. Rose sat alone, counting the moments and striving to find amusement in watching the scene without, in the busy street, from the window of the little *salon*. Every figure that passed she scanned eagerly; every face underwent the scrutiny of her anxious glance.

Suddenly, she was attracted to one in particular—a figure, and countenance, and bearing, like yet unlike those of her father,—a person who seemed to be seeking some place in this wilderness of structures, consulting, at the same time, a card which he held in his hand. How eagerly she bent forward! He crossed—looked up—met her glance. Yes—it was Hugh Lamonte! But how changed! He disappeared in the entrance beneath. She sprang to unclose the door of the apartment. A familiar step was just without; it paused, and as the door opened, Rose beheld him before her.

"My dear father!" she said, joyfully, as he clasped her silently in his arms.

"You are glad to see me, then, mignonne?"

"Glad?—ah, yes! I have waited till I was ready to cry, papa."

Holding him still by the hand, she led him in. Rose saw, now, though she would not seem to remark it, the reason of his altered appearance, which had at first prevented her from recognizing him. For now, instead of the coarse and humble garb ordinary with him, he was clothed in the attire of a gentleman, in garments of a fine yet plain material, suiting well with the undeniably noble and striking form and natural grace of the wearer. The profusion of hair, formerly roughening and disguising his features, had been partially removed, and the effect was no less agreeable than astonishing. No wonder that Rose had scarcely known him. You would not have guessed that this man had ever hewn wood in the forest, and dwelt, a peasant laborer, in a peasant's hut. But Hugh, for reasons of his own, had chosen to cast off the character in which he had so long appeared, in this visit to Rose. Perhaps he had endeavored, by this change, to prevent Rose from being obliged to contrast, with feelings of pain, his apparent poverty with the luxury of her position. As it was, she wondered silently at the change, yet, much as she desired to inquire into his circumstances, a feeling of restraint, or delicacy, prevented her at first.

They sat there, conversing, for upwards of an hour, during which she informed him of all that had lately taken place with regard to herself; of the discovery made touching the romance in which Louis and herself had been concerned, and of her approaching marriage with him. Hugh listened to her story, smiled at the romantic part of it, and was grave again.

"I knew, Rose," he said, "who Robin was."

"You knew, papa?"

"Yes. But I saw that the count was honorable and sincere in his affection for you, and permitted him to think his disguise safe. I would not have allowed you to marry a peasant, Rose."

"Father, why not?"

"You will know one day, my child."

She looked perplexed a moment; then glancing up into her father's face, said:

"You heard of my imprisonment in the cavern, father?"

"Yes. Jacques told me. Ah, my child, how happy I am that you escaped! What do we not owe to the count and to our faithful Jacques?"

"What, indeed?" echoed Rose, warmly. "But," she resumed, "Gasparde was killed, papa."

"I knew of that, also. The wretch will meet a just account."

"He said he was not my cousin. How was that, papa?"

"He told the truth. He was no relation of yours; only I had known him since he was an innocent, or, at least, an innocent-seeming boy, when you first saw him in your infancy, and then, you know, I bade you call each other cousin afterwards."

"But how wicked he was—a brigand chief! Ah, if we had known it, papa, how much more dreadful he would have seemed! We should never have dared to have him come into the cottage."

With abruptness Hugh turned the conversation. It touched himself and his affairs. Rose found that he was living in quiet retirement in the old city of Lyons.

"And I am not poor, Rose; do not let that trouble you, for I know you will think of it," he said. "I am not poor. I have enough to support me to the end of my days in comfort and plenty."

"O, father, I am so glad!" she returned, her eyes filling with tears. "I am so glad! You do not know how bitter has been the thought, sometimes, that I was about to marry a wealthy and titled man, and leave you, perhaps, in poverty and want. I have a thousand times felt that I was committing a sin—that I would rather come back to you, and share your lot, humble as it was, than wed in splendor and magnificence, and leave you."

"Think no longer, then, of such things," said her father, gravely. "Take the happiness which is offered you, and in which I, also, shall be happy. I should be ill at ease, my child, if you were to descend to your former rude station again. Think of me always, Rose, as in good circumstances; do not compare your station and mine, and make yourself unhappy because I do not share the advantages you enjoy. I do not want them, Rose. I should spurn them!" He spoke excitedly, and then, pressing his hand to his brow, sighed deeply. Then he continued: "I believe you will be happy with the count, your future husband. How soon are you to be married?"

"In two or three months, papa," answered Rose, slightly blushing.

"Let me congratulate you now upon the approaching event, if that be the case; for I shall not see you again, probably, for some time."

"Ah, why is that, papa?" said the young girl, anxiously.

"I have business to which I must attend, and which will occupy me closely for some months."

"And you will not even come to my wedding?" Her tone was low and sorrowful.

"I may not, dear child. But I shall pray for your happiness. One day, I shall come to look upon the old place. Till then, my home is in Lyons. You must think of me as I am, Rose, meanwhile; living in my own home, quiet and content. And now, I must bid you adieu!" And he rose.

"Dear father, why will you go so soon? The marquis will be disappointed at not seeing you. He had something particular, I believe, to say to you; and Louis—"

"I cannot stay, Rose; do not ask me. Believe me, it is best so. And now that I have seen you this once, it must content us both for a long time."

"I may come and see you, father."

"I think it better not; for I am very often away, and you might not find me. Now, my little Rose, adieu!"

He was gone; and Rose, despite his cheering words, wept sorrowfully.

The marquis was astonished, on his return, to find that Hugh had come and gone again. His deeds, so carefully prepared, were useless. He was vexed and disappointed. And Louis could not conceal his regret at not having met him. The object of their stay in Lyons was accomplished, and now they prepared to proceed to Paris. Both Rose and the marquis would have liked to visit Hugh, but for his evident desire to be left unnoticed by them, and they were obliged to depart without seeing him again.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TROUBLED SPIRIT.

Helen Montauban looked forward to Paris. This journey, so long—this longer delay, fretted her already tortured spirit. She had scarcely believed, at first, that she should need patience to support her in the carrying out of her dark resolution—she, the calm, firm, self-possessed and self-reliant! She had prepared herself for long waiting, for daily endurance, while awaiting the coming of a day which was to bring her full recompense for past agony. But even she had not sufficient strength of will to bear her through without a terrible struggle, to enable her to maintain her customary manner, to keep her from betraying the fierce and concealed misery which she endured. For she was always with *them*, from morning till night; compelled to witness a happiness which had wrecked her own. To evince a cheerfulness unfelt, the very effort to maintain which was hateful, because so hard to make—so at variance with her true feelings. To feign sympathy and friendship where enmity and hate were struggling to rise supreme, and throw off the mask to execute their work, to triumph in vengeance.

All this was harder than she had imagined it would be, and it became a daily torture. She must meet her cousin Louis as she was wont, before the knowledge of her own fate—of a rival's triumph, was given her. Still, he called her his sweet cousin—his beautiful cousin Helen, and sat by her, talking of a thousand plans for the future—*his* future, and that of Rose, and made her his confidant as of old; stinging her to the heart with his innocent, happy, unconscious words, and she must bear it. He talked to her of his beautiful bride elect.

"You are her sister, dear Helen," he would say; "take care of her, cherish her for me, till the right is yielded up to me—till you give it up to me, cousin."

"Yes—yes; I will take care of her—I will take care of her!" answered Mademoiselle Montauban. Her countenance was concealed from Louis; he could not see how white she was; he did not mark the shudder that passed over her frame; he knew not that the small hand withdrawn from his affectionate clasp, was firmly clenched, and cold as marble. But a feeling of deadly sickness stole over her; her head whirled; the agony of that moment was awful. Yet her hate grew fiercer. He had told her to cherish his Rose. Ay, she would cherish her! How her heart throbbed! When—when was this long-delayed hour of vengeance to arrive?

And Rose, too—our fair, innocent, confiding Rose,—daily and hourly was with her, constantly, not alone by her words and acts, but by her very presence itself, implanting in Helen Montauban's heart many a thorn that rankled deeply—sorely. But she preserved the old demeanor; she schooled herself to her part till it was perfect; and Rose never dreamed that the gentle kiss she gave was the kiss of a murderess—that the heart upon which her loving head was laid, in her girlish confidences, was even then filled with the blackest, bitterest hatred, which drove out every other emotion, and that she was the object of that hatred. It was as if she slept, at midnight, upon the edge of a crater, whose latent fires might, in the next moment, burst forth and devour her; slept and dreamed of the happiness that *one* had vowed should never be hers!

They reached Paris, and shortly were established, as in another home, at the Hotel de Clairville. Here the kind-hearted Count Frederic and his amiable wife congratulated themselves upon having gathered together so happy a family party; and no pains were spared to contribute to the enjoyment of each. Rose had never been in Paris before; its splendors and gaieties were novel and pleasing to her. But every enjoyment had its chief source from the presence of Louis; nothing was complete if he were not at her side to share in her pleasure; and it charmed him to perceive this.

"You shall dwell here, some day, my Rose," he said to her, with his own bright smile that the young girl loved so well.

And she smiled in return; while Helen Montauban turned away, with a dark gleam in her eyes—a darker frown on that splendid brow.

"Some day! How little," said the haughty woman, mentally, —"how little do they dream that the will of another is to exercise authority then! They count confidently on their future—upon the fate that is awaiting them. Ah, if they knew what it is to be—that fate!"

Now that Paris was gained, she was nearer to her purpose, and the fierce impatience she had felt, subsided as she approached to the consummation of that purpose. Not because she quailed, or shrank from it—O no! but that now she was able to contemplate it more nearly—to look upon her revenge as almost accomplished, and she was content to wait yet longer.

* * * * *

"Helen, you are ill, I think," said Francis Egerton, in alarm.

She had been sitting in the same attitude for a full hour, with her head resting on her hand, and those dark, calm eyes fixed on the floor. But her lips were very pale, and her face marble white.

"You are ill, Helen," he repeated, gently, bending over to attract her attention, and laying his hand on hers. But the icy coldness of that hand chilled and startled him.

She looked up.

"You are not quite right, my lord," she answered; "for I am not ill exactly, and yet I am not well. I have merely a severe headache." And she pressed her hand to her brow.

"A headache—is that all? Nay, you are feverish, for now your cheeks are burning. Let me ask your father to send for a physician. You may, perhaps, have taken the fever which is prevailing in the city. Dear Helen, be advised!"

"Francis, I command you to remain where you are," said Mademoiselle Montauban, imperatively. "I have assured you that I am *not* ill, and I do not wish either to attract attention, or to interfere with the enjoyment of others. Since you are so anxious, I shall endeavor to rest awhile in my own apartment, and may regain my usual spirits by evening, in which case I will rejoin the family. Present my excuses to them, if you please. *Au revoir!*" She left him, and ascended to her chamber.

Night came. The rest of the family were to attend the opera. Helen Montauban assigned a severe headache as her reason for not accompanying them, and remained at home. From the casement of her room, she looked down, and saw the carriage roll away from the gates.

An hour afterwards, there emerged from the hotel a youth, wearing a broad hat slouched over his eyes, and a cloak, which he

drew about him, half concealing his face with its folds. He looked back with a hurried, nervous glance, as he gained the portal. "No one has seen me," he muttered, "and the rest is sufficiently easy." At a rapid pace, he hastened on. It was dark; but the lamps in the streets poured a flood of light along his way as he proceeded, and crowds of pedestrians passed him, and the way was throngod with carriages and vehicles of every description. He only drew his hat further over his eyes, arranged the folds of the cloak so as more fully to hide his features, and hurried along, passing from one street to another, and never looking at a single face in all the jostling multitude about him.

At length, in a retired street, he reached the door of a building, half shop, half dwelling; at this door he knocked. A domestic appeared, bearing a light, which she held up to survey the features of the youth; but he shrunk further back into the shadow, and gathered the folds of the cloak more closely about his face, as he asked, in a low and somewhat hoarse voice:

"Is Monsieur B——, the alchemist, at home?"

"He is, monsieur. Will you come in?"

The youth entered, the woman looking at him with a half-curious glance for an instant; but then muttering to herself, "Well—well, I need not trouble my head; he is not the first mask that has come hither," she added aloud: "This way, monsieur; you will find my master in here," and led the way through the room into which he had entered from the street, to a back one, opening from the first. Here was an old man, bent half double, seated at a table, and engaged in poring over a rich and curious volume of antique appearance. About the apartment were arranged, in different places, various stuffed figures of animals, and some of them reptiles so hideous as to send an involuntary shiver over the boy, as he beheld them. Strange and horrible forms were everywhere about him; he turned from contemplating them in disgust. The old man laid aside his book, and looked up.

"You want me?—well, what is it?" he said, leaning back in his chair, and regarding his guest closely with the piercing dark eyes that seemed still darker and more piercing from the bushy, snow-white brows that overhung them.

The youth spoke not, nor removed the cloak from his face; but silently advancing, presented a folded paper to the old man.

He received and glanced over it. A slight frown darkened over his face, and again he fixed on the boy that same searching glance.

"You do not want me, but my wife," he said; "I touch not such matters as this," and he handed back the paper. Then going to a small door in the wall, he opened it, and called, "Bianca—Bianca!"

An instant, and there appeared, at this door, a tall, dark-looking yet splendidly handsome woman, with a brunette complexion, magnificent black eyes, and a noble and commanding form. Those eyes were fixed upon the muffled figure and half-concealed face of the stranger.

"Bianca," said the old man, "here is one who has need of your services."

"What do you want?" asked the woman, in the sweetest and most musical of voices, as she came forward, with her glance still fastened on the youth,—"what do you want?"

He gave her the paper, which she perused. Then regarding him closely once again, she said:

"Follow me, and I will obtain for you what you desire."

Without further speech, she crossed to the opposite side of the room, to where a chintz curtain hung before a low archway; lifting this, she passed through, and beckoned to him. He followed. The curtain dropped behind them.

They were now in a kind of large closet, which contained an *escritoire*, two or three chairs, a circular table covered with boxes and vials of different sizes and shapes. Madame B—— seated herself before this table, over which was burning a brazen lamp, pendant from the wall. She motioned to the youth to take another near her. He did so.

"Do you know," she said, reading the contents of the paper again, "what it is that you wish for?"

"Yes. Hasten; I must have it!"

A purse of gold was flung upon the table before her. She saw the glitter strike through its meshes, and smiled.

"You know the worth of your wish. There is but one physician, I believe, now living who is acquainted with the secret of this drug."

The youth shuddered visibly. His dark, burning eyes were fixed upon the face of the woman.

"You doubtless know the effect of it?" she asked, next, as she opened a small casket of solid iron, which stood among the other boxes on the table.

"I do."

If her intention had been to penetrate the boy's disguise, or to hear the tones of his voice, she was baffled. Neither the one nor the other was she able to do satisfactorily; for though she regarded him sharply, from time to time, she could see nothing but those dusky, gleaming eyes; and as often as she asked him a question, he replied almost in monosyllables, and evidently in a feigned voice and accent.

She abandoned the attempt, therefore, and proceeded to take from the casket certain vials, nearly all of which were filled with some liquid. Perhaps twelve of these were removed, and the casket appeared entirely empty; when, touching a secret spring, a false bottom was removed, disclosing three smaller vials lying side by side in separate compartments. The one lying in the centre, she took up; it was filled with a fluid colorless as water.

The boy bent forward, breathing heavily, his burning glance fixed eagerly upon it. He stretched out his hand to take it; that hand was small and fine, and lily-white. The woman saw it, but her quick eyes were instantly fixed upon the vial again.

"No—no!" she said, calmly. "This contains a hundred times the quantity you want. A single drop (though you will have far more than that) is sufficient to rid you of your worst enemy—your rival, if you have one."

The youth shuddered again; and she marked well the shudder, but there was nothing strange to her in it. She recognized the feelings actuating him; she was accustomed to these things, and did not seem to observe his emotion.

Selecting a small vial from a box of empty ones beside her, she measured out and poured into it a very small quantity of the fluid; then stopping the mouth of this vial tightly, she melted a piece of wax, and sealed it over.

"Here is the drug. A death-warrant is in your hands," she said, finally, giving it to the youth.

He grasped it eagerly; the fingers that clutched it trembled. Pointing to the purse which he had thrown upon the table, he thrust the vial into his breast, passed through the archway, through the outer room, where the old man still sat poring over the mysterious secrets of antiquity, and gaining the passage, once more entered the street.

Cool and damp the night air swept over his burning forehead. With a deep drawn breath, he hurried on, still grasping the fragile vial containing that death-potion, and escaping fearfully from the neighborhood where it had been obtained. Each moment he turned his head to see that no one followed him; for he was in possession of that which might, in more ways than one, prove dangerous to its owner; and the scrutiny of those splendid eyes haunted him. But besides himself, not a soul traversed the now silent and deserted street. Yet he shivered with strong excitement. With rapid and almost noiseless steps, he hurried on.

And the Italian, Bianca, looking forth an instant after the slight figure that flitted on through the gloom, turned again to the room in which sat the aged alchemist.

"You gave the boy his drug, Bianca?" he asked, raising his head.

"Yes—yes! but I tell you, it was a woman's heart that throbbed beneath that mantle; a woman's hand—and a beautiful one, too,—that paid me in yellow coin. See!" and she tossed the heavy purse to her husband; "there is the reward—the price for which I have sold the life of another mortal! How many are entered on my list now, I wonder?" She laughed bitterly, and then a deep, despairing groan followed the laugh. * *

And along the streets of Paris, at midnight, sped the figure of that boy; on—on, with nervous and shuddering haste, still clasping the fatal vial. Till, at length, the *porte* of the Hotel de Clairville is gained once more; and unseen, unheard, he glides silently in, and stealing up the stairs, enters a chamber, and securing the door, flings aside the disguise of that night's guilt. And Helen Montauban stands revealed!

She is ghastly pale, now; she has scarce strength to lock the vial in a secret drawer of her bureau, and conceal the dress she has worn, ere she falls, almost lifeless, on her couch. Now that the danger and excitement are passed, the over-strained nerves relax; with the necessity for action, the power to act is gone. The soubrette comes to the door; Helen Montauban's faint voice denies her admittance, and the night is spent in silence and in agony. With many a woman, excitement such as this would prove fatal; but this woman is not like others. With her, hate is far stronger than love, and it will exist and sustain the heart that harbors it, until its object is sacrificed, its own thirst sated. And this was but the beginning of the work she was to accomplish.

CHAPTER XXII.

A NIGHT OF FEARFUL DISASTER.

A MONTH had been passed in Paris, and the party were preparing for a return to the chateau, with the exception of Louis, who was to remain here some three weeks longer, and then follow them, so as to reach the residence of his uncle a day or two before the wedding ceremony, which was to take place on the first day of the ensuing month.

It might have been called a happy party—that which set out, then, from Paris, early on one bright October morning; but only three of them were, whose happiness was unmixed; and they were the marquis, the Count de Clairville and his wife. For the joyousness of Rose was subdued by frequent and painful meditation on the circumstances of her father; and though as gentle, amiable and attractive as ever, yet one could see that she was not entirely happy. One conviction, nevertheless, somewhat relieved her, and that was that he was not in poverty.

Helen Montauban, on her part, remained ever the same, to all outward appearance; but it was as if a painted skeleton had taken her place. For day and night, there burnt within her breast a fire that fed upon her very life. One single wish was hers—a single purpose that for which she lived—to which every thought was directed. There was nothing intervening between it and her; beyond it there was nothing. The cry was only for vengeance—vengeance! and when that was once accomplished, she little recked what should be her own fate.

Francis Egerton, friendly, cheerful and kind, seemed his old self; but he, too, wore a mask. For his affection for Helen Montauban increased, and still, though she treated him with a sister's kindness, the deeper emotion that he felt for her was as hopeless as ever,—nay, more so, now that every energy and faculty of hers was bent to one point; and he was perplexed, discouraged, annoyed; yet he loved still, and with him love and hope were inseparable, the latter only smouldered for a time. And thus they set out for home.

It was a wild, dark, stormy night when the carriage of the marquis approached once more the neighborhood of the Chatean Montauban. The tempest raged with terrible fury; the darkness was that of the murkiest midnight. All along the forest road, the giant trees skirting the way creaked and groaned as if almost with human agony, and the tossing of their mighty arms, unseen in the gloom, was yet heard with dreadful distinctness; while, to add to the impression of awe that kept each of our travellers silent, the deep and mournful wailing of the unchained winds almost took the sound of human voices shrieking in despair. An inward horror seized Helen Montauban. Those voices seemed to utter her name—to wail forth upon the night the awful secret over which she brooded; to denounce her with the tones of fiends, and declare her guilty—a murderess!

A hand, small, and trembling, and icy cold, was laid on hers. With a faint, shuddering cry upon her lips, she started, and then sank back again, almost fainting. It was no spirit's touch, but the touch of poor little Rose herself, who, cold with terror, nestled up to her companion, and sought the friendly clasp of her hand, to re-assure her own sinking heart.

"Ah, dear Helen, what is it—did I frighten you?" anxiously asked the young girl.

"What is it—what is it?" uttered the rest, eagerly.

Angered at her own weakness and want of self-command, even while she still shuddered from head to foot, Mademoiselle Montauban made some hasty apology, and relapsed into silence again. Wondering at her strange manner, Rose, too, shrank within herself once more.

And the tempest raved more wildly yet. Onward pressed the drenched horses, over the rough, uneven road, that threatened every moment, with jagged ruts, and scattered stumps and rocks, which could not be avoided for the darkness, to overturn the carriage. It jolted fearfully. The utmost care was insufficient to guard against danger. If the rain had not poured so violently, all would have preferred walking the remainder of the distance, to remaining in the carriage; but as it was, this was impossible. They proceeded slowly, and with difficulty.

"Helen," the marquis said, kindly, "I think we are almost at home, now. Rose, my poor little darling, you are sadly alarmed, I fear!" And he took her little, cold hand in his own. "How cold you are! Francis, hand me my cloak, which is somewhere beside you. That is it." He wrapped it tenderly about her, drawing the immense and heavy folds closely together. "Is that better?" he asked.

But the words were arrested upon her lips by a fearful sound that drew the attention of all. Torn by the force of the tempest from their trunks, the sturdy limbs of the overhanging trees were thrown with furious force along their path, striking the carriage, and falling upon the frightened beasts, who, maddened with pain and terror, sprang forward, leaping wildly over the obstacles in their way, and dashing the vehicle from side to side, with a violence that every instant threatened destruction to those within. The reins were torn from the hands of the paralyzed driver, and dragged about the feet of the terrified animals, over whom there was no longer control. Still the carriage swayed to and fro, and death seemed, to all the silent, stricken party within, at every moment inevitable.

Not a single word was spoken. The moment was one of awful suspense; but that suspense was not destined to be prolonged. Suddenly, in their blind course, the horses stumbled, the carriage swung on one side, and was dashed to the earth.

"Helen—Rose—my children!" called the voice of the marquis, "are you hurt?"

There was no answer. The voices of the Count de Clairville and Francis Egerton alone were heard.

"Adele!" cried the count, to his wife, "I cannot see you; speak to me—tell me that you are uninjured!"

"Ah, my wrist—it is broken, I believe!" uttered the countess, in a tone of pain. "But that is nothing; where are those dear children? If one could but see!"

"Helen—Rose!" called the marquis, again, in agony. "Ah, for lights!"

With the utmost difficulty, and danger as well, from their close neighborhood to the hoofs of the struggling and kicking horses, the gentlemen extricated their companions and themselves from the vehicle, in the darkness. Furiously the rain poured down, drenching them to the skin in an instant. All, however, were found to be safe, excepting Mademoiselle Montauban and Rose, neither of whom betrayed the least sign of consciousness. It was too dark to distinguish their features. Had they fainted? or were they dead?

A faint sigh breathed from the lips of Helen. Supported by the arm of Lord Egerton, she endeavored to rise to her feet. An almost inaudible thanksgiving escaped from him.

"Helen, you are not hurt?" he murmured, anxiously.

"Helen, my child, you are then safe?" cried her father, in a tone of inexpressible emotion.

She was safe. Did not this woman repent, in that moment, when her own life was spared, the wicked design that she had entertained? No—never for a single moment!

"Where is Rose?" she asked, hoarsely, and with a strange, unnatural voice. A wild hope darted through her brain. Had death anticipated her?

Poor child! lying senseless in the arms of the marquis, no sound reached her now. Alike insensible to the pain of that hour, or to the falling rain that saturated her clothing yet failed to revive her, she lay there moveless and silent.

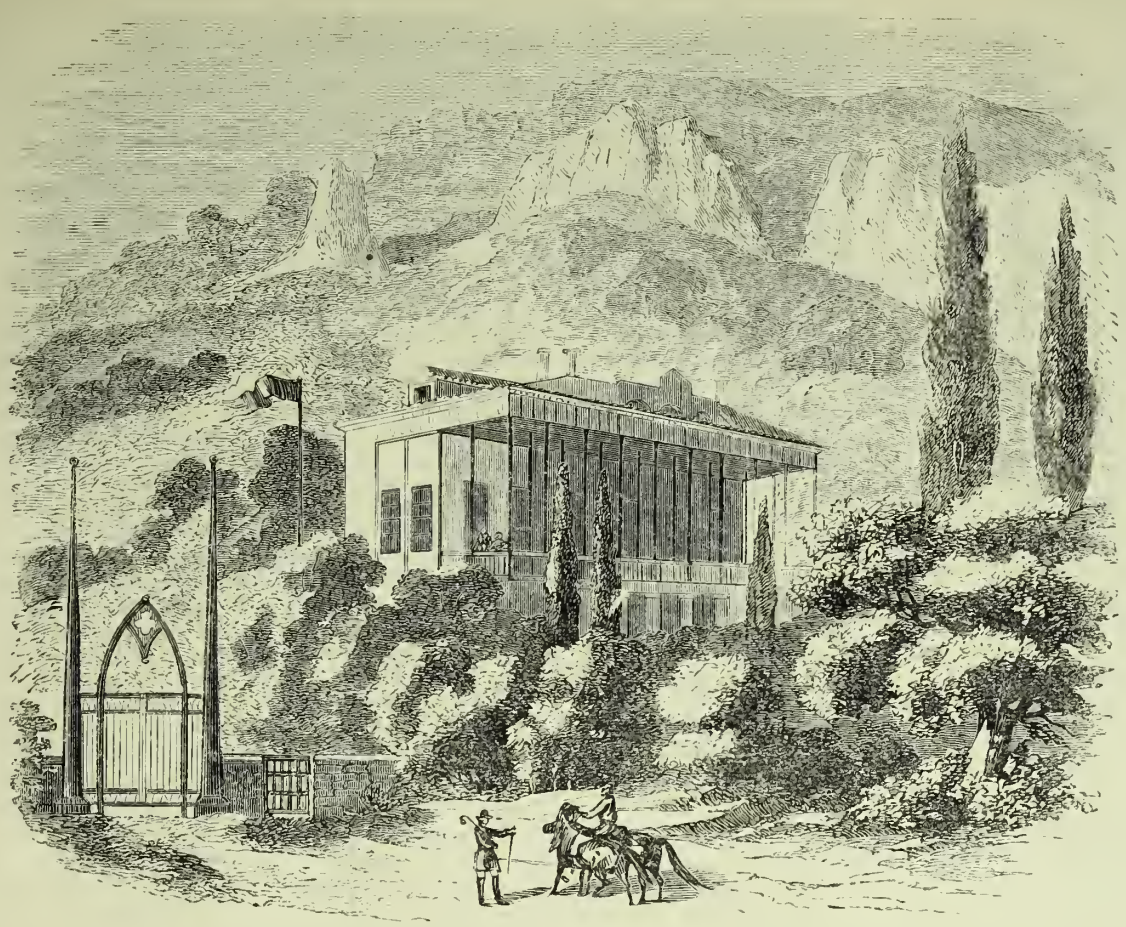
"She does not stir!" said the marquis, in an agitated tone. "We must bear her home. *Mon Dieu!* that this may not be death!" He lifted her like a baby in his arms.

"Pierre!" called the Count de Clairville,—"Pierre!"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

VIEWS IN THE CRIMEA.

We present on this page two highly picturesque views, one of them representing the villa of Count Woronzoff, near the village of Yoursouf, anciently Oursova, in the Crimea, with its striking oriental architecture and foliage; and the other, a sketch of the village itself. After the peace of 1815, the Emperor Alexander I. having decided that five acres of land on the south shore of the Crimea should be bestowed on all Russians or foreigners who should agree to cultivate the grape vine there for the period of three successive years, a multitude of private persons demanded and received these grants of land; but many of them could not fulfil the obligation imposed on them by reason of the considerable advances of money which the enterprise required. The fact was, the cost of clearing the land and importing the vines from France involved an expenditure of no less than a thousand dollars an acre. The emperor's project having thus failed in the main, the leading courtiers and the higher dignitaries of Odessa divided the finest tracts of this beautiful country among them, and the vines of Catcha, Alma, Soudak, Coos, and other valleys, soon attained a high reputation in Russia. As governor-general of Tauris, Count Woronzoff, of course, did not obtain the least valuable share, and his great wealth enabled him to build roads, to establish extensive cultivation, and to erect costly buildings on the territory embraced within his grant. The beautiful villa delineated in our first engraving is almost a royal residence. It is situated near the village of Yoursouf. The park which surrounds it presents an admirable labyrinth of broken rocks, and a variety of features, as picturesque as they are extraordinary. All the task imposed upon art has been to trace paths and alleys amidst the heaped-up piles of volcanic blocks, and to decorate with flowers the edges of the waterfalls. Nature has here been prodigal of the wild, wonderful and picturesque; man has enhanced her beauties by the intermixture of harmonious architecture, and the graces of scientific culture. Gorgeous flowers, the "alphabet of angels," with their various dyes and intoxicating perfumes, now embellish every spot where the soil can afford them sustenance. In a wall of rock, there is a deep grotto, which serves as a place of repose to promenaders weary of threading the intricate and winding paths; and here a little fountain, bubbling out, pure, bright and cool, with its melodious murmurs, invites the visitor to sleep or to day-dreams yet more delicious. At the eastern extremity of the chateau, is a cypress wood. From the villa, which is as coquettish as it is costly, and, as our engraving shows, half Turkish and half Tartar in its style, there is a splendid view of the immense sea blending its blue waves with the drapery of heaven. To the left, we see the ruins of the ancient Oursova, on an isolated rock, which the sea sweeps incessantly on every side, and behind which springs boldly forth on the horizon the mountain of Alout-Chata, where, in the time of the Roman occupation, the Emperor Justinian I. erected a fortress of which no vestige now remains. On the other side are seen the ruins of formerly flourishing towns, and behind Yoursouf, the village depicted in our second engraving, rise those lofty mountains which shelter this region from the frozen winds of the north, and make it a charming country, justly entitled "the Russian Italy." All the Crimea is a storied region; but, as a writer in Putnam's Magazine remarks, "in all its romantic past, the Crimea has seen no drama so grand as that which is now enacting on its shores. Yet what marvellous things it has witnessed and shared—this small peninsula! The misty grandeur of Troy; the sunlit glory of Greece; the magnificence of Pontus; the might and majesty of Rome; the gorgeous pageantry of Byzantium; the fury of the Goth; the terrible wrath of the Tartar; the splendor of the Turk; the artifice, the ambition, the audacity of the Russian; and now the tremendous power of the civilized west. * * * A woman's face first gave poetry to the Taurie name. Iphigenia, the pale priestess, stands there by the altar of Cape Parthenium, a symbol of the stern sacrificial faith of the past. A woman's face, too, looks out now upon us, serene and sweet, through the cloud of war, from these Crimean heights. * * * The face of Florence Nightingale shines upon those awful scenes of strife, and the battle-field and the hospital are lighted with her smile—the immortal symbol of a redeeming faith and a more glorious future." What great dramas are hereafter to be enacted in the Crimea, the old Taurie Chersonese, "are yet within the unread events of time;" but we rest pretty well assured that the Russian power in that quarter is hopelessly broken. If the Turkish power in the East fall, it will not assuredly be to swell the greatness of Russia.



VILLA OF COUNT WORONZOFF, VILLAGE OF YOURSOUF, CRIMEA.



VILLAGE OF YOURSOUF, AND VILLA OF COUNT WORONZOFF.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MEMORIES.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

With a desolate sound of wailing
The winds are hurrying by,
And the clouds like bannered armies
Go trooping o'er the sky;
I am sitting here where the firelight
Is glimmering o'er my face,
And weaving o'er the dusky walls
Quaint figures with silent grace.

I think of a parting long ago,
Which may never come again;
And my heart is full of loneliness,
And a sense of unquiet pain.
And o'en as the waves of ocean
Come surging in to the shore,
Sweep o'er my soul the memories
Of the days that come no more.

I look out upon the blue waters,
Where the white waves dash and foam;
I dream of a lonely wanderer,
Far from his early home.
And here in the cold gray glooming
Of this lonely winter night,
How weary and dim the present—
The past how glad and bright.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PRETTY GIRLS.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"I DON'T like pretty girls! I think I have made the observation several times before that I *did not* like pretty girls! and to do them justice I have every reason to suspect that pretty girls don't like me. There is no trust or confidence to be placed in them; indeed, I am beginning to lose that implicit faith which I formerly possessed in the perfectly angelic nature of pretty girls in general. Just consider. There was Lucy Tompkins, as pretty a girl as need be, to whom I was as constant as the sun in my attentions for more than a month—yes, for nearly five weeks—and what return does the deceitful creature make? She jilts me for another fellow, for the paltry reasons that he is better looking, richer and more agreeable than myself. Faugh! the heartlessness of the creatures is absolutely disgusting. And what makes the matter worse, Lucy is not the only one that has served me in the same way. No, I think I may safely say that at least half a hundred besides have conducted themselves in an equally barbarous manner toward me. Now what am I to do? I can't ask Lucy to return those lozenges I presented her; neither can I request her to refund the price of that museum ticket (reserved seat) which I purchased for her especial gratification; still less can I expect her to disgorge all that cake and coffee which she swallowed at my expense. The fact is; and again and again I repeat it—pretty girls are a swindle—a *big* swindle."

These remarks were made to my friend Tompkins, the other morning, as I stood before the glass, engaged in passing a razor over that portion of my face where I wish there was a whisker.

"You are not far out of the way, Jinx," returned Tompkins, with a doleful sigh, a very unusual thing for him, by the way; but the fact was, that there had been a serious misunderstanding with his adored Mary, which threatened to be permanent, and probably would have been, but that Tompkins, with his usual tact in such matters, laid out three months' income in the purchase of a costly and flaring bracelet, which piece of jewelry he deposited in an ostentatious manner on the table in my room, where he was sure that Mary's brother—a friend of mine—would be certain to see it.

And sure enough, he *did* see it, with Tompkins's name attached. Half an hour afterward, Tompkins received a note, in which Mary acknowledged herself in fault, and besought him with much beguiling eloquence, to call. He *did* call. Mary wears that bracelet to this day. But this reconciliation was not effected until some time subsequent to the morning when the remarks with which this history opens, were uttered.

"What shall we do with ourselves, Tompkins?" I continued, as he relapsed into moody silence. "These are the Christmas holidays, and it is absolutely necessary that we should do *something*. Now as between us there is a *pair* of mittens, and we are consequently shut out from the society of the better part of creation, falsely so called, what say if we get up some sort of a gander scrape; go hunting, fishing, digging clams, or something, where the ladies—bless 'em!—are not necessary to our enjoyment?"

Tompkins shook his head dismally, muttering, in heart-broken accents, "Too cold—chilblains!" but after a moment's abstraction, he jumped from his chair with all his natural excitability, and knocking the ink bottle bottom up into the leg of one of my boots, exclaimed with animation:

"I have it, Jinx, my boy; let's go down to Pugwash and visit old Captain Grummet—this is just the season for parties and quiltings, and we are sure of a good reception; the girls will be delighted to have a couple of dashing young fellows from the city!"

The idea struck me favorably; indeed, I wondered that I had not thought of it before—so thrusting both my shirts and half a dozen dickeys into a carpet-bag, we hurried to the railway station. As Tompkins had said, we were sure of a good reception, for aside from the fact of Captain Grummet having a heart as big as a whale, it had been my good fortune while at Pugwash last summer, to be placed in a situation where, by rushing into the middle of the road and grasping pretty little Carrie Grummet in my arms and conveying her to the sidewalk out of the track of a rowdy yoke of oxen, at the imminent risk of getting mud on my boots, I gained the reputation of a hero, and from that time it has been a settled thing that I saved the young lady's life. I don't think so myself; it is my firm conviction that she would have reached a place of safety quite as soon, if not sooner, had I let her alone altogether. But there is no use for a man to quarrel with his luck because greatness is thrust upon him.

In due course of time we reached Pugwash station, and proceeded at once to the residence of our friend the captain. Our welcome was of that hearty and cordial sort we had anticipated, and having kissed all the females of the family twice a piece, and Carrie—no end of times; for, in consideration of the life-saving affair, your memorialist was supposed to stand somewhat in the relation of step-father-in-law to her, and that all his caresses were purely paternal and Platonic! Having tasted of all the ladies, I say, and grasped as much as possible of the monstrous big paws appertaining to Captain Grummet, as that capacious and saline mariner stood grinning and showing his teeth at us from his anchorage on the hearth rug—we proceeded to institute inquiries among the thirteen Misses Grummet, as to the prospect ahead for a frolic. Never were sincere and earnest pleasure seekers more successful; there was to be a dance that very evening in "Columbian Hall, Pugwash Centre," and the girls were—"O—oo! *so* glad we had come, for there wasn't *half* enough gentlemen."

The rest of the day was spent in drinking hard cider, cracking butternuts—and not unfrequently a thumb—and in listening to Grummet's interminable sea yarns, of which, by the way, I can only call to mind the phrases—"Nor'-nor'-west; sou'-an-be-east; luff a *leetle;* close hauled;" and something about a "big sea right over the starboard quarter." But that is enough to remember, for all the world knows that a moderate stock of such phrases in the hands of a person who has a genius for bad grammar, is amply sufficient to establish him in the "thrilling and absorbing romance of the sea" business.

As the great and glorious orb of day doused his glim somewhere to the leeward of a chain of hills, which bore about west-nor'-west, broad on our starboard beam, Captain Grummet, to our unspeakable satisfaction and relief, brought his nautical reminiscences to snug moorings, and Tompkins and myself having adorned ourselves in a style which the lilies of the field could not hope to imitate, we proceeded, in company with the young ladies, and a pair of woolly, sheepish-looking white horses, in the direction of Pugwash Centre.

Columbian Hall was magnificently illuminated, tallow candles flared and smoked wherever a tallow candle could by any possibility be stuck; Christmas holly, arranged in many an ingenious device, decorated the wall. Around the entrance swarmed a multitude of frowzy boys and other vagabonds, watching with open-mouthed wonder, the be-muslined and be-ribboned arrivals. In and out of the ladies' drawing-room skipped and giggled and fluttered, no end of rosy-cheeked damsels "in gorgeous array," with cotton mitts, hair nicely smoothed and plaited, while elaborate "beau-catchers" curled in bewitching sinuosity around their fair foreheads. The arrangements for music had been on the most liberal scale; there was a little fiddle, and a big fiddle, and a bigger fiddle, and a fiddle-de-dee—something smaller than a man-of-war; beside a clarionet and a post horn, and a "tight" gentleman with a string of sleigh bells, to "come in" on a promenade or a balance, but which he somehow managed to jingle at the wrong time.

It is just possible that Miss Carrie, who leaned upon my arm, and Miss Katy, who was escorted by Tompkins—it is possible, I say—that they were a little bit proud of their stylish, slender-legged and supercilious city beaux, as we promenaded in couples up and down the hall floor, the cynosure of all eyes; who shall say? But whether they were or not, I can positively affirm that both Tompkins and myself felt and displayed all that conscious superiority and haughty contempt of everything earthly except our magnificent selves, which is usually so strikingly apparent in young city gentlemen when drifting round loose in the rural districts; and we must have excited no little admiration and respect by our audible and slighting remarks upon the music, the hall, the ladies, their dresses, and everything else.

Having danced the first set with the Misses Grummet, we were forced to deliver up those young ladies to the care of the gentlemen to whom they are affianced, and not caring to dance until we had looked about us a little, we lounged in studied attitudes about the door of the ladies' drawing-room. Our unexpected arrival caused no little sensation among the young ladies there present, and much whispering, accompanied with no end of sly glances I had detected as directed toward ourselves; besides which, Carrie had been to me at least a dozen times with, "*Do* let me introduce you to so-and-so, Mr. Jinx," and "I wish you would dance, Aristides, they want you to so much." Now here was an opportunity to become quite a lion—in a small way, and enjoy myself heartily with a host of pretty, simple-minded and easily pleased girls. But did I do so? Did I conduct myself as a gentleman should? Ah, no! The demon of pride took possession of me. For the first time in my life I found I was in an assemblage of people where I felt myself to be the most conspicuous person present. I was conscious of this fact, I say; I chuckled over it. I was a person of importance. The girls wanted me to dance, did they? Well, I wasn't disposed to indulge them. What right had they to suppose that I—*I*, Jinx—would condescend to dance with simple country girls? and so I drawled out, in reply to Carrie's solicitations—"That I didn't wish to know any one, it was such a monstwos boaw to play the agweable to *such persons*," and putting my glass to my eye, and sticking out the little finger of the hand that held it, as though it were dislocated, I stared at every one in what I *then* thought to be a very fascinating manner.

In this insane style had I conducted myself for a good part of the evening. While Tompkins was dancing his legs off with any girl he chose to ask, I had been looking at him with pitying contempt, and was turning away, when happening to cast my eyes toward the ladies' drawing-room, I beheld—now what the deuce am I to do? Where am I to find words to express to you *what* I beheld? The similes of the English language have been exhausted, and as you do not understand Sanscrit, I fear I shall miserably fail to place that image before you. An angel; pshaw! a seraph; nonsense! It was more than either—it was a young lady! And *such* a young lady. O my! *such* eyes! I declare it makes me quite dizzy to think of her; and those eyes were looking at *me*. Where now was all my hauteur and superiority? Gone, gone completely; those black eyes beamed upon me, and I wilted. No female can by any possibility appreciate my feelings at that moment; but with my male readers it is different. If you can call to mind the first interview which you had with your celestial Nancy, the indescribable sensation you experienced when you touched the tips of her fingers, blushed, looked at the toes of your boots, and murmured that you were "delighted to make her acquaintance." If you remember that, you can have some faint conception of my situation.

I don't know how long I stood gazing at that miraculous apparition, that Astarte in a white muslin dress; but an audible giggling of a couple of girls near me, roused me to a sense of my situation. Moving nearer the door of the drawing-room, I again relapsed into unconsciousness of everything save her. Imagine my delight when I perceived that she ever and anon cast a lingering, sidelong, and—did I deceive myself?—rather admiring glance at me. Hovering near, in light and chatty conversation with her, were half a dozen of the best looking fellows in the room; for some reason I felt a good deal annoyed at this, for as a greater than me—an infinitely greater and more sublime—has said with much wisdom—"I don't know how it is, but I hate to see men evidently on good terms with nice looking women and on good terms with themselves. There is something annoying in their complacency—their evident sunshiny happiness. I've no woman to make sunshine for *me;* and yet my heart tells me that not only one, but several such suns, would do good to my system."

I probably never should have thought to express my sensations in those words; but I *felt* just like that. I have felt so a good many times—and so, my good fellow, have you. I not only felt it to be a personal insult of the most aggravated description, for these fellows to be on such intimate terms with that girl, but I also felt indignant that she should have come to the dance at all.

"What right had *she*," I asked of my inward Jinx, "to intrude her presence, when I had fully made up my mind to despise the whole assembly?"

I really hated her for so doing, and yet I felt that I must be introduced to her; I should be miserable unless I danced with her, and satisfied myself that, although her face and figure were perfection itself, yet that her intellect and acquirements were of the most ordinary description. And yet, after all my airs, how could I have the face to ask for an introduction? I combated the inclination as long as possible, but at length the changes in the dance brought her again near me, and as she whirled round and round in the waltz with grace inimitable, another mischievous, sidelong glance from those sparkling black eyes completely did my business for me. Walking hastily to the corner of the room where Carrie was seated:

"Carrie," said I, in what I supposed to be an uncommonly listless and unconcerned manner, "Carrie, I want you to introduce me to a certain young lady, when this set comes off the floor."

"Ah!" said she, with a ridiculous smile, tapping me on the shoulder with her fan, in that pert manner of hers which I had never before noticed was so excessively disagreeable, "I thought Mr. Jinx didn't *wish* to know any one. I had a fancy you could hardly pass the evening without seeing something to tempt you. Is she *very* pretty?"

"O, no—no; nothing of that kind," said I, hurriedly. "I merely thought I should like to know her, because she resembles some one of my acquaintance."

"Your lady-love, perhaps," she returned, in her provoking way.

"Pshaw; don't be absurd, Carrie," I retorted, peevishly. "It was only a passing whim of mine to have an introduction, because she looks something like—like—my grandmother, that's all—like my grandmother."

"Like its grandmother, indeed!" tittered Carrie. "What a gothic taste it has, to be sure. But where is this antique damsel?"

"There—there—that's her; white dress, black hair and blacker eyes."

"Ah, ha! Mr. Aristides, so she looks like your grandmother, does she? What an uncommonly fine looking old lady she must be! I'd have you to know, sir, that young lady is the reigning belle of all the region round about. But if I must introduce you, I must, though I foresee it will be worse for your heart."

"No, no—not now; wait till those confounded stupid fellows leave her more at liberty," said I, holding back, and now making a clean breast of it, for I saw that Carrie read me like a book, from "to the public," to "finis." "But who is she?" I continued. "What's her name?"

"There, there, Mr. Jinx, I'll tell you all about her," returned Carrie. "Her name is Mary Jones, her father is a farmer, she is an only daughter, and I believe she is not engaged, and consequently, in common with all girls in a like situation, she yet re-

mains in anxious expectation. Though, if I had received as many offers as she, I should have been married twenty times."

"O—ah—ya-as. I perceive," said I, still unwilling to admit that any good thing could come out of Pugwash. "Ya-as, a country belle, rather pretty and very verdant; and as Tompkins would say, 'would do very well,' could she have enough of city life to remove the hay seed from her tresses. But come, those fellows have gone at last."

Taking Carrie's arm we approached the young lady. The least little bit of an exultant smile flitted over her countenance as she observed us coming. I confess to a tremulous feeling as we stood before her, such as I have not experienced since I was a boy, a long while ago, sometime—it seems to me—in the dark ages.

"Miss Jones, shall I make you acquainted with Mr. Jinx?" said Carrie, and in another instant, she was skipping across the room to her seat.

Mr. Jinx bowed profoundly, and murmured something about his extreme pleasure in making her acquaintance. She returned the salutation with a grace comparable to nothing earthly.

"Could Mr. Jinx hope for the happiness of dancing the next set with Miss Jones?"

Miss Jones, with a sweet—O, *such* a sweet smile—"was afraid she was engaged for the next set."

"The set following," suggested Mr. Jinx, in his softest and most persuasive tone.

Miss Jones again smiled, displaying such a charming set of little pearly teeth, that Mr. Jinx felt a succession of cold shivers chasing each other down his back.

"She didn't know—she would see."

"And with the nicest little hand conceivable, she took a dear little mother-of-pearl dancing-book from its place of semi-concealment between her white muslin dress and about two yards of sky blue ribbon which confined her little waist, and glanced her eye over a formidable list of names.

Presently she looked up from the list with such a witching, mischievous glance, that I fairly—I know I sha'n't be believed—but I positively blushed! yes, blushed as red as anything.

"Her list," she said, "was full; but—she didn't know—perhaps—she might—"

"Might what?" gasped Jinx.

"Might rub out the second name and insert that of Mr. Jinx, if he *really* wished, *very much*."

Jinx made no reply—he couldn't; but he looked at her in such a way that she laughed gleefully. Drawing a little cedar pencil with a silver tip, from the side of the dancing-book, she essayed to write my name; but the previous name was in the way. Placing the pencil between those little pearly teeth, those ruby lips, she tried to rub the name out, but it wouldn't be rubbed out; she laughed.

"It was no matter, she could remember *me*, if my name wasn't down."

Just then the post-horn called the dancers to the floor; her partner for the set approached; she couldn't get the pencil back into its place—what should she do with it?

"Would Mr. Jinx have the kindness to keep it till the next set?" and from those lips it passed to my hand.

"Wouldn't Mr. Jinx have the kindness to keep it?"—ah, wouldn't Mr. Jinx cheerfully jump out of his skin for the opportunity to do so? I have that pencil before me now. What more can I say of that eventful evening? To me it is a confused vision of black eyes, white dresses, happiness, blue ribbons, pencils and ecstacy. I danced with her that set, and was by her side between every other set. I did my utmost to be agreeable; she met me more than half way, and at the close of the dance, as she was on the point of departure, I accompanied her to the door. I took her hand—she did not resent the liberty.

"Good night, *Mary*," I murmured, in a very little tone of voice.

"Good night, Mr. Jinx," she returned. "I hope you are not going to leave Pugwash immediately. We shall see you again?"

I ventured the least little pressure of her hand. Heavens and earth! she returned the pressure. Another moment and she was gone. I was intoxicated with delight. I re-entered the ladies' drawing-room with my heart overflowing with love and affection for all mankind—men, women and old maids. I kissed Carrie fifty times; I almost dislocated Tompkins's shoulder, shaking hands with him; I feloniously and by force of arms kissed half a dozen girls that I had never seen before in my life; and altogether conducted myself more like a madman, than the stately and dignified gentleman I endeavor to appear to the world.

As the god of day rose bright and glorious on the morning of the 27th of December, 1855, a stray beam of sunlight fell upon the window of a small upper room in a large house, situated in the suburbs of the ancient town of Pugwash. Within that chamber might have been seen, standing before a mirror, a gentleman, remarkable only for the singularity of his attire, his costume being of an uncommonly light and airy description for that season of the year. Indeed it would have been difficult for an observer to decide whether he was just on the point of getting into bed, or had that instant turned out. Between his lips he held in a dainty manner a small cedar pencil with a silver tip, which he ever and anon kissed passionately, and again returning it to its position between his lips, he smiled and simpered; bending, now forward, now backward, and again casting a sidelong glance at himself in the mirror, he appeared to be endeavoring to call to mind the actions of some one, by imitating their motions. A long time he stood thus absorbed, apparently regardless of the bitter cold, although he shivered as with an ague; nor is it certain how long he might have continued in that position, had not the door of the chamber been slowly and cautiously opened, and a gentleman fully dressed stepped stealthily into the room.

He was a person of rather prepossessing appearance, with light hair, and a countenance of so impulsive and mischievous a cast, that the most superficial observer would not have hesitated a moment to declare that such a face could only belong to a man by the name of Tompkins. For a moment the stranger gazed at the gentleman before the mirror with a look of astonishment, not unmixed with amazement; then seizing the water-pitcher, he dashed the contents all over that individual's person, and with a loud ha, ha, rushed out of the room.

Need I say that the gentleman before the mirror was myself? For an instant I was overcome with rage—I was mad enough to bite Tompkins's head off; indeed, I don't know what prevented my doing so. The water had completely saturated that thin cotton garment which a blind and servile obedience to arbitrary custom compels every gentleman to wear, so there was nothing for it but to put on the other one, which I did; and having completed my toilet as well as possible with my half frozen fingers, I descended to breakfast, looking as blue as a pigeon with cold.

The remainder of the narrative is harrowing to my feelings—let me hasten, therefore, to a close. Having borne with the fortitude of a martyr all the jokes and jeers of the Grummets through the whole forenoon—for Tompkins had not failed to give them the whole particulars—I turned my steps towards the residence of 'Squire Jones. With a palpitating heart I rang the door-bell. Mary herself answered the summons, looking still more charming if possible, than the evening before.

Seated on the sofa by her side, I, for a while, talked merrily of the dance and the people present, and having exhausted that subject, I gradually gave to the conversation a sentimental turn. I gave her at great length, my views upon the subject of love at first sight, expressed my conviction that that was the only true love, to which opinion she, to my great delight, assented. I grew more sentimental still, until I felt sure she understood me, when, with all the eloquence and fervor of which I am capable, I told her:

"That in her hands I placed my destiny; that love like mine did not require a length of time to ripen; that I could not love her more had I known her a thousand years;" and wound up by declaring that if she refused to allow me to hope, "life would be a decided drug in my market, and that a speedy dissolution would in all probability close the dismal scene."

She heard me through in silence, and with an attention which filled me with delight, though I didn't half like the mischievous smile that came and went as I proceeded.

"Do you really think you could marry a plain country girl, Mr. Jinx?" she asked, after a moment's pause, looking at me the while with a peculiar expression, which somehow made me feel decidedly uncomfortable.

I protested that nothing could induce me to marry any other than a country girl.

"But," persisted Mary, "you would be so mortified to hear your friends say your wife was 'rather pretty, but very *verdant*,' and that there were traces of '*hay seed* in her tresses!'"

"Mary!" I gasped.

"Besides, you know, I look like your grandmother; the old lady might dislike me on that account, and I should always be jealous of her," and the pert minx burst into a peal of laughter. "And more than all," she continued, with a demure look, "I have always determined never to marry any one I did not like, and I don't like you, Mr. Jinx—I don't think I ever could;" and the heartless creature renewed her absurd merriment.

My first impulse was to rush from the house—I say that was my *first* impulse—and I obeyed it. I did not return for Tompkins; but making for the railway station, took the first train home.

"BLUE" WHITE LETTER PAPER.

The practice of bluing the paper pulp had its origin in a singularly accidental circumstance, which not merely as an historical fact, but as forming an amusing anecdote, is perhaps worth mentioning. It occurred about the year 1790, at a paper mill belonging to Mr. Buttonshaw, whose wife, on the occasion in question, was superintending the washing of some linen, when accidentally she dropped her bag of powdered blue into the midst of some pulp in a forward state of preparation, and so great was the fear she entertained of the mischief she had done, seeing the blue rapidly amalgamated with the pulp, that allusion to it was studiously avoided; until, on Mr. Buttonshaw's inquiring in great astonishment what it was that had imparted the peculiar color to the pulp, his wife, perceiving that no great damage had been done, took courage and at once disclosed the secret, for which she was afterwards rewarded in a remarkable manner by her husband, who, being naturally pleased with an advance of so much as four shillings per bundle, upon submitting the "improved" make to the London market, immediately purchased a costly scarlet cloak (somewhat more congenial to taste in those days, it is presumed, than it would be now), with much satisfaction to the sharer of his joys.—*Herring's Paper and Paper Making.*

NEW IMPLEMENTS OF WAR.

The trials of new destructive machines, for the use of the allied armies, are constantly being made at the royal arsenal at Woolwich, England. Proof was lately made of an experimental gun of peculiar construction, weighing between three and four tons, and supposed to have been the largest piece of cast-steel ever manufactured. It was covered also with an outward covering of cast iron, which brought its weight up to nine tons. The proof charge was twenty-five pounds of gunpowder, and the shot to be fired was of a conical shape, about two feet in length, weighing two hundred and thirty pounds. The estimated value of the gun was $7500, and it was supposed to be strong enough to resist any amount of powder. Yet it burst at the very first discharge, scattering the fragments high in the air—much to the astonishment of the scientific gentlemen who had assembled to witness the experiment. The mountain mortars of Mr. Robert Mallet, now being constructed in England, are composed of a series of flat rings, fitting on one another by means of flanges, and clamped together by strong external bolts. The shells, of three feet diameter, will be charged with *half a ton of gunpowder!*—*London Times.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

A sorrowing heart is mine, to-day;
It beats with a mournful quiver,
At the memory, Kate, of our young days,
And the school-house by the river:
Of the lowly walls, where childhood's voice
From morning till night rang cheerly;
For they've shut up the old brown school-house now,
That the children loved so dearly!

O, sweet is the spring-time that comes but once,
When the heart is a light-winged rover;
And lovely the memories thronging up,
When its beautiful days are over.
Such a spring-time, Kate, was yours and mine,
In youth's warm sunny weather—
When, arm-in-arm, by the shadowy stream,
We sauntered to school together.

O, you were a merry gipsy then,
Your laugh was ever the lightest:
And soft, bright eyes had the village girls,
But yours were the softest and brightest.
And my own, at school, from the open page
To your face were forever turning:
For ah, 'twas a holier lesson, far—
The one that my heart was learning.

You sat by the casement where sunbeams warm
Came quivering all about you,
And I thought the sunshine never could be
One half so cheerful without you;
And my daily study—your own fair face—
Grew daily dearer than ever,
Till my heart had learned the lesson of life,
In the school-house by the river.

But we left its gray old roof at last,
As others had done before us;
And then, ah, then came the first black cloud
Of the storms that were hovering o'er us!
The veil of gloom that between us fell
Of earth's loveliest light hereft me,
And a shadowy smile, like some far-off hope,
Was all that your sweet eyes left me.

Still, for many years, the children here
On their long, long life-way started,
And one by one, as the years rolled on,
Away from its walls departed:
Till the place had many a chink and seam,
Time's tireless labor showing,
And it seemed to say, "My pride is gone,
And 'tis fit that I, too, were going."

A hard, hard task there was to do,
And so there was long delaying—
Till the winds piereed through at every crack,
And the mossy roof was decaying.
The old men said it had grown to them
Like one of their feeble number:
And it seemed like watching some worn-out friend
Going to his final slumber.

But none had the heart to set the axe
On its crumbling timbers ringing,
For there they had watched life's thriftiest hopes
To a heavenly harvest springing.
So they left for the years to wear away
The bonds that love could not sever,
And we mournfully left for the last, last time,
The old school-house by the river!

WANTS OF THE AGES.

It is a man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another. The child of a year wants little but food and sleep, and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of those excellent things, than he begins whimpering, or yelling it may be, for the other. At three, the young urchin becomes enamored of sugar-plums, apple-pies and confectionary. At six his imagination runs upon kites, marbles, and play time. At ten the boy wants to leave school and have nothing to do but go bird-nesting and blackberry hunting. At fifteen he wants a beard, a watch, and a pair of Wellington boots. At twenty he wishes to cut a figure and rides horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted all the ladies are dying for him. The young man of twenty-five wants a wife; and at thirty he longs to be single again. From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it. At fifty he wants excellent dinners and capital wine, and a nap in the afternoon. The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousand, to marry his daughters, set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life he wants to be young again.—*Portfolio.*

CANTERBURY BELLS.

The celebrated bells of Canterbury Cathedral, in England, and the tower in which they are placed, have been lately repaired, two of the ten bells which were cracked having been recast. The clock, which bears the name of "Edward Burrel, 1625," has been replaced by a new one, by W. H. Trimnell, which weighs two tons, and the frame of it is nine feet four inches long. The main quarter and striking wheels, made of gun-metal, are 24 inches each in diameter, and the pendulum ball weighs 460 lbs. The new clock will strike the quarters on the first and fourth bells, and the hours on the old "Dunstan," weighing 7500 lbs., which hangs on the top of the Oxford steeple above the leaden roof. The tower of the cathedral has been strengthened, so as to admit of the bells being rung again "as of yore," beginning before Christmas. From apprehension of the insecurity of the tower, the ringing has been suspended for many years, and the citizens are looking forward to the renewal of their joy-exciting sounds with much satisfaction.—*Manchester Guardian.*

It is not the least advantage of friendship, that by communicating our thoughts to another, we render them distinct to ourselves, and reduce the subjects of our sorrow and anxiety to their just magnitude for our own contemplation.—*Coleridge.*

NEW BEDFORD.

We present herewith a series of eight views drawn expressly for us on the spot by our popular artist, Mr. Kilburn, representing some of the principal buildings in the flourishing city of New Bedford, in this State. The Savings Institute, delineated in our first engraving, is a neat and tasteful building, with a freestone front. The High School, shown in our second engraving, is a plain brick edifice, two stories in height, and is occupied by schools for both sexes. It is in a flourishing condition, and enjoys a high reputation. Our third view is of the Unitarian church, which stands in a good position in the elevated part of the city, and is built entirely of granite. Its square towers, battlements, and buttresses and pointed windows, and the ornamental character of its surroundings, give it an imposing and attractive aspect, and render it the most striking church edifice in the city. The trees planted near it add an additional effect to its picturesque appearance. The Court House, delineated in our fourth picture, is a fine, substantial brick building, with a handsome Doric colonnade in front, to which access is had by a broad flight of steps. It stands in County Street. The grounds are handsomely fenced and ornamented with trees. The City Hall, standing in the centre of Market Square, and built of stone, presents a fine appearance. It is surrounded by thrifty trees, as shown in our engraving, which a few years hence will form a beautiful park. The station-house of the New Bedford and Taunton Railroad, which runs to Mansfield, where it connects with the Providence Railroad, is



SAVINGS INSTITUTION, NEW BEDFORD, MASS

praiseworthy and agreeable feature. Indeed, the people of New Bedford are remarkable for their tree-loving propensities. Every year, therefore, will add to the attractiveness of the place; for, unlike the works of human hands, these noble ornaments increase in beauty with age, and do not reach their period of decline till centuries of sun and frost have passed over their branching heads. New Bedford is beautifully situated on the west side of a small estuary called Acushnet River, which indents the land near the western extremity of Buzzard's Bay. It is fifty-five miles south of Boston, and the same distance from Nantucket, with which there is a steamboat communication. It is situated on an acclivity, and is laid out with great neatness and regularity. A large number of the houses are of wood, though of late years more durable material has been employed. Many of the private residences are very elegant, and the grounds about them laid out with great taste. The general aspect of the place, as viewed from Fairhaven, on the opposite side of the river, as you approach from the harbor, is pleasing. The streets are laid out on the rectangular plan of Philadelphia. The upper part of the city is the best built. The houses on County Street are noted for their beauty, and this thoroughfare is closely planted with shade trees. An agreeable drive is furnished by a beautiful avenue, eighty feet broad with sidewalks eight feet wide, which extends from the city four miles, round Clark's Point, encircling the light-house. Of the churches, which are about eighteen in number, among which the Methodists have four; the Baptists, two; the Presbyterians, two



HIGH SCHOOL, NEW BEDFORD.

shown in our sixth engraving. It is a wooden structure, of the Egyptian order of architecture, presenting a neat appearance externally, and having excellent and commodious interior arrangements. The Police Station and Watch House, correctly delineated in our seventh picture, is a plain structure, but well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. Our last engraving shows us the handsome granite building in which the officials of Uncle Sam sit at the receipt of customs. It is a very neat and commodious structure. The Post Office is in the same building. These illustrations, all of which are accurate, will serve to convey an idea of the architectural character of New Bedford. Our readers will notice with pleasure that the public buildings all have ornamental trees in their immediate vicinity, a very



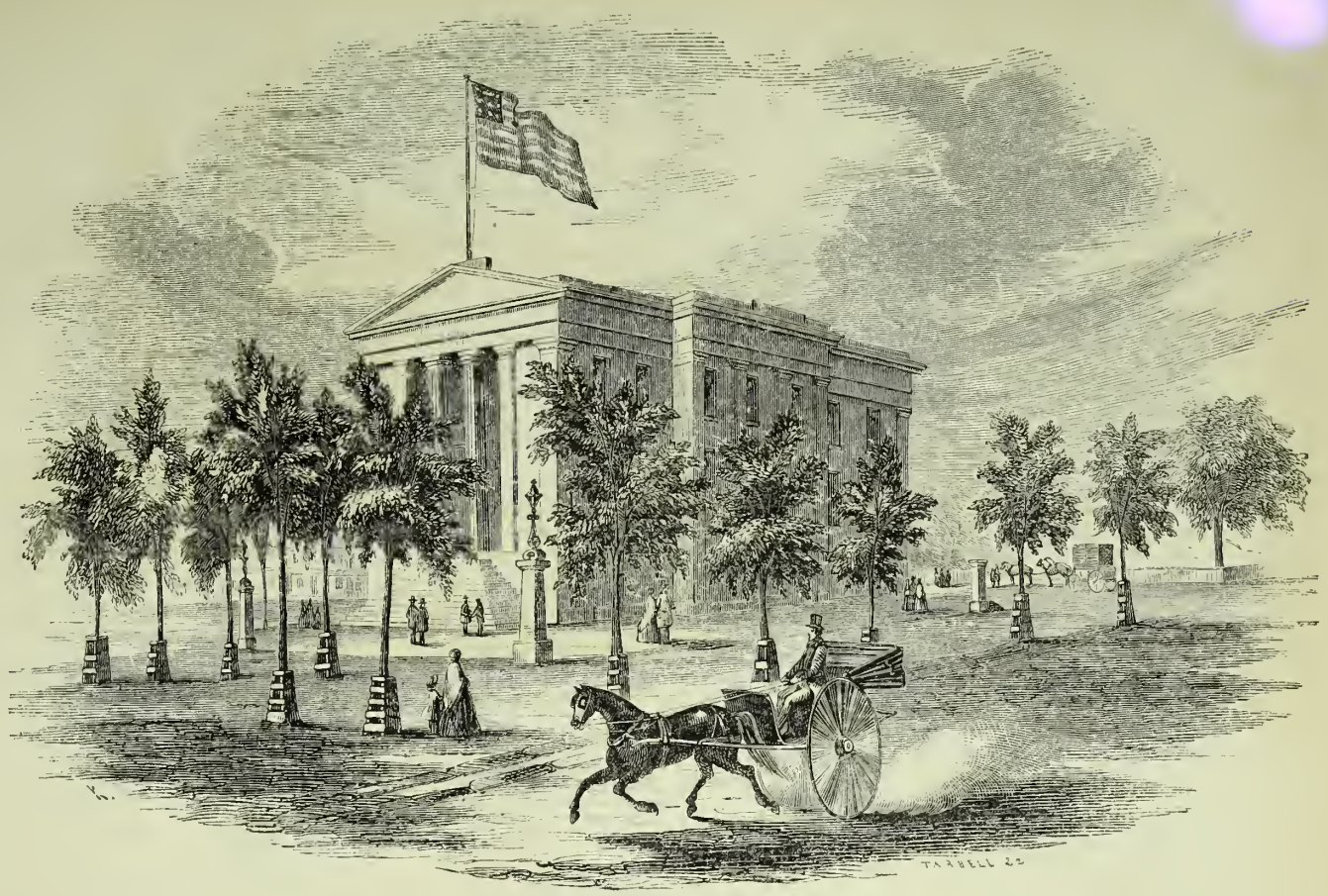
UNITARIAN CHURCH, NEW BEDFORD.



COURT HOUSE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Congregationalists, one; Episcopalians, one; Unitarians, one; Roman Catholics, one; Seamen, one; and colored persons, three. The Seamen's church was erected at an expense of $20,000, and is supported by ship owners. The poor-house is a large and handsome building. The citizens of New Bedford have provided liberally for education, and the expenditures for this purpose, in 1855, were more than $50,000. Besides the High School, a view of which we give, and which accommodates about 200 pupils of both sexes, there are about thirty-five other schools. The Friends' Academy, on County Street, is a handsome building, with beautiful grounds, and although originally intended for young ladies of the Friends' Society exclusively, now admits pupils without distinction of creed. The city supports five newspapers, a large number for its population of but 18,000. Among the means of mental culture that the city possesses, may be mentioned a corporate institution, the Social Library, which contains a good stock of excellent books. In point of wealth, New Bedford, in proportion to its population, stands second only to Boston in all New England. On the authority of Lippincott's and Hayward's Gazetteers, we present the following interesting statistics of its business. The whale-fishery and the manufacture of the product of that fishery are the principal branches of business in which the inhabitants are engaged, and the prolific sources of their wealth. New Bedford has a greater amount of tonnage employed in the whale fishery than any other port in the United States. As early as the year 1764, the settlers of New Bedford sent forth their small vessels and their adventurous mariners in pursuit of the monsters of the deep, some of them sailing as far south as the Falkland Islands. Interrupted by the revolutionary war, the business was vigorously and successfully revived at its close, and with the temporary suspension caused by the second war with Great Britain, has been continued ever since, constantly increasing in importance. The gold discoveries of California caused a partial diversion of capital and tonnage. Much of the sperm oil imported, is here prepared for use, by the different processes by which spring, summer, fall and winter oil, as the different kinds are

called, are produced, before it finds its way to the various markets of the country; and from the spermaceti, an article exclusively the product of the sperm whale, is manufactured the spermaceti candle. There are a large number of sperm-candle manufactories in the city. Much of the "right" whale oil is exported to the north of Europe. The number of vessels owned here employed in the whale fishery is about three hundred and twenty-five. The shipping of the collection district of New Bedford, June 30, 1852, amounted to an aggregate of 139,062 tons registered, and 10,145 tons enrolled and licensed. Of the former, 125,530 tons were employed in the whale fishery, and 9039 tons in the coasting trade. The foreign arrivals for the year were 113 (27,940 tons); the clearances for foreign ports 192 (58,340 tons); of which 55,347 tons were by American vessels. The whole number of American vessels arrived at New Bedford during the year ending December, 31, 1852, were 99, of which 59 were employed in the whale fishery. The value of sperm oil entered at the custom-house during the same year was $1,927,511; of whale oil, $1,040,823, and of whalebone, $444,318; total, $3,412,658. The average annual receipts for the ten years ending 1852, were—sperm oil, 115,454 bbls.; whale oil, 240,459 bbls.; and of whalebone, 2,664,700 pounds. The amount of duties collected on imported merchandize, in 1852, was 24,979 55. Besides the manufactories dependent on the whale fishing business, there are many others involving a large amount of capital. There is an extensive steam cotton mill, which employs three or four hundred hands, and there is also a large flouring mill. Coopering and ship-building are also carried on here extensively. During the year ending June 30, 1852, there were built 14 ships, 1 schooner and 3 brigs, with an aggregate burthen of 5226 tons, and during the corresponding period of 1853—54, there was added 6749 tons of shipping to the whale fishery and 4492 tons to the merchant service, in all, 11,241 tons. There are four banks, with an aggregate capital of $1,900,000, a Savings Institution, which in 1853 had a million and a half on deposit, and four insurance companies. The total valuation of property, in 1854, was $24,989,100, of which $16,476,400 was personal property, and $8,512,700 real estate. But the whale fishery is, as we have seen, the great source of wealth to New Bedford. In the last century, the gallantry and perseverance of our whalers called forth the eloquent eulogy of Edmund Burke, the great English statesman. He painted them in glowing colors, pursuing their monstrous prey amidst the icebergs of the north, tracking them to the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits; he showed them in the circle of the south pole, carrying their harpoons and lances to the coast of Africa, and chasing their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. Though the early American fishermen pursued their business in almost unknown regions, and had to construct their own maps and charts, still, so great was the vigilance of their commanders, that shipwrecks were rare among them. The Biscayans were the first of European people to make this fishing a regular pursuit, and during the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries they prosecuted it with great vigor and success. Their profits, however, did not accrue from the oil, as the whales they took were not so large as those of the polar seas, but resulted from the sale of the flesh, which was used extensively for food, and of the whalebone, which was immensely valuable. The whales of the Bay of Biscay, however, were soon exhausted, but the hardy Biscayans, expert in the management of the harpoon, were eagerly enlisted by the English and Dutch navigators, whose voyages, undertaken in search of a northwest passage to India, had thrown open the northern haunts of the whale. At this period whales were so abundant that a ship soon obtained a cargo of oil, and many whales were killed out of pure sport, that were afterwards abandoned. In those days the blubber was boiled on shore, and for this purpose the Dutch founded a considerable village on the northern shore of Spitzbergen, which they called Smeerenberg, from the word *smeeren*, to melt, and *berg*, town or village. Afterwards, when whales became scarce about Spitzbergen, taking to the Greenland seas, the Dutch used to send home the blubber direct to Holland. The fishery, at first the monopoly of a company, was made free in 1642, and the result was an extraordinary activity in the business. The ships of the Dutch were fitted out on the following plan—an individual, who generally took command, furnished the hull of the vessel, the sailmaker supplied the sails, a cooper the casks, etc., and each person shared according to his proportion of the outfit, the crew being hired on the same principle. In 1680, the Dutch whale fishery employed about 260 ships, and 14,000 sailors. But the wars of the close of the 18th and beginning of the 19th centuries, completely ruined this branch of Dutch industry. The English whale fishery, at first carried on by exclusive companies, met with better success. To stimulate this branch of industry, the British government, for many years, paid a large bounty to vessels engaged in it, on the same principle as the bounties paid to our cod fishermen. The Americans, however, from the outset, have been peculiarly successful in this business. When, in 1784, Louis XVI. fitted out six ships on his own account, he enlisted a large number of experienced whalemen from Nantucket. In the early colonial period of our history, we commenced this business. At first it was pursued along our own shores, but as the whales abandoned them for remote waters, our hardy mariners followed in pursuit, penetrating far into the northern and southern oceans in the middle of the 18th century. From 1771 to 1775, Massachusetts employed 183 vessels, of 13,820 tons in the northern, and 121 vessels, of 14,026 tons in the southern fishery. Their enterprise and daring added enormously to the wealth of the country, and the beautiful city we have delineated is a tangible proof of the importance of the business. The rapid growth in extent and wealth of our American cities is directly attributable to the character of our political institutions. Had this country remained a colonial dependency, its progress might, indeed, have been rapid as compared to that of Europe, but not at all comparable with the mighty strides it has taken as an independent nation, in every art and science which serves to advance mankind.



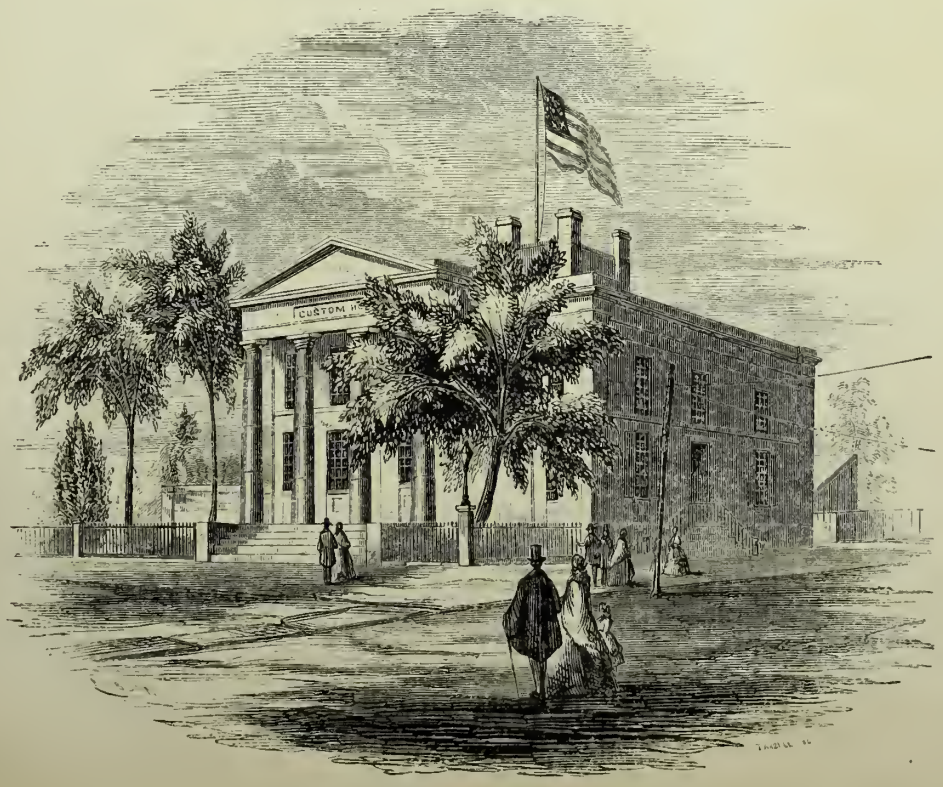
CITY HALL AND MARKET, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



RAILROAD STATION, NEW BEDFORD.



POLICE STATION, NEW BEDFORD.



CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BACHELOR'S INVITATION.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

Come join the dance!
Around us glance—
Eyes sparkling bright and gay;
And music floats
In dulcet notes—
Now dance this round who may?

Come join the dance!
The heart's romance
Is dying out too soon;
Though youth is passed,
He flew too fast—
Old Time shall hide our noon?

Come join the dance!
One moment glance
At life in gala plume;
With love's soft thrill
Your warm hearts fill,
And give Dan Cupid room.

Come join the dance!
In dreamy trance
The forms of days gone by,
Are rising round,
From fairy ground,
But vanish when we sigh.

Yet join the dance!
That broken trance
Of sweet and bitter joy
Floats o'er the heart
With rapturous smart—
Life's gold, and life's alloy.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

Aunt Rachel was neither a love, nor a paragon, an angel, nor a sylph, only a most excellent and sensible young woman. She did not wear a profusion of rich dark curls, nor had she laughing blue eyes. She had too much of humiliation to undergo in witnessing the unnumbered acts of coarse brutality and low cunning, the many little meannesses of her decrepid, miserly father; in attending, nursing and comforting her pale dying mother, weary, sorrow-laden and broken-spirited by her long bondage to her wretched husband. I say, she had too many of life's sad and depressing realities to meet, to have laughing blue eyes—nor had she the softest and whitest of hands. Ah, no, they were browned and hardened by constant and unremitting toil; by contact with the broom, the wheel and the shuttle. Yes, and they might have grown harder in bathing and fomenting the rheumatic limbs of that same unworthy father; and more brown through gathering healthful herbs and plants for her sick mother. They could not waken sweet music from the piano's keys, or flutter the white fan in the most approved mode; but they could make the most delicious gruel for a sick neighbor, or the finest, whitest bread for the weary harvesters. They could ply the needle dexterously, while good substantial coats and vests rose up to do her homage, and the fairest and whitest of linen went shining from them to adorn the Sabbath raiments of her brothers. I must own, too, my heroine could not speak one word of French—never did an *au revoir* or an *ennui* fall from her lips. She knew not if Racine wrote sermons or political speeches; but she could tell you all about her country's history, could cast simple interest, and understood very well how to use good sense. I have often thought, had Aunt Rachel's sphere been other than that of woman's, she would have proved a most successful business man, and a powerful aid to all great and philanthropic plans for the happiness and well being of mankind. But I must not speculate on what she might have been, but simply inform you what she was and is.

To go back, I say, I remember her in her youth, when she was not beautiful, but young and gentle, and may I add, beloved. It was not many months from that dreamy autumn day, when I stood by her side beneath the bended boughs of the noble old apple-tree, that my mother came to me one gloomy spring morning to say, "Rachel's mother was dead," and "we must go to her funeral." I remember that, too, how I sat shuddering at the long black coffin, and wondering why they spread the dreadful pall over the poor dead woman; and how, when the mourners passed slowly up to look upon the still face of the departed, I could scarcely distinguish my worshipped Aunt Rachel, in the tear-stained face, that looked even more plain and dark, shaded by the crape veil, and wan and haggard through grief. I thought they all felt very sad that they could never see that poor pale face again. But Aunt Rachel!—child as I was, I actually groaned aloud, as she bent above her mother, trembling, and gasping, and looking so utterly forsaken; and how, as they went by me to follow the coffin, I wished "dear aunty" could only know how I pitied her; but I dare not speak to her, though she looked kindly in my face from amid a shower of tears. I knew it afterwards, that she felt more like a mother following her child to its rest; for she had been for years the stay, the hope and protector of the frail being now for ever at peace.

Years went by, Aunt Rachel grew older, and perhaps less comely, but as she became familiar with the "twenties," rumors gained that Aunt Rachel had a beau—that she was to be married. I know well how it gratified me to learn that he was a fine looking man, with a good education; and how proud I was that she would ride in an easy carriage, instead of the crazy old lumber wagon, and at last, I thought, good Aunt Rachel can rest. Yes, she will do so much more good now, that she will be rich, and be enabled to exercise her benevolence so much the more, and do such a world of attending the sick children and old people. I asked to be dismissed from school that I might go up and see her face, to try and discover if she had grown a whit handsomer, now she was in love, and to be married. She was out by the old well, with the gray bucket poised to pour the water into the pail, and to my blushing "Good afternoon, aunty," she turned her face smilingly to me, with a kind remark. Ah, yes, she was much younger and fairer; the light of hope danced in her hazel eyes, and the look that true, elevated and happy love ever wears, was there, giving her whole kind face a quiet, calm joy, very pleasing to view. Again she filled my apron with the large yellow fruit; again put back my sun-bonnet and smoothed my hair, and I thought, as she stooped to kiss my forehead, as I said "Good-by," that a tear of mingled pleasure and pain dimmed her eye, that she would go away and see the little girl no more for years—but with him! Ah, with him!

Another year another rumor again at school, and the larger girls whispered it with indignant, sorrowful glances, and expressions of "shameful," "miserable wretch," "the base, deceitful villain," and "poor, dear, blessed Aunt Rachel, it will kill her; she will die of a broken heart. She loved him so well, and had her wedding-dress all made, cake baked, and it was frosted, too—expected him to-morrow—and such sights of table linen, and such piles of bedding—too bad! too bad!" "I wish his wife would just scold him to death—that I do!" "Yes; or run off, or go crazy," broke in a still more exasperated young lady, with a stamp of the tiny foot. To my trembling inquiry of "what misfortune had happened to Aunt Rachel?" they said her expected lover was married to a lady, fairer and richer than our good aunt; but that he said he loved her better than the heiress, and begged her forgiveness of his cruel deception; they ended by saying that they hoped Aunt Rachel would sue him for a "breach of promise," at least. Alas! I wept, as I stole away to mourn over the fall of all my proud dreams for Aunt Rachel. Alas! I cannot go now and look in her face; it would break my heart to see the misery of one so dear!—for, of course, she will die!—people always do in novels when deserted in love; and I bitterly grieved that now, indeed, she would be as "plain" as people had called her. I was a child, with an imagination nursed by love tales and Mrs. Hemans, and I could not perceive any other termination to the first romance.

A week passed away, and one morning my mother told me I must call and do an errand for her to Aunt Rachel. I did not wish to go, and begged of her not to send me—she will look so miserable, poor Aunt Rachel! "Nonsense! go!" said my mother; "she is a sensible girl, and too wise to cry for a worthless fellow." Once more, when the yellow leaves rivalled the yellow apples on the old tree, and the hazy light slept on the brown hillside, and the squirrel leaped from the gray "corn-house" to the ground with a gold kernel between his white sharp teeth, I sought Aunt Rachel. This time she came from the cool shaded parlor, and I almost forgot my purpose to be calm as I looked up. Traces of tears were on the thin cheeks, and such a tale of sadness in the mournful eyes; yet she smiled very kindly and kissed me tenderly. I felt her lips tremble, too, though she did not speak of anything, save the business I came to do. I did not linger; I had not learned to hide tears and check grief, then, and I found my sympathy was fast gaining over my cautiousness, and I would not have wounded her pride, nor sought her confidence for gold uncounted. Yet perhaps few could have felt a more sincere respect or sympathy. She went with me to the door, and down to the favorite tree also, stooping to fill my pocket again with the mellow fruit. She did not talk much, but laid her hand lovingly on my shoulder at parting, and said, while her cheek grew paler, and unuttered grief mingled with her smile, "Be a good girl, my child, and be happy while you can; but always be good."

That was years ago; Aunt Rachel is an "old maid" now—the soft, black hair has many a silver thread, and the gentle brow many lines that tell of trouble and of years. But now, let me tell the crowning excellence; the noble proof that she deserves to be the heroine of a brighter and far loftier story than this humble offering of an admiring, loving heart. Aunt Rachel did not die, nor did she sue for a breach of promise; she went about her daily pursuits, and her ordinary cares and charities, with closed lips and a sealed heart. She did not call down "Heaven's curse" upon the man she loved, but who had chosen beauty and wealth to the moral beauty and spiritual wealth of one he could not but deeply esteem. She was not disappointed in love; that had made her happy and young—had been to her the one star amid her darkened home-life—the one hope of peace and joy. She had dreamed of quiet days and affectionate companionship—of a thousand acts of devotion she could do for him—of a thousand things that were tender, kind and beautiful that he would do for her—and how much of all that was worthy could they both accomplish in the love-lit way they were to tread.

The future had seemed illumined, and so indeed it was by the light that was in her—the pure light of love, and faith, and hope. No! it was not in love she had been disappointed, but in the want of love; in the preponderance of worldly desires and aims—in a weak seeking of the outward forms of loveliness, forgetful of the just worship due the soul. She had tasted the charmed waters of the clear well-spring of love; they were sweet and healthful—should she quaff instead evermore the bitter ones of hate? True, the beautiful dream of a home was broken; she must still meekly bear up under the heavy burden of domestic grievances, and must still yearn for a sympathy she could not find in those allied to her by ties of blood. She must toil, and bear much of mortification and sorrow from those immeasurably beneath her, but whom it was her duty still to befriend and comfort. But should she crush out from her bruised and wounded spirit all the sweet light that had revelled there, making her thorny way a path of roses? She felt it was no sin to love, even though the object of her affection had failed to attain the manly standard she had set up for him in her own lofty soul. So Aunt Rachel went on, paler and with saddened eyes, yet always with a kindly smile, in the way assigned her. Doubtless, she marvelled at times why that way was rough—why she had not found happiness; and sighed, perhaps, that it was so long, too—that the end was so distant. Still she went on with no complaining, no ill-temper, no shrinking from the way's sharp roughness; leaving no duty unperformed, and going out of her way often to seek others still more trying—always kind, benevolent, industrious and prudent.

Aunt Rachel grew older and still more plain. She had offers, too—some of worthy, honest men, who could in a measure appreciate her Christian virtues, and admire her noble, self-sacrificing course. To them she simply replied, that she gratefully acknowledged the honor of their choice, but she could never love them as a wife should love one to whom she was united. Perhaps they would have gladly risked all that, could they have seen her the presiding genius of their homes, the worthy guide to their motherless children. But she was firm in her principles, and did not do what nine-tenths of the world think they have a right to do—give their vows with an absent or palsied heart, and their hands to the clasp they would shun, were it not for the fear of being what Aunt Rachel was, an old maid, or for a fine house, or a few hundred acres unencumbered save by a lord they loathed. Years went by, and brought her many sorrows, and still her full share of toil.

She came to be homeless at last; and yet she never could be homeless, for every house would open its doors to her—the angel of patience and mercy, the nurse of the sick, the comforter of age and sorrow, the skilful assistant in all useful labors. No! Aunt Rachel never will be homeless; for wherever the firelight shines on truthful, honest faces—wherever the spirit of virtuous admiration for genuine worth dwells—there is Aunt Rachel's home; there is she honored and beloved, as those alone can be who live and labor for the good of others, and not merely for their own selfish enjoyment.

The "old maid," Aunt Rachel, has lived long, and lived well. She has never married; but she has done more real good, has borne her hard lot with more of brave, true courage and patience, than many who glory in the name of wife—though they may never have even thought on a wife's requirements, much less met and performed them with a cheerful brow and a sunny soul. She will be loved and trusted, sought and attended, all the days it pleases God to give her; and when her last work is done on earth, and her last duties smilingly finished, meekly and quietly will she sleep to waken where they "neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God." Though "she be dead, yet shall she live" in grateful, mourning hearts, and her name become a word of blessing and of hope. Noble mothers will say, "Be an Aunt Rachel, my child, and we shall never blush to call you an 'old maid.'"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Biography of Hon. Fernando Wood, Mayor of New York. By Donald McLeod. New York: O. F. Parsons. 1855. 12mo. pp. 335.

No man has been more talked of within a year or two than Mayor Wood, and every one is anxious to learn his life-story. This book gives us all the information desired. It is embellished by a fine steel portrait of Mr. Wood. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

Camp-Fires of the Red Men: or, *A Hundred Years Ago*. By J. R. Orton. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 399.

A highly exciting story, the whole scene of which passes on American ground. The Indians have not yet been written up, and will serve for literary purposes for a long while. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Florence Betrayed: or, *The Last Days of the Republic*. Translated from the Italian of Massimo D'Azeglio, by a Lady. Boston: W. V. Spencer. 1856.

This novel, which enjoys the highest reputation abroad, treats of the period when Florence defended itself, single-handed, against Clement VII. and Charles V. It is full of character and incident, and will certainly prove one of the most popular romances of the day.

The Hundred Dialogues. By William Bentley Fowle. Boston: Morris Cotton. 1856. 12mo. pp. 312.

A collection of very capital dialogues, original and selected, for reading and exhibition in schools or academies and private circles. Nothing, as teachers and parents well know, is more difficult to find than a good dialogue for speaking—and this book is full of them.

The School Harp. Boston: Morris Cotton.

Prefaced by some lessons in singing, a number of pleasing and instructive songs, original and selected, with the music, are here collected, printed in handsome style.

The History of England. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1856.

The edition before us comprises the four volumes in one, in 8vo. form, double columns, printed in good type, with the full index to each volume, and embellished with a fine steel engraving of the author. It is sold at only one dollar, so that every family may possess a copy of this brilliant historical production. For sale by Ticknor & Co.

Phillips, Sampson & Co. have also published a very neat edition of the third and fourth volumes, in 12mo., sold at 40 cents a volume. The portability of this size commends it to purchasers.

Tolla. A Tale of Modern Rome. By Edmond About. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall. 1856. 12mo. pp. 320.

Attention was first called to this work by a laudatory notice in the London Athenæum. As a picture of Italian manners, it stands without a rival; as a romance, it is surpassed in interest by very few modern novels. The moral tone of the book is pure and refined, though it touches on delicate topics.

New Music.—G. P. Reed & Co., No. 13 Tremont Street, have published "Robert of Lincoln," by Bryant, music by J. Osgood, and "Salva, O, Dea!" for three female voices, from *La Vestale*.

A Forest Tragedy. By Grace Greenwood. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 343.

We have here the first essay of Mrs. Lippincott at novel writing, and her *début* is full of promise. The scene of the "Forest Tragedy" lies principally in this country, the period being that of the American Revolution. The story is told with much dramatic power, and is full of interest. It occupies about two hundred pages; the remainder of the book being occupied by four well written tales.

Edith: or, *The Quaker's Daughter*. New York: Mason Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 407.

The trials and sufferings of the Society of Friends during the old colonial times in New England, afford the groundwork of this story; and the reader will readily see how much power may be evolved from such a theme—a theme that has enlisted the magic pencil of Hawthorne.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IN DREAMS.

The night is full of dreams of thee,
In dreams thy spirit walks with mine,
Thou whisperest words of love to me,
In dreams I still am thine.
Again in dreams thy voice is heard,
That bound me with its spell,
And tells me in each whispering word,
That still thou lov'st me well.

In dreams I'm sitting by that shore,
And thou art by my side;
We list to the din of ocean's roar,
And we trace the ebbing tide.
And in that tide our fate was writ,
Although we read it not;
And little deemed our love like it
Awhile would flow—so soon forgot.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN UNDERGROUND STORY.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

From Milan we went to Parma, and having spent a week in the latter city, Wardwell and myself bought horses to carry us to St. Stefano, the man of whom we bought them pledging himself to buy them back at any time within a month, if we did not injure them, only deducting a moderate price for their use. St. Stefano is at the head waters of the Taro, and distant from Parma some five-and-forty miles. It is nestled away at the foot of the Appenines, and we had been invited hitherto by our friend Montallo, who owned an extensive vineyard there. We had first met Michael Montallo in Genoa, and as a warm intimacy sprang up between us, and as he promised us any amount of pleasure, we accepted his invitation to visit him. He had gone on a few days in advance to prepare for our coming.

We were fortunate in our horses, for we obtained two noble ones, and their keeper assured us that if we started betimes in the morning we should have no difficulty in reaching St. Stefano before night. We started early—only half an hour after the sun was up—and as the road followed the bank of the Taro nearly all the way, the ride was a delightful one. It was only three o'clock when we reached Compiano, which was only ten miles from Montallo's residence. After leaving this place we left the river, and found ourselves among the mountains, the road winding around among lofty spurs of the range. We had reached a point where the path crossed a swift mountain torrent, and had just passed the bridge, when a dozen horsemen appeared before us. There was no mistaking those habits; the tall, peaked hat, with its gaudy band; the short, embroidered jackets; the blue shirts, and the leathern belts with their load of weapons.

"Stand and deliver!" were the first words we heard; and after a few moments hesitation we concluded to obey. We begged of them to allow us to retain our portmanteaus and clothing, but they would allow us nothing. They were dark, savage-looking men, long inured to crime, and I could find nothing of that romance about them which I had so often heard of in connection with the Italian banditti; but on the contrary, they were low, vulgar looking fellows, with a hang-dog look, that forbade all thought of any such thing as a "lady-love" in connection with them. They took our portmanteaus, with all our clothing, our watches and money, and then bade us go on. I found myself lighter in burden to the amount of five hundred dollars in money, a watch worth a hundred more, and clothing worth perhaps another hundred. Wardwell had been wise enough to leave most of his money in Parma, so his loss was not so much. So when we reached Montallo's our pleasure was somewhat damped.

"Never mind," he said, when we had told our story, "I have clothing enough, and if you have escaped Dalmarto and his band with your lives, you should consider yourselves fortunate."

"Then they are known?" said I.

"Known!" repeated my host, with a dubious shrug of the shoulders, "I should think they were. Why, they have been the pest of these mountain regions for over eight years. Right here is the only handy pass over the mountains to Genoa, and these villains have grown fat in purse on the heavy robberies they have committed. They are the terror of all travellers, and the plague of all officers and soldiers."

"Then they cannot be soldiers."

"Why bless you, no. More than two hundred soldiers have spent a fortnight at a time about their haunts without effect. To a stranger an account of the escapes they have made would be incredible. Sometimes they are here, and sometimes there; but the moment a party of soldiers heave in sight they are nowhere!"

That evening Montallo entertained us with an account of Dalmarto's exploits, and I was glad he did, for thereby I was enabled to go to bed a happy man. The loss of my property seemed as nothing, for I could only feel thankful that I was alive. On the following morning we had an opportunity to look about, and never did I find myself in a more charming spot. Montallo's place was in a deep, wide valley, or vale, with noble mountains upon either hand, and his vineyards extending up the slopes on both sides. From his place it was only about thirty miles over across to Genoa, and as he could carry all his wine over upon mules, his extensive vineyards were profitable. He kept a dozen men at work most of the time, besides the muleteers. He was a wealthier man than I had supposed.

Two days were spent in wandering about his premises, and visiting his extensive wine vaults, and on the morning of the third day he proposed to visit the great cave of Castello.

"It is a great place," said our host, "and a place which no one has yet fully explored. It was accidentally found some years ago by a poor peasant, who had lost some goats, and was up there searching for them. But come, you shall see for yourselves."

At seven o'clock we mounted our mules and set out, and after travelling some six miles along a winding path among crags and cliffs, we began to ascend a mountain. It was a tedious ride up the rough, circuitous path, but we managed to take it pleasantly, and at length our host bade us stop. We were now upon a broad table of rock, with a perpendicular descent of some hundred feet upon one hand, and upon the other the mountain still towered up above us. We hitched the mules to some dwarf-pines that grew out from a fissure in the rock, and then having taken our torches, we prepared to follow our leader. These torches were huge lamps, made to hang on wooden handles, something after the fashion of the torches carried by engine-men.

Each of us took a torch, a loaf of bread, and a flask of wine, and then set out. For a distance of twenty rods, or more, we climbed up a steep ascent, and here we came upon another table, only much smaller than the first. Upon this, standing close in to the side of the mountain, was a huge detached rock, and back of this we found the entrance to the cave. It was a rough, jagged aperture, some ten feet in diameter, with only a scene of darkness beyond. Montallo entered first, and we followed. For a distance of about twenty feet we passed through a tunnel not varying much in height from the entrance, and after this the way began to widen and expand, until we found ourselves in a vast chamber, the extremities of which were lost in utter gloom. The floor was quite smooth, but had a descent as we went on. Through this hall we travelled nearly four hundred feet, and then we came to a place where we had to crawl along upon our hands and knees; but this was only a few feet, and then we found ourselves in a hall not so large as the first, but vastly more grand, for the walls were hung all over with stalactites, and as the light of our torches struck on the flashing pendants, the place had the appearance of one vast stelliferous dome.

After feasting our eyes upon this for a while, we passed on to another cave, still smaller than the others, and here we saw passages leading off in all directions. They were narrow and high, seeming like vast fissures where the rock had split asunder. Into one of these I entered alone, and as the way seemed straight, I kept on for some distance, the thought of finding any difficulty in getting back never once entering my head. I did not notice that though the way seemed straight as I was going, yet it had slightly radiating branches going back. At length the floor became rough, and while I held the torch above my head, and looked only upon the floor to see that my footing was sure, an intervening spur caught my light and threw it from my hand. For an instant the fallen flame quivered with its expiring throes—and then I was in utter darkness. I groped about until I found my torch, and then I turned to make my way back. My eyes were of no more use than was my lighted torch; but I fancied I had not gone far, and that a few moments groping would lead me to my companions.

But ere long I felt that something must be wrong, and then I remembered that I had my apparatus for lighting cigars with me, and after a while I managed to re-light my torch. Strange that I had not thought of this before. However, the way was once more light, and I pushed on, and ere long I came out into a large apartment, and was upon the point of calling for my friends, when I discovered that I was in a place where I had not been before. Again I called out with all my power, but only the startling echoes of my own voice replied. But my eye caught a passage that I was sure led back towards the spot where I had left my companions, and I started into it. I had not gone fifty feet before I came to a point where the passage branched off in three different ways, but I took the one which led straight on, and followed it until I was satisfied that I was on the wrong track. To go back I considered the safest way, so back I turned; but ere I had gone ten rods I found the way divided into two branches. I had not noticed this before. Without much hesitation I took the one that led to the right, for it seemed to me that that was the one by which I had come.

And on I went—on, on—and by-and-by I had the peculiar satisfaction of being convinced that I had made another mistake. I stopped and pondered; and at length I resolved that I would take some path and follow as long as I could. I was now in a small chamber, the walls and ceiling of which were only of dark rock, and which had three outlets. I chose the one that I fancied would lead me aright, and pushed on. I had heard of people's being lost and dying amid the interminable labyrinths of these vast caverns, and it is not strange that such thoughts made me a little uneasy, to say the least. But on I went, sometimes thinking I must be right, and, at others, that I was wrong. I passed through four more chambers, one of them as large as any I had entered, and finally I struck into a low, narrow passage which had a gradual descent. After travelling this some distance I stopped. The way was very descending now, and often I had to step down from one crag to another, sometimes letting myself down by my hands, where the perpendicular descent was great. It seemed that I must be going down into the bowels of the mountain; but after a while I pushed on again.

And it was well that I did, for I had not gone twenty steps before I saw a faint glimmer of light ahead. I put my torch behind me, so as to be sure, and there was no mistake. This glimmer was descending, being certainly twenty degrees below me. But down I went, and when I had reached the point where the light came in, I found it to be a low, narrow aperture, the wide passage I had been following taking an abrupt turn to the left, and leading away into utter darkness. I crawled out into this aperture, and found that I was upon a sort of shelf, about half way up the wall of a wide chamber, and into this chamber the light came from two directions—from a narrow fissure overhead, and from an entrance on the floor nearly opposite from where I was. I held my torch out into the cave, and could see that the bottom was not far from twelve feet from where I was perched upon the shelf. And I saw more, too. But wait.

Slowly and carefully I made my way to the edge of the shelf, and then having found secure clutching places for my hands I worked my way over and let my body down, and in a moment more I reached the bottom of the cave in safety. Of course my torch was extinguished, but I could see well enough without; and almost the first thing upon which my eyes fell was—my own portmanteau!

Of course I knew that I was in the robbers' cave. It was a wide cavern, with a rough, uneven floor, and upon every hand were piled up heaps of booty. There were many bales of dry goods, many casks, and, in short, every conceivable thing that travellers could carry across the mountains. Upon one side I saw a huge chest, which I tried to move, but could not. It was firmly locked, and I supposed it must contain what of money and jewels the bandits had to store away. I opened my portmanteau, and found my property untouched, only my gold was missing.

But I waited not long here. I took my portmanteau, and had resolved to take it off, when the thought occurred to me that if the villains should return and find anything missing they might take alarm and make off with their most valuable booty, and furthermore, as my portmanteau was but little compared with the gold I had lost, I put it back where I had found it, and then taking my torch, made my way to the place where the light came in upon the floor. I found here an aperture only about three feet high, and some six feet in width, and having crawled through this I found myself in a deep ravine, and upon turning about I was surprised to find that I could not see the hole from whence I had come. But the mystery was soon explained. In coming out I had slid down a gentle descent, and an overhanging shelf of rock completely concealed the entrance. I should have said before, but may as well say here, that from the bottom of the cave the aperture through which I had gained access could not be seen, for the shelf extended some two or three feet out from the wall, and thus hid the place; so I doubt if the robbers ever discovered the secret.

This ravine in which I found myself after leaving the cavern, was long, narrow, and deep, with almost perpendicular walls, but I could see that near me was the end of it, where the solid wall arose upon three sides, and I knew of course that the outlet must be the other way. So on I hastened, and at length came to the place of egress, which was very narrow, and hidden among a thick clump of trees. When I reached the confine of this stunted copse I found myself upon the western side of the mountain! So I must have made my way entirely through the giant rock.

It was an easy matter to find the path from here; with quick steps I started for the other side. I remembered a peculiar clump of trees I had noticed in the morning on the top of the mountains, and as I could see this now, I had a safe guide. The way was toilsome, and just as the sun was sinking to rest I reached the broad table where we had left our mules; and shortly my companions joined me. I told them my story, and it was received with many expressions of almost incredulous wonder.

We reached home safe and hungry, and on the next morning Montallo hastened off to St. Stefano, where he gave an account of my discovery to an officer. The next morning I found, when I arose, a detachment of fifty soldiers under my window, waiting for me to guide them to the banditti's cave. Soon after breakfast I joined them. Wardwell and Montallo accompanied us, and by eight o'clock we were ready to set out. It was eleven o'clock when we reached the mouth of the robbers' cave, and having satisfied ourselves that there was no one within we entered. The officers were astonished beyond measure. It was soon arranged that the soldiers should remain concealed about the place until the bandits came, so my companions and myself set out on our return.

On the evening of the following day the soldiers came back, with the robbers with them, seven in number, having left five dead in the ravine on the mountain. Before I left Montallo's dwelling, Dalmarto and his men were hung, and the people were once more able to travel in safety. I received back my property in full, and a small sum of gold besides; but the warm blessings I received from the relieved people were of more value than all else.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the 83 magazines, and forming two volumes a year of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

Ballou's Dollar Monthly is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere; at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

JOHN GRIGG, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

The accompanying portrait is a correct likeness of a gentleman well-known and highly esteemed in Philadelphia, as one of her richest and worthiest citizens, a man emphatically the architect of his own fortunes. He has been distinguished through life for energy of character, directness of purpose, indefatigable industry, promptness, decision and high principle, and as such, may be cited as an example for imitation. Some few years since we saw, for the first time, in a newspaper, a few brief "hints to young men about commencing business," and were struck with their directness and soundness. We supposed them to be culled from various sources, but afterwards learned that they were the production of one mind, and were maxims deduced from the experience of one who had practised what he preached—the subject of this sketch. The tone of these hints was high. Looking to the accumulation of wealth as a means, they suggested its attainment by honorable methods, and through the practice of habits calculated to elevate the character and strengthen the mind. We shall refer to these hints again after speaking of their author. Few persons who have attained position and wealth have commenced life less conspicuously than John Grigg. An orphan farmer boy, no one could have predicted of him in childhood that he would one day become one of the wealthiest individuals in one of the finest cities of the Union. But he had "that within which passeth show." He had a strong mind and a brave heart, and his very position developed in him the virtue of self-reliance. At an early age he exchanged the life of a farmer for that of a sailor, which he followed for a certain period, until he had mastered the details of the nautical profession. On abandoning the sea, he passed a year or more in Richmond, Virginia, where he employed his time to great advantage in studying mathematics. But he was too poor to devote himself for any length of time exclusively to self-culture. He had his way to make in the world, and he was resolved to do it. Removing to Ohio, he soon became Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and Chancery, in Warren county, and was so devoted to his duties there, says Hon. Thomas Corwin, "he often wrote from fifteen to eighteen hours, every twenty-four for weeks together." This excessive assiduity impaired his health, and compelled him to change his business. We next find him engaged in the woollen cloth factory of Joel Scott, Esq., in Scott county, on the Elkhorn Creek, Kentucky. He became superintendent of Mr. Scott's establishment at Georgetown, and rendered himself a most valuable man in the position, for his industry and intelligence soon enabled him to master all the minutiæ of the business. In the year 1816, however, he quitted Mr. Scott, who parted from him with great regret, and went to Philadelphia, to look for an opening in a more exciting atmosphere. Business was then in a very depressed state, Mr. Grigg was comparatively without means, and was about abandoning his purpose of settling on the Atlantic seaboard, when he made the acquaintance of Mr. B. Warner, a thriving bookseller, who, with a quick appreciation of character, immediately engaged him as a clerk. Mr. Grigg mastered the details of the bookselling business as readily as he had the duties of clerk of the Ohio court and superintendent of the woollen factory, and Mr. Warner found that he had secured an invaluable assistant. A memorandum found after Mr. Warner's death, contained these words: "I consider John Grigg as possessing a *peculiar* talent for the bookselling business—*very industrious*, and from three years' observation (the time he has been employed in my business) have found nothing in his conduct to raise a doubt of his possessing correct principles." As an instance of the labor he was willing to assume, we may here mention, that soon after engaging with Mr. Warner, he learned the name of every book in the store, its price and the place where to find it, so that he was able at once to lay his hand on it when called for. On the death of Mr. Warner, he was employed by the executors to settle the affairs of the firm, a complicated and laborious business, which he executed to the satisfaction of all parties. The accomplishment of this duty left him once more with the "world before him where to choose." Conversing about his prospects with his friend, Mr. Joseph Cushing, of Baltimore, the latter said, "Rely on yourself; you cannot fail to succeed, and you will one day astonish yourself and the book trade of the country." The next day Mr. Grigg hired a store with a lodging apartment at the back of it, and commenced book seller on his own account. His experience, his industry, his tact, his rapidity of calculation, his promptitude and soundness of judgment, coupled with prudence and other good qualities, produced their logical result. The prediction of Mr. Cushing was fully verified. He did indeed "astonish the book trade of the whole country," for he completely revolutionized it. His mercantile foresight taught him when to carry sail, and when to reef in the voyage of life. Thus the financial whirlwind of 1836 and 1837 passed harmlessly by him. He foresaw the prostration of the United States Bank, transferred his investments from stock to real estate, and when the crisis came, which ruined so many of his contemporaries, his own fortune was secure and unshaken. Outside of the circle of his own business, Mr. Grigg liberally invested capital in the various enterprises of his day. He was an early and large stockholder in the Pennsylvania Railroad; he purchased extensive properties in Mississippi and Illinois, while he has beautified his adopted city by the erection of many elegant dwellings. The possession of great wealth never seduced Mr. Grigg into the habits of ostentation and extravagance, which are not only intrinsically evil, but vicious as example. His good taste and his sound principles have preserved him from the seductions of opulence. Yet he has not fallen into the other extreme of meanness and parsimony. Through many an unseen channel his beneficence has flowed forth, conferring blessings in its path. He is fond of helping others to help themselves, for he understands the true philosophy of giving assistance. To his employees, and to those who have been in his employ, he has ever evinced a princely liberality. Mr. Grigg's own success has not blinded him to the fact that mercantile pursuits are to be engaged in with due caution. He is aware of the important fact that ninety-seven out of every one hundred merchants fail; and he is fond of expatiating on the importance and safety of agriculture as a profession. In his opinion, nearly all our schools ought to be agricultural. He takes the same view of agricultural pursuits which the most enlightened men of all ages have entertained. We cannot better close this brief sketch than by giving some extracts from Mr. Grigg's "Hints to Young Men about commencing Business," and we regret that we cannot quote them entire. They are of universal application, and moreover afford a key to the character of their author: "Be industrious and economical. Waste neither time nor money in small and useless pleasures and indulgences. If the young can be induced to begin to save the moment they enter on the paths of life, the way will ever become easier before them, and they will not fail to attain a competency, and that without denying themselves any of the real necessaries and comforts of life.—To industry and economy, add self-reliance. Do not take too much advice.—Remember that punctuality is the mother of confidence. It is not enough that the merchant fulfils his engagements: he must do what he undertakes precisely at the time, as well as in the way he agreed to. It is often the case that diligence in employments of less consequence is the most successful introduction to great enterprises.—Let the young merchant remember that selfishness is the meanest of vices, and it is the parent of a thousand more.—Be frank. Say what you mean. Do what you say. So shall your friends know and take it for granted that you mean to do what is just and right.—Accustom yourself to think vigorously.—Marry early; and in choosing a wife, a man should look first, at the heart; second, at the mind; and third, at the person.—The business man should be continually on the watch for information, and ideas that will throw light on his path; and he should be an attentive reader of all practical books, especially those relating to business, trade, etc., as well as a patron of useful and ennobling literature.—Never forget a favor, for ingratitude is the basest trait in a man's heart. Always honor your country, and remember that our country is the very best poor man's country in the world."



JOHN GRIGG, ESQ.

INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN JAVA.

Our engraving exhibits an interior view of the principal apartment of a house in Java, and the way in which the Javanese live. The room is constructed of bamboo, and the floor is covered with mats. With the exception of the perpendicular height, it resembles very much the cabin of a ship with berths on each side. The occupants of these little side dens, when they wish to be private, can draw the curtains; and on each side is a sort of a settee, convenient for lounging, and for ascending to and descending from the inner recesses. Here we see a group of persons of both sexes—or rather, we should say, ladies and gentlemen. But we confess that these same Javanese are not in our style of beauty. There seems to be a degree of *abandon* and social familiarity among the congregated inmates, which would hardly be tolerated in more civilized communities. The lady on our left, who is inhaling the fragrance of a flower, may be, for aught we know, and probably is, a Javanese Venus; but beside the Medican or the Venus of Milo, she would hardly "enchant the world." There is, on the whole, quite an air of neatness about this Javanese domicil. In architecture, the Javanese surpass the other natives of the eastern archipelago; and many structures of stone and brick, some in a style of superior magnificence (as, for instance, the temple of Boro Budor), exist in different parts of the island. But the art of building has declined since the middle of the 13th century, and the modern Javanese do not even understand the art of turning an arch, though arches are seen in every ancient structure remaining in Java. The *karatons*, or palaces of the native princes, are walled enclosures, laid out on a uniform plan, and comprising numerous buildings; they were formerly constructed of hewn stone, but at present consist of ill-burnt bricks and ill-concocted mortar. After these, the better sort of residences are called *pandapas*, a word derived from the Sanscrit; and the edifice is, therefore, probably of Indian origin. In most of these a thatched roof is supported by four wooden pillars, round which is an awning of light materials, supported by movable props of bamboo; and the whole is closed in by a temporary paling, and divided into apartments by light partitions. The chief materials of the houses of the Javanese are the bamboo, the rattan, the palmetto leaf and wild grass. The house of a peasant in a populous part of Java, where materials are not the most abundant, will not exceed the value of sixty days' labor. In the dwellings of the chiefs there is generally, in a conspicuous part of the house, a kind of state bed, rather for display than use; but an ordinary bed is usually only the bamboo floor



INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN JAVA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

CLUBS FOR THE PICTORIAL.

AWARDING THE PRIZES.

According to our agreement, we now proceed to award the prizes which were offered for the New Year's subscriptions—in doing which, we cheerfully wish those who have won them, perfect satisfaction and much enjoyment of the same.

1. A. WHITNEY, of Ashhurnham, Mass., having sent 266 subscribers, making the *first* largest club, will receive an elegant first class PIANO FORTE, rosewood case, of the best Boston workmanship, warranted in all respects. Value, $300.

2. B. FRINK, of Norwich, New York, having sent 251 subscribers, making the *second* largest club, will receive a superior ENGLISH LEVER GOLD WATCH, with a rich gold chain, seals and key, new, and warranted perfect in all respects. Value, $200.

3. F. V. BULFINCH, Charlestown, Mass., having sent 234 subscribers, making the *third* largest club, will receive a library of ONE HUNDRED BOUND VOLUMES of new and valuable books, embracing biographies, histories, novels, records of travel, etc. Value, $150.

4. J. C. TERRY, of St. Paul, Minnesota, having sent 138 subscribers, making the *fourth* largest club, will receive a superb ENGLISH DOUBLE BARRELLED GUN, silver mounted, with shot and powder pouch, game bag and fixtures, a reliable weapon. Value, $100.

5. D. MITCHELL, of Bridgewater, Mass., having sent 122 subscribers, making the *fifth* largest club, will receive a LADY'S GOLD WATCH, new, elegantly set in gold, with a rich enamel back, best Geneva workmanship, and warranted. Value, $80.

6. T. HARDIE, of Dubuque, Iowa, having sent 120 subscribers, making the *sixth* largest club, will receive a superior ENGLISH SILVER LEVER WATCH, new, and warranted in all respects a perfect instrument and timekeeper. Value, $60.

7. GEORGE COTTON, of Delevan, Wisconsin, having sent 114 subscribers, making the *seventh* largest club, will receive an elegant AMERICAN RIFLE, silver mounted, new, and of the best make, with powder-flask and fixtures—a superb weapon. Value, $55.

8. A. S. TODD, of Pultneyville, New York, having sent 101 subscribers, making the *eighth* largest club, will receive a fine RIDING SADDLE and BRIDLE made *to our own order*, of the best English stock, by William Holmes, 25 Tremont Row, Boston, with curb and snaffle bits, and all the fixtures perfect. Value, $50.

9. R. D. SMITH, of Geneva, Wisconsin, having sent 74 subscribers, making the *ninth* largest club, will receive a richly wrought PURSE, suitable for a gentleman or lady, and containing THIRTY GOLD DOLLARS. Value, $35.

10. O. RAMSDELL, of Jersey Shore, Penn., having sent 62 subscribers, making the *tenth* largest club, will receive an ENGLISH SILVER WATCH, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Value, $25.

11. T. DOW, of Whitewater, Wisconsin, having sent 52 subscribers, making the *eleventh* largest club, will receive a fine heavy GOLD SEAL RING, elaborately wrought, and with the initials of the winner cut upon the stone. Value, $20.

12. T. MCNABB, of Patterson, N. J., having sent 51 subscribers, making the *twelfth* largest club, will receive five large and beautiful STEEL ENGRAVINGS, each one exhibiting some interesting scene, framed in gilt, parlor ornaments. Value, $18.

J. M. REYNOLDS, of Pultneyville, N. Y., having sent 50 subscribers, will receive EIGHT BOUND VOLS. OF THE PICTORIAL.

J. M. TOMLINSON, of Charlestown, Ohio, having sent 50 subscribers, will receive EIGHT BOUND VOLS. OF THE PICTORIAL.

D. S. JACKSON, Council Bluff, Iowa, having sent us 50 subscribers, will receive EIGHT BOUND VOLS. OF THE PICTORIAL.

J. K. ALEXANDER, of Franklin, Indiana, having sent us 50 subscribers, will receive EIGHT BOUND VOLS. OF THE PICTORIAL.

SPLINTERS.

.... The Episcopal Recorder condemns Dickens's last work, "Little Dorrit," as irreligious.

.. Candles resembling the finest wax are now made from coal and from the peat bogs of Ireland.

.... Our very manner is a thing of importance. A kind "no" is often far more agreeable than a rough "yes."

.... The captain general of Havana lately gave a banquet to the officers of all American vessels that were then in port.

.... A negro lately *violated* (so the Post says) the Sabbath by playing a fiddle on Sunday.

.... Prince Lucien Bonaparte is now a member of nearly all the scientific academics of the old world.

.... The salary of the governor of Mississippi, by a recent act of the legislature, has been raised to the sum of $5000.

.... The English poison at the rate of about 6,000,000 Chinamen per annum with the opium trade they forced on China.

.... He who has energy enough to root out vice, should go a step further and plant virtue in its stead.

.... A "sufficiency" has been defined as "a little more than a person has already." A true bill.

.... When you have nothing to say, *say* nothing—that is unless you are an orator or a debater.

.... The State of Pennsylvania possesses property to the value of $581,000,000, with a population of 2,300,000.

.... A great effort is making in New Haven to resuscitate the Jerome Clock Company. It employed 200 or 300 workmen.

.... The flour and grain dealers of Philadelphia are making an effort to establish a new bank.

.... Dr. Parker, of San Jacinto, Texas, has been killing a bear a day for some weeks past.

.... The U. S. Supreme Court have decided that the President cannot commute a sentence, though he may grant a pardon.

.... "Copper and iron have been found in the blood of human beings." Yes, and brass in their faces.

.... The directors of the Boston and Maine Railroad have discontinued the practice of selling season tickets.

POSTAL REFORM—MONEY ORDERS.

A very energetic movement is now making for the purpose of obtaining from government a reform in our post-office system, and large meetings of business men and others, having this object in view, have already been held in New York, Boston, and other places. To Mr. Pliny Miles, who has devoted much time and thought to the subject, and whose position, as a clerk in the post-office department at Washington, afforded him an opportunity of practically examining the operation of the present system, belongs the credit of having "set this ball in motion." His able pamphlet on "Postal Reform," which we have heretofore briefly noticed, has been received with very general favor.

The following are the principal changes demanded by the reformers: 1, Uniform postage of two cents on letters, and a cheap uniform rate for printed matter. 2, Receiving-houses and letter-carriers for the collection and delivery of letters in cities and principal towns, without extra charge. 3, Money orders for sums not exceeding twenty-five dollars to be drawn by the principal post-offices on each. 4, Compulsory prepayment to be abolished, and double postage to be charged on all mail matter not prepaid. 5, All dead letters to be returned to the writers, and whenever possible, without opening. 6, The postage on all franked matter to be paid by the government.

Some of the above items admit of discussion; but with regard to the establishment of a system furnishing a safe and convenient means of remitting money, there can be but one opinion. The British government have adopted a very simple plan of money orders, the details of which may be found in Mr. Miles's excellent pamphlet, and which has been found to work admirably in Great Britain, where it has been in operation for a series of years. An order is drawn by the postmaster of one town on the postmaster of another for a sum of money to be paid, on the receipt of a "letter of advice," which contains the name and calling of the payee, and the name and calling of the remitter. The "advice of money order" is sent by the first mail to the postmaster on whom the order is drawn, and is his authority for paying the money order whenever it is presented. In the money letter there is a blank form of receipt to be signed by the payee—namely, the person to whom the order is payable. The "advice" is signed by the postmaster sending and the postmaster receiving it.

"The safety of the money order," says Mr. Miles, "consists in the information necessary to have it paid—the full name and occupation of the remitter—being only known to the sender and receiver, and the postmaster on whom the order is drawn. If the mail is robbed or lost, the postmaster failing to get his 'advice' by due course, will not pay the order if it is presented, until he gets the necessary 'advice' or instruction. If the person to whom the order is addressed knows the full name and occupation of the sender, so that it is not necessarily in the letter accompanying the order, or if—as the public are partially instructed—the name in full and occupation are sent by another day's post, and not accompanying the money order, any thief or mail robber who might get the order will find it of no use to him, as he cannot give the information necessary for having it cashed." The order and letter of advice bear the same number. During sixteen years, five hundred and twenty millions of dollars have been remitted in this way in Great Britain, and not one dollar in five hundred thousand has been lost to the remitter by any fault of the system, any crime or casualty. Is it not worth while to introduce this plan here? As detailed by Mr. Miles, it appears simple and feasible. The commission charged in England is less than one per cent., and no one would begrudge a moderate charge for a plan that appears to secure perfect safety for the remittance. Almost every one is interested in this question, and we trust that no means will be left untried for the reform in this particular, which is so much needed.

BINDING.—Having extended the facilities for prompt and neat work in our binding department, we are now prepared to bind all works handed in to us, at the lowest prices, and in the best possible manner. Books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, will all be bound in any desired form; our own works being finished as heretofore, and at the same prices.

DR. BALL.—This gentleman, so well known by his recently published book of travels in China, and who, last fall, froze his feet and hands badly during a night he passed on the White Mountains, has, we are happy to learn, nearly recovered from his injuries.

"THE CONTRABANDIST."—We hear much, from all quarters, in praise of this interesting and admirably written story, now publishing in our columns. The author will be henceforth one of our regular contributors.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.—Among the striking features of our next number will be *two* large pictures by Billings, engraved in the best style, depicting the "Storm of Chapultepec," and the "Battle of Buena Vista." They are both brilliant works of art.

TROUBLE AHEAD.—It is said that the allies are resolved to capture all Russian vessels transferred to the citizens of the United States since the commencement of the Eastern war. "Catch a weasel asleep."

PORTRAITS.—D. C. Johnston, and his son, Thomas Johnston, who inherits his father's talents, are taking excellent likenesses at their rooms, 257 Washington Street.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can send all new or old subscribers the back numbers of our paper to January 1st, making the work complete for the current year, or any previous number desired.

BOSTON MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

On our last page we present two views, representing the exterior of the new "Mercantile Building," at the corner of Summer and Hawley Streets, recently erected by Emery B. Fay, Esq., and the interior of the Boston Mercantile Library, which was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on the 1st of January, 1856. They were drawn expressly for us by Mr. Warren, and may be relied on as faithful delineations. The lot is adjacent to Trinity church—a portion of which is represented in our sketch—and measures nearly five-eighths of an acre.

The Mercantile Library Association occupies 11,000 square feet on the second floor of this building, and the rooms consist of a reading room, periodical room, conversation room, library, president's room, secretaries' room, director's room, room for coins and curiosities, two committee rooms, a room for storage and a fine hall for literary exercises, general meetings, etc., capable of seating about 700 persons. The stand point selected for the interior view is near the centre of the reading room, looking from Summer Street through the periodical room, conversation room and library, a distance of two hundred and seventeen feet.

The reading room is forty feet on Summer Street, sixty-two feet deep and twenty feet high. In an oval sky-light in the ceiling, of ground and stained glass, is a representation of the seal of the Association. The walls are embellished with a bust and portrait of Hon. Abbott Lawrence, a friend and one of the munificent patrons of the institution, by portraits of Columbus and Vespucius, presented by Lewis Tappan, Esq., and by several other paintings, lists of present and past officers, etc. A copy of Stuart's original picture of Washington, now owned in Newport, is in preparation, and will be presented to the Association by Hon. Edward Everett. The elegant clock, with two marble dials, was manufactured by Howard & Davis, and presented to the Association by Mr. CARLOS PIERCE, its present efficient president, and chairman of the committee under whose tasteful supervision the rooms have been finished and furnished.

The periodical room is furnished with an excellent selection of foreign and domestic periodicals, and every convenience is provided for readers. The present shelving of the library, which consists of twenty-two alcoves, will contain 25,000 volumes. Its capacity may be doubled by means of a light gallery accessible by an iron circular stairway. The number of volumes in the library at present, is 17,000, and is increasing at the rate of two thousand annually. The hall, which is to be known as the "Mercantile Hall," has four convenient ante-rooms, is centrally located, and is admirably adapted for concerts, lectures, readings, etc., and we notice that it is already much in demand for such purposes. It has an independent entrance from Summer Street, and another from Hawley Street.

This institution is the oldest of all the Mercantile Library Associations in the country, having been founded in March, 1820. Its present number of members is 2100. A course of lectures is delivered each winter. By the terms of the constitution, any person engaged in mercantile pursuits, who is more than fourteen years of age, may become a member of the Association, by the payment of two dollars annually. Persons not engaged in mercantile pursuits may become subscribers, and be entitled to all the privileges of members except that of voting, by the payment of two dollars; and ladies may become subscribers on the same terms. We learn that since the opening of the new rooms, many ladies have availed themselves of the privileges of the institution.

LETTERS AND OYSTERS.—It is said that oysters sent from Baltimore reached Cincinnati in advance of the mail letters. Wouldn't it be well to enclose the letters in oyster-shells?

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. Sanford L. Mower to Miss Jane M. Burrows; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Joseph Hartman to Miss Julia Curran; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Warren R. Knight to Miss Olivia Carter; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Richard Steel to Miss Jane Linebam; by Rev. Mr. Pettee, Mr. James H. Lord to Miss Cordelia R. Benjamin.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Capt. Edward W. Randall, of Bath, Me., to Miss Jane D. Cole.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Eben T. Hayward to Miss Caroline Gale.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Emerson, Mr. Charles E. Eastman to Miss Maria B. Nichols, of Boston.—At East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Samuel T. Hadley to Miss Maria Cavnah.—At Newton Centre, by Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. Samson Talbot to Miss Mary E. Morse.—At Stoneham, by Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, of Southbridge, Mr. Jesse Green, 2d to Mrs. Eliza Green.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. John T. Holmes to Miss Laura A. Harlow.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Brousou, Mr. Howard B. Allen to Mrs. Adaline Lindsey.—At Springfield, Mr. John Brooks to Miss Carrie Adams.—At Stonington, Conn., by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. George S. Kinney, of Griswold, Conn., to Miss Eliza C. Eccleston, of Westerly, R. I.

DEATHS.

In this city, Hon. Daniel Safford, 63; Miss Harriet A. Sanderson, 24; Widow Margaret F. Capen; Mr. David Farrar, 36; Mr. Henry Cumly, 30; Mr. James Henry, 65; Mr. George C. Philbrook, 51; Mrs. Dorcas Olendorf, 54; Mr. William Duff, 33, Mrs. Maria Lord, 33.—At South Boston, Cyrus Alger, Esq., 74; Mr. William H. Gage, 49.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Kezia Gaston, 76.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Cornelia S Hall, 54; Miss Ellen L. Staniels, 19; Mrs. Eliza Caverly Canney, 47.—At Dorchester, Mr. Jesse Pierce, formerly of Stoughton, 67.—At West Cambridge, Miss Eleanor S Pierce, 18.—At Winchester, Mrs. Dorothy, widow of the late Mr. Phineas Stone, 77.—At Leominster, Miss Helen L. Ingalls, 20.—At Watertown, Mr. John Heath, 44.—At Newton, Mr. Matthias Collins, 80.—At Lynn, Mr. William Stanchfield, 42; Mrs. Martha Alley, 36; Mrs. Nancy Fitch, 36.—At Salem, Mr. John B. Mitchell, 37; Widow Lucy Ann Dodge, 41.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Ellen F. Wood, 22.—At Lowell, Mr. Sidney S. Olcott, 50.—At Plymouth, Mr. Perez Poole, 75.—At Fall River, Mrs. Isabella Clarkson, late of England, 70.—At Nantucket, Widow Mary Langdon, 64; Mr. Reuben Whitehouse, 67.—At Worcester, Mr. Israel Whitney, 75; Miss M. Maria Putnam, 18.—At Millbury, Capt. Amasa Wood, 72; Mr. C. P. Wetmore, 31.—At Springfield, Nicholas Bayliss, Esq., of Boston, 33.

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year..... $3 00
4 subscribers, " " 10 00
10 " " " 20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ISABEL.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

My beauteous little child!
Her lips were drops of dew;
And in her eyes the violets smiled
With more than violet blue.

Her image I recall,
Where dwelt a soul so sweet,
We thought its love could sweeten all
The hearts that ever beat.

How all her thoughts I read,
How sad her tear-drops were;
It grieves me that I ever said
One chiding word to her.

For she, my blue-eyed child,
In death's embraces fell:
Now lives alone in roses wild
The grace of Isabel.

I've seen the iceberg's gleam,
And felt the tropic sun;
But she was over in my dream,
My darling little one.

I've worn thee in my heart,
My child of sunny brow;
And, cherub as thou wert and art,
Here will I keep thee now.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NANNETTE CATHERWOOD.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"JAMES," said Mrs. Catherwood to her husband, "it is not right that you should be at variance with Mr. Somers. He is a kind neighbor."

"You are correct in that last, Emily," answered her husband.

"And an excellent man," continued Mrs. Catherwood.

"Right, again."

"He has shown himself a true friend to us, ever since we settled near each other; not in words, merely, but in good deeds, that have been many and frequent—that he performed heartily and with a good will."

"True—true, Emily. I acknowledge it all."

And rising, Mr. Catherwood paced the room with an unquiet step and a troubled air.

"Well—this matter of disturbance, what is it, after all? A discussion of some affair which concerns neither of you, and that can in no way affect your interests or his. A mere debate—"

"But, Emily, I *know* I was right," broke in Mr. Catherwood, earnestly.

"I will not question that," returned the wife, continuing her sewing quietly; "but, granting you were, what then?"

"Then it was my place to prove myself in the right."

"And Mr. Somers in the wrong. Did you think of that, James?" asked his wife.

Mr. Catherwood colored at the gentle rebuke.

"You will own, I am sure," continued she, pleasantly, "that it would have been kinder—more delicate, in you, to abandon the dispute—to allow him to think you in the wrong, if he would, rather than force from him, finally, a confession of the superiority of your judgment over his. For that is all it would amount to, at last."

Mr. Catherwood still paced the floor in silence and with a feeling of conviction.

"Can you not see, James, that the victory, when gained, would have seemed to you an unworthy one? That it would have given you, after all, no satisfaction? That he would have been uncomfortable, and you unhappy? That you would have had an unpleasant consciousness of having argued for the actual benefit of no one, but merely to exalt your confidence in your own opinion, by humbling that of your neighbor in his own?"

"Yes—yes, Emily; it is all as you say," returned Mr. Catherwood, repentantly. "I see it now, plainly; but I did not see it then. I was excited—I should have been more moderate. But I am so blind—I never find out the right way until the mischief's done. I believe Mr. Somers is offended now, past repair."

And throwing himself upon a seat by the window, he leaned his head upon his hand, and became lost in painful thought. The summer twilight was fast approaching. The tea-table had been cleared off, and little Nannette, their only child, a lovely little girl of six, had been sitting on the doorstep during the conversation of her parents, watching the clear, glowing tints of the sunset sky. They were paling, now; it was near little Nannette's bed-time.

"Come, Nannette," called her mother, folding up her sewing and laying it aside; "come in now. The dew is beginning to fall, and the birds are going to sleep. You must go to sleep too."

The child rose from her seat on the sill, casting one last, lingering look upon the beautiful sky. Then she went in.

"It is so pretty, mama," she said, gently. "I *should* like to sit up a little longer. Just while the moon rises, and the stars come out."

"Yes, Emily," said Mr. Catherwood, "let her stay an hour longer, my dear."

"Very well—if she would like it a *great deal*—would you, Nannette?" asked her mother, smilingly stroking the child's bright hair.

"A very great deal—yes, mama," answered the little one.

And so her father took her upon his knee, and she sat there with him by the open window, her pretty head lying against his shoulder, and her clear, vivacious gray eyes fixed upon the far-off blue of the summer twilight heaven.

They sat by an eastern window, and while she watched the gradual rising of the large, yellow harvest moon, and the gleaming of the soft stars, Mr. Catherwood silently contemplated the grave beauty of those earnest eyes, and the sincerity of that childish face, and the calm, spiritual loveliness of the full white brow, around which the fair hair lay, and was scattered in soft rings of palest gold, upon his breast.

"Nannette," he said, "what makes you like the stars so much?"

He waited for an answer, but she did not hear him; and he did not attempt to disturb her. Only once, as the gleam of moonlit water pierced the intervening foliage, she said softly, and as if to herself:

"How beautiful it must be on the river, to-night!"

The hour passed, and now Nannette must kiss her father and go with mama to her little chamber. It was reluctantly and again with wistful, lingering looks, that she turned from the window.

"Don't dream about the moon, Nannie," said her father, with a smile, as she left him.

"Emily," he said, when his wife returned from the child's room, "it is strange—this passion of Nannette's; she is quite bewitched, I think, with the moonlight."

Mrs Catherwood stood a moment by the window.

"It is beautiful enough to bewitch any one, James. And I don't think it at all strange that she should delight in it so, for do you know I have an idea that our Nannie is a little poetical? But come—I have my sewing to do, and here is the book which you promised to read aloud to me. Now is an excellent time to commence it"

With a sigh, as his thoughts reverted to Mr. Somers, from whom the book had come, Mr. Catherwood opened it and begun the first chapter. Emily's hand flew rapidly, and the sewing and reading went on briskly. It was a treat to have a new book stray into those lonely regions, for the Catherwoods lived in a very thinly settled part of Maine, where such things were sufficiently rare. It is to be supposed, then, that they enjoyed their reading that evening.

Meanwhile, Nannette, in her own little chamber, was "lying broad awake," looking at the moonlight that streamed in through the partly opened window, from which the muslin drapery had been drawn a little aside, to let the cool air in. She had never enjoyed herself so much as that evening, for it was the first time she had ever been allowed to sit up after the usual hour for retiring; and the beauty and serenity of the night had filled her with a pleasure inexpressible. As her mother had said, she possessed a poetical temperament, and the sweet and holy solemnity of this lovely hour deeply impressed her. Nannette could not sleep—that was impossible; and she lay there looking at the moonlight, shining yellow and clear on the floor and wall, until she could resist its witchery no longer. Stepping out from her low couch, she thrust her tiny bare feet into her shoes, and throwing a large mantle, which lay near, over her night dress, she went and knelt down by the window. Here, with the curtain drawn aside, she could drink in the wonderful splendor of the outer night; and awed, alarmed, fascinated, the child forgot everything but her own perfect happiness.

Beneath its reedy banks, on which the dwelling stood, flowed the calm, bright river, gleaming up from among its fringing osiers. Fair, and placid, and clear as a sheet of silver, it shone beneath the broad moonlight. And there, by the edge of the bank, under the willows, a little boat was moored. Nannette saw it. Happy little boat, that would sleep under the bright moon, rocked by the shining water, all night!

An irresistible charm led Nannie's feet. It drew them out from the low window, across the garden, down to the water-side, into the painted skiff, where, at last, the child sat down, and drawing the mantle about her, clasped her knees with her hands and leaned her head upon them. It was so sweet! The night was very warm, the air soft and fragrant, the moonlight intoxicating. A low, faint murmur, dreamy and delicious, came from the osiers. Wrapt in her mantle, Nannette nestled down in the bottom of the skiff, and pillowing her bright head upon her arm, looked up at the stars.

Large, and mellow, and golden, they burned through the blue firmament. Higher rose the clear, unclouded moon; and down on the river, through the elder-boughs and willows, and into the tiny skiff—poured a flood of silent splendor. Still the soft air wafted its heavy fragrance from the shore; still the osiers made a dreamy murmur in her ears; still the child lay nestled in her mantle with her head pillowed upon her arm; but gradually the fragrance grew fainter, the murmurs seemed to come from a long way off, the soft lids of Nannette drooped—a fringed curtain between the moonbeams and those weary eyes.

Presently, the loosely fastened rope that held the skiff, began to slip from its hold, little by little, so slowly that you could scarcely perceive the motion. But by-and-by, it had slipped away altogether; a little line of bright ripples sparkled in the water, when it glided from the tree-roots. There was nothing now to hold the frail vessel. Free from its moorings, it was borne gently out from its resting-place, with the course of the stream, and along it went with the ripples, under the shadow of the willows, bearing its unconscious burden down the river; for Nannette was sound asleep.

On—on still went the boat. Further adown the shining stream, amid that forest wilderness, with no earthly eye to see or hand to guide. If the child should sleep on, she might be borne along just so, all night. If she should wake, who could answer for her safety, in her fright? In either case, the boat might strike some obstruction, and be overset. Nothing but Providence could save little Nannie now. * * * * *

"Father!"

It was a wild, terrified cry—a child's cry—that broke the stillness, and died away, unanswered. "Father—come!"

Wilder rose that call of agony, waking the echoes far and near, and startling the mother-bird from her nest in the tree that overhung the river. But *her* little ones were safe. And no human voice answered that cry. And again it rose:

"Father—father! Mother!"

All alone upon the river—all alone. And away in their cottage home, the father and mother sat, unconscious of their child's peril. Again that cry arose—and this time with despairing energy. Hark! was not that an answer?

Faint and far away the voice sounds—*but it was an answer!* Louder, now it came—and nearer. "Halloo!" * *

At midnight Emily Catherwood sprang up from an uneasy slumber, waking her husband. She was sitting there in the moonlight, trembling in every limb.

"Emily!" he called, "what ails you—are you sick?" and he too, sprang up in alarm.

"No—no! I dreamed—of Nannie! O, James, such a terrible dream! I must go to her—I didn't go before I came to bed. If anything has happened to her!"

Infected with his wife's fear, Mr. Catherwood listened breathlessly while she went to the adjoining room.

"O, James—James! Nannie's gone! She's not here!"

The cry struck a chill of horror to his soul. Nannie gone! Where? It was the work of a moment to dress and prepare for the search. Every nook and corner of the child's room was thrown open. She was not there. Yet her clothes remained where her mother had placed them. Only—her shoes were gone, and a heavy plaid shawl or mantle, that had hung by the door. Why had she taken them alone? How long had she been gone? *Where was Nannie?*

Nowhere to be found. Nowhere about house or garden. The child was lost. They called for her in vain. Far and wide, out into the night, the father and mother went in a distraction of terror that was almost madness, to seek for her. In vain. There was but one way now—Emily said so. It was for James to go to Mr. Somers, with whom he had parted in bitter anger and enmity that day, and beg him to assist in the search.

"He will refuse me! I have insulted him—wronged him!" said Mr. Catherwood, despairingly.

"James, he cannot! He, too, is a father! He, too, has a wife and children!" uttered Emily. "Hasten and let us saddle the horses—we are losing time!"

And together, beneath the midnight moon, the husband and wife sped silently to the dwelling of their neighbor, nearly two miles away. Not ten minutes elapsed during that journey, yet the inward agony they felt made it seem like hours. The suspense they endured was fearful. They had almost reached the end of the way, and the house was in sight. They remarked, simultaneously, that lights were burning within; and at that moment there rode rapidly from the stable a gentleman, urging his horse to a gallop. He descried the new comers, and rode rapidly on.

"James Catherwood, is that you?" he cried, eagerly.

"Mr. Somers—yes!" and Mr. Catherwood sprang from his saddle. "Harry—my child—Nannie—"

"Is safe! my friends."

Mr. Somers clasped their hands, unable, from his own emotion, to utter another word. But he drew them trembling with joyful anticipation, through the open door, to the well-lighted kitchen of the farm-house, where, in the arms of his wife and surrounded by his family, safe and well, sat little Nannette!

No words can speak the ecstasy of the child's parents, as they clasped her once more to their hearts, while the family joined with them in their thanksgivings for her safety; and Mr. Somers himself, moved to the very depths of his soul, dashed aside the tears that started to his eyes, as he looked upon their joy. Then little Nannie told her story, weeping and smiling at once, and breaking off at every other moment to kiss her parents; how she had wished so earnestly, kneeling there by the window, to sit a little while in the boat, on the river; how she had gone, without ever thinking how wrong it was, down to the edge of the water and got into the boat (and here Nannie's tears streamed fast, thinking of her wrong doing), how she had fallen asleep, she didn't know how, and waked to find herself alone way down the river, out of sight of home! How she had been alarmed, and called for her parents so many times—till she was sick and despairing, when she heard somebody answer, and presently Mr. Somers reached the river, plunged in, and brought her to the shore. How he carried her home, and—and the child ended her story with a perfect torrent of tears. James Catherwood could hardly restrain his own, as he offered his hand to Mr. Somers.

"My friend!" he said, "you have saved my child. What do I not owe you? How little, this morning, in my anger, did I look forward to such a moment as this! Can you—will you forgive me for my bitter words—my unworthy conduct—for the insulting language I used?"

"Not a word—not a word, my friend!" said Mr. Somers, earnestly. "I do not remember what you said. I do not know what I said myself. I was very angry. I was thinking, to-night, and speaking to my wife, of my unguardedness this morning—I was hasty, as well as you. I have thought of it all day. Let us forget it now."

Neither could forget it, however; but that day's occurrence taught them the dependence, even of foes, upon one another.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Two iron ships, built at Glasgow, Scotland, recently arrived at Charleston, S. C. —— Money seems to have a soporific influence on the inventive faculties. During the long years that our patent office has been in existence, only five labor-saving machines have been produced by men of wealth, and of these five, one is devoted to "a new mode of smoking tobacco," and the other four to easy chairs. —— The Chinese have a strange prejudice against *milk*, and never touch it. —— The time and care bestowed by Rogers upon his verses was well exemplified in a favorite saying of Sydney Smith: "When Rogers produces a couplet he goes to bed, and the knocker is tied, and straw is laid down, and the caudle is made, and the answor to inquiries is, that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected." —— The once well-known Father Mathew, of temperance notoriety, is now one of the missionaries of the Church of Rome in the Feejee Islands. —— About three hundred and sixty million pounds of sugar were consumed in the United States last year—averaging about forty pounds for every man, woman and child. —— The income of the Rhode Island State prison for the past year has been $1430 07 in excess of the expenditures, which were $5922 84. The prison has been enlarged, and a chapel added to it. The expenses of the prison and jail together have been $12,696 10, which is $2868 63 above the earnings.——A passenger on a New Jersey railroad, having lost his overcoat while absent from the cars, at a stopping-place, sued for it and recovered. —— The narrowest escape from nonsense we have seen exhibited lately, was the ejection of a newsboy from the cars of a certain railroad, because he was offering for sale a paper containing a cut upon the perils of travelling by steam! —— The Ohio legislature has refused to abolish capital punishment. —— The Albany Knickerbocker speaks of a sleigh that appeared a day or two since which had wooden runners shod with *sole leather*. The builder had an eye to saving the wood. —— Elk meat has been one of the luxuries of the Dubuque market the past winter. —— Mr. Whitley, the artist, after a residence in this country of nearly thirty years, is about to return to England, for the purpose, we understand, of visiting the picture-galleries of Europe, and delivering a series of lectures upon topics appertaining to the North American continent. —— The railway between Quebec and Saguenay is to be a light plate rail track to be worked by horses. This is a prudent determination worth imitating in other places. —— Some time ago a ship left the port of New York for Australia, with a cargo mostly of flour, which cost about $10 a barrel. The flour was sold in Australia for $25 a barrel. —— At the funeral of Mr. Otis Russell, in Marlboro', recently, the widow and *fifteen* children of the deceased were present. —— A *doll* is no longer a compliment, when applied to the daughters of Eve. A Parisian actress lately prosecuted an editor who had called her a "Nuremburg doll," and recovered heavy damages. —— The value of stone quarried in Rockport, for building purposes, last year, was a quarter of a million dollars. —— Thomas Wadsworth, who has ridden post from Utica for thirty-four years, and delivered 265,200 copies of newspapers from that place, has retired, upon his snow-shoes. —— The Weedowee (Ala.) Eagle tells a story of a catamount that recently attacked a woman near that place, and after injuring her severely, was beaten off by the negroes belonging to a man named Todd. The overseer went out with dogs and a party of mules to hunt the beast, when it attacked him, killed nine of Todd's negroes, and finally escaped. —— Mr. Corcoran, of Champagne county, was robbed near Danville, Ill., one night lately, of $2000, by some villains who threw dust in his eyes while he was in bed. —— A young married woman in Fitchburg, Mass., has been rendered insane by spiritual belief and its consequent evils. —— Mr. Cottle, of Syracuse, N. Y., is the oldest railroad conductor in the United States, and what is remarkable, no fatal accident has ever occurred on any train under his charge. —— At the French exposition there was exhibited a watch, which tells the name and day of the month, the equation of time; is a repeater, striking the minute as well as the hour; is a thermometer of tolerable accuracy, and winds itself up by the action of its own movement. The price of this most ingenious piece of workmanship is thirty thousand francs.

INSANITY IN MAINE.

The annual report of the Maine Insane Hospital gives the number of patients in the hospital, 154—a larger number than at any previous time. There have been admitted during the year 115 patients, 88 having been discharged, viz., 41 recovered, 14 improved, 14 unimproved, and 19 died. The superintendent's report states that more insanity appears in the spring than at any other season—and that the insane relish newspapers much better than books. Mechanical restraints have been less employed than in any previous year, and there has been no solitary confinement. It is thought there are 1300 lunatics in the State.

CANADIAN TRADE.—The Oswego (N. Y.) Journal states that the trade of that port with Canada in the year 1855, exhibits a vast increase over that of 1854. In that year the whole trade amounted to $2,869,217; while in 1855 it reached the sum of $12,010,663, showing an increase of $9,140,846. This advance is attributed to the effects of the reciprocity treaty.

EDUCATIONAL.—George W. Foster, Esq., of Florence, Ala., has endowed a professorship in the college of that place with $10,000. His endowment fills the mathematical chair, and is called the Foster Professorship.

GENEALOGICAL.—According to the directory there are *one hundred and three* families of Newhalls in Lynn, Mass.

Wayside Gatherings.

Gum arabic is formed from the sap of the acacia tree of Morocco.

The price of a good dray horse in California, ranges from $400 to $800.

Pure anthracite coal, in large quantity, has been found in Patterson Creek, in Botetort county, Va.

There are now on the stocks of Quebec, twenty-seven vessels, averaging about 900 tons each.

In Springfield last year there were 537 births and 253 deaths. The number of marriages was 196.

Yankee Sullivan is giving private lessons in boxing to the young king of the Sandwich Islands.

A royal decree has been issued in Sweden, abrogating the export duty on iron.

An exhibition of the strength and capabilities of the Baltic's life boats was recently made at Liverpool, and found to be most satisfactory.

A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage. So everywhere; man executes the performances, but woman trains the man.

The Springfield Republican says that measures are being taken in that city to erect a monument to the memory of the Rev. W. B. O. Peabody.

The ex-bankers, Paul, Strahan and Bates, recently convicted of embezzlement, were in the habit of opening their banking-house with prayer.

The American ship Washington, which lay all summer at Copenhagen, landed her cargo on the ice, and conveyed it in sleighs into Riga.

The London Gazette publishes the treaty with Japan, opening to British commerce the ports of Nagasaki and Hakodadi, same as the Americans.

During the year 1855, the passengers arriving by sea at San Francisco, were 31,759, and those departing were 22,898—being an increase for the State, of 8861 persons.

In answer to an application from New Orleans, to lecture in that city, Thackeray demanded two hundred and fifty dollars per night, and half of the profits. He was refused.

General Scott said that it was difficult to get the New England men into a quarrel, but when they waked up and have the law on their side, they were the ugliest customers in the world.

The business men of Philadelphia who are connected with the flour and grain trade, are making an effort to secure the organization of a new monetary institution, to be called "The Exchange Bank of Philadelphia."

Louis Kossuth has retired from journalism, and ceased his connection with the Atlas. In his valedictory address, he speaks rather despondingly of the small effect made by his articles, but looks to future history for the realization of his prophecies.

The Spanish government has issued a circular to the ecclesiastical authorities, directing them to suspend the admission of novices until the number and occupations of all the nuns in Spain shall have been ascertained.

In Pittsburg, Pa., recently, a gentleman of misanthropic turn laid down upon the railroad track, said his prayers, and waited for the coming train to finish him. A watchman having livelier views of life, carried him to the station-house.

At Preston, Canada, an infant four months old, son of James Atkinson, fell from its mother's knee, while she was intoxicated and asleep, and was suffocated in a dish of dough which she had prepared and placed on the floor for making bread.

The artillery at Brest and Cherbourg are carrying on some very interesting experiments with conical balls, tipped with steel and filled with gunpowder. They are said to explode with sufficient force to shatter the hardest rocks.

Rev. John S. C. Abbott, of Brunswick, Me., has recently received from the Emperor of France a rich gold medal, in acknowledgement of the emperor's appreciation of Mr. Abbott's History of Napoleon, a copy of which the author had transmitted to his majesty.

Prunes have been very successfully cultivated in Pennsylvania. Among the economists of Beaver county, they have been grafted on plums. Mr. Pfeiffer, of Indiana, raised prune trees in large numbers, and sold them at exorbitant prices, some as high as $5 and $10.

Some of the American ordnance will, as has been proved, bear a greater number of discharges than that made of any other iron. An eleven-inch gun, made at the Washington navy yard, under the direction of Commander Dahlgreen, was discharged over two thousand times.

Rev. William Beresford has been sentenced at the York assizes, England, to transportation for life, for uttering a forged endorsement of a bill of exchange for the payment of £100. The reverend convict is 56 years old, held a living at Cork, and is a brother to General Beresford, now adjutant-general in India.

C. R. Alsop's farm, in Middletown, Conn., contains a tree that is three feet in diameter, and is one half maple and one half oak. The body of the tree is round and smooth, and the junction of the two varieties is marked by a slight ridge on the bark that would hardly be noticed.

It is said that Louis Napoleon preserves in all its integrity, at the palace of the Elysee, the famous cabinet in which the *coup d'etat* of December 2, 1851, was prepared. Here is the secret drawer containing the bundle of papers, orders of arrest, proclamations, etc., tied together, the wrapper bearing the one word —"Rubicon."

Omar Pasha was lately in disgrace at Constantinople. Not long since, an official commissioner of widows and orphans applied for leave to attach Omar Pasha's property in Constantinople, on behalf of his children by his first wife. In compliment to Omar, the attachment was not permitted, but since the fall of Kars, the commissioner has taken the property.

The editor of the Staunton (Va.) Vindicator thus gives in his adhesion to the backbone party: "We have been up to our eyes in *sassengers*, backbone and spare ribs for the past few weeks. Our country friends have not forgotten us. We are living high now at their expense. Pile on the agony, friends; we'll try and bear up under it."

The trustees of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, whose astronomical clock will be in operation in August next, have proposed to the Directory of the New York Central Railroad, to adapt the clock to an accurate regulation of clocks at all the stations by telegraph. Several railroads in England are regulated by a new electric clock at Greenwich, and the same plan is to be introduced on the continent.

Foreign Items.

The approaching marriage is announced of Prince Gabrielli with the Princess Charlotte Bonaparte.

The pope's minister of finance has acknowledged a deficit of nearly a million of crowns in a budget of twelve millions.

It is contemplated to open a theatre at Sebastopol in the spring, unless the Russians, in the mean time, make it a theatre of victory.

The Emperor Napoleon, according to rumor, intends placing himself at the head of one of the expeditions in the coming campaign.

Charlotte Cushman has become the lessee of the "little theatre in the Haymarket," London, for the next season, which begins early in the autumn.

The Institute of Sweden has unanimously admitted Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who now finds himself a member of almost all the academies of Europe.

The professional engagement of Jenny Lind, in England, is to continue five months for one thousand pounds a week. She sings at three concerts a week.

The Greeks are in possession of about two-thirds of the land within the walls of Jerusalem, generally supposed to have been bought with Russian money.

Jenny Lind, having learned that the music pupils of the Blind Asylum at Liverpool were eager to hear her, consented to visit the school and sing several anthems.

A Mr. Ignatius Meyer has caused several trials of gold-washing to be made in different parts of the Danube, and it is reported that they have been attended with the best success.

Theatricals are flourishing at Melbourne. Mr. G. V. Brooke is "illustrating" Shakspeare to the satisfaction of the colonists, and Lola Montez has been dancing the Tarantula to their *dis*-satisfaction.

Sands of Gold.

.... He who hates vices hates mankind.—*Thrasæas.*

.... All men would be masters of others, and no man is lord of himself.—*Goethe.*

.... Wouldst clearly learn what the becoming is, inquire of noble-minded women.—*Goethe.*

.... Content is to the mind like moss to a tree; it bindeth it up so as to stop its growth.—*Halifax.*

.... Ages pass, and leave the poor herd, the mass of men, eternally the same—hewers of wood and drawers of water.—*Bulwer.*

.... They are ill discoverers that think there is no land when they can see nothing but sea.—*Bacon.*

.... Ah, what without a heaven would be even love!—a perpetual terror of the separation that must one day come.—*Bulwer.*

.... It is delightful to kiss the eyelashes of the beloved—is it not? But never so delightful as when fresh tears are on them.—*Landor.*

.... Among arms, said the Roman author, laws are silent. Among arms, we may add, the temples of prayer are voiceless.—*Burtol.*

.... The remembrance of past days that were happy, increases the gloominess of those that are not, and intercepts the benefits of those that would be.—*Landor.*

.... Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the mark to say, that man is the architect of circumstances.—*G. H. Lewes.*

.... I have ever found it a vain task to try to make a child's learning its amusement; nor do I see what good end it would answer, were it attained.—*Goldsmith.*

Joker's Budget.

Most vessels are sociable in their manners, and have a companion way about them.

Punch thinks that the carriage-drivers would make the best soldiers in the world, as no troop could stand their charges.

Hartley Coleridge once being asked which of Wordsworth's productions he considered the prettiest, very promptly replied:—"His daughter Dora."

The old gentleman who undertook to take the twist out of the maelstrom, has gone out West to whitewash the Rocky Mountains. He goes in for large jobs.

To enjoy life you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives great zest to other things.

"I say, nigga, how you sell dem broom cheaper dan dis inderwideral can do, when (between ourselbs) I steal de stuff?"—"You fool, Pomp, I steal mine ready made."

A late philosopher says: "Before people take the leap through the wedding-ring, they should be quite certain that the blanket of connubial contentment is held tight on the other side."

"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the trencher, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

It is a singular fact that women cannot look from a precipice of any magnitude, without becoming dizzy. But, what is still more singular, the dizziness departs the very moment somebody puts his arm round her waist to "keep her from falling." Queer, isn't it?

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



MERCANTILE LIBRARY, SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.

[For description see page 157.]



INTERIOR VIEW OF MERCANTILE LIBRARY, BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1856.

$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X., No. 11.—WHOLE No. 245.

MAIN STREET, WALTHAM.

We present our readers below with a fine view of the central part of the pleasant and flourishing town of Waltham, Massachusetts. The engraving was from a drawing made on the spot by Mr. Warren, and may he relied upon for its accuracy. It shows, on the right, the Methodist church upon the common, and Rumford Hall building beyond. The Rumford Institute of Waltham has a well-selected and increasing library, tickets for the use of which are sold at fifty cents per annum. Every winter a course of lectures is delivered here, embracing the best talent in the country. These lectures are well attended. The hall itself is a fine one, and when decorated for a ball makes a beautiful appearance. On the left of our picture are—Bemis's Block, next beyond, Thayer & Wright's Building, then Priest's Building, Emerson's Building, the Banks and the Post-Office. The tall building beyond is Miller's Block, a structure reflecting great credit on the architect, Mr. H. Hartwell of Waltham. Beyond these are other stores, etc., and then a series of very pretty private residences. Nor must we omit to call attention to the beautiful vista of elms. These graceful trees line the main street for a distance of a couple of miles. To an artist Waltham presents many attractions. There are fine views to he had along the Charles River and many picturesque spots for sketching on Beaver Brook. Prospect Hill, which rises to the height of four hundred and eighty-two feet above the level of the sea, affords a noble panoramic view, including the windings of the Charles River, the clumps of wood that diversify the landscape, the mountains of southern New Hampshire, the city of Boston, with many neighboring towns and villages, the bay, Nahant, the ocean, and other features of interest. Waltham was incorporated in 1738, previous to which it formed the west parish of Watertown. From the specimen number of the Waltham Sentinel, a well-arranged and well-filled sheet, we learn the following facts. The population of the town is 6049, being an increase since 1850, of 1554, or thirty-five per cent. In 1840, the real estate valuation was $776,655, personal estate, $494,220. For the present year, the real estate is valued at $2,488,400, and the personal estate at $1,692,900. The number of dwelling-houses in the town is 797, and the number of families, 1144. Manufacturing engrosses the bulk of capital and labor, but apart from that, a thriving business is done in the village, and new branches of trade are continually springing up. The Baptist Society have lately erected a fine church which was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies last month. Few towns in Massachusetts are more attractive or have more "go-a-head-ativeness" than Waltham. There are many beautiful country-seats in this township; gentlemen of wealth have been attracted thither by the exquisite beauty of the scenery to which we have already alluded. The walks and drives in every direction are charming.



CENTRAL VIEW OF WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

The man had just nrisen from the turf, which had broken the force of his *saute* from the box, and was beginning to recover his bewildered senses. He gave himself a hearty shake, growled out a few oaths, and finally pronounced himself to be present, and, as far as he had yet been able to discover, uninjured.

"The deuce you are!" uttered the count, testily, out of patience with his unfailing moderation; "well, then, run on to the village—will you? and bring somebody, or something, to meet us. Away with you, rascal,—quick! Here, Adele, take my arm. Never was such a plight! Be careful of these stumps. Here! how dark it is! nnd the rain drenches one. The very mischief is in it; and that poor child, too!"

They left the broken vehicle, the prostrate horses thnt struggled and kicked in vain attempts to free themselves from the harness and rise, and in the darkness and the storm, pursued with all possible haste the road to the chateau. There was no shelter near.

The light form of Rose was as nothing in the strong arms of the marquis. Rapidly he bore her along, keeping the folds of his cloak well wrapped about her, though even this was almost wet through already. The young girl's face, resting on his shoulder, touched his own. Clasping her closer to his breast, he pressed his lips to that cold, unconscious brow, and in the darkness the tears streamed down his cheeks.

"My child—my daughter—my darling little one!" he murmured, with a father's tenderness and a father's agony.

She could not hear him.

Still they hurried on. And now, lights began to glimmer afar in the blackness of the night,—one, and another, and another; they multiplied and increased; and in the distance, voices shouted one to another.

"We are almost at the village," said Francis Egerton, as he supported his companion with a lover's tenderness, that met now with no repulse.

For Helen Montauban knew nothing of it. She was saying to herself, "Is Rose dead? Has she escaped me? Am I to be spared my work at last?" She listened for a sigh—a groan, from the lips of that inanimate figure that was borne before her. No sound was heard from them. Already, a strange fever of joy mingled with the shivering excitement, the awe, the horror, which Helen Montauban had felt. She never heeded the rain that poured over her in sheeted torrents; the wild winds raged in vain for her now; they were unheard. She only longed for light—light, to behold that childish countenance—to know the truth.

And faster—faster they went on now, while, coming from the village, men hastened along the way with lights and such means of assistance as had been first thought of. But so near were they to the farm-houses now that no delay was made; the first one was entered, and Rose placed upon a couch, while the farmers' wives crowded about, with earnest kindness and sympathy, to render assistance. But at the sight of that pale, quiet face, those closed eyelids, and colorless lips, they were silent; and some whispered among themselves, "She is dead!" while others, with scarce a hope, yet seeking still for one, worked over the lifeless form. And without, stood the marquis, and the Count de Clairville, and Francis Egerton, by the fire in the great farm kitchen, in dread, silence and suspense.

Helen Montauban and the countess had entered the chamber where Rose was laid, and the rough yet comfortable garments of the *fermieres* were offered them, to replace their own dripping ones. The countess was already making this welcome and really necessary change; but Helen Montauban, thrusting them from her, pressed to the couch.

"Stand aside!" she said to the woman. And she knelt down there, to look at that pallid face, round which the dripping chestnut curls were lying in shining masses. Once those white lips parted—reddened.

"See—see! she lives—she breathes!" uttered one of the women, in an eager, tremulous tone, snbdued almost to a whisper,—"she lives!"

"It is a lie!" muttered Helen Montanban, between those beautiful shut teeth.

A moment elapsed. The women gathered, with glad, excited, hopeful eyes, about the couch—those poor, simple, honest-hearted peasant women, praying for that young life, whose slender thread one among them would so gladly have seen broken. And fiercely watched that one, with a burning glance, a heart that stood all but still. It wns no lie!

Slowly those lovely eyes unclosed, and rested npon the glad, smiling faces gathered about the couch. There was no recognition in them at first; but presently, meeting the anxious glance of the good countess, who bent over her, she sighed faintly, and putting her hand to her head, whispered, "O, yes; I remember—I remember now!"

Helen Montauban wns gone. In an adjoining chamber, she removed the saturated garments she had worn, nnd substituted for them the apparel sent from the chateau by a domestic; then proceeding to the kitchen, joined her father and his companions, who had just learned that Rose had revived. The head of the marquis was bowed, his face buried in his hands. The emotion of gratitude he felt at the bringing back of that young life almost overcame him.

Helen regarded him an instant, ere entering. Her eyes flashed dull fires; her breast burnt anew with jealous hate towards the fair child who had won from her all that hnd been her world, her life, her religion, and even eqnalled her in the nffection of her own father. She could not enter; she turned back to the chamber where Rose, enveloped in warm, dry clothing, was lying quietly in the bed, her soft glance following the motions of her busy and kind-hearted nurses.

The night passed, and morning broke, clear and still above the earth, where so lately all had been commotion. The voice of the tempest had died away in silence. Broad and fair the sunlight shone above the pleasant valley. They bore Rose with gentleness and care back to the chateau. She was quite ill, almost unable to move a limb from weakness. The injuries that others had escaped, she had received; and from being so long exposed to the storm, there was every reason to believe that serious consequences would ensue.

And the apprehension was justified. During the day, her indisposition increased, nnd at night, feverish and delirious, she tossed upon her couch, with a wild brillinney in those soft eyes, and a scorching flush upon her beantiful cheek. It was pitiful to hear her wandering words, nnd listen to the incoherent minglings of sorrow and joy, in her wild delirium. The marquis looked upon her once, and then turned away, with streaming eyes, from the room, to seclude himself in the library, where he passed the night in watchings. The Count Frederic and Francis Egerton remained till dawn in the saloon. Every domestic in the chateau kept vigil during those long and mournful hours; for not an eye could close in slumber. Helen Montauban and the countess had their post in that sick chamber, beside the couch of the sick girl, who recognized neither of them. All night long she raved, and the flush burned strong and steady on her cheek, and the lightning's flash was not more brilliant than the fire scintillating from those dark eyes. The venernble physician, spite of his endeavors to cheer the spirits of those about him, was himself anxions and troubled. Youth and health had been on her side, it was true; but thus suddenly and violently stricken down, in her beauty and joyousness, the change was only the more appalling. The countess, now that Rose had become, as M. Mery himself secretly confessed to her, so dangerously ill, was unable for a moment to restrain the tears that would flow for the dreaded fate of her lovely favorite.

Slowly the leaden night-hours wnxed and waned; and Helen Montauhan sat beside the pillow of Rose, regardless of slumber. The countess, sitting hy the fire, still wept and prayed in silence. M. Mery came to the bedside.

"You need rest, mademoiselle," he said; "cannot I prevail upon you to retire, with madame le comptesse, and snatch a few hours' repose, while I watch here? Indeed, you need rest more than you are aware of. The fatigue and exposure of last night, though no present ill effects are felt from them, may be productive of evil consequences, if your nerves continue thus overtasked."

"Your pardon, M. Mery," returned Helen, in cold and quiet tones, "but I anticipate no unpleasant results from our adventure of last night; and you must be conscious that, even if such were not the case, I should fiud it impossible to sleep *now*. I must remain here."

"Ah—well!" sighed the good old man; "if you are fully determined on this, it must be so; and I trust all will be well."

He sat down by the bed, leaned his head on his hand, and fixed a thoughtful and sorrowful glance npon the feverish countenance turned towards him on the pillow. Rose looked at him with her wild, bright, piteous gaze.

"Where is Louis?" she asked; "where is he? Why do they keep him from me?"

Tears stood in the physician's eyes. He laid his gentle hand, with its cool touch, on that burning forehead.

"Be quiet, my child," he said. "He will come—Louis will come."

"No—no! he will not—he will not come!" she cried, with feeble grief. "I have not seen him this long time. I thought we were to be married. It was a dream, was it not?" And again that heart-breaking, sorrowful glance was fixed on him. "I don't know why I am lying here," she murmured, sadly, looking about her. "I ought to be ready to meet him when he comes. But I am so weak—so tired! I believe I have been journeying somewhere. But such a strange journey! I don't think it ever will end; and I am wandering all alone. And so weary, weary, weary! Ah, Louis, why don't you come and help me? You said you loved poor Rose!"

Mournful and plaintive grew those restless, feverish tones; tearful and troubled the brilliant eyes; but still, though exhausted by her constant rnvings, and though her cheeks burned more hotly, and her heart throbbed with terrible violence, and her breathing was short and painful, there was no rest for her. Still she raved of Louis, and begged him to see how her feet were torn and bleeding with the long and weary way she came, and then she would moan that he never would come—"never, never never!"

And that wild, mournful wail might have drawn tears from a stone; but Helen Montauban was more than a stone.

"No!" she murmured, with a cruel smile; "your Louis never will come—never—never again, to you! He does not love me—he has never loved me, as I believed he did; but you shall never have him—no, *never!*"

The countess came to the couch, and looked a little while at that burning face, and listened to the wild words, and went back to weep.

"You think, M. Mery," said Helen Montauban, "that this young girl is very ill?"

He regarded her for an instant, closely.

"I do not disguise it from you. She is *very* ill, poor child! and may be yet worse in a day or two."

"Then she may recover? You do not think she will die?"

"I cannot tell. This fever is terrible; it will leave her very weak—very weak! She *may* gather up her strength again, but I fear. It needs a strong constitution to rebuild a life npon the ruins left by such a fever as this."

"Her constitution has, I think, been an excellent one, though she was never robust."

"We do not know yet. Time will decide what shall be. We can hope—that is all."

"How long may the fever continue?"

"Four or five days—a week, perhaps; it is almost impossible to say, as affairs look at present. It may wear her ont before thnt time, or it may leave her then, to rally or to sink. But little can be done for her meanwhile. We cannot do much more than watch and pray."

He went ont, leaving Helen Montauban there to bathe the heated forehead of the sick girl, and offer water to those parched lips. And she said, looking down upon the stricken form before her, "She is in my power!"

Alas! only too completely so! Mademoiselle Montanban had gathered that M. Mery had but a slight hope of Rose's recovery. It must be. No turning back, or flinching, or hesitating, for that desperate nature now! *That hope must never become a stronger one!* It was hers to see to it. Pouring out the water for which the sufferer prayed, ever and anon, her hand involuntarily clutched the tiny vial concealed in her bosom. Yet—no! A little delay; the disease might terminate fatally, in a few days, and spare her the work for which she was prepared. Bnt in case it were not so, *then*— It was a poison, subtle and sure as death itself. Few were there who knew of such; few—almost no tests that could detect its presence. To Helen Montauban had been given a knowledge of this poison in by-gone years, and she had guarded that knowledge like gold. The secret, so long preserved, was likely to become nseful to her now.

And that watcher sat, night and day, by the hed of the sufferer, sleepless and unwearied, marking, with a wary eye, every change that took place; listening to the ravings wherein so mnny times the name of *Louis* was nttered—the name of the lover of Rose; and waiting, with stern and unrelenting cruelty, for the approach of death.

It was a gloomy house. They had set out, so full of happiness, from Paris; they had bid adieu to Louis with such light and careless hearts, looking forward to a speedy, joyful reunion. What plans they had made for the future! How little they had anticipated a change like this! The heart of the good marquis was very sorrowful. People said that this sudden calamity had added the misery of years to his wrinkled brow. For so had he loved this child.

"O, Louis—Lonis, my boy!" he wonld mnrmur, "who will bear the snd news to thee, if she should die? Little dreamest thou of her danger! Poor Louis! looking forward to his wedding-day in happy unconsciousness of the mourning shadow that overcasts its smiling dawn!

Late one evening, when the little *aubergiste*, in his humblo inn, hard by the village, was sitting by the fire on the hearth of the deserted pnblic room, and meditating on matters and things in general, a knock was heard at the outer door, and a voice demanding admittance.

"Ho-ho! whom have we here at this honr, I wonder?" soliloquized the little man, rising from his seat. "One man travels by day, and another by night, and some travel both day and night. This man is, perchance, one of the first; but, my faith! he might as well make himself the second and last as well, since he jogs along to find a bed so late. Have patience, my friend,—have patience, till I undo these bolts, will you? and don't be in a hurry. Ho, Mierot, a light here!"

And then, by the aid of the lnmp, held by a sleepy, grumbling servant-boy, the fastenings were unloosed, and the door flung wide open, there appeared, sitting on the threshold, with his head supported by the post beside him, the figure of a man, rudely dressed, unshorn, with wild, haggard eyes, and a ghastly pale countenance. The *aubergiste* started at first, and then, with an exclamation of wonder, bent hastily down, holding the lamp so that its glow fell upon those emaciated features upturned towards him.

"Master Hugh!" he ejaculated, in astonishment, "you here—and ill? Why, I thought you were leagues away! What is the matter with you, my friend?" And giving the light to Mierot, he assisted Hugh Lamonte, whom, indeed, it was, to rise to his feet.

"I am sick, Manrice!" uttered Hugh, with a hoarse and trembling voice, as with difficulty, supported by the host, he entered the room. "I am sick, and must lodge here. Give me a bed, Maurice."

"Ay, so I will—so I will, monsieur," retnrned the little *aubergiste*, "and directly, too. Rest here a moment by the hearth, while I go up stairs and build a fire in one of the bedrooms for you. Aud drink this wine, it will strengthen you," he added, ponring out a glass of his best wine for his guest.

"No—no; not that," said Hugh, faintly waving it away. "You are very good; but I cannot drink it. I need nothing bnt rest now."

"Nay—but it will strengthen yon, I tell you, monsieur!" urged Maurice.

"I cannot driuk it. I am wounded. There is fever in my veins already. Ah, hasten, Maurice! Let me lie down; no matter about the fire."

He rose, weak and trembling, and resting on the arm of the inn-

keeper, ascended slowly to the little chamber above, and sank senseless upon the couch.

"*Ma foi!* what is to be done now?" muttered the bewildered little man, wringing his hands, and wandering about like one distracted,—"what is to be done now? If he is not already dead, he is going to die—that's plain. I must send for Monsieur le Cure instantly. But no! I will try first what I can do for him myself. He is only in a swoon, I think. I must recover him. Time enough to think of his soul afterwards!"

Hastening to the stair-head, he called to Mierot to fetch water, and immediately commenced endeavors to restore the inanimate man to life. His efforts were not unsuccessful. In a little time, the eyes of Hugh re-opened; but he was in too enfeebled a state to talk, or scarcely move.

To the inquiries of Maurice as to whether he should send for the cure, Hugh gave a negative.

"Not yet—not yet!" he muttered; "wait; I may live—I may live; one cannot tell! No need to confess yet!" He turned, weakly, upon his side, with a hollow groan. "Water—give me water, Maurice!"

He drank eagerly. The exertion left him panting for breath. Brightly upon either cheek burned a scarlet fever spot. He closed his sunken eyes. What a change had been wrought in this man by the hand of disease! How had he altered from the strong, erect, hardy Hugh Lamonte of other days! He was weak as an infant now. His pride and sternness all gone; for he was very near to death. Maurice regarded him in silence, and with a feeling of awe. He could not but be affected by the sight that met his view. He thought of Rose, too, who, even at this moment, was lying upon a bed of sickness, with but a fluttering breath dividing her from the grave. For not the humblest peasant in all the village but knew of the young girl's illness; and waited, tremblingly, for the news that must soon come now, of death or life.

Hugh had not asked for her. Already he was wandering in his mind. His last coherent words were, "Maurice, do not call any one to me. Let me be alone."

"Ah, it is well he did not ask about Mademoiselle Rose! What should I have told him?" muttered the distracted little *aubergiste*. "He is ill enough now, I think. That would have put the finishing stroke to him. I wonder where he came from?—how far he has walked? And this wound of which he spoke—I must see to it. No slight one, I should say, to bring him down like this."

He sought for the hurt, and found it. Just below the left shoulder, appeared an inflamed orifice, where a bullet had pierced the breast. All about it the flesh burned and glowed with the red fever-heat that was wasting his life. Near the centre was a dark spot.

The little *aubergiste* shook his head sadly. "A dead man!" he muttered. "Where has he been getting a wound like that? I can do nothing for him, nor can monsieur le docteur, I opine. But somebody must be sent for, and that right soon, too, despite his order. How he raves!"

Hastening down stairs, he called Mierot, and bade him go for the good *cure*, to attend to a dying man.

"And hark ye, Mierot," added Maurice, "tell him to come *quick*, for I do not believe the man will live twelve hours."

And, as the boy hurried away, he returned to the chamber where Hugh lay, alternately groaning with pain, and raving in the wildest delirium. Neither wife nor children had Maurice; no guests were at this little wayside inn to-night, save the one who had arrived so strangely, and who lay there dying now. And Maurice was all alone here—the only one to watch beside the sufferer's couch.

It was long past midnight when the *cure* arrived. He repaired instantly to the chamber of the sick man. Maurice accompanied him thither, giving an account of Hugh's sudden appearance that evening, and of his proceedings since; and then, at the good man's desire, returned to the kitchen to heat some water, and procure several other things which he mentioned. In a little while, he returned with them.

"Well, monsieur, what do you think of him?" he asked, glancing towards the bed.

"He is a dying man!" said the cure, sadly.

"I thought as much; that was why I sent Mierot for you, instead of for a surgeon. Should I have sent for one?"

"He could do no good, my friend. The soul of this man, rather than his body, requires our care at present. It is too late to save him. This wound has not been properly attended to, or, rather, I should think, has not been cared for at all, and the neglect will shortly result in death. We can but endeavor to administer somewhat to his bodily comfort while he exists, however. I should like your assistance a little while."

They could do little for him; he would scarcely suffer them to touch him; their very approach seemed to torment him; and he lay there still, groaning with pain, and raving madly.

Together, finally, they returned to the room below. The *cure* stood thoughtfully looking upon the floor for an instant; then, regarding the *aubergiste*, he said:

"Do you know, my friend, whether he has any relatives besides his daughter, who is ill at the chateau?"

Maurice answered in the negative.

"You know, monsieur le cure," he added, "people never could discover anything concerning him, except just so much as he chose to let them, and that was nothing at all, as one may say."

The *cure* sat down by the table.

"Do you know," he asked, "whether he ever had a brother?—has no one heard him speak of one in all these years?"

"I do not know," replied Maurice; "I have heard no one mention such a thing."

"He has no relative, then, except his daughter, to the knowledge of the people about here?" continued the *cure*, mechanically stroking the head of a gaunt and shaggy dog, who, approaching his master, laid his broad muzzle familiarly on his knee.

"None, I think, monsieur."

At that moment, the dog fixed his eyes wistfully upon the serious countenance of his master; then, moving towards the door, paused again, snuffed the air for a second, and broke forth into a long, low, mournful howl. The *aubergiste* started:

"Listen, monsieur! he knows there is death near." And he shuddered and turned pale.

The *cure* rose, and opened the door. "Go out, sir!" he said.

The beast obeyed. The *cure* closed the door again, and returned to the table; but he did not sit down this time.

"I do not know how long this man may live," he said, "but I do not think it can be more than four-and-twenty hours, at the most. I wish he were not delirious; but possibly his reason may return before death. At all events, I will go up to the chateau to acquaint the marquis with the fact of his presence here, and the condition in which he lies; so that, in case of returning sanity, he may be able to make some provision with regard to his daughter."

"His daughter?—Mademoiselle Rose, monsieur? Why, I thought she, also, was dying!"

"On the contrary, she has to-night been pronounced out of danger."

"Ah, that is good news! One cannot but be grateful, monsieur, that she is spared. Mademoiselle is so pretty—so beautiful and good!"

"That is very true," returned the *cure*, musing seriously; "and, as you say, one cannot but be grateful that she is to remain with us. Her father, I fear, is less fit for death than she would have been. But I must hasten to the marquis. Remain, if you please, with the sick man, until my return. I shall not be long." And he left the *auberge*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MORNING OF JOY—AND OF SADNESS.

It was midnight. All over the chateau, there was deep and heartfelt rejoicing; but it was subdued in its manifestations, for the life that had so lately been pronounced safe, was only slowly and faintly fluttering up from the edge of the grave; and every voice spoke in whispers, every footstep was muffled, that no harsh sound might break too rudely upon the stillness of that darkened chamber. All day she had slept, and the exhaustion produced by her violent and protracted delirium was so great that that slumber had hardly seemed like the rest of a living form. For scarce the faintest breath could be perceived, or the slightest motion of that feebly-beating heart. Yet had the physician filled the breasts of those about him with a too delicious hope that hung for certainty upon her awakening.

Then had the evil desire of Helen Montauban grown to an intensity that was fiendish. Watching, with her haggard face and gleaming eyes, beside that couch, she had fixed her serpent gaze upon the almost lifeless being who lay there, looking, with a cruel and terrible eagerness, for the sign of death to set itself upon that young sufferer's brow. Yet it came not, and her eagerness grew almost into madness. The one way remained. *She would make that sleep a lasting one!*

But there was another watcher there. The aged physician had taken up his post, also, by the couch. He, too, was waiting; but it was for the angel of life—not that of death; and he stirred not from that place. Not a morsel of food had passed his lips that day. Since dawn he had been there. And Helen Montauban, in her fierce desperation at her own inability to accomplish the work so long meditated upon, was almost insane. Still, he watched there; never for an instant was his vigilance relaxed. And the hours passed on, and Rose awoke—safe!

* * * * *

It was nearly morning when the *cure* came to the chateau to request an interview with the marquis. He told him that Hugh Lamonte was at the *auberge*, and dying. The marquis, astonished and affected at this sudden announcement, in the midst of his joy for the safety of Rose, prepared immediately to visit him; and the physician, M. Mery, satisfied that the most favorable change had taken place in his patient's case, left her in the care of Mademoiselle Montauban and the countess, and accompanied the marquis.

In a few moments, the party arrived at the *auberge*. Maurice met them with an ominous countenance.

"How is he—is there any change?" asked the *cure*, anxiously.

"None, monsieur," answered the man. "He raves still; but he talks of some guilty deed to be atoned for—some secret to be confessed. I can make nothing satisfactory, though, out of what he says, he wanders so."

The three ascended to the chamber above, where lay the dying man. The marquis started as he beheld him, stretched out upon the couch, with his wild, unshorn and emaciated countenance, and coarse, rough garments, which he had not suffered to be removed, presenting a spectacle so wretched. The kind-hearted old man could scarcely refrain from shedding tears, as he gazed upon the wreck of that once proud form.

"Is this indeed Hugh Lamonte?" he exclaimed, advancing towards the couch.

"Who calls Hugh Lamonte?" shouted the sick man, sternly; "who calls him—the outcast—the robber? Who calls him, I say? And who are you?" fixing his wild, gleaming eyes upon the countenance of the marquis. "Ah, Armande Montauban, I know you—I know you!" he uttered, fiercely, trying to spring upright, yet failing, from very weakness. "Don't come near me, or I shall murder you! Where is Guidette?—where is she? You have hidden her from me! You have wedded her; and she was mine—mine! You stole her from me! I will have your blood!"

He sank back, exhausted, with white lips.

"Look—look, monsieur!" uttered the *cure*, springing to the side of the marquis,—"look, M. Mery, the marquis is fainting!"

And even as he spoke, the heavy fall of his friend attracted the physician's attention. Consternation and alarm were visible in his features.

"Let us carry him out into another room—quick!" he said, excitedly.

Together they bore him to an adjoining apartment, and there commenced the application of restoratives. But some moments elapsed ere he betrayed signs of returning consciousness. Then he revived slowly, and for some time gazed fixedly upon the face of M. Mery. Then a low moan escaped his lips.

"Gustave, *I have seen my brother!*" he uttered.

"Your brother?" echoed M. Mery, in astonished excitement.

"It is true! It is Henri who lies there—my brother Henri Let me go to him."

"My dear friend, be calm, I command you," urged the physician, gently.

"I am calm; but I must go instantly. If he should die—ah, save him, I entreat you!"

Weak and trembling as he was, he made them assist him to re-enter the other apartment. They advanced towards the couch; there was a different sight there now. From the height of delirium, Hugh Lamonte was suddenly sinking into a stupor. His eyes were almost closed. Only faint, unintelligible murmurs broke from his lips at times. He did not see them approach.

The *cure* and M. Mery cast glances at each other. The marquis comprehended them.

"You think he is dying, then?" he asked. "Ah, save him, Gustave! We were enemies once—he and I. Let him live, that we may once more embrace one another!"

"Be calm, my dear friend," entreated the physician again, "and listen to the truth. No power on earth can save him now; he is sinking fast. But maintain your energies; he may revive before death, with the possession of his full reason. Let us await together this probable event."

"Ah, Henri, *mon frere!*" murmured the marquis, with indescribable emotion,—"my brother! that I should recognize you thus, after all these years! See—see, Gustave!" and he lifted the matted hair from the temples of the unconscious man,—"see where I struck him once! I knew the mark. Our father told me he would bear it to the grave—that scar."

It was a small, crescent-shaped cicatrice, that showed red and dark in contrast with the surrounding whiteness of the temple.

"How," said M. Mery, in a low voice, "can this be your brother?—this man, who, for twelve years, has dwelt within half a league of you, and who has only been known as a peasant?"

"Ah, I recognize him but too well!" answered the marquis, sadly; "it is he—I know him now through the disguise that has served him so long. And did you not hear his words? He said I stole Guidette from him. Alas! it is but too true, though I was innocent of wrong. Henri—my brother—speak to me! say that we are friends once more!"

Eagerly he leaned over the couch, with his eyes fixed upon the sick man's face; but he was not recognized. There was no intelligence in that dying glance.

It was nearly night. Hugh—or Henri, rather, had awakened from the dull stupor in which he had lain since the dawn. But it was only the sudden and fitful flare of the expiring flame of life. He lay, for an instant, glancing about the apartment; then looking upwards, he encountered the regards of the good *cure*, who stood by the couch in silence.

"Monsieur le cure, I recognize you," he said. "I am dying—is it not so?"

"It is true," answered the good man, mournfully. "But there is yet time for confession and repentance."

"Confession—repentance! You know, then, that I have a confession to make—sins to repent of?"

"It is a work which every dying man has to do, my friend."

The *cure* knocked on the floor. The door opened, and the marquis and M. Mery entered. The former advanced towards the couch.

"Henri, my brother!" he uttered, in sorrowful tones.

"Ha! you know me, then? I have betrayed myself at last—the brother who swore vengeance on the husband of Guidette?" He raised himself, with main strength, upon his arm, and fiercely regarded the marquis.

"Ah, Henri, forgive me!" cried the grief-stricken man.

"Never!" shouted Henri, madly. "I have been revenged on you; I have brought sorrow and darkness to your hearthstone, and I am satisfied! For the sake of your child—the angel who has smiled upon a wretched life, and touched an evil heart with her innocence,—for her sake I will atone, at this last hour, for the misery I have caused you. You shall be happy once more; but I will not forgive you for the wrong done to *me*—never—no, *never!*" And raising his clenched hand to heaven, he sealed the declaration with a fearful oath.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON NEXT PAGE.]

Then he sank down, exhausted. A shudder ran through every form within that chamber.

"Henri," cried the marquis, throwing himself on his knees beside the couch, "recall those words, I conjure you! Listen to me. I knew not of the wrong I had done you, till it was too late. Guidette deceived me; she never told me that you loved her—that she was betrothed to you! I wedded her, thinking her free. But she was a curse to me. Ah, Henri, if you desired revenge, she was the fittest instrument!"

The dying man's eyes were fixed earnestly on his brother's face.

"Say it once more—once more!" he panted, eagerly; "tell me again that you were innocent—that you knew not of our betrothal—that she deceived you, and was false to me!"

"It is true. Listen, Henri; I swear it!" His face was pale; the tears streamed from his eyes; his clasped hands, uplifted, trembled.

"Then pardon me, Armande, for the injustice I have done you," faintly uttered Henri, extending his almost powerless hands, and seeking that of his brother,—"pardon me, and I shall die in peace!"

The marquis clasped that wasted hand tenderly within his own. His tears fell upon it.

"Henri, I have nothing to forgive. We have both been unhappy," he uttered.

"Nay—you do not know the misery I have caused you. But I repent. It shall be confessed." His voice grew weaker. "Where is Rose?" he asked.

"She is at the chateau. She has been ill; but, thanks be to Heaven, she is recovering!" answered the marquis, earnestly.

"It is well. Give her my blessing, if she will receive it from me, when she knows all. I have been a wretch; but she has been an angel in my miserable home. Ah, if the prayers of one so good and pure as she could be offered to Heaven for my salvation, surely they would be heard! Ask her to forgive, and pray for me, Armande." He paused, panting for breath, and unable, for a moment, to continue. There was a terrible and mournful silence in the room. Suddenly he regathered his wasting energies. "Hear me, Armande, my brother, while I have strength left to make atonement. Beneath the hearth at the cottage, you will find an iron chest; it contains my confession!" He paused again; his strength was rapidly failing. A moment, and he resumed, turning once more his fast-obscuring eyes to his brother's face. "It will tell you of your lost daughter—of Marguerite!" he gasped.

"*Mon Dieu!*—of Marguerite! Speak—speak, Henri!" cried the marquis, in terrible agitation; "tell me—I divine it—confess, I implore you! He cannot tell it—he is dying! O, for a moment longer!" he said. "Henri, tell me; breathe but one word; what of Marguerite?" He bent down nearer, waiting in awful suspense.

The glazing eyes opened again. The lips moved.

"Armande, hear!" were the slow, painfully-whispered words. "Rose—I stole her! She is—your child!" * * * *

CHAPTER XXIV.

A DEADLY DEED FRUSTRATED.

It was evening; and, in the chamber of the young girl so lately reclaimed from the very portals of death, the deepest stillness reigned. Softly burned the shaded lamps, casting a subdued glow about the apartment, yet so disposed as to leave in shadow the curtained couch and its slumbering occupant. For Rose was sleeping calmly, so calmly, so quietly, that you might almost have thought her dead. The breath that floated from those pale lips was scarcely perceptible, though regular, so much had illness reduced her strength. She slept, nor dreamed of danger.

For the first time to-day, the invalid was left alone. The Countess de Clairville had retired, for an hour's rest, to her own apartment, and Mademoiselle Montauban, immediately after her exit, had also left the room. The marquis and M. Mery had been all day at the *auberge*. It was perfectly silent now—that chamber.

But, suddenly, the door near the head of the couch was opened, noiselessly, and with slow and stealthy caution, from without. A tall, light-robed, ghost-like form glided in without a sound—ghost-like, except for the large, brilliant dark eyes that gleamed more wildly than ever to-night, and the crimson spot of excitement burning on either cheek, while all the rest of that face was ashy white. It was Helen Montauban! What more fitting time was there for her work of evil to be accomplished? None could witness her now; none were near this place. And the tiny flask gleamed in the softened light, as she drew it from her bosom.

One hand, holding the vial, was stretched forth to the silver cup set upon the stand by the bedside. Courage, and the work is done. Yet that guilty hand shook with fear, as, drop by drop, the poison was poured into the cup. And Helen Montauban glanced fearfully towards the door by which she had entered; for it almost seemed, to her miserable, horror-struck fancy, that some one must be watching her.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 165.]

A shadow had startled her. With a ghastly smile at her own nervousness, she silently mingled the poison with the night-drink of Rose; then, as noiselessly as she had entered, returned to her own room across the gallery. It was done! What had she to fear now? Who would ever dream, when the hour of death came, that such agency as this had been employed? Closing the door, she paced her chamber restlessly, with both hands clasped tightly against her heart, whose violent throbbings seemed to fill with clamorous sound this awful midnight silence. Listening in almost intolerable suspense, and pacing her apartment, she waited for some signal from the opposite chamber.

A whole hour passed. Then there was a sound—a light step—in the gallery. It was the Countess de Clairville, returning to the bedside of Rose. Helen Montauban could endure this suspense no longer. She must *see*, with her own eyes, the conclusion of this tragedy. Emerging from her apartment, therefore, she joined the countess, as she entered the opposite door.

"Ah, my dear, is that you? Then you have been asleep, also?" said the countess, smiling. "But it is rather chilly to-night—do you not think so?"

"Yes—it is cold," uttered Helen Montauban, hoarsely,—"it is cold!" and she shivered.

She drew near the fire, and crouched shudderingly over the broad blaze. The Countess de Clairville went to the couch of Rose, and bent over it for an instant.

"The dear child is asleep, I think," she said, presently, returning to the hearth. "How refreshing—how delightful it is for one to see her once more enjoying so gentle a slumber! Poor little Rose! she must be well nigh worn out with this fatiguing illness. I wonder," the lady continued, seating herself by the hearth, opposite Mademoiselle Montauban,—"I wonder how her father is down at the village? They thought he was dying this morning when the marquis went down. What a sad thing it would have been if the father and daughter had both died!" She spoke in subdued whispers.

Mademoiselle Montauban bent lower over the blaze, warming her hands.

"And peculiar, too," she returned, in a low tone. "But we cannot be too careful of her, even now; for M. Mery says that, in her present feeble state, the least excitement or alarm might be fatal to her. I dread that. I think, suppose anything *should* happen, after all our rejoicing? We must be so cautious! The least thing, you know,—the least thing might kill her!"

She shook as she uttered these words; her eyes were wild and strange. Those delicate, slender hands touched the flames, as she held them out, but she never knew it. A species of insanity was upon her. The protracted contemplation of this terrible deed,



HUGH LAMONTE'S DYING CONFESSION.

strong as were her nerves, had begun almost to tell upon her reason.

"I wonder if Hugh Lamonte is still living?" continued the countess. "It is a pity that he could not be brought up here; but Jean Morel said they had declared it impossible to move him with safety. Besides, it would be dangerous to Rose, perhaps, if he were in her vicinity, for she would be more likely to gain some knowledge of his situation. Yet what a sorrowful thing it is that they cannot bid each other adieu!"

At that moment, the door near the head of the couch was opened. Both the countess and Helen turned to see who entered. It was the physician, M. Mery. He paused by the bedside an instant, bent over Rose, and listened. Her respiration was calm and regular, though almost imperceptible. After regarding her a moment, he advanced silently towards the hearth. A chill struck through the guilty Helen. She had not expected him so soon, and the deed was yet unaccomplished!

"Ah, M. Mery, is that you?" said the countess; and she bent eagerly forward. "How is—"

The physician placed a warning finger upon his lip.

"Not too loud, my dear madame," he whispered. "It is all over!"

"Ah, how sad!" The tears came into her eyes.

M. Mery sat down, leaning his head upon his hand. He was very grave, to-night. Softly spoke a scarcely audible voice from the couch. The countess rose, and went thither.

"You are awake, my dear?" she said, gently. "Ah, you have slept so nicely! And now, you are thirsty. Wait a moment, dear Rose."

She turned and took up the silver cup on the stand. A mingling of joy and horror the most intense, seized the murderess by the hearth.

"One moment, my dear madame," said M. Mery, hastily, rising and going towards her. "Let me give it to her."

He took the cup from the hand of the countess, glancing back, as he did so, at Mademoiselle Montauban. Her brilliant eyes, fixed upon him with an awful fascination, were instantly averted. He stirred the contents of the cup slowly.

"It appears to me," he said, with fearful deliberation, "that there is something here which will do our little invalid no good. I will remove it, if you please, madame, and bring something different." And following the stealthy figure of Mademoiselle Montauban, as it glided from the apartment, he closed the door behind him.

They were alone together in the gallery, lighted only by a single lamp, which but faintly revealed that ghostly form, moving swiftly towards the opposite chamber. But, quicker than lightning, his grasp was upon her arm. Her wierd, white face gleamed awfully upon him, through the dim twilight. But she spoke no word.

"Come with me."

It was all he said. There was no power of resistance in the form beside him. Rapidly those two descended the staircase. He entered the library, with her arm locked in his; then he closed and locked the door. He stood before her. She was very still—very white. Only those terrible eyes burned like live coals amid lifeless ashes. He held the cup in his hand; he made her look at it.

"You know what this is?" he said.

There was no answer.

"You *do* know. You placed it there. I was a witness of the deed. Unhappy woman! What evil has that sweet child done to you? *Would you murder your own sister—Marguerite Montauban?*"

One moment the guilty woman gazed at him wildly. A gasp, a struggle, a faint cry, and she sank in awful convulsions at his feet.

* * * *

That was a fearful night which followed, but it was only the commencement of a season fraught with agony. The marquis returned to the chateau from the death-bed of his brother, to find Helen struggling between life and death. For weeks she lay unconscious of everything about her; only coming out of the dull stupor that wrapt her, to fall, ever and anon, into those terrible convulsions, in which it seemed that nature must sink, worn out with the contest. The agitation produced by this circumstance, strange and sudden as it was, and the death of his brother, would have been beyond his power to bear, had it not been for the inexpressible happiness which it was permitted him to enjoy in the discovery of his long-lost child. How would he have shuddered, had he known the fearful fate which that sweet child had so narrowly escaped!

But the scenes enacted within the walls of the chateau that night were mercifully concealed from him. Fortunately for Helen Montauban, in the illness which succeeded the overwhelming denouement of the dark tragedy wherein she had taken so terrible a part, there was no delirium, or her wretched secret would inevitably have been betrayed; and M. Mery, who tended her constantly, had destroyed all evidence of her guilt, of which, on that night, he had so providentially been made aware by returning, unannounced, and entering the apartment of the invalid just before the stealthy approach of the murderess. Her illness he allowed all to attribute to the agitation, anxiety and excitement attendant on the late danger of Rose, trusting that, if she recovered, she would bitterly repent, in secret, her sinful attempt on her sister's life, and unwilling to add to the shame and agony which she would feel by betraying her guilt. He could guess at the cause of her enmity towards Rose; for M. Mery was a shrewd man; and he resolved to expedite the union of the lovers as much as was possible, that, in case the hatred of Helen should be still unsatisfied, the young girl might be safe from her reach, under the protection of her husband.

Meanwhile, the burial of Henri took place. It was quiet, unostentatious. He was laid in the family vault, to rest at last, after a weary life of sorrow, of desperation, and of crime. Only the marquis and the immediate members of his family were made acquainted with the history of the unhappy man, in the records which he left behind him. Louis returned from Paris in time for this burial. Returned, in anticipation of his approaching marriage day, to find his intended bride but just recovering from a dangerous illness, and Helen Montauban, as many believed, at the gates of death; to learn the story of the strangely-chequered life of his deceased relative, and recognize, in his beloved Rose, a cousin, and the child so long mourned as lost by his uncle. What an astounding revelation was this

He had remained in ignorance, all this time, of the events so replete with awful interest, which were transpiring at the chateau, having received neither the letters announcing the danger of Rose, nor yet those sent to inform him of her safety. How intense were his mingled emotions of joy and sorrow awakened by these events!

From Rose was concealed all knowledge of the death of him whom she had believed to be her father; and the funeral obsequies were conducted as quietly as possible, that, in her still feeble state of health, no agitating influence might retard the progress of her slow recovery. M. Mery positively forbade the least excitement at present. She was not even allowed to know the real danger of Helen, whose illness was represented to her in as favorable a manner as might be.

M. Mery had persuaded the marquis to name an early day for the important ceremony, an agreement to which, it may be believed, Louis was not slow to subscribe, though he was disappointed in that his cousin Helen would be unable to be present at the wedding. The good old physician declared that there had been sufficient mourning in the chateau, and he longed to behold its gloom broken up by a day of earnest rejoicing; and what so favorable to this purpose as a marriage?

But, in the evening preceding the bridal day, the marquis called Rose to him in the library, and after some remarks, careless and insignificant enough in themselves, but accompanied by a manner that betrayed the emotion agitating him, he said, suddenly:

"Rose, my child, you have loved your father?"

"O yes, monsieur!" she replied, earnestly, and with tears standing in her eyes.

"And you have also loved me, Rose?" His voice trembled, despite his efforts to control himself.

"Ah, my friend, my benefactor, what have you been to me but a second father?"

He seated himself beside her.

"It is sweet, my child, to hear you say this—ah, you do not know *how* sweet to me! Rose, did I not tell you, once, that I lost, fourteen or fifteen years ago, a child—a lovely, gentle infant, whose picture you have seen in the saloon,—a child who was stolen from me?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And I have told you that you were what that child would be now if she were living. It is why you have ever been so dear to me. Ah, many a time, Rose, I have clasped you in my arms with an emotion of tenderness which, even had you felt, you could not have comprehended! For my child—my Marguerite—my pearl—resembled her mother—her sweet mother, my wife, and you were the image of both mother and child. And that night when you first came hither, when Helen brought you down to the saloon, in your white robes, and gleaming jewels, and with your soft hair floating about your slender form as *hers* did, then I was struck almost dumb! It was as if I had beheld a vision of *her;* for in every glance and motion, in your very dress and ornaments, you were the living copy of my beautiful and beloved wife, as I met her at the altar, on the night of our bridal.

"And now, listen, Rose. I have called you hither to give you a brief sketch of events connected with that portion of my own history contained within the last thirty years of my life, and that sketch will include the history of others beside myself. Of all the trouble which I have known since childhood, the greatest has been crowded into the space of time which has elapsed since I first beheld and loved the magnificent—the beautiful and haughty Guidette Romani. She was an Italian by birth, lovely, winning, fascinating and deceitful. But I was a boy of twenty, warm-hearted, frank, and confiding. I thought she was all that was good and perfect, and I gave my heart to her—the protege of my mother. We had been reared and educated together—Guidette and I—from childhood. But I had a brother—Henri; handsome, dark, and proud he was, a prince among his fellows. And he, too, loved Guidette, though I knew it not; for his affection for her was confided to none but herself. His fiery and passionate nature assimilated with hers, they sympathized with each other, they comprehended each other's tastes and feelings. It is enough to say that they were betrothed in secret, just previous to his departure from France, on a journey from which he was not to return for three years. Of this betrothal, as well as of his affection for her, I was profoundly ignorant, as well as the others of our family.

"And still I nursed my love for her, and dared to believe—nay, I had no slight reason to believe, that it was returned. With the consent and approval of my parents, I declared to her my love, and sought her hand in marriage. I was accepted. Ah, Rose, I do not wonder that you start in horror! Faithless to my brother, disregarding the sacred character of their mutual vows, she received the affection I felt for her with a blushing assurance of its being reciprocated. Fool that I was! But she was crafty and cunning; she slighted the younger brother for the elder—the soldier for the heir. We were married, and the ceremony had been only just completed, when my brother entered!

"I will spare you the scene that followed. Sufficient to say, my brother swore a terrible revenge. I was dumb with astonishment, and before I could collect myself so far as to enter into the necessary process of explanation, he was gone—gone, without hearing a word of my defence, and believing me an active partner in the treachery of the wretched Guidette. It was too late for reparation. Henri had disappeared; he was gone, and none knew, thereafter, the place of his abode. But it was believed that he died shortly afterwards; but it was not so. These papers," and he pointed to the contents of an iron box beside him, "tell me that Henri—that my brother became the chief of a horde of smugglers and banditti, infesting the south and west of France."

Here the voice of the good marquis failed for an instant, but soon he resumed:

"A few years—a few unhappy years I passed with my wife. Then she died, leaving one child—Helen. The period of my mourning was brief. Within three years I married again, and this time it was the purest and loveliest being on earth whom I wedded. It was Marguerite—my beloved, gentle Marguerite, your—"

He paused suddenly again. The tears gathered in his eyes. He clasped Rose tenderly to his heart, and kissed her. She wept.

"Ah," she cried, tremblingly, "why is it that I feel such an interest in this sweet Marguerite? How you must have loved her!"

The marquis averted his face an instant. Then he proceeded:

"One child blessed this second and most happy union. The two years succeeding her birth were filled with the deepest happiness that I believe is given man to know on earth. Then, alas! my beautiful wife died. It was but a few months after that her child disappeared. My little Marguerite was lost! Search was in vain; she could not be found. You have heard of this. I will not enter upon the event in detail. I was left, as it were, alone—a wretched and sorrow-stricken man. For years I mourned, and refused to find solace. I even neglected my remaining child—indeed, I almost forgot her existence. But I was roused from this state. I saw the folly and the sin of wasting the life which Providence had given, in ungrateful repinings. I took my little Helen in my arms, and resolved thenceforth to act by her the part of a father, and strive to receive with humility and submission the lot which Heaven, in its own wisdom, had awarded me. Since then, I have lived a quiet, secluded life, but not an unhappy one; for I bowed to a higher will than my own.



HELEN MONTAUBAN PREPARING THE FATAL POTION.

"It is within these two last months, Rose, that I have discovered what became of my little Marguerite. She was stolen from me by my own brother, Henri. You start, Rose, and turn pale. It was so; it was his revenge. He would have taken Helen, the child of her whom he had loved so madly; but he knew that I loved my youngest darling the best—that I idolized the daughter of my lost Marguerite; and he took the youngest. He reared her as his own. He brought her into this neighborhood, after an absence of two years, during which time she had grown and altered beyond recognition, though, when I met her, I saw a likeness to my wife. Yet I never suspected. He dwelt, a solitary man, with this little orphan child, whose mother—his wife—they said was dead. He lived not more than half a league from this very dwelling. There my child, unrecognized, expanded into a lovely womanhood. She was—"

He was interrupted, in his hurried and agitated recital, by a faint cry from Rose. She sprang up, with clasped hands and quivering lips.

"O, tell me—tell me who it was!" she cried. "Speak!—it was—"

"My child—my daughter!" uttered the marquis, extending his arms to embrace her; "behold her—for they called her—*Rose Lamonte!*"

"Ah, my father!" And with the soft utterance of that dear name, she fainted upon his breast.

* * * * *

It is time for our narrative to close. Perhaps the reader's patience has wearied long since. Romances, we are well aware, seldom extend beyond the lover's confession, leaving the imagination of the reader to work out a happy and peaceful conclusion; in this case, however, it has been necessary to record certain events of some importance preceding that conclusion, in order to make our story intelligible; and we trust that the latter portion of it has not failed to excite interest, merely because prolonged beyond the usual climax of stories in general.

As a matter of course, Rose—no, *Marguerite*, and Louis, were united. And though Marguerite mourned still, with a child's affection, the loss of him whom she had hitherto regarded as a parent, yet her heart turned, with natural love, to her true father; and the regard which she had ever felt for him, while her relationship to him was yet unknown, expanded and deepened now into that holiest and tenderest of sentiments—a daughter's affection.

Louis was not the less pleased with his bride, it may be credited, now that he had in her a relative. His "Marguerite des Marguerites" was only dearer.

Helen Montauban, as soon as her health became re-established, entered a convent, to enter upon her noviciate; and when it was expired, assumed the veil, that shut her from a world grown hateful to her. The frustration of her evil design upon her sister was too much for her to bear; and though, thanks to the mercy of M. Mery, her guilt remained a secret from all save himself, yet she could not endure to meet daily with those whose happiness continually reminded her of the fate alike of her love and her revenge. None knew *why* she entered the convent, save M. Mery. Persuasion had availed nothing, and a nun she became.

Francis Egerton returned to Paris, where, in a year or two, he married happily. Do not think him fickle, reader; he was like the rest of mankind, and not the worse, perhaps, for that.

Jacques Leroux, shortly after the death of his former leader, returned to the neighborhood of the Chateau Montauban, and entered in the service of Louis d'Artois, whom he served faithfully, and who rewarded him well for his many services.

And now, reader, adieu!

THE MONSTER STEAMSHIP.

There is now being constructed on the shore of the Isle of Dogs, in the river Thames, opposite to the town of Deptford, an enormous iron fabric which has recently begun to assume the proportions of a ship. Unlike other ships, it has not been cradled in docks, or suspended upon framework, but is built on the solid earth. It is a difficult task to impart an idea of magnitude by description, and in describing this vessel, we can do little more than give the actual measurements, and leave the reader to judge for himself. The length of the new steamer is to be 680 feet; her breadth 83 feet; and her depth 60 feet. She will be about double the length of the largest vessel now afloat. Some fifty or sixty large four or five story brick houses might be stowed away, out of sight, within her outer walls. It is estimated that she will be able to float a weight, including engines, machinery, coals, cargo, etc., of twenty-five thousand tons—which is six times the tonnage of the largest man-of-war. The walk of about a quarter of a mile in length, around this immense vessel, is a very interesting one. She is surrounded by a hundred portable forges, by means of which the bolts, at a white heat, are driven through the iron plates; and the clank of the hammers is deafening. The steamer is divided into ten compartments, separated from each other by water-tight walls of iron, so that in case one should be filled with water, the others would sustain the vessel. With a further view to safety, the outer coating of the vessel is built double below low water-mark, so that if one covering is fractured, the other and inner one presents a second safeguard. In case of necessity, moreover, the water can be let in between these coverings to the weight of two thousand tons, to serve as ballast. This extraordinary vessel is intended for commercial and emigrant purposes, and for the performance of long voyages—perhaps to India, China, Australia and Japan. She will be able to carry twelve thousand tons of coal in her hold, which it is expected will be more than sufficient to circumnavigate the globe. An indispensable condition to a profitable voyage is a tolerably quick passage; and in the construction of this leviathan, no pains have been spared to secure all the modern improvements of model. Besides this, she will carry with her the greatest propelling power in the world. Her engines will have cylinders eighteen feet long, six feet in diameter, and weighing twenty eight tons each. She will be propelled both by paddles and by screw. Her paddle engines will be fed by forty furnaces, generating steam equivalent to one thousand horse power, and her screw engines to sixty furnaces, supplying steam to the amount of 1500 horse power. She will carry no sails. The ship will cost probably half a million pounds. She is to have ten thousand tons of iron plates, and above three million bolts and rivets. She will be fitted to carry a thousand first class passengers, and as many second class. Her saloons will be roomy apartments, ten or fifteen feet high. She is expected to save twenty or thirty days on the voyage to Australia, and if she answers the ends of her proprietors in this respect, she will command freight and passengers upon her own terms. As soon as completed, the earth will be dug away as closely as possible to where she stands, the water from the river let in, and she will be forced into the water, broadside on, by means of hydraulic engines.—*Portfolio.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LITTLE SNOW-FLAKE, FALL.

BY CALE DUNN.

The little snow-flakes fall,
 And melt upon the pane.
While all around the russet ground
 Is growing white again.
 Fall, fall, fall,
 Little snow flake bright;
 Fall until the russet earth
 Is mantled o'er with white.

Across the village street
 A cottage stands aloof,
There's joy within, and children's din,—
 Snow gathers on the roof.
 Fall, fall, fall,
 Silver snow-flake bright,
 Fall until the cottage roof
 Is covered o'er with white.

Two little ones are there,
 A-looking at the snow;
Two little girls, in chestnut curls,
 With sweet cheeks all a-glow.
 Fall, fall, fall,
 Tiny snow-flake bright;
 Fall until those little eyes
 See nothing out but white.

With heart o'er-brimmed with joy,
 Along the shining street,
A whistling lad, attired in plaid,
 Gambols with nimble feet.
 Fall, fall, fall,
 Little snow-flake bright;
 Fall until his little shoes,
 Are covered o'er with white.

The cheery sound of bells
 Comes floating through the flakes;
How sweet the spell, when music's swell
 Upon our day-dream breaks!
 Fall, fall, fall,
 Little snow-flake bright;
 Fall until the sleigh runs smooth
 Upon a bed of white.

O, little snow-flake, fall!
 And whiten all the earth,
That eyes may beam—that hearts may dream,
 Of nothing else but mirth.
 Fall, fall, fall,
 Silver snow-flake bright;
 Fall until the russet earth
 Is mantled o'er with white.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FREDERIC BARBAROSSA.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

Travelling a few years since in Germany, the following tale was related to me one stormy night, by a German friend imbued with traditionary spirit. If any of the weird interest he lost to the reader, let him consider that he does not crouch low with one solitary companion, in the vast hall of a ruined fortress that beetled over a bottomless lake among the highest places of the Reisengebirge; no fitful fire flashes up over great scale armors hanging on mouldering walls, till in their glittering, sinuous vibrations they seemed like shining monsters instinct with life; no snowy hand, now and then disturbing the brands, sends from its ancestral diamond a shower of radiant, prismatic lights across his vision; nor does he, while watching a fascinating face, receive it through the medium of a foreign tongue, which always lends a magic enhancement to the simplest recital. The wind howled through all the story as I heard it, and all the mountain, midnight storm dashed against our ghost-haunted shelter with a bitter strength.

"It may have been from this very strong-hold," said my companion, "that Frederic Barbarossa, our great and valiant emperor, in the twelfth century, set out with a mighty host of retainers, swelling the number as he went gloriously on, till, planting his standard in the Vale of Ronceval beyond the Alps, he summoned his Italian vassals to pay their homage. The Ghibellines flocked to their liege lord, the Guelfs spurned the summons and scourged the messengers; and to subdue these refractory subjects, the emperor began his victorious campaigns. Burning and devastating the lesser cities, before attacking Milan, he at last encamped before the strongly fortified Tortona, which he razed to the ground and abandoned to pillage. Penetrating the heart of the city with his conquering legions and dispersing them in many various directions, he at last, with only a handful of brave followers, entered the church of St. Angelo. As they came from the roaring, shouting streets, into a noiseless quarter, and then into the church itself, into the sacred stillness of the holy place, with its few candles dimly burning in a vast, gentle twilight, and its delicate incense slowly enrolling them in a fragrant atmosphere, they were struck to an answering silence—and resting the points of their naked swords, suffered them to drip their bloody sweat upon the cold, stone pavement, while they gazed around.

"Suddenly the little mass bells tinkled, the organ sent forth a rolling peal of harmony, a dazzle of insufferable brilliancy shot athwart the church, disclosing a motionless array of white-robed priests, and all again was as instantly submerged in the sombre, quiet twilight. Hardly had they awoke from a transitory amazement, when piercing shrieks filled their ears, and bursting in from another part of the church, a girl, followed by a band of soldiers, rushed madly on; they were aware of her mantle of brilliant crimson and blue streaming across their eyes, and she fell at the feet of the emperor. With a gentleness characteristic of the bravest men, Frederic Barbarossa raised her in his arms and turned to confront her persecutors, but not a soldier of them was to be seen, and from the fiery clashing of swords and loud cries of angry voices, a dead, echoless silence filled the church, while looking up, so says the chronicle, Frederic and his followers beheld a cluster of white wings and angelic countenances slowly circling higher and higher through the vast central arch, while sweet, distant music fell as slowly downward like a wreath of supernatural song. It was fitting, added the chronicle, that Beatrix should have been thus made known to Frederic by heavenly influences. Having discovered from the agitated girl that she was the daughter of his most faithful friend, the Franche Comte, Reinhold of Burgundy, and that she had been tarrying at the court of Tortona, the emperor, as soon as possible, restored her to her father. It is fair to conjecture that now and then thinking of Beatrix, who was said to be the most beautiful woman in the known world, he continued on his victorious career.

"A year passed, and the emperor, who frequently went abroad alone in order to observe his people, was climbing, one dark night, over a steep mountain side, while all his mind was full of one only thought and name. The wind was up, and whistling in the pines—the pointed leaves of every wayside uttered drearily, as they rustled, the one word—Beatrix. All the mountain brooks, as they foamed beside his path, seemed to cry out strange sentences which only his ear could interpret, and the cawing crows, as they wheeled from their dizzy perches above some mountain tarn, turned, suddenly screaming the same word in his ears—Beatrix!

"All at once, a chorus of wild voices from the very mountain crest, swept down on the blowing winds, and at the same moment all the air seemed alive with rushing forms. He could dimly descry flashing eyes and floating locks sail by him, garments streaming along indistinct in the darkness like the ragged clouds of a tempest, and cold fingers clasped quickly over his and gone again; blasts of hot breath panted across his lips, and quick, electric sparks of fire flashed from the point of every needle of the pines. As he rapidly advanced, the noisy whirl of air above his head caused him to look up where lay a cloud shedding a pale, gray light which showed him that he stood on the narrow path between two mighty precipices, over which the least inadvertent movement might dash him to atoms. The cloud seemed to float across and remain motionless above the chasm, accompanied by a great angry wheeling of wings and winds, and as it grew slowly brighter there was disclosed, through the vaporous texture, the apparition of a woman wringing her hands distractedly, but whose face was indistinct; and having gradually descended the abyss, the cloud and its apparition rose in wheeling spirals and streamed far away on the blast. Resolutely folding his arms, Frederic Barbarossa abandoned himself to the fates that had brought him hither, and looked steadfastly before him, revolving in his mind for what purpose he was thus made the sport of invisible elements. One thing alone seemed certain, that some great danger hung over Beatrix, but of what nature he could not divine, nor did he even know where she was, for since her father's death, while he was engrossed by absorbing state matters, she had slipped unaccountably from his sight, and at the very time when he prepared to make her an offer of his heart and empire, she was nowhere to be found. It must not be thought that the emperor idly mourned this mischance; on the contrary, messengers and scouts had scoured the whole of Europe for a twelve-month, and as yet in vain.

"Now, as the chroniclers of the time declare, the Countess Beatrix was a maiden of the most excellent beauty, so that ambassadors, on the fame of this, came from many realms to behold her. Tall and slender as the ash, she was most frequently attired in a white robe closed at the throat. Her hair, which was long and exceedingly abundant, was of that peculiar darkness where gold seems to be braided thread for thread with black, and she wore it streaming loose from a coronet of rubies. She had eyes dark, large and tender, which glowed beneath brows whose arch was not to be painted, and illuminated a countenance where transparent olive had frozen to chill crimson on the cheek, and characterized by features cast in the mould of an empress. Thus, when sought in marriage for an oriental monarch, was she described by the lords, whose advances on the part of their sovereign, she had repulsed.

"To return to the emperor. As he stood looking westward, a ball of fire shot by, as if driven from an arrow far above his head, and speeding on and on, separated the leagues of darkness as it flew. In a broad track after the path of the ball, was left a stream of light like ghostly sunshine walled on either side by darkness, and as if the light were a thread, one end of which the emperor held, the ball flashed onward across all the German lands and rivers till it suddenly ended over a plain in Burgundy. Though all the German land was thickly peopled, and though the regions of Burgundy were most fruitful and populous, no living soul, no tree, nor shrub, nor any dwelling, met the emperor's eye, as, endowed with more than earthly vision, he gazed down the stretching vista of light, till toward the end, one single town rose up square and gray, bathed in a soft, undreamed-of sunshine and framed like a picture in the blackness of the night around its own atmosphere.

"Looking intently, the emperor could have sworn to the locality, even if—gazing from the single, lofty window, holding forth her arms imploringly to him so far away, with unutterable sadness in her shining eyes—he had not beheld Beatrix. She tore from her hair a rich blue blossom, and flung it toward him. It might have been a dream, but he felt his fingers clasp over the stem as he caught it, and instantly full gray clouds swept down from the lands behind the tower, driving blasts of rain and hail and wind dashed against it, and all the fury and bitterness of the stormy darkness closed round and obliterated the lane of light. For one moment the whole mountain where he stood was on fire with splendor, and then from the contrast plunged as instantly into a more than midnight blackness.

"In a thought the emperor understood the vision, and formed his determination; but it was impossible to move from so precarious a situation, and therefore he resolved to wait in his constrained posture for the morning light. But a touch, cold and steady, was laid on his wrist; eyes full of iridescent brightness glared closely into his, and tangles of unseen hair swept his forehead. The touch drew him on slowly yet imperiously, and the air, before crowded with similar identities, became clear and vacant, while loud thunder echoed and rattled round about, and sharp lightnings pierced the clouds far beneath him. When the guidance ceased, he knew not—but with sunrise he awoke in his own royal bed, and would have pronounced it all a dream, had not the rich blue blossom, still unfaded, remained in his hand.

"For my own part," said my companion, "I incline to the belief that Barbarossa had unconsciously plucked the flower himself as he went along, but so do not the old traditions, and there is still a shield of the emperor extant, which bears a blue blossom upon a field argent. However all that may be, in a few hours, mandates were sent summoning the service of countless vassals, and in a week's time the emperor led a bold and tireless force towards Burgundy. The castle before which he encamped, belonging to William, Count of Burgundy, the uncle of Beatrix, was strong and well defended, and thus twenty days had elapsed before any irreparable breach was made in its walls, and as yet he knew not, save from his vision in the mountains that Beatrix was here imprisoned by that uncle. All the emperor's army wondered at his vigor in this unexplained siege, yet they nevertheless performed their part nobly. One midnight, having laid the plan for a fresh attack, he was encouraging his men in the trenches, when a torch gleamed from the high lattice of a tower, and Beatrix herself, as he had seen her from the mountain, stood there, lighting the besiegers. Waving his helmet and scarf, Frederic broke the stillness of the night with a song they had sung together in Italy, and like a silvery echo her voice from the height replied, till hastily the torch was extinguished, the lattice closed, the voice silent, and she was gone.

"Rather from a whim than any sounder reason, when the emperor had protected Beatrix in the church, and during all the months of that Italian campaign, till he was able to return her to her father, and while he had given her a duchess for a companion, he had enforced concealment of his rank on all about her; and so thoroughly were his orders obeyed, that she only knew him as the bravest lieutenant of a brave master, and never dreamed of any imperial increase of splendor possible to the one she had invested with a panoply of virtue, beauty and courage. The affairs of the siege were in this state when, one morning, a truce was called by the besieged, which being granted, the portcullis was raised, and the German army with their emperor, beheld Count William standing beneath, with the Lady Beatrix, clad most gorgeously. In a loud voice the count, addressing himself to Frederic, said that the Lady Beatrix, believing that Barbarossa the emperor, was directing his forces against her uncle's castle to obtain the rich fief he might dream accompanied her hand, and wishing to avoid such cruel bloodshed, she here swore that though the emperor might be able to possess himself of any land she held, she would never, with her own knowledge, become his wife, so help her Mary the mother of God and the patron of all virginity! As he said these words holding a crucifix toward Beatrix, she clasped her hands before it and bowed her head in assent. Frederic stepped boldly forward and begged the countess to consider ere she took the oath, and to suffer an ambassador to plead the imperial cause before her. But with a shade of troubled doubt flitting across her face, that he should thus urge the cause of one whom she deemed another, a shade quickly breaking into a trusting smile, she answered, in a voice sufficing to reach his ears:

"'The oath is taken.'

"'Nevertheless,' said Frederic, with a lordly wave of his hand, 'let the conference be broken up, the truce is at an end, we recommence the siege!'

"And at sundown the castle lay black and smoking in ruins, its defenders prisoners, and the Countess Beatrix in the imperial tent.

"The emperor raised the curtain and entered. Starting, Beatrix sprung to the centre of the place and stood doubtfully gazing at him.

"'Beatrix!'

"'Frederic!'

"And they rushed into each other's arms. This was their confession of love, this their betrothal.

"'Beatrix,' said Frederic, by-and-by, 'didst take that oath from any hope of this most blessed moment?'

"'Nay, from no positive hope, but I could love no master of thine.'

"'And what thoughtest thou when I took up the emperor's cause?'

"'O, I feared I had been weak and vain,' she answered, laughing, 'and that thy heart was doubtless entangled in the yellow locks of some German lady.'

"'And could a knight, whose only empire was his sword, prove forgetful of the beauty that emperors had sought in vain?' said Frederic.

"Later in the evening, a vassal, one Wolfgang Von Zahr,

brought in the evening cordials upon a golden salver; pausing before entering the tent, he dropped into every glass a small pastile. The merry circle drank and parted, and Frederic taking the honorary guard without the countess's tent, assured himself that all at last was sure and safe and blessed.

"The cordial was drugged, and he slept upon his post. The morning came at last, when waking to the sense that his draught on the night before had been tampered with, he indignantly ordered a roll of certain officers scarcely trustworthy, to be called. Wolfgang Von Zahr was alone missing, and on looking towards his quarter of the encampment, both the ensign and tents of that worthy were wanting. On searching the tent so faithfully guarded by the emperor, the Countess Beatrix was not to be found, and no tracks of the villain and his booty were discernible. With his heart for the first time and so suddenly, full of despair, Frederic ordered the tents to be struck, the treasure and prisoners secured, and the march to be resumed. Perhaps trusting in the intervention of unknown aid once more, the emperor did not stir so vigorously as he might, but burning with shame, and anger, and grief, he left his cause to chance.

"But whoever would have the gods help them, let them first help themselves; and mountain sprites scorned to lend their aid in this case, where insufficient mortal means had been tried. Several fierce engagements in which he was invariably victorious, took place with the vassals of the intractable count ere the Burgundian territory was left behind, but finally, after many days' weary toil, a halt was ordered on a mountain top, within the German border.

"Leaving his army to the care of others, the emperor, little consonant with their relaxation and jollity, wandered unattended away, spurning with his spurred heel the pebbles as he went, till, as he moved downward to the river's bed and through the valley, all things seemed suddenly to awaken his energies and sing joyful promises to his hope. Stopping a moment at a wayside cross, he registered in his heart a vow, to accomplish which, all his abilities and resources would be tasked in the search for Beatrix. Scarcely had he sworn it, when suddenly there leaped across his path a lean, gray wolf, who bounded away into the great caverns beyond the valley, having brought a good omen of strength, and the emperor continued to descend.

"It had seemed to him as if from the moment he made the vow that a cloud of mist and foam on the left kept pace with him in his downward path. It was the 'Spectre of the Hills,' who, stealing on a silent way, always blessed solitary travellers, say the traditions. Absorbed in his reverie, Frederic felt rather than saw the undulating motion of his companion, and the continual toss and splash of white garments as the spectre unceasingly threw over his arm the snowy folds that otherwise would have impeded the wearer's progress. At last, vexed at the interruption of his thoughts, the emperor boldly faced the apparition, but with a leap and a splash of foam, it had vanished, and nothing was there but the mountain brook, as it fell from a lofty height, tumbling and laughing away into the dark woods. Gazing at the cascade, the emperor saw it grow transparent, disclosing a rosy, female form of the most perfect undraped symmetry, her gauzy scarf looped high over her shoulders and floating away in the current of the fall, to where harebells and orchis fringed its end.

"Drawing back with rosy fingers the showers of golden curls from a face of radiant and bewitching splendor, she hung thus in the transparent falls, and gazed with smiling fascination upon him. Above her, myriad floating forms and rainbow tints caught life, shifting and changing with every breath, while from far within the rocks, dripping like honey through every crevice, and echoing within the hollows of every water-drop, the delectable strains of the *zauber-flote* wound in and out, encircling her with a sphere of magic music. Gradually the shape faded to indistinctness within the fall, while the music waned with her, and all the airy sprites rose gently and floated off among the white clouds of heaven. It was the 'Witch of the Waterfall,' and whoever was endowed with her beatific vision, all his life before him was to be a tissue of successful exploits, and all his most golden anticipations to become realities. Far above him on the lofty heights, the scattered tents of his army sparkled white against the blue sky; here, knightly sports were in practice; there, jovial games of those rude ages sent faint shoutings on the wind, and still elsewhere the men were hammering gaily at the temporary forge, singing as they wrought, the songs of the fatherland. None had seen the lustre disclosed to him, and with a heart too light to perceive the fatigue of climbing, he regained the camp, and in a few days the hosts wound on their way again.

"Returning to his capital, pressing state matters compelled the emperor's stay for a time, during which he employed every means really to obtain information concerning Beatrix—ostensibly to bring the traitor, Wolfgang Von Zahr, to justice. Endeavoring to reconcile many conflicting interests, that now presented themselves in his empire, the strictest secrecy, it may well be imagined, was necessary in his councils. Each of his advisers were trusty and true as steel; judge then, of his and their astonishment, when all their plans and diplomacy had become the open talk of the court. For some weeks it continued, and every proceeding that was calculated to produce disturbance was divulged, till half of the empire was set by the ears through the means of this secret agency. As yet all efforts to discover the cause had failed, and as no words spoken in the council chamber were safe, the emperor resolved to take the affair into his own hands. He rightly judged that Von Zahr was a creature of the usurping Count of Burgundy, whose castle had so lately been destroyed; and that, through some prior collusion, he had carried off Beatrix, and even, perhaps, made away with her, in order that there might be no legal obstacle in the path of her uncle.

"Therefore, with a daring stroke of clemency, the emperor commanded, in the midst of a great banquet, that the *ci-devant* Count of Burgundy should be freed from his chains, brought into the imperial presence and robed with a new title and fresh honor. Surprised as were all the guests, each vied with the other in attention to the count, and the feast went on as smoothly as before. Among the guards was one added shortly after the last campaign, a bold Swabian, who, clothed in complete armor, stood at the vestibule, or moved with his lofty stature imposingly among the crowd, as he fulfilled some mandate of the emperor. For sometime Frederic's voiceless suspicions had rested on this man, and as he several times observed the count and he interchange glances, he felt his suspicions to be partially confirmed, and finally sending him down into the saloon to request the presence of the Count of Burgundy by the throne, he watched him narrowly.

"Neither looking to the right nor left, the guard strode towards the count. It must have been a long formula of invitation he extended to that noble, ere turning, he loomed back, followed by the count and rendering him almost invisible behind his own mighty Swabian shadow. There were several great stone columns in the hall, which supported the vaulted ceiling, and in one of these was carved a niche in the exact shape of a gigantic knight in armor, and here had formerly stood a bronze statue, which having been accidentally broken, was now removed. Pausing briefly in his onward course, the guard leaned a moment beside this column as he exchanged a word with a courtier, in such a manner as to obscure the emperor's view of the count. When he again moved forward, the count was not following him. Instantly the emperor rose, and those courtiers who were at a loss to know why, when all the nation was in such perplexity, so gorgeous a banquet had been given, and who had hung with suspense on every imperial movement, rose with him. The occurrence did not escape the guard's eye, who, steadily gazing from his closed visor at the emperor, fell slowly back against the column and into the very niche and posture of the armed knight, and thus seemed ready to ward off the blows of his angry, approaching lord. All the court turned at this moment and followed with their eyes the emperor down the hall.

"Sparkling with anger, his drawn sword in his hand, Frederic drew near, raised his arm to the shoulder of the guard no less gigantic than himself, and tore him from his niche. The armor clashed and rattled in his hand as he held it up and shook it—to the horror of all the court it was empty! The emperor never stayed to search for the secret spring which had thus afforded escape, but turning to his courtiers, whose faces were aghast with superstitious terror, he called loudly for a sledge-hammer, which being at last brought, he showered a host of mighty blows against the column. In a few moments, beneath the pressure of the swinging blows, it cracked and split and broke away, exposing a dark, spiral staircase; and snatching a torch, Frederic called on them to follow him, as he plunged down. Withheld a moment by shivering fear, his courtiers hesitated; but a brave few, led on by Henry the Lion, desperately followed and overtook the emperor winding along with his torch through a long, dark passage. In a short time the fresh air blew on their faces, they heard the water lapping on the reeds, and emerged into the starlight beneath the steep bank and beside the river. Here, then the fugitives had escaped, and the imperial party returned to the saloons where the company waited for them in dismay. From this time, the guard (now fully recognized, through all his disguises of skin and hair, as Wolfgang Von Zahr) and his employer, the count, were seen no more at the court of Germany.

"But Wolfgang Von Zahr's influence did not cease with his presence—on the contrary the thousand commotions he had agitated boiled anew with fresh vigor, and foremost the wild contests in Bohemia (whither it was believed the rascal had gone), demanded attention. These the villain had so incited and advanced that they could only be quelled by the presence of the emperor himself, with an army; and very speedily, Frederic, whose rapid movements, so well planned and sure, had gained him the epithet of the 'Ubiquitous,' was in the centre of his Bohemian territories, and in the fierce battles of these barbarous regions had settled all disputes, and for the present established peace. One day on the return, the emperor and his advance legion were once more marching down the steep sides of a Bohemian mountain, when a strange creaking overhead caused them to look up. Hung in chains from a gibbet high in air, swung a body cased in armor, the ghastly head alone being bare—and they all knew Wolfgang Von Zahr. Turning shuddering away, the emperor felt as though—if the body of the dead guard had not been too real—that the same supernatural influences must be in the air as on the night when he saw Beatrix far across the hills, looking at him from the tower in Burgundy. A long snow plain stretched on his right, and gazing out across it, the familiar banks of the Mayne, yet hundreds of miles away, seemed to grow up before him beneath their hanging fringes of elm and willows, while a small boat drove swiftly down the current. Kneeling on the stern-sheets, with her hands crossed on the tiller, all her black hair streaming behind her, her face white and pale in contrast with the large, dark eyes steadily fixed on some point in the distance, smiled Beatrix. With a sudden start, the emperor recovered himself, and all the scene had vanished from the plains. Immediately changing his orders, Frederic altered the route, and the march finally ended on the banks of the Mayne, at Wurzburg, where the imperial court was assembled amid all the exultation with which success could clothe it.

"It was sunset in Wurzburg, and the emperor sat alone in the cathedral, absorbed in mournful thoughts. The light, pouring through the western windows and their gorgeous paintings of those middle ages, flooded all those aisles with pomp, and filled the vast nave with inconstant splendors, while striking among the carved and fluted columns, their radiant colors fell on the flowery capitals and transfigured them into gigantic blossoms and leafy boughs, till through such richness springing from slender shafts the emperor felt like a pilgrim sitting among the ancient boles of an East Indian forest.

"Vespers had long since closed—all the cathedral was silent and empty, and still half lying on the flat tomb of some ancient worthy, the emperor remained. His eyes had unconsciously fixed themselves on the figure of a kneeling nun carved in marble, nor did he perceive on what his glance was bent, till from the dim obscurity of the lofty roof, a dove, glowing in white brightness, wheeled in slow spirals, shaking a rain of golden sparks downward from its beak. Wreathing lower like fiery snow-flakes, the sparks collected and fell one by one, on the brow of the marble nun, till, from a shining halo, they formed a perfect crown of radiant ruby glories, and the dove wound slowly up again in its luminous track, while a shimmer of snowy wings dashed round transept, nave and chancel, and with pealing melody such as mortal hands never drew from mortal instruments, the diadem faded, the cathedral was silent and the emperor alone again. Alone? Did any rose-light from the windows fall on the white marble nun, that she seemed instinct with life? Was any current of air blowing between her and the emperor, that she seemed to waver in his sight? Could eyes shine like jewels in those marble sockets? Or had she really risen?—was she coming toward him?—were the dusky, beautiful eyes glowing full on his?—did a warm hand touch his forehead?—could it indeed be Beatrix? He dared not speak lest this vision should also vanish—but he closed his arms around her and felt her heart beat warm and life-like against his, while her soft hair brushed his cheek.

"There was time for rapturous embraces and harrowing recountal of adventures, ere the marriage bells rung out on the air, and royal proclamations and loyal shouts could fill all the city and country round with gaiety. Sitting in the soft gloom, Frederic learned how, when taken by Wolfgang Von Zahr, Beatrix had been carried and left in the Bohemian fastnesses, and on his execution by the chieftains on his return, she had fled to the temporary shelter of the nunnery at Wurzburg, and was saying her evening prayer in the adjoining cathedral when he discovered her.

"'In God's house I found thee, in God's house thou hast returned to me,' cried he.

"The wedding day dawned, and Beatrix, still ignorant of Barbarosa's rank, was led in magnificent procession to the altar, never dreaming that all the ceremonious superbness of the day was due to any higher rank than the brave generalship of her lover, and never looking for any emperor whose presence at the nuptials might be the source of so much grandeur.

"Lifting a small but magnificent crown from the crimson cushion of the bearer, the emperor, when the ceremony ended, turned to Beatrix, and said:

"'I, Frederic, called Barbarossa, do crown thee, Beatrix of Burgundy, empress of all the Germanies and of thy husband's heart!' and he dropped the crown upon her head.

"She looked up in a bewildered, hasty way, but Frederic, gazing smilingly upon her, added:

"Thine emphatic clause hath saved thee. Thou didst swear never of thine own knowledge, to wed the emperor, yet in becoming my wife, if thou knewest it not, thou art also his!'

"And the chronicles," said my companion, "never mention any shadow falling on the sunshine of their wedded life."

The storm had fallen when my friend ceased, and looking from the ivy-grown loop-hole, I saw the waning moon lying pallid on the eastern sky, with one pale star trembling upon the horn. An early traveller shot his skiff quickly across the dark tarn below, and was as quickly gone, while far around me stretched the noiseless, morning twilight—stretched sadly above the graves of all these people whose lives, so long ago, had pulsed with joy and sadness as evenly as lives do now, and whose sleep was unbroken by the murmur of many centuries.

We ought to observe with diligence things past, for that they give light to those that are to come; forasmuch as the world was always one, and all that which is at this present, and shall be, hath been at other times; for that the self-same things return under divers names and colors.—*Bacon.*

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for nearly fifteen years. Its pages contain

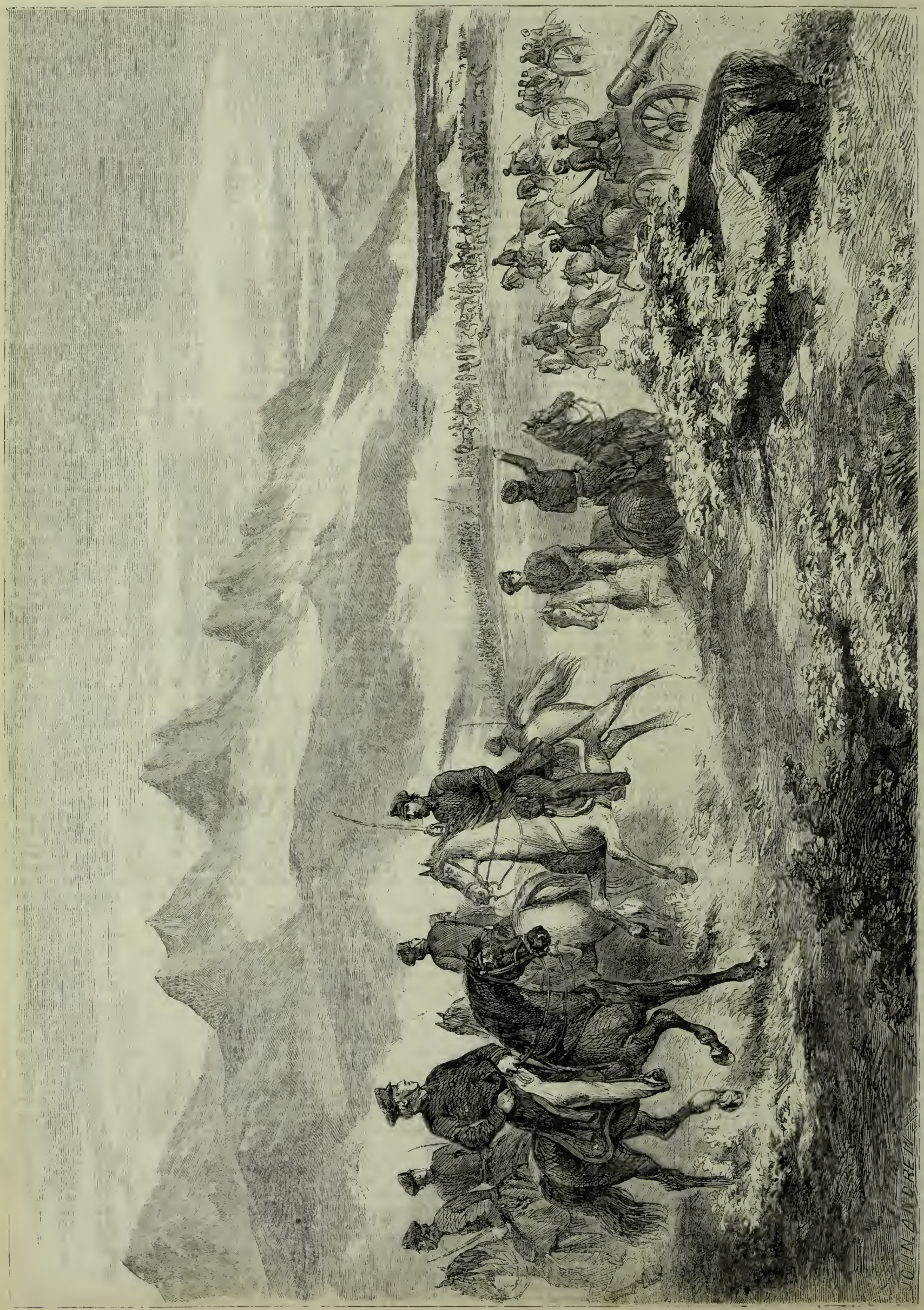
NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its own sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother, or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest paper in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA, MEXICO—GENERALS TAYLOR AND SANTA ANNA.



STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC, MEXICO, GENERALS PILLOW AND BRAVO.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A FANTASIE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

It came upon me unawares,
 And just as noiseless as the snow,
 As, sitting by the embers low,
I mused upon life's many cares.

Against my little study's wall
 The embers cast a fitful gleam,
 As reason sometimes in a dream
Shines dimly at mad fancy's call.

And then I thought how sweet 'twould be,
 To have one sitting by me there;
 I, toying with her silken hair,
She, casting looks of love on me.

I'll seek for such an one, said I,
 To be with me through weal and wo;
 Until—the embers growing low,
Love's fire is carried to the sky.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY STEPMOTHER.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

I will not say that stepmothers are disagreeable as a class; but I know I thought there never was such a wicked, horrible animal as mine. I do not soften the expression of my thoughts with moderate and carefully chosen words, for I was a child, and I say it as I thought it in my childish way. An impulsive, passionate thing I was, too, and could love and hate with equal energy—though I do not remember that my hatred was ever roused to any violent degree till *her* entrance into my father's house. I was tender-hearted, and easily won by affection. Thus I was always happy until she came—a light, frank, open child, finding enjoyment in everything, and little dreaming of the coming time when every wish, and impulse, and affection were to be crushed by the power of a vindictive tyrant. But the time *was* coming.

I was eight years old when my father married and brought home this second wife. My own mother—a pretty, hazel-eyed, sunny-faced matron, whom I had loved tenderly—had been dead some three or four years; but I remembered her perfectly, and was deeply displeased that my father should be about to give me another in her place. Yet I loved him, and prepared myself to receive his new wife with feelings of duty and respect, if not of affection. I did not like to think of that; I could not easily transfer to an entire stranger the tenderness which clung with such tenacity to the memory of my own dead mother. But I hoped to love her in time.

She came. A strong-featured, harsh-voiced woman, with coal-black hair, and glittering, steel-blue eyes, and an occasional cat-like expression of countenance, which inspired me with dread the first time I met her. I think she knew my sentiments from my face, for I never could conceal the feelings that agitated me. Good, bad or indifferent, my face was sure to betray them, school myself as I might. She returned my dislike by hating me from the first. Not in so many words she told me, but by her actions and glances. For a long time, however, I had no occasion to complain of her—we only manifested our mutual dislike by keeping as far from each other as possible. And while out of her way I was happy, and forgot her. Only when I came where she was, did I experience a return of those unpleasant sensations, with which nothing else than her neighborhood could ever inspire me.

I was a wild, careless thing. I dare say I had provoked her anger more than once by my want of forethought, ere I discovered in her conduct any signs of open hostility; but at first, I think it was fear of my father's anger that restrained her from violence. Had she been different herself, she might have won my confidence, moulded me as she pleased, and taught me more careful and considerate ways. As it was, she watched me, and beheld my unintentionally aggravating conduct, and nursed her resentment and wrath till she could restrain it no longer.

It was just on the rocky banks of the river that our dwelling stood, and there was not another house in sight. If I had been older, I might have thought it lonely; but a child finds companions in anything and everything, and I was contentedly happy. For whole hours every day, I would play by myself out of doors—only running in to get my dinner or lunch, as the case might be, and immediately returning to my play. This was what my stepmother did not like. I never worked. I never did anything to help her. I was useless; and, being useless, I was an incumbrance.

My father was away a great deal from the house, working in the field, and saw nothing of the gathering storm. We kept no help. My stepmother, strong and hardy, did her own work. She was accustomed to wash up the floor every morning, an hour or two after breakfast; and before the time came for this operation, I was generally out of the way.

One morning, however, I came running in for something I wanted just as she had finished scouring the floor. Forgetting my muddy feet, I ran straight across the room, but she was standing in my way. One clutch of her strong hand brought me up with a jerk, my feet slipped, and a violent blow, that made me blind with dizziness for a moment, descended upon the side of my head as I fell. I had transgressed often, and the fury burst out at last.

The first shock past, I rose indignantly to my feet. It seemed to me that every drop of blood in my body had rushed, boiling, to my face and temples—more from wrath than the violence of her blow, hard as that had been.

"How dare you do that?—and what does it mean?" I cried.

Her face was whiter than a sheet. "Find out, little wretch!" she hissed, and then she went into the next room, shutting the door after her. As I looked about me, the muddy tracks of my feet on the shining floor presented themselves. I remembered that she had struck my little spaniel a long time before, for soiling the floor in this way. She had treated me worse than my dog, for an equally unintentional offence. Anger at this unjust action possessed me most fully for an instant; then the great heavy, scalding tears came. The door opened, and she came out again, casting a vengeful glance at me.

"You wicked, wicked woman!" I said, reproachfully. "That was dreadful in you to strike me for such a thing!—a thing I did not mean, too! I don't care now if I *do* give you trouble."

And sobbing still, I went out again, making, I suppose, fresh tracks at every step. I neither knew nor cared. Away out to my favorite nook I went—to the mossy cleft in the rock above the river; and there, hugging up my little dog, who was lying there waiting for me, I cried till my tears relieved me. Then, in my sports with my dog, I forgot my trouble, and its author as well.

At noon, I went home again; and as we went into the door, Fido stopped at the threshold, looked at my stepmother and growled. It seemed as if he knew what she had done to me. She stopped short, as she was passing by, and eyed him threateningly. He uttered a low snarl, and then followed a succession of shrill barks; his eyes flashed furiously. Stooping, she seized the little creature, and dashed him across the garden. It was more than I could bear. In a passion of grief and rage, I raised my arm and struck her. At that moment my father appeared at the gate.

"Margaret! What does this mean?" he cried, sternly; and without waiting for a reply, he took me by the hand, led me up stairs, and shut me in my chamber. "Stay there till I call you, Margaret," he said, and went away without locking the door. He knew there was no need of it.

All that afternoon I passed in solitude and tears. Resentment and the desire of redress, together with a bitter sense of my stepmother's oppressive cruelty, filled me. If I could have told my father some of my troubles, it would have been a relief; but it was not permitted. My stepmother had the field to herself, and could make out the case as she pleased. She would be aided, too, by the evidence of my father's own sight. He had seen me strike her.

That the fault was imputed solely to my evil temper, I have no doubt, for my father went back to his work without coming near me, and until sunset I was alone. He returned then, and after eating his supper, came up stairs to bring me mine; he brought it in, set it down, and went away in silence. That was worse than all. He would not speak to me, nor hear me tell what I had done! No anger now, but sorrow, and loneliness, and dreariness of heart took the place of my former rebellious feelings. I left my supper untasted, and went weeping to bed. It was the first time I had ever slept without receiving his good night kiss.

The next day, my frame of mind was different. My father, who had evidently been prejudiced by his wife's statement, treated me with coldness, and made no advances towards an explanation, or reconciliation, and that made me less grieved than resentful now. I went away to my plays with Fido, as usual, but in an unhappy frame of mind. Fido was lame—my poor dog! I wanted to punish, some day, the wicked woman who had hurt him. I hated her.

From that time, my stepmother treated me generally as she pleased, and I would not tell my father. I was too proud. She knew it, and took advantage of it; she availed herself of every opportunity to thwart, harass and torment me. Sometimes I cried and was miserable; oftener, I was provoked into a fierce and ungovernable passion. The most successful way of provoking me was through the objects of my childish affection. I had a few books, the "Arabian Nights" among them, that I held dearer than gold. One day I found the cover of one lying by the hearth. The book, reduced almost to a cinder, lay amid the ashes. I knew who put it there, but I could not have proved the fact to another, and so I was forced to be silent.

Another time, my pretty white kitten had drank up some milk which my stepmother had left on the dresser to cool, after scalding. I was not sorry, for I knew that there was plenty more from our two cows, and looked upon the affair as very trifling. My own mother would not have said a word. But the next day I missed Tabby. I went crying for her all over the house and garden. In vain—she could not be found. The next day I discovered the poor creature, with a stone tied to her neck, in a shallow part of the river, dead. I had no mother, nor sister, nor brother. I had set my love on these things; they had been to me as human friends in my loneliness—and my kitten was dead! There was no redress, no proof, as usual. I could only weep bitterly, and wished that this wicked woman might be punished according to her deserts.

It was in the middle of the garden that I had some beautiful plants, which I had raised carefully, and prized dearly. My stepmother hated flowers; they were useless rubbish to her—they were in the way, too. On washing day, the wet clothes on the line were sure to be brought directly in a line across them, and rest on them, twisting and bending the stalks almost to breaking.

One morning, as I was making paper dolls in my chamber, after the usual time for going out to play, I saw her go through the garden, looking stealthily about. Out through the gate she went, and past the paling out of sight. Five minutes afterwards she re-appeared, driving one of the cows in. Straight towards my flower-bed she drove her; and before I could comprehend the scene, Brindle was munching my beautiful flowers, while my stepmother stood by looking at her, with folded arms, and uttering a low ha, ha!

For a moment I was powerless with astonishment and wrath. Then, flying down stairs, I ran out and attacked the woman with stormy reproaches, while I drove Brindle away. She seemed startled at seeing me; she had thought, I suppose, that I was away by the river as usual. But she rallied directly, and to my threats that I would tell my father, she uttered, defiantly, "You dare not!—or, if you should, he would not believe you!"

I turned away, too angry and indignant to trust myself to speak again. That night I poured forth the story to my father in bitter terms. I had resolved to tell him this, confident that he would believe what I had seen with my own eyes—and wrath had conquered pride now. He did not believe it! My stepmother refuted the story calmly, and with an injured air affected to lament my enmity towards her—a causeless enmity, she called it—and artfully forced my father to believe that I was making out a false tale, bringing in even my hot temper as proof in her favor, and making him attribute to it my exaggeration of the wrong. Of course, he saw that the cow had destroyed my flowers. It was laid to my leaving the gate open!

He took me aside, reproved me for cherishing such evil feelings, and especially against his wife. Chid me for my falsehood!—and promised, if I ever behaved so wrongly again, to send me away from home. What a leap my heart gave! Send me away from home! I loved my father, spite of his blind injustice; but though I should have sorrowed to leave him, I would have flown to the ends of the earth to escape *her*. I thought of this thing from that day. I knew that she would make me pay dearly for telling my father of her proceedings; and I was not mistaken.

One day, shortly after, coming in from out of doors, I found Fido greedily feeding from a plate of meat which set by the hearth, and my stepmother standing beside him watching him. She started as I entered, and went hastily about her work. That she should have given him this meat was a puzzle to me, for generally, she would hardly allow a morsel for him. I nearly always was obliged to give him part of my own dinner. I could not help being glad, even grateful to her. For Fido's sake, I forgot my enmity then. I thought she had repented, and was unwilling to let me see her kindness. I sat down by Fido while he ate; he seemed to enjoy the food. I did not wonder, it was so long since he had had so much. He did not even seem to mind the *salt* with which the meat was sprinkled.

About noon the dog was moping lazily around, with half shut eyes, and behaving in a strange way—dragging himself weakly along the ground one moment, and the next, frothing at the mouth, and uttering a low whine, while he tried to spring up. I was alarmed and distressed; I followed him about, with the tears streaming down my cheeks. My stepmother seemed unusually concerned and anxious about him. She tried to take him up in her lap; he snarled, and she put him down again. I brought him water; he drank eagerly, and licked my hand. When my father came home, he looked at Fido, and asked me what ailed him. I could not tell; I could only weep.

"I hope it isn't hydrophobia," said my stepmother. "Poor fellow! see how he froths at the mouth!"

She went in with my father, and I heard them talking together in low tones for some moments, and then he came out with a gun. He was very pale; there were even tears in his eyes. Fido had been my mother's pet.

"Margaret, my poor child," he said, gently, "I am afraid Fido is going mad. It is the season for mad dogs, and I cannot account in any other way for his strange appearance and actions. It is necessary, I think, to shoot him, and put him out of his misery."

In vain I wept and prayed. My father had an unspeakable dread of mad dogs, and he was convinced this was a case of hydrophobia. My stepmother made a motion with her hand; he fired.

That evening a traveller stopped at our house, on his way to ——ville. He was a physician. Seeing me crying by the hearth, he took me in his arms, and asked me the reason. I told him about my dog, and offered to show him the body, which my father had permitted me to keep till next morning for burial. I led him to the shed where it was. He examined it by lamplight for a moment; finally he stood up.

"I do not think your pet had the hydrophobia, my child," he said. "Do you know what he ate or drank last before he died?"

I told him of the water I had given him, and the meat he had eaten.

"Ah, water? Did he drink it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then it was *not* madness. What else did he have!—meat? Was there any of it left?"

I went and got a part which I had seen my stepmother throw away in a bucket kept for refuse scraps. He examined it closely. Then going with it in his hand to the kitchen, where my father and stepmother sat, he told them that my dog had been poisoned. He showed them upon the meat the specks of what I had taken for salt, but which he declared to be a deadly poison. My stepmother's face was white as a sheet.

"Poison!" cried my father, in angry astonishment. "Where did he get the meat? Did you give it to him, Margaret?"

I told him no, and related to him the morning's scene. He turned to his wife.

"You, then?" he said, with terrible calmness.

The physician's eyes were upon her; she looked from one to the other, with the pallor of guilt in her white face.

That night my father sat up till dawn, holding me in his arms, by the kitchen hearth. He would not trust me out of his sight. The next day he took me away. We travelled for many days, and finally leaving me with some relations in a distant city, he went back. I never saw my stepmother again. In a few months he rejoined me; she was dead. I never was parted from him again.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"YOU ARE FOOLISH TO WEEP."

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Call me not strong, or great, or wise!
Say not I'm proudly free;
Chide not the teardrops in mine eyes,
Frown not—they fall for thee.
Look! a captive, and fettered in chains,
Near thee I ever would be.
Than roam o'er the broadest of earth's domains,
And hear thee whisper, "Thou'rt free."

Bid me not check these unmanly tears,
Bid them not cease to flow;
My heart is a tissue of joys and fears—
Ever I'd have it so.
Look on the oak! it is strong and brave!
I would have thee proudly high;
Give me the ivy that round it waves—
Torn from it—'twould die.

I ask not the strength of the forest—
Its high, majestic brow:
Rather I'd be the fragile vine
That clings to the shady bough:
And wouldst thou mould this woman's heart
To a fearless, dauntless thing?
Go! bid the ivy support the oak—
The oak round the ivy cling!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ONE AT A TIME:

—OR,—

HOW A LADY SHOULD DIRECT HER LETTERS.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

Miss Norman—whose Christian name was Nancy—sat down to her little desk in the morning to write a couple of brief notes. One of them was to go to Mr. Bard, and the other to Mr. Bird. Her heart inwardly confessed to being in a prodigious flutter about it as she sat down to her little desk, and there is little reason to douht that she might have been more or less confused in consequence.

It being not such a very common thing for Miss Nancy to pen epistles of any nature to unmarried gentlemen, the reader will not be surprised to know that she laid her head down pretty flatly against her desk during the process, and run her tongue ont, first this side, and then that side, of her mouth, and in other ways betrayed the unusual state of feeling into which the event served to throw her. If such an expression might be esteemed perfectly proper, in a case like hers, we should say that she was rather *unmanned* at the thought of what she had set herself to do.

First she wrote her note to Mr. Bard. It was short, and remarkably gracious and confiding. Mr. Bard was in business, well-to-do in the world, and altogether a fine match for Miss Nancy. In fact, she had a strong fancy for Mr. Bard, and would unquestionably have taken him as a provider and protector on almost any reasonable conditions. He had for some time been calling in upon her as his leisure allowed him, and the acquaintance thus begun and carried forward had ripened into something like a very agreeable intimacy. Therefore, the tenor of Miss Nancy's note to him was, to invite him round to see her that evening, stating that she had several matters of an interesting character to discuss with him in her own genial way. She folded the note, thrust it into an envelope, and, after sealing the same, laid it aside in her desk to be superscribed at the proper time.

Next she began her communication to Mr. Bird. Now, Mr. Bird had been—that is, in days of which Miss Nancy at the present time affected to be rather oblivious—an old flame of hers. He was a different sort of man from Mr. Bard, considered in all respects. He was more coarse and gross; he kept a grocery store, whereas Mr. Bard had a counting-room business on his hands. He paid less attention to matters of taste, such especially as related to dress. He was not one half as careful of his hands, that they be kept clean and unsullied; he wore not such spotless linen, nor pretended to pay so large a bill to his washerwoman. And, to sum it up as well as we can, he was not worth the money that Mr. Bard was. What more, in the name of propriety, can be said?

Well, to get on as fast as we can after so long an explanation, Miss Nancy wrote to Mr. Bird, with whom she was in the habit of trading more or less, to the effect that she should like to have him send round to her, in the course of the day, some apples, some nice English walnuts, and some of the very freshest raisins, evidently implying the expectation of a little company, which, of course, was all very well. This note she likewise folded, placed in an envelope like the other, and sealed again as before. Then taking them both up, as if she were trying in her thoughts to decide which might be the heavier, she laid them down again on the desk side by side.

At that instant an idea occurred to her very vividly. Indeed, it is questionable if either man or woman ever had an idea *strike* them any more forcibly than this one knocked against the brain of Miss Nancy. It was in relation to some domestic transaction in the little kitchen—perhaps the fire was getting too hot for the cake she had just put in the oven, or the cat might be getting into the closet, or the pot might be in danger of boiling dry, or the fat might be burning in the skillet. No matter exactly *what* it was. Sufficient to know that she sprang from her chair as if robbers and loaded blunderbusses were at the door, and remained out for the space of perhaps from five to ten minutes. When she returned, her face was as red as it could be. Her hair had fallen a little way down from its fastenings behind, and she panted for breath' as if she had had a vigorous scuffle with the invaders, and come off rosy, breathless and triumphant.

"Let me see," said she, as she thought of her letters again, and took her chair at the desk, "I must direct these two notes, and get *them* off now." She took them both up. "I wonder which is which," said she, balancing one in either hand. "Ah, I know now! *This* one is Mr. Bard's; that is Mr. Bird's. This is the heaviest."

So she fell to, and in no time penned the superscription to both envelopes. She even indulged in a few flourishes over the name of Mr. Bard, giving a short rein to the playful fancy that she was but too apt to keep stabled up so close in her brain.

As soon as this was done, she called her waiting-maid, and delivered them into her hands, with a very minute charge, repeated very emphatically several times, to see that they reached their proper destinations without further delay or damage; which the girl promised just as many times as she charged her, gaining a little on the distance between her and the door at every repetition. The notes were carried round, and the girl came back to her work. Miss Nancy then had nothing to think of hut the prospect.

Before noon in came the nuts, and the raisins, and the ruddy-cheeked apples; the very fairest there were in the market, and enough to make Miss Nancy—or any other lady, for that matter—blush as hard as she could blush, for pure jealousy. Even while she looked the things over, her maiden heart beat with many a tender measure at the thoughts of the kind and obliging Mr. Bird, whom she was sure would make a woman a *good* husband, even if he might not be so much given to the vanity of outside appearances. And, to tell the truth, Miss Naney had not yet seriously made up her mind to give Mr. Bird the "go-by," as it is sometimes called. She was simply delaying her decision, in order the better to acquaint herself with the real intentions of Mr. Bard. If *he* would hut positively commit himself, then poor Bird might walk quietly out the back door; but if she was sure that he meant nothing by his attentions, then she would certainly lose no time in apprising Mr. Bird of her readiness to enter upon business with *him*. There *is* such a thing as trying to sit on two stools at the same time, and so finding your way to the floor. But probably Miss Nancy never heard of that trick, and therefore may he regarded with more leniency for her persevering efforts to make herself familiar with its mysteries.

Evening came along without much delicate regard for the state of Miss Nancy's feelings, either one way or another. It found her anxious, in a flutter, with rosy cheeks, and watching. The door-bell rang, and the girl waited on the caller into the sitting-room where her mistress was. The latter rose to her feet, waiting to be accosted.

But it was nobody but Mr. Bird. He looked better dressed, she thougbt, than she had ever before seen him. Still, it was rather embarrassing that he should take *this* occasion to make a call, when she was expecting some one else; and some one, too, who had no sort of regard for such a man as Mr. Bird—and never wished to have—and never could have! But what could she do? Surely, she was not at liberty to turn him out of doors! Neither could she properly say to him, that she was expecting in Mr. Bard very soon; for in that case, she would not fail to let him know that she rather had a preference for some one else, and therefore must have given him a very serious affront indeed. There was nothing left but to make the best of the matter, and appear just as agreeable and glad to see him, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt her arrangements.

Mr. Bird spoke of the weather, and thought it was going to rain. He alluded to Miss Nancy's health, and declared he had rarely seen her look so "stout and hearty." He spoke of business, and said it was rather dull; of himself, and said that he very often got tired before night. And then he came to an awful pause, during which Miss Nancy felt very sure she could hear her heart bumping and bouncing against her boddice. If Mr. Bard should happen to come in now, as she was expecting him every minute! What would he say to find Mr. Bird there? What would he think of *her*, to find that she entertained such company? What would he be apt to say inwardly to himself? Wouldn't he forthwith seize his hat, and stalk out of doors?—and would he ever think of crossing her threshold again? O, dear, dear! She even now began to feel herself slowly slipping between the parting stools.

In the midst of such a tumult of emotions, the door-bell rings again, and the girl this time shows in Mr. Bard, sure enough! So unfortunate! Why *couldn't* he have waited just a short time, and so stood a better chance of finding her alone?

"Good evening, Miss Norman," he saluted, and turned round with great deliberation to find a seat.

Miss Nancy fancied he had not seen Mr. Bird, who certainly was in the room as much as he was himself; so she remarked:

"This is *Mr. Bird*, Mr. Bard!"

Mr. Bard turned only partially round, and said, "Ahem!" To which, Mr. Bird made no other sign than that of a stiff and rather awkward bow.

The atmosphere of the room was Arctic almost in an instant. Miss Nancy felt the chills, and her teeth rattled together shiveringly; the flesh all up and down her back became "creeping" and "gooscy." If she had had a thermometer hanging against the wall, she felt certain that it would have dropped down to freezing before she could go over to its relief. So cold was Mr. Bard; so distant was Mr. Bird. Each eyeing the other askance and sharply. Each jealous of the other beyond what either would care to confess. Mr. Bard feeling sure that he was looking down on his rival; and Mr. Bird trying with all his might to feel haughty, and patronizing, and indifferent. The picture was a real study. A thousand pities that only this poor stub of a pen is allowed to place it before the eye of the reader!

Mr. Bard was watching to see if his rival had any idea of going. If he hadn't, he rather thought he should go himself. Mr. Bird was waiting, on his part, to see if the other calculated to make an evening of it; and whether he did or not, *he* never meant to budge the veriest fraction of an inch. And sitting between two such thoroughly uninviting icebergs, Miss Nancy shivered and shook, as if she would have shaken her teeth all out of her head. Conversatiou rubbed hard, halted, limped, started on, but wonldn't go; grew dull and monosyllabic, and at last gave np the effort in utter despair. The two gentlemen felt fully as uncomfortable as they looked; and Miss Nancy certainly suffered more than either.

Finally Mr. Bard made signs of going. He looked as if he thought it was hardly worth his while. Miss Nancy studied his countenance anxiously, hoping from her heart he had taken no desperate resolution—such, for example, as to quit the house forever. And still she was obliged to be as careful as she could, too, lest she might give secret offence to the attentive Mr. Bird, who perseveringly kept his seat. Mr. Bard got up, and said he thought he must be going; he had only dropped in to ask after Miss Norman's health, and was very glad indeed to find her so well. He accordingly took his leave, Miss Naney following him with a hesitating step out the door. They were alone for a minute or two in the entry. Mr. Bird was meantime left alone in the sitting-room.

"You got my note safely, Mr. Bard?" said Miss Nancy, in a low voiee not much above a whisper. She spoke of it, the better to hint that she expected him to stay longer.

"O, yes," said he, "and you got the apples and things?"

Miss Nancy looked very blank; she turned suddenly very pale.

"Why, what do you mean?" said she. "I don't understand you!"

"O, well, if you got the things, what more is there to be understood? I only dropped in to see if everything was all right. Good night!" And he was gone, with a slam that echoed all the way through the upper hall and chambers.

Miss Nancy faltered for a moment; then, recollecting that she had left Mr. Bird in the other room alone, she hastened back to relieve him of his loneliness. But in the single moment of her passage back again, the most mortifying and reproachful suspicions flashed over her. She sat down with Mr. Bird again, and tried to feel as if nothing had happened.

There must have been some secret reason for it, for very soon that individual began making Miss Nancy a confidant to an extent that he had never thought of before. He fairly unbosomed himself, and told her a long story about his affection. He had reason to fear that his rival might spirit Miss Naucy away from him; therefore he meant to be sure of his prize at onee, and so asked her if she had any serious objections to becoming Mrs. Bird! It was a close question. She would rather not have answered it; at least, not until she had heard once more from Mr. Bard.

But then, again, she had good reason to think that *he* would never come there as a suitor any more, for three reasons—because he had found such a vulgar fellow as *Bird* there; because he knew now that Bird was in the *habit* of going there; and that she would be very likely to marry *him*, if he did not offer to her himself; and because, again, he had learned from the note he received, that she was in the habit of occasionally writing such communications to the fellow! Were not these reasons enough?

So, in the conflict of her fears and doubts, grateful to Bird for having staid by her to the last, and feeling certain that Bard would never darken her doors again, she promised Mr. Bird that she would cut the matter short by becoming his wife, and fell very appropriately into his arms!

Mr. Bard slept upon it, and felt better. By the next morning, he thought it all a very good joke. He knew that he had received a note that ought to have gone to Mr. Bird, and *vice versa*. He therefore hurried round to Miss Nancy's to laugh at her about it. She was at home, and rosy as usual, but rather sad, especially when he came in. He told her how he thought she had mismanaged the matter of the letters, and tried to laugh it off. So gay was he, he began at length to make love to her. He went on from one step to another, till he offered her his hand! O, moment long desired—but too late!—too late! She had to tell the truth, and she told the *whole* of it! She had given herself away to his rival, only the fatal evening before! Mr. Bard left her—he could do nothing else!

Poor Miss Nancy! She had, in her confusion, directed Bard's letter to Bird, and Bird's letter to Bard! But there was no help now! Hereafter, all her letters would be superscribed but *one at a time!*

TYRIAN PURPLE.

According to a French paper, this celebrated color, so highly esteemed by the ancients, but which has been lost to the world since the time of the Romans, has been re-discovered by M. Depouilly, chemist to an eminent dyeing establishment at Paris. The source from whence it is obtained is guano. Experiments made lately at the Great Exhibition, in the presence of the prince president and the eminent chemists, Chevreul and Dumas, were completely successful, and they will shortly be repeated before the emperor. This discovery has caused the greatest excitement in the tinctorial world. Dr. Wild discovered, some years ago, the excavated pits or basins on the shore at Tyre, in which a certain kind of shell, like a large whilk, was pounded preparatory to extracting the dye from the exuded fleshy pulp. Some of the basins were half full of the broken shells, just as they had been left by the ancient inhabitants of Tyre.—*North British Mail.*

The Stars.—What is there beyond the stars? Other stars, brighter and lovelier, in a scale of ascending magnificence—worlds beyond worlds—all glorious, and all God's. It was the conclusion of the elder Herschell, that the depth of the Milky Way, in some places, admitted of 500 stars being ranged in a line, one behind the other, and "each separated from the other by a distance equal to that which divides our sun from the nearest fixed star."

DON MANUEL MONTT, PRESIDENT OF CHILI.

Don Manuel Montt, the president of Chili, whose portrait we present herewith, is about forty-five years of age, and was born in the town of Petorca, of humble parentage. He early gave proof of talent and energy, and a purity of character which acquired for him popularity wherever he was known. He was educated at the university of Santiago de Chili, of which he afterwards became rector. He at once set about improving the character of the insti-

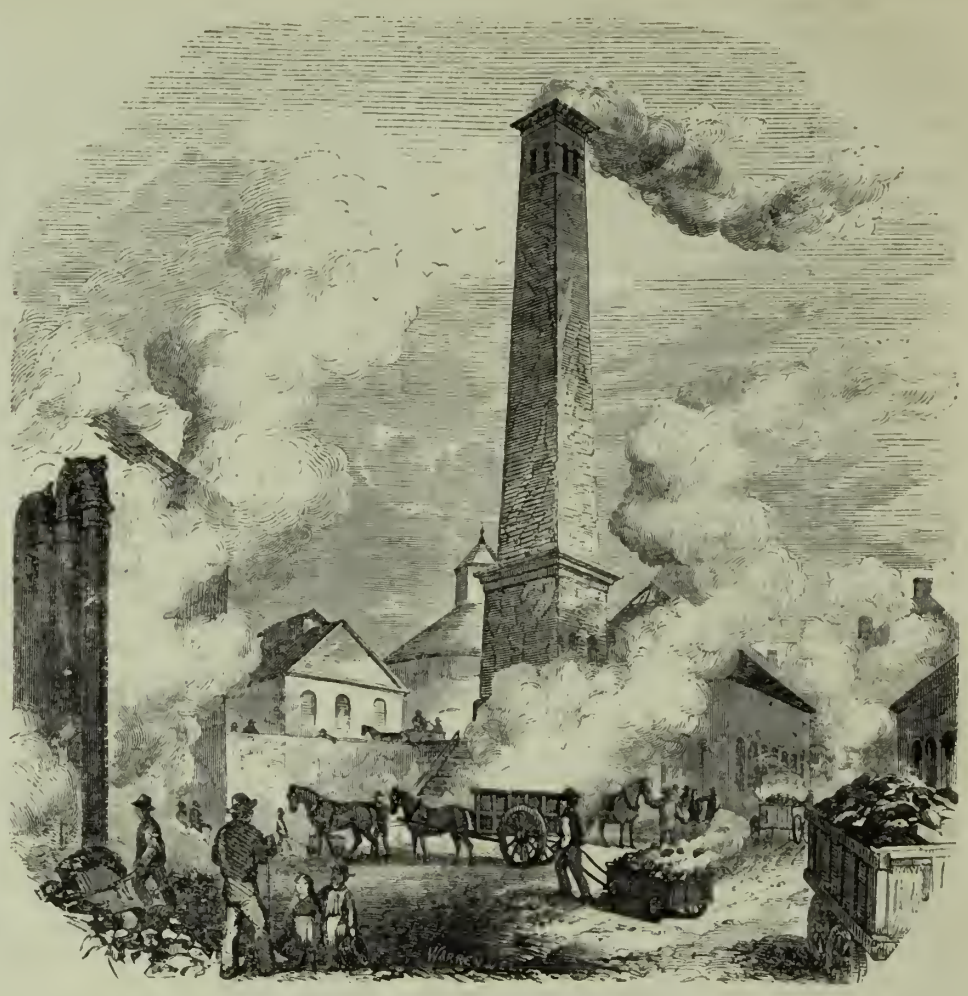


DON MANUEL MONTT, PRESIDENT OF CHILI.

tution, and soon became conspicuous as the zealous advocate of a general system of popular education, as the surest means of elevating the character of the Chilian people. The public confidence in Senor Montt led to his being offered political employment; and his conduct as Minister of the Interior increased his previous popularity and the respect felt for his character and talents. His countrymen finally conferred on him the presidency of the republic. He has justified their preference by his patriotic conduct; he has labored successfully to efface the traces of civil strife, to develop the resources of the country, to systematize its finances, to educate and elevate the people, and to give respectability and stability to the government. Under his sway, Chili, tranquil and industrious, with an augmenting population, and extending commerce, and an overflowing exchequer, moves onward in its course of progressive prosperity. Chili, of all the independent States which sprung up in South America from the ruins of Spanish dominion, unquestionably occupies the foremost place. Under the animating influence of native rule and of a liberal constitution, this young republic has successfully consolidated its institutions; and, by its commercial transactions with England, France, the United States, and other emporiums in both hemispheres, has gradually extended the trade and developed the internal resources of the country. The various improvements with which modern science has enriched the channels of social and commercial intercourse, railroads and electric telegraphs, have been introduced at Chili. Energetic Europeans and live Yankees have added their co-operation to the energies of the native population, and the condition of the republic is truly encouraging. The form of government resembles our own; there is a senate and chamber of deputies, both elective. The only drawback to the political institutions of Chili is religious intolerance—the Roman Catholic form of worship being the only one permitted. It is hoped that in time a more liberal policy will be introduced, and the rights of conscience will be finally acknowledged and respected.

T. F. MEAGHER.

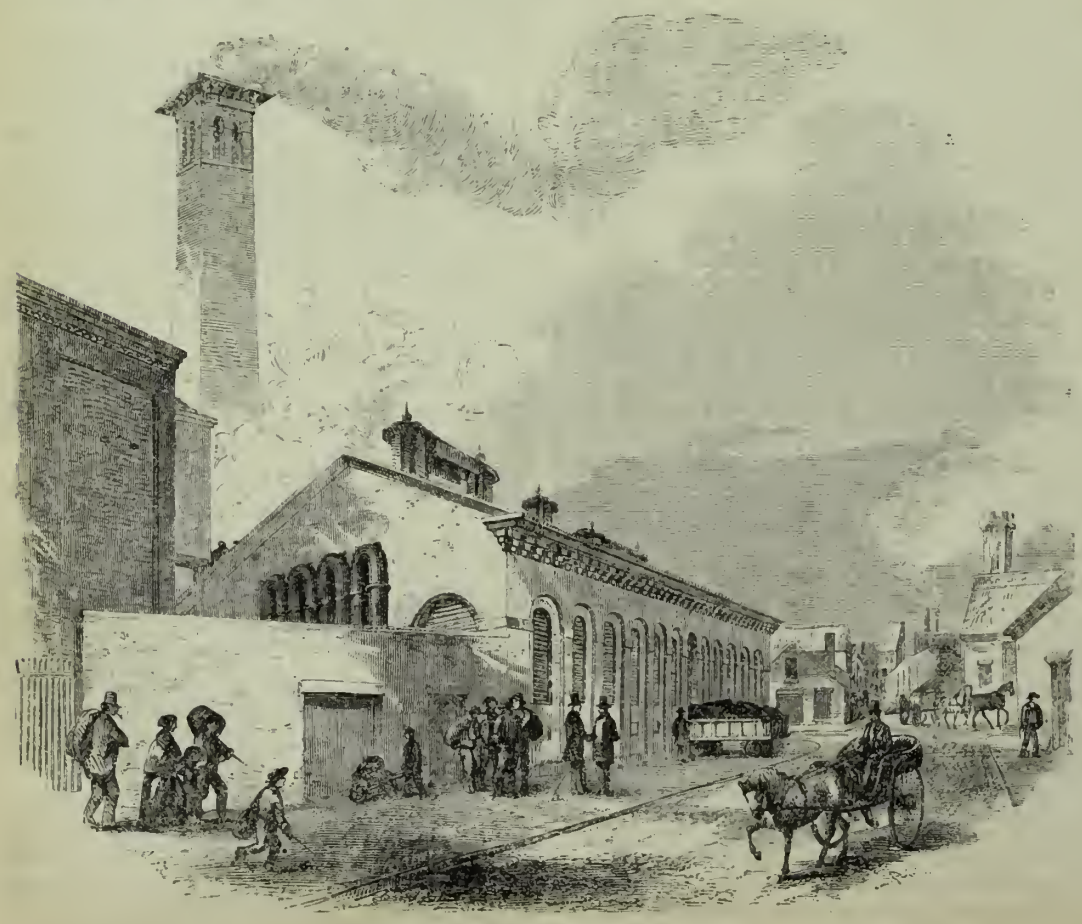
Thomas Francis Meagher, whose portrait we present on this page, has a countenance of manly beauty and a fine figure. He is endowed with great talent, is a ripe scholar, and an orator of rare power. He was born in Waterford, August 3, 1823. His father was a wealthy merchant, and, previous to his election to the British parliament, filled for two years the office of mayor of Waterford. The subject of our sketch was educated partly at the Jesuit College of Clongawes Wood, in the county of Kildare, and partly at Stonyhurst, near Preston, England. He made his first appearance in public, in 1843, at a great national meeting held at Kilkenny, under the auspices of Daniel O'Connell. From that day his whole soul was devoted to the liberation of Ireland. He took part in the revolutionary movements of 1848, and a price was set upon his head. He was arrested, brought to trial at Clonmel, and sentenced to death. On this occasion, he made a splendid speech, which is worthy to be ranked with that of Robert Emmett, on a similar occasion. The death sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life, and in the summer of 1849, he was transported to Van Diemen's Land, whence he escaped in January, 1852, arriving in this country in September of the same year. His conduct since his arrival has been characterized by good taste and true manliness; he positively declined public receptions and ovations, and commenced the study of law with a resolute spirit. His lectures, delivered in various cities, have all been triumphs—brilliant, picturesque and impressive—attracting and enchaining immense audiences. Mr. Meagher is well worth listening to, not only for the intrinsic merit of his discourses, and the beauty of his rhetoric and elocution, but for the purpose of enabling his hearers to form a correct idea of the brilliancy of Irish oratory generally, of which his lectures are a fair representation; and in listening to the subject of our sketch, we are enabled to understand its secret and its power.



INTERIOR VIEW OF BOSTON GAS WORKS.

BOSTON GAS WORKS.

On this page we present our readers with two fine views of the works of the Boston Gaslight Company, at the North End, drawn for us by that favorite artist, Mr. Warren. One of these represents the exterior of the establishment, with its entrance, its towering chimneys, and other structures; and the other, the interior, with a view of the great gasometer. There are two capacious gasometers here, and there are also two in other parts of the city—one at the South End, on Washington Street, and one on Commercial Street. The charter of the company allows it to extend its operations outside of the city, but at present it supplies only the city proper. The works delineated occupy a large space of ground, bounded on two sides by Hull Street and Commercial Street. Besides the entrance on the former street, there is one from Snowhill Street. The officers of the company are as follows:—Samuel A. Eliot, president; Samuel A. Eliot, Charles P. Curtis, Geo. W. Lyman, Geo. H. Kuhn, Wm. W. Tucker, directors; Wm. W. Greenough, treasurer and agent; C. C. Smith, clerk. All who remember the benighted condition of our streets before the introduction of gas, are in a condition to appreciate fully the blessings of this product of modern science, and of the combination of capital and enterprise. A Boston theatre, a Boston ball-room, and a Boston store,



EXTERIOR VIEW OF BOSTON GAS WORKS.



THOMAS F. MEAGHER.

by night are totally different from what they were in the days o oil lamps and streaming tallow candles, or even spermaceti and wax, which could only be commanded by the wealthy. Gas is now not only the most brilliant, but the most economical light that can be obtained. The first notions respecting the employment of gas for the purposes of domestic illumination were thrown out by a German, Lampadius, in 1801.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Kendall writes to the Picayune from Paris that a photographer of that city has discovered a method of taking a photographic likeness of life size on canvass prepared for oil painting—so that an artist need only require of his model a sitting of a minute or two, and then complete the picture at his leisure. Some of our portrait painters, who work by the job, employ daguerreotype likenesses, the image of which is afterwards reflected on the canvass magnified to the required size, and the outline traced. The daguerreotype and photograph afford important aids to art, but can never produce a substitute. Compare a portrait by Stuart and the finest daguerreotype extant, and the difference between mechanism and art is instantly perceived.

AN ENORMOUS APPETITE.

During the late carnival at Paris, at the grand opera, a mask in a yellow domino made his appearance at the refreshment stand and called for a tongue and bottle of champagne, which he despatched with incredible celerity. Ten minutes afterwards the yellow domino re-appeared with a renewed appetite, and repeated the same performance; but the astonishment was at its height when nine calls had been made, and nine tongues and bottles had been demolished by the sharkish domino. The riddle was finally explained. The file of soldiers on guard were the joint possessors of the mask and yellow domino, and relieved each other by turns in getting their rations.

OUR ILLUSTRATED PAPER.—Persons desiring the past volumes bound, have only to hand them in to our office, where we will put them into a beautiful shape, with gilt back, gold edges and illumined sides, for a charge of *one dollar* each. We can supply any back numbers that may be missing or soiled. Take our advice, and preserve this illuminated record of the times.

NEW YORK AND SEBASTOPOL.—We see it stated that the mayor of New York says that "New York has already in position more guns of heavy calibre than Sebastopol had at the attack of the allied armies, or than Cronstadt has at this time." If so, New York is much better off than we had any idea of. But is it so?

A FINE STORY.—We have just commenced in *"The Flag of our Union,"* a fine story by that favorite writer, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., written expressly for us, and entitled "THE WOOD-WITCH, or, THE DOUBLE PLOT," a story of the Bay Province. We can still send the Flag complete from the first of January.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—We can still supply copies from the commencement of the year, making the work complete. Six hundred and forty subscribers added to our list during the past week!

SPLINTERS.

.... A baker advertises Hiawatha gingerbread. We suppose the next thaw will be named *higher water*.

.... Ward's Cleopatra barge has cleared nearly $3000 by its trips during the past winter.

.... Season-ticket holders on our railroads have not ceased to grumble at the advanced fare. They say it is not *fair*.

.... The war with England has only been fought on paper thus far—much the best way of carrying on war.

.... There are rumors of serious disagreements between England and France. Oil and vinegar will not unite.

.... A lady of Boston has written a play, called the "Rival Prima Donnas." The title is a taking one.

.... The Bunker Hill Aurora notices that the flour leagues are said to have generally failed. Sorry for it.

.... The plan of throwing lines to stranded vessels by howitzer shells has been practically tested on our coast.

.... The Palmer Journal says that our milliners' shops keep liquor for sale. We deny the charge.

.... The New York Supreme Court has decided that negro minstrelsy is illegal. Is whistling lawful?

.... An attempt was made lately to assassinate Dennis Corcoran, one of the editors of the New Orleans Delta.

.... The thaw and breaking up of the ice has caused serious damage in various parts of the country.

.... Mr. Shillaber has delivered his poem on the press with great acceptance in several towns in this vicinity.

.... The Boston Evening Transcript is one of the pleasantest of our exchanges. Mr. Haskell is a capital editor.

.... The caverns of East Tennessee contain an inexhaustible supply of nitrous earth, from which "villanous saltpetre" is made.

.... French and Russian officers are on good terms. "It's astonishing how much I like a man after I've fought with him."

.... A new police system is talked of for New Orleans—a thoroughly complete and well organized one.

.... The season for the total ruin of the peach trees has arrived. They are always ruined—and we always have peaches.

.... The Russian trade with Boston has been almost annihilated by the war. It used to be over half a million.

.... Chips from ship-yards are said to make excellent filling for boarding-house pillows in lieu of feathers.

.... A lady in Philadelphia and a gentleman of California were lately engaged on the strength of mutual daguerreotypes.

BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA—STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC.

On pages 168 and 169 of this number will be found two splendid designs, drawn expressly for us by Billings, representing two of the greatest achievements of the Mexican war. The first depicts "Buena Vista's bloody day," and tells, like every true work of art, its own story. The rugged features of the landscape are faithfully depicted. On the left is a capital likeness of old "Rough and Ready." Each individual figure in this spirited battle-piece is worthy of the study, while the general effect is truly admirable. The spirited action of the American troops with the threatening numbers of the Mexicans are well characterized. The bloody battle of Buena Vista, between the American troops, numbering about 4500 volunteers and 500 regulars, commanded by General Zachary Taylor, Gen. John E. Wool being second in command, and an army of 20,000 Mexicans, picked troops, including a splendid cavalry force, under General Santa Anna, was commenced on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, 1847. Nature had rendered the battle-ground an imposing scene. On the right of the American position were numerous deep and almost impassable ravines, on the left the tremendous summits of the Sierra Madre rose 2000 feet into the air. To the Mexican general's summons to lay down his arms, the American commander had replied, "General Taylor never surrenders;" and when afterwards, he in the midst of the carnage was urged to retire, he replied, "My wounded are behind me and I will never pass them alive." A movement on the part of the Mexicans to outflank the Americans was frustrated by the gallantry of the Kentucky and Arkansas troops, and the firing continued till after dark, when the whole mountain side was at times illuminated by the blaze of musketry. The Americans that night lay on their arms. The next day the combat was renewed with fury. Owing to the broken character of the ground, the battle was a succession of detached combats, in which prodigies of valor were performed by the handful of Americans. The American rifles and light artillery played a conspicuous part on that day. Bragg's battery performed essential service. The Mississippians and Indianians cut up the flower of SantaAnna's cavalry at a time when it threatened annihilation to the American force. In one place the Illinois and Kentucky regiments came in contact with 12,000 of the enemy and suffered severely; Colonels Hardin and McKee, and Lieut. Col. Clay, the son of "Harry of the West," fell at this time. The Mexicans lost 2000 men in this action; the Americans about 267 killed, and 456 wounded. They fully anticipated a renewal of the battle on the 24th, but the night previously Santa Anna retreated with the shattered remains of his army. On the retreat to San Luis he is said to have lost by sickness and desertion fully 10,000 men.

The other picture is equally meritorious. The massive walls of Chapultepec, the difficult ascent, the fighting costume and spirited action of our men, the striking figures of the dying and the wounded, combine to form a scene of thrilling interest, worthy of the closest examination. The strong fortress of Chapultepec, built on a rocky elevation 150 feet in height, and enclosing a military college, accessible only on the west and south-western sides, and defended by about 6000 men, under General Bravo, a distinguished Mexican officer, was stormed by the Americans on the morning of the 13th of September, 1847, after having been severely cannonaded on the previous day. Gen. Pillow's division ascended on the left, toiling over rocks and mines, and through chasms and ravines, exposed to a murderous fire of cannon and musketry. General Pillow was wounded at the head of his command, and the gallant Colonel Ransom, one of New England's best and bravest men, was killed while leading the 9th to the assault. The command devolved on Major Seymour, now minister to St. Petersburg, who scaled the parapet, and cut the halliards of the Mexican flag with his own hands. Thus fell the last obstacle to the conquest of the city of Mexico, which was entered in triumph by Scott and his troops on the following day. The storm of Chapultepec was one of the most brilliant exploits of the war.

HERAT.—The occupation by the Persians of the free city of Herat, situated between Persia and Affghanistan, and successively held by each of these empires, has caused a sensation at London similar to that produced last year by the renewed occupation of Khiva by the Russians. These two facts seem a portion of the same plan, Russian influence having completely overridden English influence at the court of Teheran.

BOSTON FROM THE STATE HOUSE CUPOLA.—Our next number will contain an elaborate view of our city, drawn for us by Mr. Hill, showing every noted building and every principal street, just as they appear from the cupola of the State House, the favorite point of view selected by residents and visitors. It will occupy two whole pages, and is a costly and elaborate work.

THE MAYOR OF BOSTON.—One of the toasts at the late Burns festival in this city read as follows:—"Our own fair city—the same principles which made its harbor a teapot, have converted its soil into *Rice* fields." Our distant friends, perhaps, need to be reminded that the name of our chief magistrate is Rice.

POOR BIRDS.—The Richmond Enquirer says that in a railroad section of nine miles, below Charlottesville, five hundred partridges and other birds have perished. The cold weather made even partridges quail.

BIBLE-LIKE CHARITY.—A thousand dollar bill has recently been sent in for the New York "St. Luke's Home for Aged and Indigent Christian Females,"—donor unknown.

CULTIVATE IT.—Good nature is a glow worm that sheds light even in the darkest place.

THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

Until our gallant officers and soldiers came back from the Mexican war, a man with a heavy mustache and beard could hardly walk the streets of Boston, without creating a dangerous excitement in our quiet city, and now it is rather rare to see a closely shaven face. Even many of the John Bulls brought by the Cunard steamers, now wear these hirsute appendages, against which they once so resolutely set their faces and their razors. Now, this general rejection of the razor is not a mere caprice of fashion—it would have died out long ago had it been so—but is persisted in from sound principle. The hair upon the face protects the delicate system of facial nerves, holds in suspension a quantity of warm air, and "tempers the wind to the *un*-shorn," so that it enters in the lungs without shocking their delicate textnre. The wearing of a full beard is an almost sure preventive against throat diseases. Think of the waste of time in shaving; a man who shaves daily for fifty years, expends in the operation 380 days of 12 hours each. Life is not so long that we can afford to give such a percentage of it to the razor. Length of life and length of beard go together—witness the old Bible patriarchs, who never dreamed of submitting their chins to the operation of the tonsor. Still, if people must shave, let them be consistent. If beards and [mustaches were given man solely to be reaped by steel, then let us, by all means, shave our eyebrows, our eyelashes, and our heads. It is invidious to select one portion of the face for denudation. For our own part, we fancy the time will arrive when a case of razors will be regarded as the relics of a barber-ous age, and portraits with shaved chins excite as much merriment as the bald heads of the Chinese.

AN AWFUL DEATH.—On New Year's day, a young man of New York, in a fit of temporary insanity, caused by intoxication, rushed, in his night-clothes, upon the roof of a house in Cherry Street, and sprang down a chimney, where he was found, weeks afterwards, a frozen corpse. "There was a sound of revelry by night" in the imperial city—laughing crowds passed on their way through the street, joy-bells were ringing, music and dancing were going forward, and none knew how that New Year's reveller had passed away.

THE MARKETS.—In Philadelphia, they talk of selling the public markets, on the ground that they are a public loss when conducted by the authorities. In this city, the subject has been mooted. In England, the plan of allowing market-houses to be erected by stock companies, under certain restrictions, is found to work admirably.

MILTON AND NAPOLEON.—Napoleon is said to have borrowed the plan of the battle of Austerlitz from the sixth book of "Paradise Lost," which describes Satan's tactics in attacking the angelic host of Michael.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. William B. Jones to Miss Isabella Smith; by Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mr. Thomas Stephens, of Belleville, N. J., to Mrs. Mary Sawyer; by Rev. Mr. Himes, Mr. John Emorson to Miss Olive Almedia Garlick; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Joseph Clagg to Miss Mary Anne Shannon; by Rev. Mr. Baury, Mr. James Lavender to Miss Nancy T. Fowler, of Newton Lower Falls.—At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Pike. Lucius Parker Starr, Esq., of New York, to Miss Harriet Wood Glover.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. George F. Cleverly to Miss Caroline F. Burrell.—At Salem. by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Benjamin C. Foss, of Plainfield, Illinois, to Miss Mary Jane Roys.—At Walpole, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Charlestown, Mr. Joseph L. Ellis, of Newton, to Miss Lucy Morey Mills.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Cravens, Mr. Silas D. Bailey, of Charlestown, to Miss L. Augusta Furbish.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Mellen, Mr. Nathaniel Ellery to Mrs. Lavinia Fuller.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Bruce, Mr. Daniel Mason to Miss Hannah B. Wilmarth.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. William K. Taber to Miss Elizabeth Westervelt; Mr. William H. Nichols to Miss Mary R. Westervelt.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Howson, Mr. Alexander J. Dennis to Miss Sarah A. Bradeen.—At Bridgeport, Conn., by Rev. Mr. Jennings, Dr. Clement A. Walker, of Boston, to Miss Georgiana Nichols.

DEATHS.

In this city, John Belknap, Esq., 80; Miss Abigail Dalton, 30; Mr. William Davis, 84; Capt. Ellison Lassell, 75; Horatio G. Ware, Esq., 79; Mr. Albert G. Barker, 50; Mr. Alexander Clark, 65; Edmund Swett, Esq., formerly of Newburyport; Mr. A. H. Morse, 27; Mr. Robert Durivage, 25.—At Charlestown, Mr. Robert Searle, 59.—At Roxbury, Mr. Alexander Gassett, 83.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Mary Ann Munroe, 40.—At Cambridge, Edward Tyrrell Channing, LL. D., late Boylston Professor in Harvard University, 65.—At Somerville, Mrs. Sarah Cook, 67.—At Newton Lower Falls, Mr. Francis Hoogs, 77.—At Malden, Mr. Joseph C. Pierce, 40.—At Milton, Mrs. Margaret Forbes, 83.—At Hull, Miss Mary Cushing, 40.—At Beverly, Mr. Charles S. Giddings, 28.—At Newburyport, Mr. Thomas Stanwood, 93; Mrs. Jane Cogger, 39.—At Groveland, Miss Mary A. Spofford, 31.—At Haverhill, Mr. David Stevens, 67.—At Plymouth, Mr. Timothy Barry, 58.—At Fitchburg, Mr. Reuben Hosmer, 84.—At Berlin, Lewis Sawyer, 42.—At Springfield, Mr. Ruggles Smith, 50.—At Lincoln, Widow Julia Wheeler, 69.—At Groton, Mrs. Martha Lewis, 70.—At Lunenburg, Mr. Silas Snow, 91.—At Fairhaven, Mr. Levin Stott, 77.—At New Bedford, Hon. Benjamin Coombs, 74.—At Templeton, Mr. Nathan Bullen, of Boston, 57.—At Augusta, Me., Rev. Barnabas Hedge, 75.—At Putney, Vt., Hon. Theophilus Crawford, 91.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

INVOCATION TO MEMORY.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

Come back, come back, O tide of song!
In tuneful wavelets roll;
Unfetter thou my silent tongue,
And loose my prisoned soul.
Come, dancing youth, with flashing eye,
Heart bounding high and wild;
In dreams I own thy presence nigh—
Again a fairy child.

Come back, come back, O dreamy thoughts!
I bow unto your 'hest;
What though, with painful memories fraught,
Ye bring me wild unrest!
Have I not dreamed of love and fame—
Life spent in classic bowers?
But waking, find it still the same;
Time steals the fairest flowers.

Come back, come back, O visions fled!
Fond dreams of memory, come!
What, are ye pinioned to the dead?
Is earth no more your home?
O earth! though blasted, scarred, and seared,
Like many a human heart—
We cling to thee, as though endeared
The wound that makes us smart.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SERGEANT'S STRATAGEM.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

"O, John, dear,"—and the wife of John Edgeworth ran into the little parlor, where he was seated thoughtfully before the fire, one December night, "one of the soldiers that have just come into town, has been billeted upon us."

"Send Nancy out to the Prince's Arms, and engage a bed for him, Mary," he quietly said. "We can't have him here, and Mattie, poor child, going to be married to-night."

"O, bless your heart, John, this isn't a common soldier. He's a sergeant, and one would think, from the way he strutted in, that he was a colonel. When I proposed to get a bed for him outside, he bridled up, and says, with as much authority as if he was talking to a landlady, 'If you can't accommodate me with a bed, I can pass the night on the rug before your parlor fire. A soldier, you know, can sleep soundly, however hard his bed. So here I'll stay,' says he."

"And here I'll stay," echoed a laughing voice; and the speaker, a tall, manly fellow, attired in the dress of a British sergeant, strode into the room. "The fact is, sir," he continued, addressing John Edgeworth, "I am inclined to think, either your good lady must be a most unloyal subject of his gracious majesty, King William, in denying a welcome to one of the pillars of his throne, or that to-night, at least, she is unwilling to lay an offering at the feet of that beautiful household-god, hospitality."

Here one of the pillars of King William's throne dropped majestically into a chair, complacently stroking, as he did so, a beard and mustache dark and luxuriant as your own, stern reader.

"My good man," John Edgeworth replied, "my wife and myself have always regarded and fulfilled, as a pleasing duty, the entertainment of a soldier billeted upon us; but to-night, the presence of any one beyond our small family circle must prove embarrassing in the extreme. My daughter is to be married to-night, and—"

"O, do not imagine, for a moment, my good sir," interrupted the sergeant, "that I shall find my situation embarrassing. I assure you, I am always very well at my ease. And a wedding! Of all things, excepting of course the delicate amusement of a battle-field, a wedding delights a soldier."

"We must endure his society, Mary," John Edgeworth said, in a low tone to his wife. "Do not let it annoy you, my dear; for Mattie's sake, be cheerful. Is Amy with her?"

"She is," answered his wife, sighing deeply as she spoke. "God bless Amy Bradley."

"God bless her," John Edgeworth said.

"God bless her," echoed the sergeant, and continued, rapidly, "Yes, God bless all as good as she is. Is she your daughter, ma'am?"

"She is not," John Edgeworth sternly said. "And remember, my man, though we are compelled to give you shelter for the night, any further impertinence on your part will be reported to your officer."

"Pardon my impertinence, then," replied the sergeant; and his softened tone arrested the steps of the couple, as they were leaving the room, "and hear me for a moment. Perhaps you both have a little corner in your memories occupied by the dear old room in your childhood's home, where you used to sit during the long, wild winter nights before a fire, blazing away as merrily as that one over there is blazing now, and watch the flames as they burst forth from their prison and shed a faint splendor through the gloom—I think you have. Almost every one has. I know that I have; and to night, when I was passing the window here, and saw the light of that pleasant fire streaming through the chinks in the shutters, the shadow of many sorrowful years was lifted from my heart. I was again a happy little lad, sitting at my dear mother's feet, my head upon her knee, and tracing with wondering eyes the quaint pictures of the flames. 'Well for you, poor fellow,' thinks I, 'to keep this memory fresh to-night.' And so I entered here. I have been rude, but pardon the roughness of a soldier."

Mrs. Edgeworth burst into tears.

"Bid the poor fellow stay, John," she sobbed.

And John Edgeworth with a faltering voice welcomed the sergeant, for both husband and wife saw again, in that same room, a little boy kneeling before the fire, searching with earnest eyes the secrets of its bright mysteries.

When he was left alone, the sergeant drew his chair over to the window and sat down there. He had scarcely done so, when the door was opened, and a young girl entered the room. She did not notice his presence there, for she went over to the fire, and remained standing before it. Her face was partly turned towards him, and the sergeant gazed upon it with deepening interest. It told its own story, that sweet face—plainer than many words it told that, lovely as it was, sorrowful tears had marred its gentle beauty; and though now a smile brightened over it, that smile was the shadow of some pleasant memory, and not the light of a present joy. A domestic came in, and started when she saw the young girl.

"I thought you were up stairs, Miss Amy."

"Miss Mattie wished to be left alone for a while, Nancy," she answered.

"O, Miss Amy, you oughtn't have left her alone. She might make way with herself. I remember my poor mother telling of a young lady who was going to be made to marry a man she didn't like, and when they went up to call her, they found her lying dead; she killed herself, miss, rather than marry him. To be sure, Miss Mattie isn't forced to marry old Frazer—excuse me, Miss Amy, but I can't say mister to an old villain like him—but any one can see it's killing her. Ah, Miss Amy, if Mr. Harry was here to-night—well, if she isn't gone!" exclaimed Nancy; for at her last words the young girl had hastily quitted the room. "She's off like an arrow whenever I mention Mr. Harry to her—Good Lord! who is that?" she cried, springing back on perceiving the sergeant.

"O, the soldier! Goodness, what a fright you gave me."

"So there's going to be a wedding here to-night, my girl?" said the sergeant. "The bridegroom is no favorite, I'm thinking."

The proverbial fascination of a scarlet coat disarmed Nancy's prejudice against the intruder, for she answered without hesitation:

"You're thinking right, then. Everything has gone wrong with the master of late, and the last hundred pounds he had left, he gave for a share in what he heard was a salmon fishery near Romford. The salmon turned out to be frogs, and then old Frazer kept lending him money, and making him do this and do that, until the master had borrowed seven hundred pounds of him! Then at once he came down on him for his money, and either the master must go to Bridewell, or poor Miss Mattie become his wife. And my darling young lady went down on her knees to her poor father, begging him for his and her mother's sake, to let her marry old Frazer; that she would be contented with him if he was fifty times worse, if she thought they would be happy. But he could not be worse than he is; he is as ugly as the big Cornish giant. It's my belief he'd sell the last gray hair of his mother's head, if he thought he'd get a farthing for it. My dear young mistress! What a husband he is for you!" And Nancy hid her face in her apron and sobbed aloud.

"The old story," said the sergeant, "and to make it complete, my girl, your young mistress should have another lover whom she likes."

"And so she has," sighed Nancy, dropping her apron and a tear at the same time. "A fine young gentleman, but not a farthing he can call his own. Ah, Miss Mattie and Mr. Philip would have made a beautiful couple."

"Philip!" the sergeant repeated, in a surprised tone. "Philip what?"

"Philip Rackstone."

"Philip Rackstone! Why, my girl, soon after we marched into town, I pressed a shilling into his palm. Bless me, if I didn't think at the time no common trouble made him 'list."

"'List!" she exclaimed. "He kept his word, then; he said from the first, he didn't care what would become of him, if Miss Mattie married. O, my gracious, to 'list!"

"Well," said the sergeant, half-sneeringly, "it's my candid opinion that man is a fool who cannot meet with the spirit of a man, a disappointment in love."

"D'ye hear that?" Nancy exclaimed, her cheeks crimsoning with indignation. "I knew a better and a braver man than ever you saw, who couldn't bear a disappointment in love!"

"I doubt it," was the gallant reply.

"Doubt it! Wasn't he my master's son, Mr. Harry, Miss Mattie's brother and Miss Amy's lover? He was, to be sure, as wild as a young colt, always up to some frolic; and still, for all his wild ways, every one was fond of him. Whenever the players came to town, you'd think he was out of his senses for joy. Now, the master was always hard upon the players, calling them a pack of idle vagabonds and the like; and it didn't mend matters when he found out that Mr. Harry went on the stage one night, dressed like an old witch. 'He's disgraced himself and us,' says he, 'and with my consent he shall never marry Amy Bradley;" and Miss Amy, who is the master's ward, though she loved Mr. Harry in her heart, said much the same thing, that she never would marry a man she couldn't be proud of; so, to make a long story short, Mr. Harry ran away. This night, five years ago, was the last time we saw him; but I can't help thinking he'll come back and make all the poor hearts that love him happy."

"He became a player, I dare say," the sergeant said; "just the kind of life a good-for-nothing like him would fancy. And yet he might turn up one of these fine days as rich as the great actor, Warden, who is to play here to-morrow night, so the bills say."

"For Miss Amy's sake, if for nothing else, I'd be glad if he'd come back as poor as he went. I think it's killing her to have him away so long. She could be married since, if she liked, and to a rich man, too; but she loves him too well to marry any one else. Why, if you could only see her when a person speaks of him, the way her face lights up, and the soft bright light that comes into her sweet eyes—but there's the mistress calling me."

"Stay, Nancy!" exclaimed the sergeant; but Nancy had already left the room. He went after her, returning soon, however; and going over to the fire, he stood where Amy Bradley had stood, saying often to himself, as if the words pleased him, "Happy Mr. Harry! Happy Mr. Harry!"

He resumed his seat as the knocker sounded at the hall-door; and shortly after, John Edgeworth ushered into the room two persons, one evidently from his appearance a clergyman, the other an old, sharp-featured, stony-eyed little man, whom the sergeant surmised to be the bridegroom. The cause of the soldier's presence being explained to him by John Edgeworth, old Frazer, for it was he, in a sudden fit of generosity threw him a crown, desiring him to drink his health with it. The coin fell unnoticed at the sergeant's feet, for the door was opened, and Mrs. Edgeworth entered, followed by Amy Bradley, on whose arm leaned, or rather clung, a pretty, childlike little creature, her pale young face impressed with the sadness of a heavy heart. She did not raise her eyes to greet her future lord, who hobbled over to her side, and the hand which he took lay cold and passive in his own.

It was a painful sight, that ill-mated couple standing before the clergyman to utter vows that to one, at least, must seem a death-knell. Painful indeed it must have been to the manly heart of the sergeant, for his chest heaved with suppressed emotion. He rose from his chair, but sat down again, passing his hand over his eyes. He saw John Edgeworth's face whiten with intense agony—the agony of a wretched father's heart; he saw the bowed heads of Mrs. Edgeworth and Amy Bradley; he heard the low voice of the clergyman falteringly begin the marriage ceremony, as if he felt that the blessing which he would invoke would be a mockery. He saw all this, I repeat, until the clergyman, turning to the poor girl, asked her "if she would take that man there present for her lawful husband," then springing up, he shouted:

"Never, Mattie! never, my sister!"—but the rest of his exclamation was lost in the cries of "Harry!" that burst from the lips of the astonished women, and the next moment they were clinging around him, weeping, heartily enough, to be sure, but their tears were the blessed tears of joy.

"Harry, Harry, my dear boy!" faltered John Edgeworth, still half incredulous.

"Yes, father," returned the sergeant, removing from his face at the same time the beard and mustache which had disfigured it, "your son, indeed, who has returned to ask your forgiveness, to snatch poor Mattie from a miserable future, and, if Amy loves me yet, and wont say no, why, to become her husband."

Amy hid her blushing face on his shoulder, whispering:

"Indeed I wont say no, dear Harry."

"O, Harry, darling, are you in earnest?" Mattie cried, still clinging around his neck. "O, I know you are—and I wont have to marry him?"

"That you wont, poor little thing," said Harry.

Where was old Frazer during this interesting colloquy?—where, indeed, but standing over by the window, gnawing his lips, and forcing his nails into his clenched hands.

"My money! my seven hundred gold guineas, John Edgeworth!" he gasped.

"There's your money, old Shylock!" Harry said, throwing a well-filled purse across the room. "And now, hark ye, quit! Well, yes, satisfy yourself, and count it. You'll find it right, for I assure you 'twas placed in there for you."

Old Frazer deliberately emptied the purse of its contents upon the table, and finding the sum to be correct, nervously thrust the coin and bills back into it, and turned to leave the apartment. In doing so, his foot struck the crown piece which he had thrown to the sergeant on his entrance. He stooped down, and picking it up, hastened from the room without casting a glance behind him.

"Has he gone?" asked Mattie, fearfully raising her head from Harry's shoulder.

"He has, but somebody else is to come, Mattie," said Harry.

As he spoke, Nancy came into the room, followed by a tall, handsome young fellow, who, no sooner had he perceived Mattie, than regardless of all present, he held her in his arms.

"So, Philip, my boy," laughed Harry, "you took me for a sergeant, and thought you had really 'listed?"

"He couldn't believe me for a long time, Mr. Harry, dear," sobbed Nancy. "I found him sitting so disconsolate in the little room where you left him."

"Took you for a sergeant, Harry," said Mrs. Edgeworth, eyeing his clothes—"and are you not one?"

"My dear mother," he answered, "I am not a soldier; and, though I incur my father's displeasure, I confess I am an actor."

"Forgive me, my dear boy," John Edgeworth said, warmly pressing his son's hand. "I was too hasty in the past. I have long since overcome my foolish prejudice against the theatrical profession; and, to convince you, I say that I would find a truly intellectual gratification in witnessing the powerful delineations of the great Warden to-morrow night."

"You have witnessed one to-night, father—I am he."

"O, goodness, gracious!" cried Nancy, clapping her hands. "Mr. Harry the great actor! O, Miss Amy, can't you now be proud of him?"

"I trust she may," Harry said; and drawing Amy Bradley to his side, he exclaimed: "Since I have so well played the part of a sergeant, may my performance of a happy husband be far more successful, and, with the blessing of a kind Heaven, be longer upon the stage.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

One daily in New York has published advertisements of 220 new novels during the year past. —— Mr. Maedler, the author of the recent investigation with reference to the central sun, reaches the conclusion that Alcyone, the principal star in the group Pleaides, now occupies the centre of gravity, and is at present the sun about which all the universe of stars and planets revolves. —— The committee on public lands in the Texas legislature has reported a bill donating one league of land to the heirs of Colonel Crockett. —— The coal in Breckenridge, Ky., seems to possess a value far exceeding that which attaches to it for fuel or mechanical purposes. From a ton of this coal it appears that there may be produced, by a proper process of working, thirty gallons of benzole, fifty gallons of good lubricating or burning oil, and twenty to thirty pounds of candle wax. —— Mexican papers say Santa Anna and his wife have separated. —— A white bear, with black feet, was caught lately near the head of Pilot Creek Ditch, California. It is represented as an exceedingly ferocious animal. —— The New Orleans (La.) True Delta says, there is now on exhibition in that city a horse, twenty-one hands high, and weighing 2060 pounds. —— It is said that the average of cold for the month of January, 1856, in New York, was greater than any that has occurred for seventy years.——The New Jersey Geological Report states that the ocean is steadily and rather rapidly gaining on the shore. At Cape Island, the waves have gained on the beach fully a mile since the Revolution; and the tides on the eastern uplands are higher than formerly, in the opinion of the oldest observer. —— We hear that Mrs. John Wood, of the Boston Theatre, will star it in California during the next season. —— The "Free Love" club rooms in Broadway, New York, have been given up; the association having dwindled down almost to nothing. Only five persons attended the last meeting. So ends another "peculiar institution." —— Dr. Scoresby is going out to Australia, with an express view to make experiments relative to the variations of the compass in iron ships in the southern hemisphere. —— The receipts of the American Tract Society up to the first day of February, were about ten thousand dollars in advance of last year to the same date. —— It is stated that "Doesticks" is now engaged in writing a burlesque of three thousand lines on Hiawatha. —— Those interested in the laudable object of opening new avenues for female industry, will be gratified to learn that Mrs. Maria Antoinette Lakeman has been chosen keeper of the town pound at Gloucester. —— Mr. S. D. Johnson, and his son, Mr. G. Johnson of the Boston Theatre, go to California at the end of the season. The former has been for years a favorite Boston actor, and the latter is a studious young performer. —— John Downes, Jr., of the town of Florence, N. Y., with the aid of several of his laborers, after a severe struggle, succeeded in killing a huge wolf, measuring seven feet in length. The animal had been the terror of the inhabitants of the place for some months past. —— The Sardinian vice-consul at this port gives notice that certain begging stations in Boston are in the habit of backing up their appeals for charity, by the presentation of certificates of character, etc., purporting to emanate from that consulate. He states that no such certificates have been issued from thence. —— The Vermont papers report the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Symmes, aged ninety-one, relict of William Symmes, Esq., of Boston, and the last surviving sister of the Hon. Benjamin Russell, formerly editor of the Columbian Centinel. She resided in Boston at the time of the Revolution. —— A joker at our elbow says that some of our insurance companies, when making their annual statements, show extraordinary readiness to exhibit their *lie-abilities*. —— The Washington Union states that notice has been given to those who squatted illegally on the Indian reservations in Kanzas, that they will be required to move in the spring, and that no further intrusions will be allowed until the lands are lawfully open for settlement. —— Paine Aldrich, of Worcester, shot his Alderney bull recently—the finest animal in the country; took the first premium at the Ohio cattle show in 1853; five years old and wicked as Satan; worth $500. —— After three years of vexatious delays, the New Yorkers have finally secured the Central Park, with its six hundred acres of land—its delightful scenery and pure atmosphere—a fact upon which we most heartily congratulate them. —— The Western fever rages high among the people of Reading, Mass., and many are going to emigrate.

HEBREWS.—The number of Hebrews in the great cities is thus stated:—New York, 12,000; Philadelphia, 2500; Baltimore, 1800; Charleston, 1500; London, 20,000; Amsterdam, 25,000; Hamburg, 9000; Berlin, 5000; Cracow, 20,000; Warsaw, 30,000; Rome, 6000: Leghorn, 10,000; Constantinople, 80,000; Jerusalem, 6000; Smyrna, 9000; Hebron, 8000. In Berlin there are 2000 Christian Hebrews; also some thousands in England. Fifty-eight clergymen of the Church of England are converted Jews.

MILITARY.—A prominent military gentleman of this city proposes to enlist two or three hundred men, to be organized as a regiment or battalion of infantry. It is rumored that a battalion of infantry is being formed in Roxbury, and that steps have already been taken to have the corps recognized at head-quarters.

ALPINE ICE.—It is scarcely possible to estimate the quantity of ice on the Alps. It is said, however, that, independent of the glaciers, there are 1500 square miles of ice in the Alpine range, from 80 to 600 feet thick.

A FAST PEOPLE.—The Boston Post says that they are lighting places "Out West" with gas, which were entered as wild ands last fall.

Wayside Gatherings.

Butter in California is cheaper than it is in Boston market.

The Senate of the State of Georgia has adopted a bill which provides for the election of judges by the people.

A good man at Elkton, Md., has cooped up several flocks of quails, which he is feeding till the weather moderates.

The annual tax bill for the city and county of New York, provides for the raising of $3,485,944.

A board of brokers has been established at Providence, R. I., on the same plan as the Boston board.

Miss M'Makin is now associated with her father in the editorial management of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

About ninety-five miles of the one hundred and six, in Tennessee, of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, are now graded, at a cost of $550,000.

The Providence Railroad Corporation have raised the fares on that road, twenty per cent. on transient, and fifty per cent. on season passengers.

The Humane Society of Massachusetts have presented $100 to their late messenger, Mr. Josiah Willard, as a testimonial of his "singular faithfulness and punctuality."

The total receipts of toll on the Charles River and Warren Bridges, from July 1st to December 31st, 1855, were $48,931 53. Expense of collecting the tolls, $4908 54, or over 10 per cent.

A small dog recently arrived at Watertown, N. Y., from the West, in a small bag, sent by mail. The "postage" was duly prepaid, according to law. The little fellow was in good health.

A Citizen's Reform party has been organized in Rochester, N. Y., in order to place municipal elections beyond the control of either political party, and to secure economy in the administration of city affairs.

The Peninsular (a Florida paper) gives an account of the murder of several white men by the Florida Indians, and adds: "The Seminoles must leave Florida, or the last one be exterminated. Such is the verdict of the people."

The Little Falls (N. Y.) Friend contains a notice, in which the members of a Reformed Dutch Church in that vicinity, express a wish to obtain a minister, "one who will regard the *flock* more than the *fleece!*"

The New York Times says, "It is a noticeable fact that, for some years past, the number of murders in the State of Connecticut has been equal to those committed in the city of New York, the population being by the last census about the same."

The whole number of passengers transported during the past year on the seven railroads leading from Boston was 8,111,030, or 25,900 for each working day. The number in 1854, was 8,761,760, the diminution being 650,730.

The Charlestonians are putting up their own ice from the ponds surrounding Charleston. They usually import it. Other southern cities this year have their ice supply at their own doors, which will affect the trade in that article next season.

An English engineer has invented a method for making coal burn from the bottom. If he could succeed in making the coal, usually sold in our market, burn by any process at all, he would triumph over the ingenuity of our metropolitan house-keepers.

Francois Jurien, a baker of New Orleans, told his creditors that he would pay them all on New Year's day. When the time came he was without money, and took a large dose of laudanum—and thus by paying one great debt, got rid of all the little ones.

In 1825, a Hollander, named Van Houten, obtained an English patent for a new species of paper or felt, made from moss. The process of manufacture is quite simple, and applicable, we presume, to various kinds of mosses growing in this country.

Vast stores of the purest iron ore in the world are found in the Lake Superior regions. During the past year more than 1400 tons were shipped by the Cleveland Co., and more than 50,000 tons could have been sold.

At a breakfast given on board the new steamship Persia before she sailed, the Dean of Ripon reminded the company that it was now forty-eight years since he accompanied Robert Fulton on the trial trip of the first steamer that ever sailed in the world.

Capt. Henry Manry, city marshal of Mobile, wishing to have a fight with an enemy, Dr. J. F. Dortch, of Wilcox county, resigned his office; and, after the rencontre, which very properly took place at the Battle House, the mayor fined him $50, and restored him to his office.

The Dexter Gem says: "No one has a right to find fault with a teacher till he knows what kind of a school he keeps. Every parent ought to know this much. And this he can learn much better by personal observation, than by listening to the complaints of his disaffected children."

Seventy-two persons, of the age of seventy years and upwards, residents of Providence, died in that city during the year 1855. Thirty-five of them were between seventy and eighty years of age, twenty-eight were between eighty and ninety, eight between ninety and one hundred, and one was one hundred and eight.

Dr. Oppert, of France, has spent two years on the site of old Babylon, examining the cuneiform inscriptions on the bricks and slates. He states that this famous old city in the days of its grandeur and power, covered rather more than an area of two hundred square miles, being about two and a half more than the site of London.

The contribution of the people, in the time of David, towards the building of the sanctuary, was not far from £30,000,000; while David is said to have collected nearly £36,000,000. The gold with which Solomon overlaid the "Most Holy Place," only a room thirty feet square, amounted to more than thirty-eight millions sterling.

Tengoborski, in his recently published volume on the "Productive forces of Russia," sets the number of horses in the empire at eighteen millions—"nearly seven times as many as in France or Austria taken separately, eleven and a half times as many as Prussia, and two and a half times as many as the whole three put together."

The Lowell Citizen says that the wife of Mr. H. F. Drake of that city, recently took a portion of a common coarse sewing needle from the calf of her leg, which probably found its way there from her foot, in which a peculiar and painful prickling sensation had troubled her for many years. Such cases are often noticed.

Mr. Edward Warren, late proprietor and editor of the Austrian Gazette, formerly the Austrian Lloyd, has been named by that government director of the new *Credit Mobilier* in Vienna, with a yearly salary of $12,000. Mr. Warren is an American, and for the last twenty years has been engaged in commercial pursuits in different parts of Europe, his principal interests being in Trieste.

Foreign Items.

A line of screw steamships has been established at Havre, to run between that port and New York.

General Osten-Sacken, commanding the 4th corps in the Crimea, is recalled. General Helfreich is to replace him.

T. B. Macaulay, M. P., the historian, has written a letter to the electors of Edinburg, signifying his retirement from Parliament.

It is stated that Dickens is likely to be elected to Parliament, which will gratify a long-time ambition. That reform speech last year did the business.

It is stated as positive that the decision of the Russian cabinet in favor of peace was exceedingly sudden, and was unexpected in very high official quarters in St. Petersburg.

Philip Bailey, the large-brained author of "Festus," mingles little in London society, but remains in the country not many miles from town. He is of a retiring disposition—too much so to succeed in his profession, which is that of the law.

It is stated that the necessity of economy has become so great in Russia that the Czar, in regulating the budget for the present year, struck out all pensions granted within the last two years, unless for actual military service.

The Russian government has promulgated an ukase decreeing the issue of ten new series of paper money, each of three millions of silver roubles. At the same time eight series, formerly drawn, are renewed, making a total of fifty-four millions.

The ladies of Paris are all agog with Gen. Canrobert's marriage. He marries the daughter of Rayer, the celebrated physician, who will bring him a princely fortune in *dot*, while he brings her fame, his $6000 a year as senator, and he will give her next year another $6000 a year, and the title of Madame la Marechale. The emperor and empress are the match-makers.

Sands of Gold.

.... Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—*Landor.*

.... The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done.—*Owen Felltham.*

.... Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or of obtaining the higher.—*Landor.*

.... If the memory is weak do not overload it. Charge it only with the most useful and solid matters.—*Herbert.*

.... God is on the side of virtue; for whoever dreads punishment, suffers it; and whoever deserves it, dreads it.—*Vauvenargues.*

.... Like the ocean, love embraces the earth; and by love, as by the ocean, whatever is sordid and unsound is borne away.—*Landor.*

.... A boy who happens to say a sprightly thing is generally applauded so much, that he happens to continue a coxcomb sometimes all his life after.—*Goldsmith.*

.... The sight of an unfortunate person has the same effect upon some men as the head of the Medusa, at whose aspect their hearts change to stones.—*Diogenes.*

.... Wit, talents and genius procure celebrity; it is the first step towards fame; but the advantages for it are perhaps less real than those for an honorable reputation.—*Seneca.*

.... The world is a theatre upon which each one wishes to show himself to the best advantage; and to play his part well, it is but to let each play his own.—*Diogenes.*

.... She certainly is no true woman for whom every man may not find it in his heart to have a certain gracious, and holy, and honorable love; she is not a woman who returns no love, and asks no protection.—*Bartol.*

Joker's Budget.

I'll "haul you" over the coals, as the policeman said to the thief when he caught him in the area.

"My bark is wrecked," as the dog remarked, when thrown overboard in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

Why is conscience like the strap on the inside of an omnibus? Because it is an *inward check* to the *outward man.*

A benevolent old gentleman used to give away wood to the poor by the *cord*, in order, as he said, to have it *re*-corded above.

Tom Hood said that when a young man, he couldn't wink at a girl, but that she took it for an offer of marriage. The consequence was, that a good many of the girls got hood-winked.

"Don't work so hard, my dear, you haven't much of a constitution." "Constitution, father? I've got a constitution like a horse—I really believe I've got the constitution of the United States."

Why is the life of an editor like the Book of Revelations? Because it is full of "types and shadows, and a mighty voice, like the sound of many waters, is ever saying to him—*write.*"

A young woman of Martha's Vineyard, who was married to a man on the "sea-girt isle," Nantucket, returned home a short time since, because he wouldn't give her all the butter she wanted.

A German writer, Berne, compares the different stages in the lives of women to milk, butter and cheese. "A girl," he says, "is like milk, a woman like butter, and an old woman like cheese—all three may be excellent in their kind."

The love of a cross woman, it is said, is stronger than the love of any other female individual. Like vinegar, the affections of a high-strung woman never spoil. It's the sweet wine that becomes acidulated, not the sour wine.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year		$2 00
4 subscribers, " "		7 00
10 " " "		15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



WINTER AMUSEMENT IN STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

WINTER SPORTS AT STOCKHOLM.

The large picture on this page represents a very animated winter scene in Stockholm, the magnificent capital of the Swedish monarchy. This city is beautifully situated between Lake Maeler and the Baltic, about 440 miles W. S. W. from St. Petersburg. It stands partly on the north and south sides of the strait which communicates between the lake and the sea, and partly on several islands connected with the main land and with each other by a number of bridges. The finest of these is the Nyabron or New Bridge, which joins the Staden or City Island with the north side of the strait. The best view of the city is obtained from a hill on the south side of the main land—that from the Baltic side is, however, quite imposing. The city far surpasses in natural beauty Venice, to which it bears a strong resemblance. It covers an area of nearly five square miles. The only channel by which a hostile force could approach is defended by strong fortifications of recent erection. The principal part of the city proper is situated on the three islands of Gustavsholm, Riddarsholm and Helgeandsholm. Those portions of the city which are considered as suburbs, far surpass in architectural beauty the more ancient part of the city, which has narrow lanes and streets, and is chiefly interesting for its antiquity. Stockholm was founded as early as the year 1260, by Birger Jarl. It has sustained several sieges. In 1501 it was defended against the Swedes for the crown of Denmark by the Danish Queen Christina. In 1520, a heroic woman, Christina Gyllenstierna, the widow of Sten Sture, held it for the Swedes against the perfidious and sanguinary Christian II., who, after the capitulation, violated its terms by putting to the sword very many of the inhabitants. The indignation aroused by this perfidy and cruelty, paved the way for the triumphant success of Gustavus Vasa and the liberation and independence of the kingdom. The busy scene of sledging, skating and racing depicted in our engraving takes place before the splendid palace of which we give a northwest view, while the houses and churches of Stockholm form the background. This noble pile, the finest in the city, is built on the highest part of Gustavsholm, and was commenced by the eldest Tessin in 1697, on the site of a much older structure that had been recently burnt down. It was completed in 1753. It is built in the form of a quadrangle with two wings, enclosing a spacious court-yard. The basement story is of granite, and the rest of brick and stucco. It contains the royal residence and chapel, the royal library of fifty thousand volumes, including many rare manuscripts, a museum of antiquities and curiosities, and a magnificent picture gallery. The artist has not exaggerated the zeal and spirit with which the Swedes pursue their sports upon the ice. Not even Boston Neck, in the height of the sleighing carnival, is more alive with fun and frolic. It will be observed that the sledges differ somewhat from our sleighs, and that many indulge in "tandems" and "spike" teams. The horses have an arch over the saddle, to which the bells are hung. On the platform in front of the palace, pedestrians and sledges are seen, and a company of the guards are on parade. The whole picture is strikingly characteristic and unique.

LONDON FIRES.

The city of London comprises an area of thirty-six square miles, which is covered by upwards of three hundred thousand houses. Among these houses there occur annually about nine hundred fires, very few of which are comparatively serious in their nature. In the year 1853, but twenty buildings were totally destroyed by fire. The means of protection against fire in London, comprise three hundred parish engines, an unknown number of private engines, and thirty-six engines belonging to the fire brigade. The last named are the great dependence in case of a serious fire. Twenty-seven of the thirty-six engines are worked by horse-power, and the whole brigade consists of one hundred and four men and thirty-one horses, with a reserve of eight men and eight horses, and these are divided, with the engines, among the various districts of the city. The breaking out of every fire is speedily made known to the firemen, for the six thousand police of the metropolis are constantly patrolling every alley and lane, and every man is stimulated by the knowledge that if he is the first to give notice of it at any of the stations, it is half a sovereign in his pocket. A reward of thirty shillings is paid to the first, twenty to the second, and ten to the third engine that arrives at the conflagration. About one-fourth of the fires in London are caused by the accidental ignition of curtains, and the secretary of one of the largest fire insurance offices of that city estimates that the introduction of the lucifer match caused an annual loss to his company of ten thousand pounds. It is believed that the introduction of hot water pipes has also caused many fires. The constant exposure of wood for a long time to the heat of the pipes renders it very combustible. Mr. Braidwood testified before a committee of the House of Lords, in 1846, that it was his belief that timber would ignite spontaneously after being exposed for a long time to a heat not exceeding that of boiling water, and that he thought the time required to bring wood to such a state was but eight or ten years. It is estimated that one-seventh of the fires which occur among the minor class of shopkeepers in London, are set by themselves to procure the insurance money. The buildings on farms near the city are so often set on fire by incendiaries that one of the largest London insurance offices makes a business of posting bills about premises they have insured, which, after stating that no lucifers are to be used and no pipes smoked, says: "This farm is insured; the fire office will be the only sufferer in the event of a fire." The "fire-escape" is one of the peculiar institutions of London. The Royal Society for the protection of life from fire have stations in all parts of the city, where fire-escapes and men to use them are to be found at all hours of the night. The fire-escape most in use consists of a high ladder, under which, the whole length, is a canvass trough or bag protected from the flames by a close net of copper wire. Into the head of this bag the terrified inmates of an upper story are thrust in time of danger, and slide down the bulging canvass to the ground without any injury.—*Boston Journal.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. X., No. 12.—WHOLE No. 246.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

The accompanying portrait of this distinguished orator, statesman and scholar was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Charles Barry, from a recent photograph by Messrs. Masury & Silsbee, of this city. Mr. Everett was born April 11, 1794, in Dorchester, Mass. His father, the Rev. Oliver Everett, was the predecessor of President Kirkland, as pastor of the New South Church in Boston, and was afterwards judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Norfolk county. He was a man of cultivated mind and liberal ideas. The good old town of Dorchester owes much to his active exertions in promoting her prosperity, and particularly in the improvement of the character and efficiency of the public schools. He was also an excellent theoretical and practical agriculturist and arboriculturist, and his teeming acres attracted quite as much attention in his day as do those of the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder in ours. Many of the trees he planted and grafted with his own hands are yet thriving at the "Five Corners." The estate is now in the hands of Mr. George Richardson, who has inherited the tastes of its former possessor. The house in which the subject of our sketch was born, is still standing, little changed in appearance from what it was when erected by Lieut. Gov. Oliver, a magnate of old colonial times. The education of Edward Everett commenced at the Dorchester free schools, and was continued at those of Boston, whither his mother removed soon after his father's death. "The first distinction which crowned my humble career," he says feelingly, in one of his addresses, "was the Franklin medal, at the reading-school in North Bennett Street, * * * and if my tongue is ever silent when it ought to speak the praises of the common schools of Massachusetts, may it never be heard with favor in any other!" From the public school he was transferred to a private school kept by the elder brother of Daniel Webster, and thence to Exeter Academy, where his preparation for college was completed. He entered Harvard College at the early age of thirteen, and distinguished himself by brilliant scholarship. In 1812 he was appointed Latin tutor in Harvard University, and in the same year delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, a performance of great promise and very favorably received. There is sufficient evidence in this, as in other poems which have appeared from time to time during his literary career, that, had he chosen to "strictly meditate the thankless muse," Mr. Everett might have attained the same commanding position as a poet which he now occupies as an orator and prose writer. As it is, we are probably indebted to his poetical studies for much of the rythmic beauty and the elegance of his prose style. In 1813, having prepared himself for the ministry, he succeeded the Rev. Mr. Buckminster, as pastor of Brattle Street Church. The late Judge Story said he "was almost universally admired as the most eloquent of preachers." During the period of his ministry, and without neglecting any of his parochial duties, he found time to write a masterly "Defence of Christianity," in reply to the attack of George B. English, a noted Deist. In 1815, Mr. Everett accepted the professorship of Greek literature in Harvard University, and almost immediately sailed for Europe, his principal object being the study of modern Greek literature. He remained abroad three or four years, two of which he passed in study at Gottingen, and before returning home, visited England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Italy and Greece. While in Europe, he made the acquaintance of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Goethe, Humboldt, and indeed most of the celebrities of the age. He retained his professorship till 1826, and at the same time conducted the North American Review, which attained its highest popularity under his care. Many of its most brilliant and influential articles were contributed by his pen. No one among us has labored more assiduously or more successfully to place this country, her literature, her institutions and her character, in their true light before the world, than Mr. Everett. The spirit of all his efforts is thoroughly American. The truest and loftiest patriotism has inspired his pen, his voice and his conduct, as a writer, an orator and a statesman. Hence he has been a favorite speaker on great national occasions—such as the welcome to Lafayette in Cambridge, the visit of Jackson to Bunker Hill, the eulogies on Lafayette, Adams and Jefferson, and lastly, the late celebration of Washington's birthday. A mere enumeration of his oratorical efforts would entirely occupy our space. A selection from his orations and speeches occupies two bulky volumes. They will perpetuate his fame, for the finished elegance of their style fits them as well for the closet as for oral delivery. In 1824, Mr. Everett first entered political life as the representative of the Middlesex district in Congress. He brought to his new duties the zeal and industry which he had displayed in his previous occupations, and for ten years represented his district to the acceptation of his constituents and with high reputation to himself. His learning, oratory and practical ability gave him a distinguished and enviable position in the House. His manliness and courtesy secured him universal respect, and it may be truly said of him that the warmth of debate never extorted from his lips a single word of personal invective. He is therefore fairly entitled to that immunity from abuse which he has enjoyed throughout his political career. In 1835, he was chosen governor of Massachusetts, and was successively re-elected until 1840, when a single vote placed his competitor in the executive chair. In 1840 he sailed for Europe with his family and remained abroad for five years, four of which he passed as our minister at the court of St. James. During the period of his mission, some delicate questions, of which that of the North Eastern Boundary and the McLeod case were the most prominent, threatened the pacific relations of the two countries, and to their amicable adjustment the firmness and diplomacy of our minister largely contributed. In 1846 Mr. Everett accepted the presidency of Harvard College, and held it until 1849. He succeeded Mr. Webster as Secretary of State in 1852, and Hon. John Davis in 1853, as senator from Massachusetts. Such is a brief outline of Mr. Everett's career. Though past the age of sixty, he is still in the full vigor of his intellectual faculties, and his latest efforts surpass in merit even those of the zenith of his manhood. Those who remember his oratory thirty years ago, recognize in it the same fire and energy that charmed them at that period, refined and chastened by long practice and familiarity with all classes of auditors. It is rare to find a man who has led so laborious a life, displaying, after years of toil, so keen an interest in every movement of life and affairs. Though classed among the conservative men of the country, he is the eloquent advocate of rational progress in every form of social development.



HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHITE HAND:

—OR,—

THE NATCHEZ' CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF LOUISIANA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

CHAPTER I.

ST. JULIEN. STUNG SERPENT.

We who live upon the Atlantic seaboard, and, turning our eyes westward, behold the "Star of Empire" setting amid the golden waters of the Pacific, while the folds of our nation's banner almost enwrap the continent, are prone to look upon the valley of the Mississippi as a region o'd in civilization. Yet, long after the Atlantic shores were gemmed with cities and thriving villages, the great valley of the mid-continent was a vast solitude unknown to our forefathers. Long after colleges and schools, governments and courts, societies and churches, had arisen and flourished in the Atlantic colonies, the red man hunted his game in the forest, and drove his canoe over the bosom of the great Father of Waters, unmolested by the pale-faced invader.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, a bold and hardy band of adventurous knights and warriors, led by Hernando de Soto, landed at the bay of Santo Spiritu, in Florida, and, in all the pride and pomp of glorious array, started off through the deep forests in quest of those fabled cities where untold gold awaited their coming. On they went, meeting and overcoming obstacles innumerable, and, at length, a worn and weary remnant of the once proud host sat down to rest upon the bank of the mighty river. A little further on, they went through the wilds of Arkansas, but the same stern, dark forest, with its avenging hordes of red men, met them at every step, and they came back to the Mississippi, where De Soto laid him down and died. His great, hard heart was broken. The remnant of his party hastily constructed a few rude vessels, and sailed down the river, followed by the curses of the Indians.

After this, the great valley remained untrodden by the white men for a century and a half, when, in July, 1673, a small band of Europeans and Canadians, under Joliet and Marquette, reached the banks of the great river. They had come from the St. Lawrence, and had wandered through the vast solitudes of the Mannee and the Wabash. They floated down as far as the mouth of the Arkansas, where, having made themselves sure that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, they returned to their people in Canada. Great rejoicings were held over the reports these adventurers brought with them; yet Joliet and Marquette both died ere the white man again sought the Father of Waters.

Seven years later, the celebrated La Salle, at the head of forty soldiers and a few monks, found the mighty river, and after recrossing the Atlantic, and returning with more aid, and after passing through adventures almost incredible, he fairly commenced a colony in Louisiana.* In 1687, he was assassinated by his own companions, and the few white men left were little better than a mere handful of wanderers in the wilderness.

A few years later, came the men whose names are cherished as among those who suffered the most and worked the most faithfully for the noble homes which our people now enjoy in the garden of the South. Most prominent among them were the two brothers, Iberville and Bienville, the latter of whom was the founder of the city of New Orleans, and for many years governor of the colony. From this time really commenced the growth of the infant colony of Louisiana.

This territory was inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians, more numerous, perhaps, than in any other section of the country. Some of them were mere families, insignificant in their capacity as distinctive tribes, but yet speaking an idiom peculiar to themselves, cherishing their own exclusive traditions, and exercising all the rights of independent powers. But the principal tribes in the southern country were three in number—the Natchez, the Choctaws, and the Chickasaws, and with these and the Yazoos, did the French of that period have mostly to deal.

The greatest piece of land speculation—the most stupendous business fraud the world has ever seen, had burst, and its conjurer, John Law, had fled from among those he had so magnificently duped. The "*Mississippi Bubble*," as that transaction has been generally termed, had seen all its wonderful changes, had held millions upon millions of money upon its face, and had now faded away without adding much to the population of the country. At the time of which we write, the whole white population of Louisiana did not probably exceed two thousand souls; but added to these there were some three thousand negroes, most of whom were slaves. Three or four years before, there had been over five thousand white people there, drawn thither, probably, by the fabulous accounts consequent upon Law's great scheme. But most of them, upon reaching the country, and learning the real state of affairs, chose rather to return to their former homes in France, than to combat the dangers of the deep wilderness.

It was in the summer of 1727 that we introduce our readers to a pleasant home on the banks of the Mississippi. Some forty miles above where the city of Baton Rouge now stands, the Marquis Brion St. Julien had located himself, and erected a house. He was now past the prime of life, having been some five years on the road through the second half century of his life, and had left France out of pure disgust for the society he was obliged to mingle with there. Unlike most of those who came to the new home in the vast wilderness—who, leaving their native country in poverty, had come here hoping to better their fortunes, he was wealthy. He had left his wife in the tomb of her ancestors, and though her death was a severe blow upon his noble heart, yet that was not the only source of grief. None knew, save himself and his God, what it was that made him so sad and so melancholy, and why one so wealthy and so courted should fly from the thousand friends of his native land to seek these dreary wilds. And none were ever to know, for he kept the secret most faithfully, and when he was laid away in his forest tomb, his great life secret was locked up in the deep solitude of eternity with him.

Money was potent, even in the wilderness, and the marquis had one of the most sumptuous, if not *the* most sumptuous, residence in the country. Near his estate, the great river made a sweep to the westward, and his house was built upon a small tributary stream, which ran nearly south from its source, and at a distance of nearly two miles from the Mississippi. He chose this place for two reasons: first, he thus gained a more elevated site for his buildings; and second, he was more free from the annoyance of those who passed up and down the main stream. His buildings were five in number, and were arranged as follows: The main house was forty feet square, and was built of hewn timber, dovetailed at the corners, two stories high, and though rough outside, yet very handsomely finished and furnished within. The windows were all glazed, and, in short, every convenience and comfort he could desire were arrived at, even to the library, piazza, wine-cellar, and cupola. Here he and his family lived, with such of his domestics as were needed about him. This house faced to the west, being about ten rods from the river to the eastward. Next were two more buildings, one upon the north and the other upon the south of the main house, and each about twenty feet distant. These were each twenty feet long by fifteen wide, and only one story high, and also built of hewn timber, and were for the residence of the black slaves. Then back of all these, and distant forty feet, were two more buildings, one of them, twenty feet square, was for the stable, and the other, fifty feet square, was for the general store-house of provisions for both man and beast. In front of the main dwelling, extended a beautiful garden almost to the river, most of which was devoted to the cultivation of flowers and the choice kinds of fruit that the wealthy owner had been able to obtain. Outside of all, was a stout, barricade, completely enclosing the grounds on which stood the buildings and most of the garden. It was formed of posts driven firmly into the ground, at the distance of a foot apart and twelve feet high, and then these intervals were tightly filled with other upright timbers, firmly fastened in their places by transverse girths and stout wooden pins. There were numerous loop or port-holes through this barricade, which could be opened or closed at pleasure. But to make this as near like his old chateau in France as possible, a barbican was erected upon the northern side, where there was a small hillock, from the top of which the whole surrounding open space of country could be viewed.

The whole household of the marquis consisted of fifty-two persons. There were himself and two children, and one nephew; eight male white servants, mechanics, etc., and five female whites; twenty-five black males, and ten females of the same dusky hue. And now, considering that St. Julien had arms and ammunition in plenty, we may suppose that he had little to fear from the red neighbors who prowled about his premises. And yet he had one protection that ought to have been more powerful than all else, and that was the perfect honor and genuine kindness with which he treated all the Indians with whom he came in contact.

Late one afternoon, the marquis went out into one of his fields that lay upon the rich bottom of the Walnut River—for so he called this river upon which his estate stood, on account of the numerous walnut trees that stood upon its banks further up the stream. The Marquis St. Julien was a tall man, with a slight tendency to stoop in his gait, though this was more the result of a habit of deep thought which he had contracted than of any physical cause. His hair was gray—a dark, granite-like gray, and he wore it long over his shoulders, whither it depended in loosely-flowing curls. His features were very regular and handsome, but pale and thoughtful. His dress was mostly of black velvet, and its few ornaments of jet. He was, in truth, a noble-looking man, and just such an one as the common class would love to obey and instinctively respect. Hence his servants were fondly attached to him, and his slaves loved him.

He walked slowly along, until he came to the field that he particularly wished to visit. Here he found his corn up and flourishing luxuriantly. He cast his eyes about over the broad clearing, and having seen that the enclosure was good, and that all else was as he wished, he started on his return. The sun had already reached the tops of the giant trees to the westward, and long shadows fell across the way. He had left the field, and entered a path which had been cut smoothly out through a thick copse of hickory trees that lay between the corn-field and the house, and on a gentle, rolling swell of land near the river, and north of the buildings. It was quite dusky in the depth of this copse, and under such influence, St. Julien slackened his pace, and with his hands clasped behind him and his head bowed, he walked slowly, thoughtfully on.

He had nearly gained the southern edge of the copse, when he was startled from his reverie by hearing a crashing sound among the dry sticks near him. He stopped quickly, and on the instant his pistol was in his hand. He had time to see a dark object glide from the path in front of him towards the river, and as no sense of personal danger could drive his reasoning powers from him, he immediately resolved that this was something which wished to escape him. Another thing, also, occurred to his mind, and that was that no man could escape by the way the mystic object had taken; for not over six feet from the path in that section was a deep, wide ditch, which he had caused to be dug for the purpose of draining a piece of wet land beyond the hickory wood.

The marquis stopped, and as he did so, a tall, powerful man stepped back in the path. It was an Indian, who stood nearly a head taller than St. Julien, and whose form was straight and muscular.

"How?" uttered the marquis, stepping back and lowering the muzzle of his pistol; "what does the *Stung Serpent* here?"

"He is only in the path which his white brother has made through the forest," returned the red man, casting off all perturbation, and standing proudly erect.

"But wherefore art thou in his path?"

"The Stung Serpent is on his way to his people."

"And are there none of thy people with thee? Does the Stung Serpent—he who stands second among the Suns of the Natchez—wander alone so far from home?"

"Yes, for he is not afraid. He knows the white chief is his friend, and wherefore should he fear?"

"But why did you come here?" asked the marquis, coming more directly to the point.

"I came to guide some traders on their way to the town of the great white chief, and my boat is left above here where the great river turns towards the setting sun," answered the Indian.

"Then let my red brother return with me to my home, and there rest for the night."

But the Indian would not accept the invitation. He professed to be in haste, and in a few moments more, he turned on his way, and was soon out of sight.

As the marquis turned once more homeward, he pondered upon this thing. He knew the Stung Serpent well. He was the only brother of the *Great Sun*, or chief, of the Natchez, and was the most noted warrior of the whole tribe. Thus far, in all their intercourse, St. Julien had found him upright and honorable, but he well knew how treacherous the Natchez could be, and how the crime of one white man against them could be visited upon the heads of all with whom they might come in contact. That Stung Serpent should have come fifty miles from his village to guide a few traders, did not seem probable, and yet the marquis was at a loss for any other cause of the visit. At all events, he resolved to be prepared for danger; so when he reached his dwelling, he called his people together, and having informed them of what he had seen, he bade them be on their guard.

After having done this, he was about to turn towards the house, when one of his blacks, a huge Guineaman of Ashante, named Tony, came up to him and spoke.

"Look heah, mas'r, I seed dat ar Injun when he went down, an' he did hab two white men with 'im. But he's been a lookin' all 'bout heah dis long while. Dis arternoon I seed him on de hill ober heah by de cattle, an' he was a lookin' sharp all round. S'pose he wants some ob yonr fat oxen, eh, mas'r?"

"When did he go down, Tony?"

"Arly dis mornin'."

"And when did you see him first on his return?"

"Jus' 'bout an hour arter noon."

"Then see that the dogs are confined among the cattle. The red scamps may mean mischief."

And with this, the marquis turned and went into the house. He did not wish to lose any of his cattle, though he would readily have given bountifully of them to those in absolute need.

Ah, St. Julien, watch thy cattle, but the red man wants them not. His quest is nearer thy heart!

CHAPTER II.

ST. DENIS. AN EVIL EYE.

We have remarked that the Marquis St. Julien had two children. They were twins, and were a boy and a girl. Louis St. Julien had seen seventeen years of life, and he had much of his father's look, save that his frame never promised such height. He was rather small for a youth of seventeen, and at first sight he seemed delicate almost to effeminacy; but upon acquaintance, those impressions passed away; for as the quick fire of his energy became manifest, and some passing occasion called into action the finely-knit muscular system that lay concealed beneath the modest exterior, the beholder found that there was much of the physical man there after all. Those who knew Louis best, knew how noble he was at heart, and how fearless he was of danger. In the hour of the deepest peril, he carried a steady hand and a cool head, and if he was more than usually moved, it was for some loved friend who might share the danger with him. His hair, which was of a dark golden hue, hung loosely over his shoulders, curling, as did his father's, and his eyes were large and bright, and of a deep-blue color.

The sister was called Louise. Not only was she of the same age, but in every respect of feature did she resemble her brother. She may have been a little smaller, but the difference was not readily noticed. She had the same regularity of feature, the same deep golden hair, the same brilliant blue eye, the same fair, open brow, and the same nobleness of expression. She was a beautiful girl, and as she and her brother wandered about together, many and many were the untutored red men who had dwelt with a sort of religious awe upon the fair picture.

We have also said that the marquis had a nephew living with him. This was Simon Lobois, the son of St. Julien's elder sister. He was near five-and-thirty years of age, rather below the medium stature of man, and not very perfect in physical form. His

*It will be remembered that Louisiana, at this time, comprised the whole of the valley of the Mississippi, from the Gulf of Mexico to the great lakes, taking in the territory of which we have since made many States.

shoulders were heavy, almost to humpiness, and his head was thrown forward instead of standing erect. His arms were very long, and his legs rather short and crooked. His hair was black and crisp, and his eyes also black and small; his face was very regular in feature, and might have been called handsome but for the tendency of the brow to premature wrinkles, the strange sharpness of the small black eyes, and the uncouth crispiness of the hair. He had been left an orphan at the age of twenty, and had soon squandered what little patrimony was left him. After this, he had sought his uncle, who kindly gave him a home. Simon was an excellent accountant, and naturally a smart business man; so when the marquis resolved to come to America, he took his nephew with him, to help superintend the business, and also to act as tutor for his two children, for Simon was a good scholar.

And thus far, Simon Lobois had been faithful to his trust. During a period of six years, since his uncle had resided in the new country, he had been attentive to his business, and particular in his tutorage of the children, whom he had thus seen grow up from a mere boy and girl to a well-developed and nobly-inclined youth and maiden.

It was on the second evening after the marquis had met the Stung Serpent in the wood that the family were sitting in one of the rooms which looked out upon the garden. It was towards eight o'clock, but there were no lamps lighted, for the moon was up, bright and full, in the west, and her soft beams were poured into the sitting-room in a gentle flood, which sufficed for all purposes of conversation. Thus the family sat, when one of the servants entered, and announced that a stranger had arrived, and asked for shelter and food. St. Julien's answer was quickly spoken:

"Give him food, and then conduct him hither."

In the meantime, lights were brought, and when the new-comer entered, the windows had been closed, and the room was now brilliantly lighted. He was a tall, nobly-formed man, not over five-and-twenty, with a profusion of nut-brown ringlets clustering about his high, full brow, and a sweet smile of gratitude lighting up his handsome face.

"Ha! a white man?" uttered the marquis, starting up. "Welcome, sir,—thrice welcome! My mind has so run upon these red dogs, for the past four-and-twenty hours, that I expected to have seen one of them now. And a countryman?"

"Yes, sir," spoke the stranger, in a voice peculiarly soft and pleasant. "France is my native land."

"Then welcome again," resumed the host, shaking the stranger once more by the hand, and then conducting him to a seat.

The conversation turned upon the natural topics of the times, but Simon Lobois did not join in it. He had made one or two remarks at the commencement; but, suddenly, he seemed moved by the stranger's appearance, and now he was engaged in scanning his countenance. At length, he seemed to have arrived at a solution of the mystery, and a dark cloud gathered over his features.

Meanwhile the conversation went on, and both Louis and Louise seemed trying to recall some memory of the past.

"How far up are you going?" asked the marquis, at length.

"At present," returned the stranger, "I had only thought of seeking the dwelling of the Marquis Brion St. Julien."

"Ah!" uttered the host, elevating his eyebrows. "Did you ever know me in France?"

"Very well."

"But—really—"

The marquis was here interrupted by Louis, who, at that moment, sprang from his chair.

"Aha," the youth cried, "I know you now!"

"Do you?" said the visitor, arising and grasping Louis by the hand.

"Yes—yes; *Goupart St. Denis!*"

"*St. Denis?*" uttered the old man, starting quickly from his chair and hastening forward.

"*Goupart!*" cried Louise, also springing forward. "Goupart—Goupart!" she repeated. "O, it is—it is! Dear, good Goupart!"

And as these words fell from her lips, she bounded forward, and caught the young man by the hand. His eye burned with a strange light as he met her glad, joyous look, and his voice was marked by a perceptive tremulousness, as he said:

"Yes, Louise,—it is your old friend Goupart."

"*Goupart St. Denis!*" muttered the dark-browed nephew, to himself, as he cast a look of unmistakable hatred towards the new-comer.

"Here, Simon," uttered the marquis, turning towards his nephew, "don't you remember Goupart St. Denis?—our young Goupart, who used to come and shoot my game, and frighten you with his gun and pistols?"

"Ah—a—yes!" said Simon, arising, and smiling with an effort. "M. St. Denis, your humble servant, sir. We are happy to see you among us once more."

The forced tone of this speech was apparent to no one but to him to whom it was addressed. He, however, noticed it at once, for it was so different from the other greetings he had met. But he made no remark, and Simon quickly reseated himself.

Goupart St. Denis had once lived very near to St. Julien's country residence, and among all the youthful visitors, he was by far the most welcome. His father was a count and a gentleman, and Goupart was a whole-souled, noble boy. In those days, Louis and Louise were merry children, and the stout Goupart used to play with them hour after hour and day after day. And in those days, too, he used to carry the lovely little girl in his arms, and he used to tell her that some day she should be his wife; and then she would laugh and clap her little dimpled hands, and sometimes she would pinch his cheek, and box his ear, and tell him she should be stronger, and could punish him more severely when she became his wife. But those days were gone now, and while Goupart had only put on a very little more manhood, Louise had grown from a thoughtless child to be a very beautiful maiden.

"But how is it, Goupart?" asked the marquis, after the party had become calm. "What brings you here into this wilderness?"

"Of a truth, my old friend, I came to seek my fortune," returned the young man. "You know my father lost his all in his meddling in the affairs of Spain, and when he died, three years ago, I found myself not only alone in the world, but nearly penniless. The little estate at Sezanne, in Lower Marne, was the only thing left, and even upon that hung a debt. I sold it, and after paying off all demands, I found myself the owner of the enormous sum of ten thousand francs. What should I do? That would not last me a month if I remained amongst my old associates. I had no work, and as for the army, I hated it, for I had seen enough to assure me that real merit had little to do with promotion under the scheming minister. The last of my father's wealth he lost in Law's great Mississippi scheme; and now that I was left alone, I was not long in turning my eyes hither. 'Something,' said I, to myself, 'must turn up;' and I came. At New Orleans, I heard that a Marquis Brion St. Julien had settled up here somewhere. I think I must have been crazy for awhile after receiving this information; but when I did really come to myself, I started, and here I am."

"But didn't you know that we were here?" asked the marquis.

"Why, no. I thought you were in Canada. I did not dream that you were here."

"Yes—here we are!" cried the old man, joyfully, "and now we will live over some of the happy days again."

"Ay," added Goupart, "and forget all the dark ones."

A quick shade passed over the old man's face, and for the instant, his head was bowed; but the emotion quickly passed away, and the smiles came back to his face.

After this, the conversation turned upon affairs in the native country, and for three hours the marquis kept his visitor answering questions and retailing the *news* of the past six years. It was at a late hour when they separated, and with tears in his eyes, Brion St. Julien called upon God to bless his young friend. There was something in Goupart's presence that had called up the brighter days of his past life, and he was happy in the hope that he might keep the youth a long while with him.

As for Louis, when he retired, his mind was fairly turned upside down, and the pictures of sports he would have with Goupart floated before him in wild, fantastic forms.

And Louise—how felt she? She retired to her chamber, and for a while, only a bright joy seemed to move her; but gradually her thoughts seemed to take a more serious turn, for her countenance changed to a sober, thoughtful cast, and with her hands clasped upon her bosom, she bowed her head, and thus she remained for a long while, her bosom heaving with some deep emotion, while the color of her face changed like the deepening twilight.

But there was one more whom we have seen affected by the young man's presence. Simon Lobois retired to his chamber, and for some time he paced up and down the apartment with quick, nervous strides. His face showed that he was ill at ease, and the clenching of the hands seemed to speak of a war within.

"What brought him here?" he muttered, to himself, as he stopped and sat down upon the edge of the bed. "Now we'll have more boy's play and monkey-dancing, and it will all end in his falling in love with Lonise. And if he does so, and should ask for her hand, I am simply sure that the old man would tell him—*yes*. But what does she want with the young popinjay? By our Lady! I'll be ahead of him. And if I should be—but I wont anticipate—only—" and here his voice sank low and deep,—"he who treads upon me may tread upon dangerous ground! Let them beware!"

CHAPTER III.

A CONFERENCE. A STRANGE DOUBT.

The morning of the next day dawned brightly, and at an early hour, Goupart and Louis were astir. The latter took his friend all over the buildings, showed him the defences, and would have passed out through the northern gate, had not the marquis joined them just as they came out of the stable leading two horses by the bridles.

"How now, you young rascals!" cried the old man. "Are ye going to run off with my horses?"

"Not at all," returned St. Denis, with a merry laugh. "We were going to let the horses run a bit with us. But we wont go now, unless you'll go with us. Here, Louis, hold this animal of mine, while I help your father to saddle his; for I know he'll love to snuff the fresh air before breakfast."

The old man joined in the plan joyfully, and ere long the three were galloping off over the country. They laughed and shouted merrily on the way, and the forest rang with the echoes of their glad voices. When they returned to the house, they found Louise upon the piazza, her face radiant with smiles, and shortly afterwards, the party adjourned to the breakfast room, where some hot corn bread and savory venison were awaiting the knife-strokes of the hungry.

Simon Lobois had been a spectator of the morning's sports; and when the party sat down to the table, he was silent and moody. Several times he tried to hide his emotions, and finally he so far succeeded as to engage in quite an animated conversation. After the meal was done, Simon took the first opportunity to call the marquis one side, and as he said that he wished to have a few moments of private conversation, the old man retired to his library, whither Simon followed him.

"Now, what is it?" asked St. Julien, after they had both become seated.

It was some moments before the nephew replied; but at length he seemed to collect his mental forces, and he commenced:

"M. St. Julien," his voice trembled at first, but it grew more steady as he went on, "I have now been in your family a long while, and my attachments have become strong and fixed. Six years ago, you placed your children under my charge, and I have done all I could for them."

"I know—I know, Simon," uttered the old man, "and I have told you a thousand times how grateful I was."

"Yes, sir; and your gratitude has been a choice blessing to me. But remember the hours I have spent with those two children—"

"And haven't they been happy hours, Simon?"

"Indeed they have, sir, been very happy ones. But, alas! the thought has often been with me of late—must they all end in misery now?"

"How, Simon?—misery?" uttered the marquis, in astonishment. "What mean you? Do you fear that I am going to turn you away?"

An instantaneous flash of defiance passed over the younger man's face, but he revealed none of the feeling that had given it birth.

"No, no," he replied, "I did not fear that. You do not understand me. Remember, sir, that Louise St. Julien has grown up under my care—that I have seen each opening beauty as it has gradually expanded itself into life, and each bud of promise I have seen blossom into the full rose. I have marked each line of care that came upon her brow, and my heart leaped with pleasure as joy came to sweep the care-marks away. I have watched her mind expand, and carefully have I aided in its healthy growth. She has now grown to be a woman. Think you I have seen and known all this unmoved? No, sir. My heart has been caught in the snare of her charms, and I am but as an outcast now, if I possess her not for mine own. You understand me now?"

Brion St. Julien understood, but he made no reply. He started when the truth first broke upon him; and when Simon had ceased speaking, he arose to his feet, and commenced to pace the room. The nephew watched him for a moment, and then, in a tone as soft and persuasive as he could assume, he resumed:

"Reflect calmly upon this, my lord. Remember, you are growing old; your children are yet young—"

"Too young for this, Simon," whispered the marquis. "And then I am not old, either. I am but fifty-five—that's all."

"I know," pursued the nephew; "but Louise is not young. Her mind is that of a woman, and her system is all developed."

"But you are one year over and above double her own age," suggested the parent; "almost old enough—ay, full old enough to be her father."

"And yet I am not old, nor have I yet reached my prime; on five-and-thirty years. But what of all this? Speak plainly, sir, and let me know your mind. Only remember that I have no sought your daughter's society. It has been forced upon me, and I could not avoid the result. Ah, sir, I cannot think you will refuse me."

Now, to speak the truth for the marquis—for he would never have spoken it under present circumstances,—he had not the fullest confidence in Simon Lobois. He knew that his nephew would work well for pay, but he had long doubted the truth of his heart—the pureness of his motives; and what was more, he had moments when he almost feared him. This latter emotion was a sort of dim, vague working of the mind, without point and without shape; but yet it worked, and had its influence.

At length the marquis stopped and sat down, and he had become very calm as he did so.

"Simon," he said, "when I left France, I left all the rotten, useless usages of society behind me, and here I resolved to form a world of my own. First among the miserable falsehoods of old society, I meant to cast away that plan which makes the marriage of the child a work of the parent. When my child is old enough to marry, she is old enough to select her own husband; and until she is old enough to use her own judgment in that respect, she is not old enough to perform the duties of a wife. Upon the marriage of my children may depend the whole weal or woe of their earthly future. Such being the case, I must leave them to choose for themselves, only hoping that they will seek my counsel, and listen to my advice, so far as my judgment is good."

"What am I to understand by this, sir?" asked Simon, not able to conceal his chagrin.

"Simply that Louise may choose her own husband."

"But you will exercise some authority? You will speak in my behalf?"

"First, I would know if the girl chooses you."

"But—but—you might influence her choice."

"Not now, Simon."

"Yet you will speak one word?"

"Why so soon? Louise is young yet. Why, bless you man, there's some time yet—some years—ere she'll be of lawful age."

"Not quite a year, sir."

"I mean ere she'll be able to do business as an heiress. Let the matter rest now."

"No, no—I cannot. I cannot live in doubt. I must know what my fate is to be."

"But what is to be gained by this haste? Louise must be free yet, unless she may reciprocate your own love."

"Ay," cried Simon, hotly and passionately, and speaking now without thought or consideration; "but how long is this to be so? How long before this new-fledged popinjay may seize her with the

fire of his eye, and seduce her to loving him? He is here, and he is likely to stay here while—"

"Simon Lobois!" spoke the marquis, sternly and quickly, "you know not what you say. Beware, sir, or I may tell you a truth that shall grate upon thine ear."

"Speak, sir,—speak!" uttered the nephew, still under the influence of passion. "Let me hear all. By our Lady! if you can—"

"Listen," interrupted the marquis, "and you shall hear. I took you to my home penniless and almost— But no; such recriminations are not fit for men. Only remember you this: the Count St. Denis was one among the few, very few, true friends I ever had; and his only son has inherited all his father's good qualities, all his nobleness of soul, and all his virtues. And mark me, I love Gonpart St. Denis. Yet I will speak one word more since you have brought the subject up; and I hope this may be the last time that need shall arise of alluding to the subject. When I came here, you begged that I would take you with me. I offered you a salary of four thousand francs a year in money, besides your living, to come and keep the bare account of my business, and three thousand more to teach my children. Thus far you have done your duty well. Have I not done mine?"

There was something in the look, the tone, and the words of the speaker, that struck a transient feeling of awe to Simon's soul, and in a moment he concealed all traces of his anger. He found that there was much of the old blood yet left in the old noble, and that hot words would only serve to blast his own hopes. So he assumed a repentant tone, and with a more modest look, he said:

"Forgive me, sir. I meant not to speak ill of any one, but my tongue ran away with me. Out of my deep love for your noble child, sprang a dreadful fear when I saw St. Denis come. But may I not speak with Louise? May I not ask her to be mine?"

"Of course you may."

"And if she says yes?"

"Then I should simply bid her follow her own wishes."

Simon Lobois thanked his uncle, and then left the room, and when he was alone, his hands were clenched, and his brow was dark.

"By the Lady of our Faith!" uttered the marquis, as he was left to himself, "the fellow has shown his hand now. I have expected this. But I'll not borrow trouble. I know full well his disposition, and I know how angry he can be. But he's too old, and then again, he's her own cousin. I like not this intermarriage of blood relations. France is already peopled and governed by fools in consequence of it. Yet I'll not oppose my child's choice."

The old man stopped here, for, at that moment, he heard the voice of St. Denis in the hall calling his name. As he went out, he saw Lobois standing in the doorway at the back of the house. He saw the dark look that rested upon those features, and he marked the glance of that sharp, quick eye which rested upon the happy group at the other end of the hall. A quick shudder crept through his frame, for the thought came strangely to him that those eyes were like a serpent's!



ASSORTING ROOM, BALTIMORE SHOT WORKS.

CHAPTER IV.

A GOLDEN SCHEME IS BLASTED.

All that day did Simon Lobois watch for an opportunity to speak alone with Louise, and it was not until towards evening that he gained the wished-for opportunity. She was standing in the hall, her brother and Gonpart having gone down to the river, while the marquis was somewhere among the blacks, giving directions for the next day's work. Simon touched the maiden upon the arm, and asked her to follow him into the study, as he wished to speak with her a moment. The beautiful girl smiled a reply, and laughingly tripped along by his side to the designated apartment. This was upon the first floor, in the southwest corner of the house, opposite the sitting-room, and had been fitted up for a study. It was where the teacher was wont to hear his pupils recite their lessons.

Lobois took a seat, and Louise followed his example, and then she looked up eagerly into her tutor's face, as if anxious to know what wonderful thing he had to tell. Simon did not stop long now to consider, for he had been pondering upon the subject all day, and not only had he resolved upon what he would say first, but he had planned the whole conversation, for he imagined that the maiden would be coy and bashful, and he had the language all framed for meeting her faint and timid responses, as they should come up.

"Louise," he commenced, in a very soft, winning tone—and he could speak very sweetly, too, when he chose,—"I want you to listen to me candidly, now, and weigh well what I shall say."

"How now, good master!" cried the happy girl, with a merry twinkle of the eye; "am I to take a lesson for not getting one today?"

"No, no. Listen, and be sober, for I would be serious. You know how our lives have been spent here for the last six years, and how we have moved about in our little world here in the wilderness. You have been my constant companion." Then Simon introduced the same speech, word for word, that he had made to the parent in the morning, about the expanding beauties and budding promises, etc., and he ended thus: "And now womanhood has come upon you with its loveliness and goodness all nobly developed, and my heart has become captive, and is all your own."

"Good Simon, sweet cousin, I am glad you love me!" said the maiden, with a bright smile.

"Are you, Louise?" the tutor cried, eagerly. "O, and will you be mine?"

"Be yours? Be your what?"

"My wife, most lovely girl,—my wife!"

Louise St. Julien gazed for some moments into Simon's face, and then burst into a long, loud laugh.

"O, you do not mean so? You are not in earnest?" she uttered, for she could not at first realize it.

"Mean it? Do not, say you? By heavens, Louise, I do mean it!" This unexpected turn had thrown him entirely from his studied plan.

"Mean to ask me to be your wife?" spoke the fair girl, giving each word a particular emphasis, and speaking with a pause between every one, as though she would have no misunderstanding.

"Most assuredly I do. I love you as the very core of my soul, and I cannot lose you now. How can I help loving you? How should I be with you thus as I have been, and not love you? O, blessed one, you will not crush me now?"

Again Louise gazed into her cousin's face for some moments, as though she would read the truth there.

"It doesn't seem possible!" she uttered, at length. "Wake up, Simon; shake yourself, and see if you have not been dreaming this! Be your wife? Why, you are more fit for my father. Don't speak so any more, Simon, for you'll frighten me."

"And can the love of a true and faithful heart frighten you?" he asked.

"Most assuredly not. You may love me as much as you please—as an only cousin ought to love, or as a father ought to love, or, yet, as a faithful teacher ought to love a dutiful pupil; but if you talk of marriage to me any more, I shall certainly think you are crazy, and then, of course, I should be frightened, for I am afraid of crazy folks. Don't you remember old Sans Sur Clairvaux—how crazy he was?—how he used to frighten us children at the old chateau? He used to tell about marrying, and don't you remember how he used to try and make love to Marguerite, the old miller's daughter? Don't talk so to me any more, or I shall surely think your brain is turned."

For some moments, Simon gazed upon the fair girl in utter astonishment. He was at a loss to understand whether she was making game of him, or whether she was in earnest. But had he reflected for a moment upon the character of the lovely pupil as he knew it, he would have known that she could not descend to sport with his feelings. Then he still might appeal to her heart.

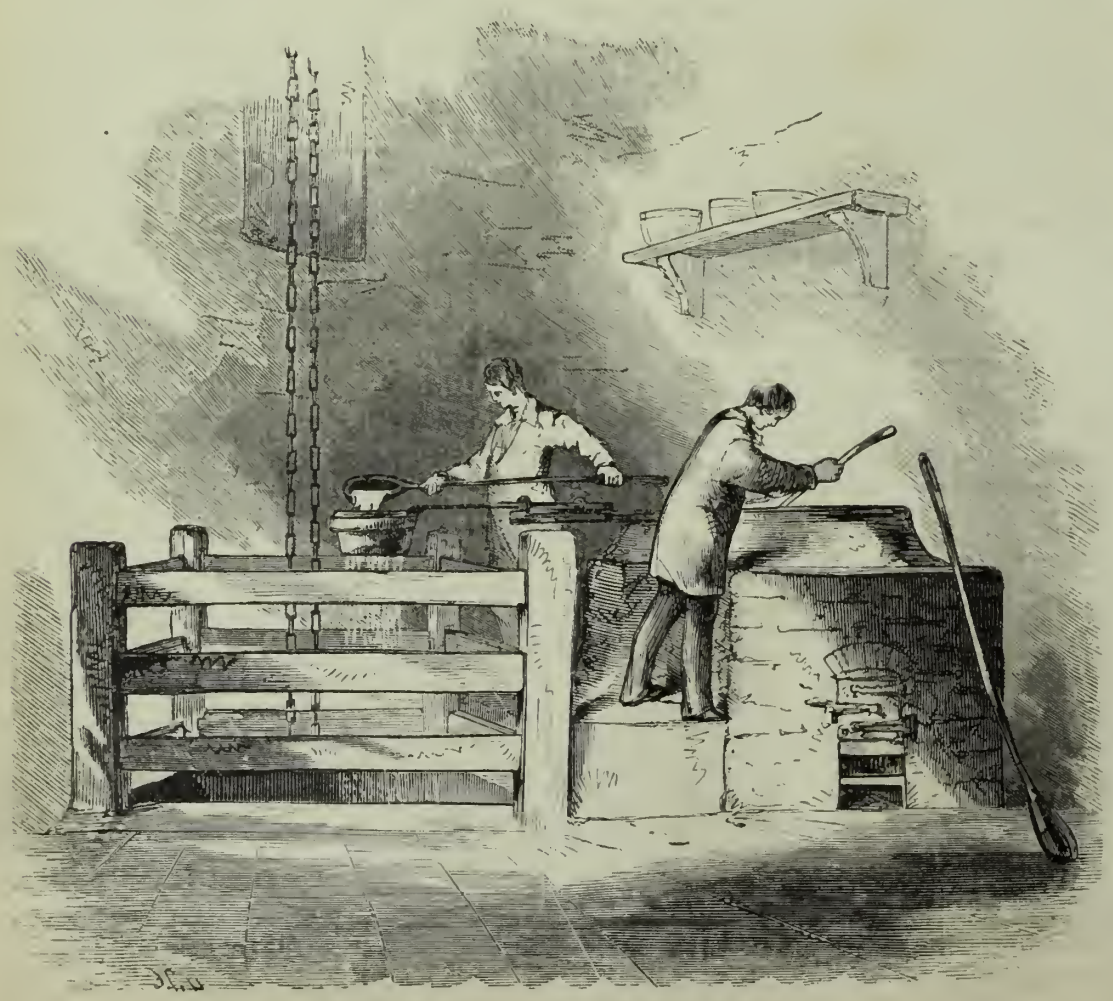
"Alas!" he murmured, choking down his indignation, "you know not what you do. You know not the deep love that dwells like a consuming fire within. But I will not ask you to marry me now. Only promise that, some time, you will be mine. Give me your heart, and pledge me your hand. And then we will be married when you are older. O, do not refuse me this!"

"My conscience, Simon, if we wait for that, your hair will be gray, and you will have to walk with a staff. And then what a sorry-looking couple we should make! Don't, Simon,—don't talk so any more. It's foolish in you to do so. I do really begin to think you are in earnest. But I don't want to hear you speak so any more—truly, I don't!"

"Then you will never love me?"

"Why, I love you now, cousin. I have always loved you. Why will you be so foolish?"

"Alas, Louise! you have struck the dagger to my soul. The lamp of my life has gone out, and all my hopes are sunk in utter darkness! You have done thus much. Now, in mercy, take my dagger, and finish my pain. Take away the life you have cursed,



FURNACE ROOM, BALTIMORE SHOT WORKS.

and let my soul escape the agony it must endure while near thee when thon art not mine!"

Now Louise watched Simon very narrowly while he spoke this, and she saw plainly enough that he was acting. Not only was she by nature gifted with an intuitive perception of the springs of the human soul from outward signs, but she knew the man who now spoke to her too well to believe that this was the spontaneous outburst of true feeling. And, above all else, she remembered to have seen very near that sentence in one of Simon's books, in a tragedy which she had read.

"Strike, cruel one," pursued Simon, when he found that she did not answer, but only gazed sharply into his face. "Take my dagger, and let my life blood out, and while the cold and thirsty earth drinks the warm stream up, you may—"

"Stop, Simon," interrupted the maiden, just as he was putting on the finishing stroke and look of agony, "you have made a mistake. It is not '*cold and thirsty earth*,' but thus it is: 'And while the soil of mother earth doth drink my life-blood up, thou'lt know how bitter is remorse.' That's the true version. And then you ought to have a dagger, because—don't you remember?—Isidore's lover held a dagger in his hand. But don't say any more on this subject, or you'll make me very angry. I can't be your wife; I never can. So there's an end of that matter. And now let us forget that we ever had any such foolish talk."

"And how long has this been your mind?" fairly hissed Lobois, as soon as he could so far recover from his utter amazement as to speak.

"How long?" repeated Louise, in surprise. "Why, you might as well ask me how long 'twas since I had resolved that I would not marry with old Tony, just as well—exactly. Nature set up the barrier when she made me your cousin eighteen years after your birth. Now—"

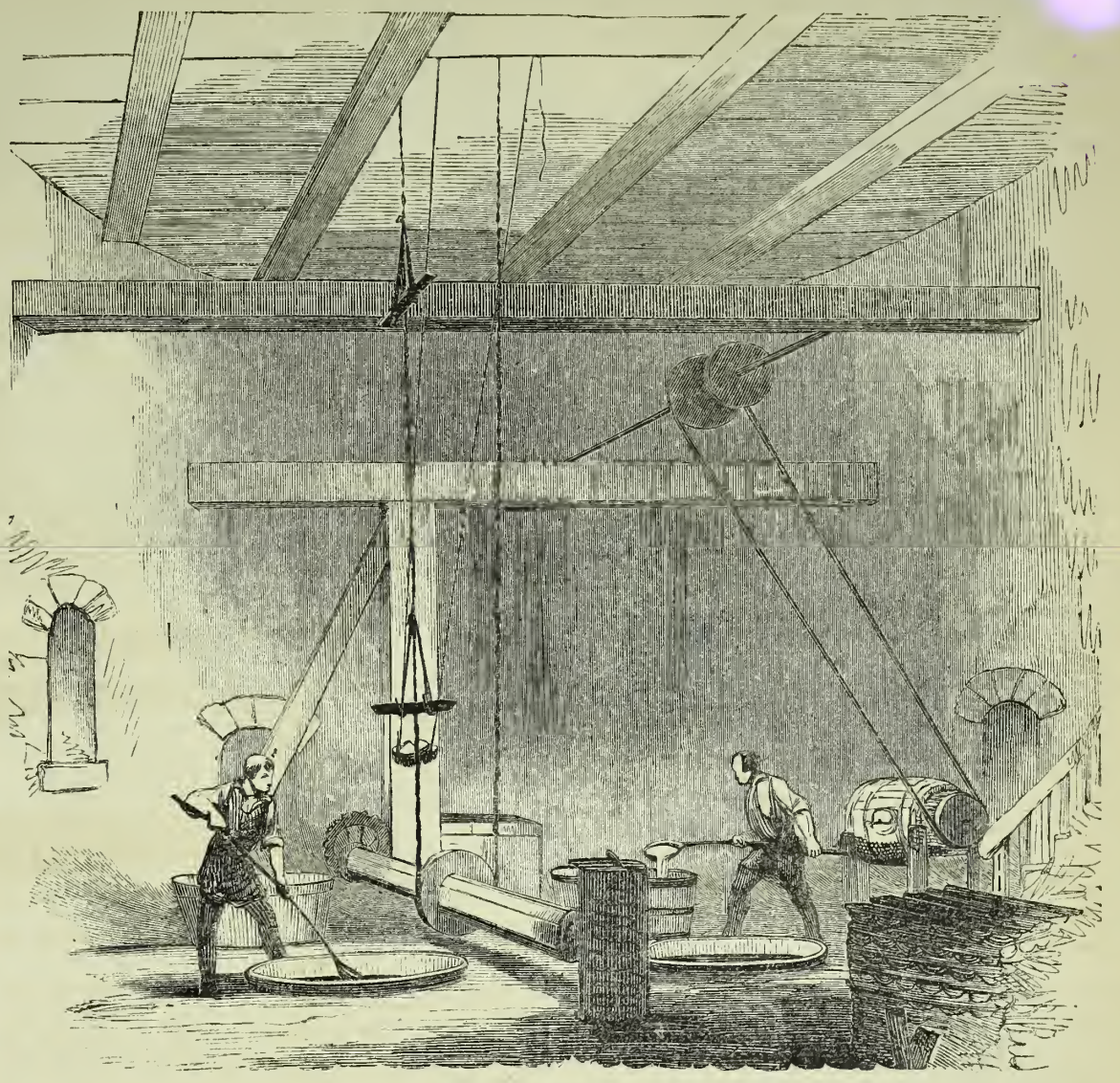
At this moment, Louise heard her father calling her from the hall, and she started up.

"You hear?" she uttered. "My father wants me. Now you wont think anything more of this—will you? Put off that ugly-looking face as soon as you can, and then come out and join us in our social enjoyment. I wont expose you. I wont lisp a word of your funny talk; so don't be afraid. And I know you'll never talk so any more, because I don't want you to. There—he calls again. Here I am—coming!" And with these words, the buoyant, happy-hearted girl tripped out from the room, and in a moment more was with her father, her face revealing not a shadow of the strange scene, and quaint ordeal, which she had just passed through.

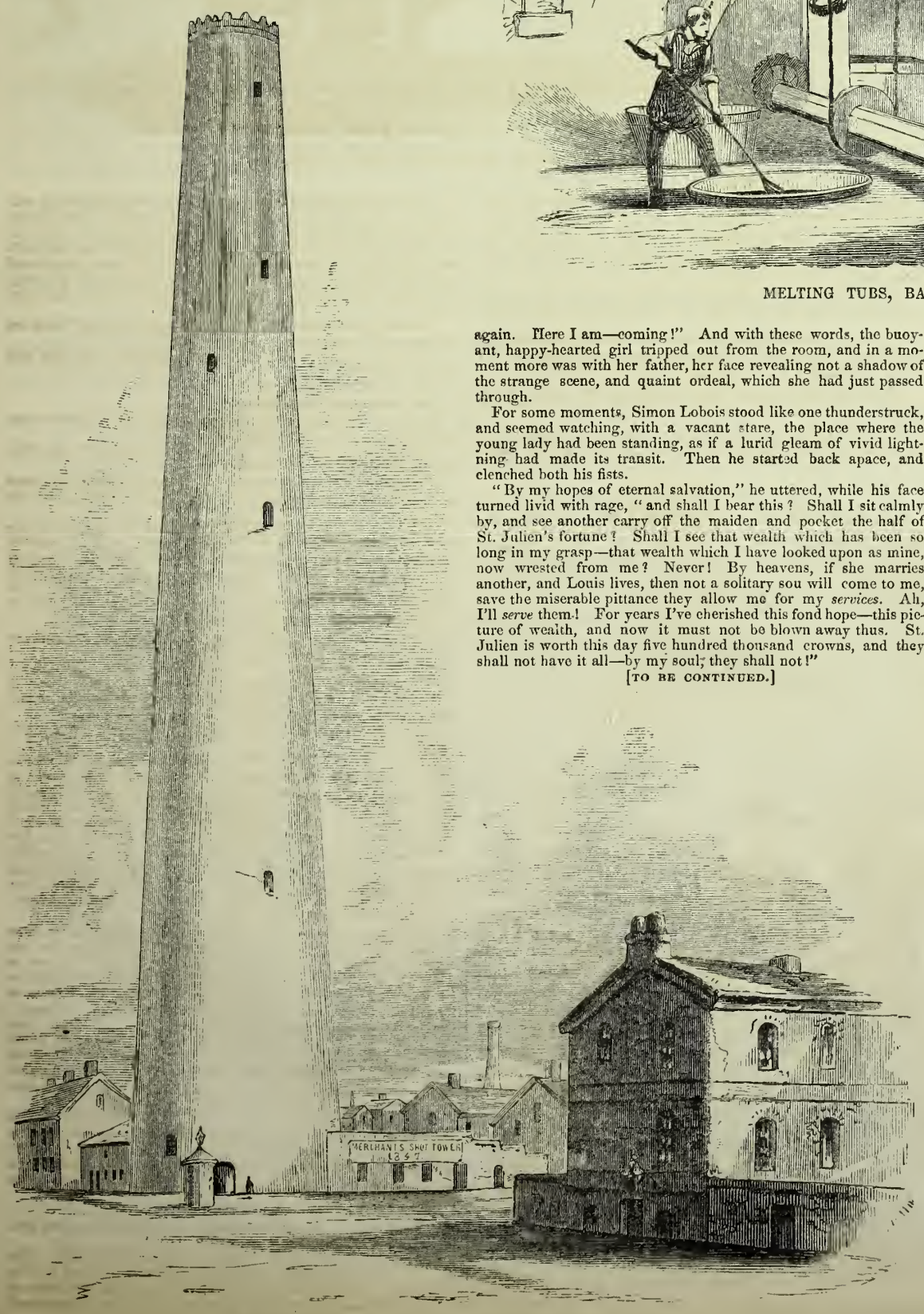
For some moments, Simon Lobois stood like one thunderstruck, and seemed watching, with a vacant stare, the place where the young lady had been standing, as if a lurid gleam of vivid lightning had made its transit. Then he started back apace, and clenched both his fists.

"By my hopes of eternal salvation," he uttered, while his face turned livid with rage, "and shall I bear this? Shall I sit calmly by, and see another carry off the maiden and pocket the half of St. Julien's fortune? Shall I see that wealth which has been so long in my grasp—that wealth which I have looked upon as mine, now wrested from me? Never! By heavens, if she marries another, and Louis lives, then not a solitary sou will come to me, save the miserable pittance they allow me for my *services*. Ah, I'll *serve* them! For years I've cherished this fond hope—this picture of wealth, and now it must not be blown away thus. St. Julien is worth this day five hundred thousand crowns, and they shall not have it all—by my soul, they shall not!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MELTING TUBS, BALTIMORE SHOT WORKS.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BALTIMORE SHOT WORKS.

SHOT TOWER AT BALTIMORE.

The accompanying series of engravings delineates accurately the exterior and interior of the famous Merchant's Shot Tower at the corner of Front and Fayette Streets, Baltimore. It was formerly called the Phœnix Shot Tower. The corner stone was laid by that venerable patriot, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, June 2, 1828, he being the last survivor of the immortal band of signers of the Declaration of Independence. The structure is of brick, and rises 246 feet above the surface of the ground. Visitors are permitted to ascend by the spiral staircase to the summit, from which a magnificent view of the city of Baltimore and its environs is obtained. The process of manufacturing shot commences with hoisting up the lead by an endless chain or windlass driven by steam. It is then melted in kettles at the various dropping stations, alloyed and prepared for dropping. An iron handle or holder is then hung over the hatchway, which is open from bottom to top, and in this handle is placed a box, with the bottom perforated with holes of the size of the shot to be manufactured. The descending streams separate into globules of exactly spherical form, which are cooled by their passage through the atmosphere, and finally fall into a reservoir of water. Our second engraving shows the operations at one of these dropping stations over the hatchway. One man is superintending the melting, another feeding the pan. From the water-tank the shot is raised by a ladle or machinery, and passes into the *dryer*, where it is thoroughly dried, and thence to the polishing cask or cylinder, where a little black-lead is added, and a swift rotary motion soon produces a high polish. Through an aperture, the shot now passes into the receiving-box, thence to the finishing-room, thence to inclined planes, which separate the perfect and imperfect, the former running freely down the troughs, while the latter remain at the head and sides. The imperfect shot are melted over again. The good shot are received in a box at the end of the inclined table shown in our first engraving, and then pass to the sifting-case, which contains a series of sieves of different sizes, the largest at the top. As the shot descends, each sifter receives such as suits its size. The assorted shot are then put in boxes or tubes, are finally weighed out into bags of twenty-five pounds each, and then ready for distribution to the trade. Buckshot are made by moulding or compression, and all small shot by dropping. There are some half-a-dozen shot towers in this country, consuming annually from 150 to 200,000 kegs of lead, and turning out 5000 tons of shot. The Merchant's Shot Tower is the tallest in the world, that of Villach in Carinthia, which is quite noted, being only 240 feet high. The metal is melted in the Baltimore tower at different degrees of elevation. Lead alone is not adapted to the purpose, but arsenic and other metals are combined with it to give the quality of forming readily into globules. The largest shot are dropped from the greatest elevation. We advise no person who is ever troubled with vertigo to ascend to the top of this tower; on those of weak nerves, the position is a very trying one. Yet, a few years since, when the vane required to be taken down for repairs, a sailor ascended the spire, and brought it down with as much coolness as if he had been merely going up and down the side-ladder of a ship. The size of the melting tubs in our third engraving will convey a good notion of the magnitude of the operations carried on in this establishment. Of the other shot towers in the United States, a quite noted one stands on the island of New York, on the banks of the Hudson River, about five miles from the city, and forms a conspicuous feature in the landscape on approaching New York from the Sound. Its altitude is considerably less than that of the structure delineated in our engraving. Still, from its summit, owing to the level nature of the surrounding region, an extensive view is obtained, disclosing a panorama of much natural beauty and picturesque effect.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MUSIC OF THE STARS.

BY H. T. SPERRY.

O, I love to ride on the midnight dark,
When my heart is light and free;
Far away to the gleaming spheres, and hark
To the stars' sweet melody.

When the night has spread its wings of gloom
O'er a wearied world of care;
Then I soar away in its solemn noon,
And roam through the realms of air.

Through the shadowy scenes of space I glide,
Away from the world's dark years;
With the brave old warrior Mars for my guide,
I rove mid the gleaming spheres.

O, solemn and soft are the chimes they sing,
While hurrying on their march;
And mournfully low the clear echoes ring,
Then die in the vaulted arch.

And I list till my soul grows sad and strong,
For they sing of hopes that fled;
And my heart goes out with their thrilling song,
In memory of the dead.

They chant of the glorious ones on earth,
Who live with their calling high;
And they murmur sadly when love has birth,
For they know it soon will die.

And they tell me a mystic tale I love,
'Tis a tale of priceless worth;
That each star that gleams from its home above,
Keeps a watch o'er some on earth.

A celestial hope on my heart burns bright,
That one of the golden band
Will throw o'er my path its radiant light,
Till I reach the "Sabbath land."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STONE HOUSE.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

A PRETTY girl never shows to better advantage than when riding, and if she is mistress of the art of horsemanship, it is easier for her to conquer hearts than it was for the strange, fair Amazons of olden time, mounted on fiery chargers, to subdue their foes. There were numerous reasons that induced Ellen Faxon to ride every pleasant day—plenty of time, a hearty love of wild freedom and the handsomest black pony that ever gladdened the eyes of an enthusiastic equestrian; and tinging all these a sentiment of coquetry which found gratification in a moderate degree of very innocent ostentation.

Nobody in all Waldburg lived such a happy, care-free life as did Ellen. The only child of indulgent parents, whose *menage* indicated the possession of large wealth, her every wish was met by its most agreeable fulfilment. A fairy gift would scarcely have surrounded her with more enjoyments than parental fondness studied to provide. It was a wonder that she was not utterly spoiled—so the gossips prated from one end of the village to the other—and Ellen cantered by them along the streets of the embowered old town without a suspicion of the danger that garrulous crones perceived in the blessings of her fortunate childhood, lurking to destroy by insidious processes, happiness and morals together. They did not know how strong and full of life was her loving heart, nor how it grew in its sunny springtime.

It was a rare morning in early June. Ellen stood on the terrace that separated the venerable stone house from the wide lawn which was tastefully adorned with trees of varied foliage, standing singly or clustering in picturesque groups. The air was soft and fragrant with exhalations from the fresh young grass and innumerable flowers. The exhilaration of the morning was perfect, and Ellen's impatience would scarcely allow her to maintain the new womanly dignity of sixteen years, as the old groom trudged toward her with provoking moderation, leading her pony. Captain Faxon, a large, apoplectic looking man, came out upon the terrace.

"I think that it is neither safe nor proper," said he, "for you to take these rides without some suitable companion or protector. If I could ride as I used to a dozen years ago, I would be your escort. Perhaps Collin would go with you"

"If you please, sir, I had rather not," said the veteran groom, who had approached to hear the last sentence. "The rheumatism is bad yet; 'twould shake me in pieces to go at the mad pace which the young lady chooses."

"And there is no reason to apprehend danger on my account," said Ellen, quite rejoiced that she was to have no restraint upon her whims and caprices, which led her to explore forsaken old roads, or enticed her into mysterious by-paths which suddenly came to an end without attaining any object, as if they were trod by fairy troops that abruptly assumed their aerial conveyance, leaving their terrene way quite unaccounted for by any natural supposition.

Ellen knew twenty such, and open hill-tops, and massy woods and deep dells, and indeed many simple wonders which the romantic region afforded. She sprung from the terrace to the back of her pony. The gentle, delicate Mrs. Faxon made an attempt to arrange her skirt which was already in order, and had scarcely time to express the hope that Ellen would be very careful, before the young girl had kissed her hand and was away.

There was nothing remarkable in all this, save that Ellen, somewhat impressed by the anxiety of her parents, resolved to be less adventurous than usual, and rode along very demurely. When several miles from home, she discovered a grassy path that ascended a wooded hill. She entered it, but was presently stopped by the thickening trees and tangled shrubs. A little way beyond grew a profusion of gay wild flowers, and with an exclamation of delight she left her pony and began to gather them. Absorbed in her pleasing labor, she did not notice approaching footsteps which descended the hill, and she was much startled when, on raising her eyes, she saw a person just before her. Dropping half her flowers, she instinctively returned to her pony, and not till she was securely seated in the saddle did she pause to look at the stranger. He was a tall, slender young man, with a distinguished countenance, and though frugally clad, was evidently unused to labor. A small valise and dusty shoes showed him to be a foot traveller. He smiled and bowed, half in apology, half in admiration, and said that probably like herself, he had been drawn a little while from the highway by the attractive coolness of the bowery slope, and that he had been so fortunate as to find many exquisite floral beauties, with the night dew still on them, and ended by begging her acceptance of his bouquet. Ellen could not resist so much gallantry, nor refuse the tastefully arranged flowers held toward her by a very white, finely shaped hand, and she accordingly took them with a pretty blush which made her look fresher than the fullest, juicy bud among them. By that time they had gained the highway, and Ellen with graceful thanks parted from the stranger.

The young man, whose name was Gilbert Vaughn, watched with unusual interest the departing rider, not only that she was very fair and maintained her seat with bewitching dignity, but she was evidently an inhabitant of the village of Waldburg, which just peeped over the distant hill, whither he was going. He had recently left a medical school, and he had in his pocket his diploma, and sundry recommendations from certain learned professors, lying in consoling proximity to his last dollar—a dollar he had contrived to save by walking that morning. There was an opening at Waldburg, and he was going to gain a footing and living in the town. With a comical sort of inhumanity, Vaughn speculated on the probability of his obtaining a patient before his credit should be exhausted, and wondered a great deal in both sensible and foolish wise about Ellen. The road was straight and she could be seen for a long distance. She was nearly a mile in advance and went on rapidly. But at length her pony, which, like the beast of the ancient prophet, had hitherto led a dutiful life, suddenly espied some terror in the hedge and by a rear and plunge threw Ellen and made the best of his speed homewards.

Vaughn, with mingled emotions that may be conceived, hastened to the scene of the disaster. A dash of water from the wayside brook restored the consciousness of Ellen, of which the fall had deprived her, and a recognition of her attendant brought back the color to her cheeks.

"There are your flowers," she said, laughing as she pointed to the bouquet broken and scattered about on the sand.

Vaughn said something in a complimentary way respecting their place being supplied with others, and then added, in a very professional tone:

"Your forehead is bruised; permit me to apply a lotion."

Ellen watched the opening of the valise, and as she had a view of its contents, remarked:

"You are a physician, I perceive. This is a fortunate encounter; I will put myself under your care:" and she took off her jammed hat and shook down her auburn curls.

Vaughn found that her head was much injured and he dressed the cuts and bruises in his best manner, and bound around them the handkerchief which his patient proffered.

"Ah, that is comfortable," said Ellen. "I fancy I look like a nun. But no matter—you must really stop at Waldburg, for we have no physician."

Vaughn did not hesitate to assent to her proposal. Ellen felt too giddy for walking, but in a little while the carriage came with her father and Collin, who had been very justly alarmed by the arrival of the pony without its rider. She introduced the doctor to her father and playfully recommended his skill, and they all returned to Waldburg in company. Captain Faxon at once interested himself in the young stranger, and being satisfied in regard to his references, proffered to him for a time the hospitality of his residence. This was the more readily accepted as Ellen became very ill in consequence of her accident, and lay delirious many days. Vaughn felt that the success of his future hung on her recovery, and his assiduous attendance was at length rewarded by symptoms of improvement, and at last by the complete return of his patient's health. The reputation of the new physician was established. He took rooms in the most conspicuous place of the village, and Captain Faxon published his merits far and wide. There was nothing more to be feared. No one rejoiced more in all this prosperity than Ellen. If Vaughn looked well in his shabby dress of a poor student, he was quite irresistible in unexceptionable attire, and did not Ellen owe a heart-full of gratitude to him who was the evident saviour of her life? However, without very thoroughly arguing the case, or analyzing her sentiments, she reckoned time by his visits, and knew no epochs in passing weeks and months, save those which his words and acts afforded.

Thus the autumn passed. Who might tell the happiness of those days? The grounds about the residence of Captain Faxon were extensive, and over these Ellen and her lover strolled, talking as if they had known each other years instead of months. The winter passed and another summer and autumn came, and still Vaughn did not tell his love nor ask the hand of Ellen. He was as proud as he was poor. He had no home to offer Ellen, and he scorned to live in one of his wife's providing, and accordingly he deferred an explanation which would have taken a world of anxiety from Ellen's heart.

Vaughn had been nearly two years at Waldburg when Captain Faxon suddenly died. When his estate was settled, mortgage was found to succeed mortgage until the whole property was absorbed, scarcely enough being saved for the purchase of a little cottage where Ellen and her mother might find a shelter. This afflictive bereavement and destitution nearly crushed Mrs. Faxon. A partial paralysis reduced her in mind and body to the capacity and dependence of a child.

At this juncture Vaughn received a small legacy. It was trifling, but sufficient to procure the books and instruments which were indispensable to his successful practice. With such an important assistance he felt a degree of independence; he was richer than Ellen, and he hastened to claim the right of protecting her. She was still at her old home. Mrs. Faxon had been permitted to remain there a few months.

Vaughn found Ellen with her mother. He invited her to walk with him.

"No, stay here," said Mrs. Faxon, plaintively. "It is so lonely when you are gone."

"Ellen needs the fresh air," returned Vaughn. "I know by her face that she has not been out to-day. We will not leave you long."

"She is very well," said the invalid. "It is I who suffer. You do not know what trouble I have had, doctor."

Vaughn expressed his cordial sympathy, and gently re-arranged the cushions for her comfort, and sitting by her until he had soothed her into quiet slumber, stole away with Ellen. Before they had reached the little brook at the foot of the lawn, Vaughn confided to his companion the story of his fervent attachment, and his plans for the future. He took her hand and looked down into her face, waiting for the assent of which he was so sure. Ellen's lip quivered, but she replied with a steady voice:

"I can assume no additional duties. You have seen on many occasions how essential is my presence to the happiness of my mother. I should have no peace in the formation of a connection that would in any degree separate me from her; to her I owe the duty of my life, and you have told me that she may live many years."

"But let me share this attendance with you," entreated Vaughn. "It is too much for you alone."

"We should be only a burden to you. I should be harassed by conflicting obligations. I could neither make your home pleasant nor my mother happy, and failing in all that I desired and attempted, should myself be miserable."

"I have been deceived," said Vaughn. "If you truly loved me you would not adjust your calculations so coolly and measure duties so accurately. You would allow my own wishes some weight. If I had such a foolish pride as not to ask your hand before, do not be revenged on me."

Ellen answered only with her tears. In vain Vaughn sought to change her resolution on that day and afterwards. The little cottage was taken and furnished by the generosity of the creditors. The piano and a few pictures were included, and the little rooms had somewhat of a cheerful air. Ellen resolved to make provision for their necessities, by receiving a few music pupils and day scholars. It fortunately amused her mother to have children within sight and hearing, and she would listen quietly to the piano for hours, equally careless of discord or harmony. Ellen's task was easier than she had expected. The continual importunities of Vaughn alone made the performance of her duty difficult. One day he exhausted his eloquence in again trying to persuade her to become his wife. But Ellen, with tears, besought him to drop the subject forever.

"That I will not do," he replied, and after pacing the room a while, he abruptly added: "I have a new plan. Time will modify your resolution. I will go to Paris and study medicine and surgery. I cannot stay here and see you struggle, when you will not allow me to assist you. I shall remain away long enough to be of substantial advantage to my profession, and then when I return, you will no longer oppose my wishes."

Ellen only smiled—she did not say nay.

"You look an affirmative," said Vaughn.

"Perhaps my mother may be more like herself in two or three years; she has already grown stronger," said Ellen, with a blush on her fair face.

"All success to her full recovery, my Ellen," exclaimed Vaughn, pressing a kiss on the lips of his promised bride.

In a few weeks he left Waldburg, followed by loud regrets and many wishes for his speedy return. The days passed very slowly for Ellen. Once in a while she received a letter from Vaughn, as full of interest and affection as she could desire, but these communications were a poor substitute for the old visits and unrestrained intercourse of past days. It was much that the health and mind of her mother seemed likely to be in a great measure restored. Her little school, systematized and enlarged, was also a source of great enjoyment, so that her life proved much more endurable than she had dared to hope.

Among her scholars were two sweet little girls whom she especially loved. They were sisters, the children of her father's principal creditor, who then resided in her old house. Mr. Smith was comparatively young, and possessed singularly urbane and pleasing manners. He had acquired wealth and popularity without seeming effort; he held many important village offices, and was talked of by the general community for high positions of trust. His wife was an affectionate and gentle woman, and treated Mrs. Faxon and Ellen with great consideration and kindness.

Ellen endeavored to repay her by faithfully instructing her young daughters, and she obtained the unusual double reward, the hearty love of the children and parental appreciation and approval.

Mrs. Smith died after having resided a year only in the stone house. Ellen sincerely mourned her loss, and more tenderly cared for the bereaved children, whose sad faces and deep mourning so pitifully and silently recommended them to her protection. They in their turn clung to her more closely than ever, and so over-stayed their school-hours as to remain entire days with her.

A new trouble arose at this time. The expected letters from Vaughn did not arrive. Days lengthened into weeks and weeks into months, and Ellen heard nothing from him. The thousand fears and conjectures which accompany the solicitude of tenderly loving hearts, made her life a protracted fever of anxiety. In vain she wrote to him. He was not dead, for some one had received casual intelligence concerning him. It could only be that he had chosen to forget her. The chilling conviction of his unfaithfulness gradually settled on her heart like something fateful and deathlike. A kind of torpor crept over her spirit, which transformed her, as it seemed to herself, into a mere machine that went through the regular routine of her duties, half through habit, half by memory. She was hardly reduced to this wretched condition when the health of Mrs. Faxon began rapidly to decline. She was soon obliged to give up her school entirely, and bestow her constant attendance upon her mother. The neighbors were very kind, but none more so than Mr. Smith. He insisted upon providing a nurse at his own charge, and brought the aid of medical practitioners which Ellen never could have procured.

After a protracted illness her mother died. Ellen immediately received the offer of a home from a relative in a distant city, but she could not leave the town which held the graves of her parents and to which Vaughn might soon return. Who could tell but there might be better days when he came back? Some necessary explanation could be given, and all would be well again. She determined to remain at the cottage as she had done. Her first business was to take account of the numerous debts which she had contracted, but to her surprise, she found them all cancelled, and she was unable to ascertain the name of the generous friend who had relieved her from a heavy burden. She next commenced arrangements for the re-establishment of her school, and applied to Mr. Smith, among others, for patronage. He despatched for a reply that he would call and advise with her respecting it. In a few hours he came, but waiving the proposed discussion, forestalled all her plans by asking her to be his wife. Ellen respectfully but firmly declined. She had no wish to marry.

"But you will think better of this in a little time," continued Mr. Smith. "Will you waste the bloom of your days in the monotonous and onerous duties of a teacher? Will you spend your talents in the almost treadmill drudgery of a school, and gain for your labor merely a bare subsistence?"

"I am prepared for the sacrifice," said Ellen, interrupting him.

"If you will make a sacrifice," returned he, earnestly, "let it be for those who will place the highest value upon it—for me, whose dearest pleasure it shall be to cherish you—for my children, who are devotedly attached to you, and whose entire obedience and love will contribute to the happiness of your home."

"Say no more," replied Ellen, "my heart is not yours. I will not wrong you by accepting your proposal."

"Give your hand to me and your heart will follow. You will teach me how to win it. But, my dear Miss Ellen, do not make your ultimate decision now. Think more favorably of me, and I will come at the end of the week to hear your answer."

Mr. Smith pressed her hand and left the house.

Ellen was in great trouble for several days. She could not marry her new lover, for she felt that when Vaughn should return—and it was rumored that he might soon be expected—his silence could be in some way explained; and yet, on the other hand, was it not folly to hope for any satisfaction for a long year's neglect? Yet Ellen thought only of him, of his apparent indifference, of his possible faithfulness, and firmly decided never to unite her destiny with one, towards whom, however deserving, she could entertain no stronger sentiment than that of friendship.

The allotted week had almost ended. Ellen, weary of the lonely cottage, and still more of her unsatisfactory reflections, resolved to soothe her restlessness by spending the afternoon in the open air, amid the quiet autumnal landscape. Before leaving the village street, she stopped at a haberdashery store and made a small purchase. Then she chose a retired lane which conducted her to the russet fields, and onward to the hill-top that overlooked the little town. Fatigued by the ascent, she sat down on a rock that was sheltered by gorgeous bushes and dark evergreens, whence could be seen a brightly variegated picture that was too beautiful to remain unheeded. Continuing a while in this position, she mechanically unrolled the package which she held in her hand. The covering was a scrap of a recent newspaper. Her eye carelessly ran over the fragmentary items without taking their sense. She unwittingly turned the paper in her hands, and the first word that caught her attention changed the beatings of her heart like the sudden voice of doom.

"Married in Philadelphia, by ——, Gilbert Vaughn," etc.

That was the city of his birth. She saw it all then—she was deceived and forsaken. For a few moments the dreadful thought worked her excited brain almost to frenzy; she rose, and tearing the paper into fragments, scattered it to the gusty wind. Then it sunk from her head to her heart like solid ice; she fell back to her seat and hiding her face in her hands, struggled no longer with the crushing certainty.. With despair, a kind of desperation took possession of her will; it mattered little now what she did. She did not look up till the evening chilliness warned her. The cold sunlight was fading from the frost-smitten earth, and the dark clouds above caught few rays of brightness. The great stone house, once her home and which might be again, lay not far below her in the increasing gloom. Dim curls of smoke rolled up from the kitchen fire, a blue vapor slid from the parlor chimney, rich curtains appeared through the broad windows, and within were thick carpets and downy couches and a table spread with no unsubstantial glitter and plenty; and there were also pleasant words and good hearts. Beyond lay the poor, desolate cottage, and its forsaken dreariness depended alone on her for cheer.

The contrast between the homes grew more and more forcible as she descended the hill. Her spirit was blasted and dead, why should she not care for the comfort of the body, when, by so doing, she might increase the happiness of others? She met Mr. Smith. She let her cold fingers rest in his warm hand; she suffered him to tell his story again, and to call her his bride; she permitted him to lead her to the stone house and to appoint their wedding for an early day, that she need not be obliged to live at the cottage again. She seemed to possess a kind of double identity, such as we sometimes have in dreams, when observation takes the place of experience, and we stand out of ourselves, to note, as if they belonged to another existence, our own deeds and words, our own sufferings and enjoyments. She saw herself introduced to the little girls in her new relation to them, saw herself placed at the head of the table, where she poured tea for the happy ones near her, as she always would after that; saw herself conducted about the familiar rooms with caresses and loving words, and thus without responsibility or clearness she was drawn on till her wedding day was past, and the well-arranged journey succeeding was completed.

Their carriage entered the town about the middle of an early winter's day. The artificiality of Ellen's life promised to be enduring, her vivacity increased daily, her situation amused her, and as she drew near home she threw out her lively sallies which provoked her husband's smiles and his courtly answers. They passed the public house with its long piazza warming in the sunshine. Several persons stood there; she looked more attentively; Vaughn met her sight, and raised his hat in recognition. That one moment was enough to bring her truant spirit back again, the spell was broken and she sunk pale and wretched down upon the cushions. Her husband observed her closely, and save that a troubled expression flitted over his face, his manner did not change. Ellen trembled so violently when the carriage stopped that she could scarcely move, but Mr. Smith bore her into the house, and told the children who hastened to welcome them, that she was tired from riding so far, and must rest before she could talk, and carrying her to her warm chamber, tenderly provided her with every comfort and left her alone. O, the despair, the humiliation of that solitude! She turned from each remembrance as from a mortal sin, and bending low in her misery, exclaimed:

"How have I deceived my husband and myself! My life must atone for my crime!" And during that bitter hour she struggled and prayed for strength to do her duty.

But the worst had not come. There was a knock at the door. She opened it, and the garrulous old housekeeper entered and mended the fire, telling the meanwhile the village news.

"And if you'll believe it," she said, "our Doctor Vaughn has come back and taken his old office, and is going to stay here always; and he hasn't changed a bit, and he's almost cured up Deacon Brown's wife a'ready, who has been sick these five months, and what's more'n all the rest, he aint married, as people thought, when they saw it in the papers. But they might have known better, for it didn't read Doctor Vaughn, but only plain Gilbert Vaughn, only a relation that happened to have the same name."

"Will you be so good," said Ellen, staring at her watch, "as to see if the dinner will be punctual?"

"Yes, ma'am," and the housekeeper bustled out of the room—when Mr. Smith entered the room a few moments afterward, he found his wife senseless on the floor.

The long winter dragged away, and Ellen, after the first shock, learned to control herself. Her husband showed no mistrust, and his affectionate tenderness increased. She had not spoken with Vaughn; they mutually avoided each other. When the warm weather came, Ellen resumed her long suspended habit of riding. She was again the admiration of Waldburg, but equally forgetful and careless of the approval of her neighbors, she sought in physical excitement relief from the sharp regrets which tormented her.

On a pleasant summer morning, led by an irresistible impulse, she rode to the hill-side where she had first met Vaughn. The same grassy path, the same tangled bushes and the same gayly flowered bank were there unchanged. She looked at them a moment, and overcome by the memories which they suggested, sprang from her horse and threw herself passionately upon the ground. She sobbed and wept aloud, and called his name whose image was never absent. A soft hand was laid upon her, and a manly voice choked with grief, spoke.

"Ellen, Ellen, in mercy tell me what it all means!"

She lifted herself to behold Vaughn. With a quick sense of the impropriety of her position, she hastened towards her horse, but he held her fast, saying:

"You must tell me, Ellen, why you did not write. Why you ceased to deem me worthy your attention!"

"Do not mock me," replied she. "I did write letter after letter which remained unanswered. I stopped for very shame, at last."

"And I wrote regularly to you," said Vaughn, "until my return. I was travelling during my last year of absence, and supposed that accident lost me the desired replies; but when I came here, events led me to think differently."

"And why did I not receive your letters?" inquired Ellen.

Vaughn did not answer her question, but raising her hand to his lips, said:

"It is no small consolation for me to know that you did not break the bond which united us, until influenced by a double deception. You were false to me when you supposed me false. I shall be true to you—"

Ellen tore her hand from his clasp, and interrupting him, said, with all the dignity she could assume:

"Doctor Vaughn, I am married. We must be as strangers."

He assisted her to remount. Her glance met his; there was one long parting look, full of an eloquence that neither dared express in words, and Ellen rode rapidly away. Vaughn went up the hill, muttering from his compressed lips:

"There has been treachery between us, and I well know its source; but shall I take the last joy from her life by revealing it to her? I will be silent when nothing can be gained by speaking."

After this bitterest trial was over, Ellen strove to resign herself to her destiny, and to repay the love of her husband and children by at least the perfection of every external duty and service. Living thus she could not be wholly miserable. Three years later Mr. Smith was violently attacked by disease. Vaughn being summoned, predicted a severe and lingering illness, and requested the attendance of a neighboring physician to share with him the direction and responsibility of the case. In vain all means were used to restore health; the sick man rapidly failed, and at length the painful duty of announcing to him the near approach of death could no longer be deferred. Not one day remained to him of mortal life.

The physicians left, but a message immediately followed Vaughn requesting him to return alone. Ellen was in the sick room when he returned. Her husband looked at her with a troubled, indecisive expression, and then with a whispered word sent her from the apartment.

"I cannot meet death," said he, "with a burdened conscience. I have done you a great wrong."

Vaughn's eye flashed and he was about to speak, but the other continued:

"You know the extent of my crime, and I have long felt that you knew it. I can offer but a poor extenuation, you may think—to me it seems a great one. I loved Ellen till I forgot justice and honor. The facility which my situation as postmaster afforded, tempted me. I destroyed your letters, and thus, aided by a temporary misapprehension—which she shared with our entire community—won her hand. I studied circumstances carefully and gained my end. I saw too late the terrible risk I had run. I feared she would die of heart-breaking, but her spirit was too strong, and I had but one endeavor—to make her life tolerable; and when I witnessed her self-forgetful devotion to me and mine, I could have worshipped her. She loves you still. She has betrayed her secret often when she has least suspected it. But she has trusted me through all. Promise me that you will never tell her that which will cause her to detest my memory."

Vaughn promised, and with a magnanimity which he could then well afford, freely forgave the penitent. Mr. Smith continued:

"Ellen is rich; it is the only reparation I can make. I confide my children to her integrity; and if you will, I give them all to your care. I have no more to say."

Six months after the day which made Ellen free, she walked with Vaughn beside the brook which skirted the lawn. It may be easily conjectured what they said, and Ellen's happy face betrayed no doubt or misgiving. They looked toward the stone house, where two lovely girls could be seen flitting before the open windows, and they pictured many joyful years for themselves within its gray walls. And they were not disappointed.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATTACHE IN MADRID: or, *Sketches of the Court of Isabella II.* Translated from the German. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 368.

A lively, dashing book, sketching the court circle of Madrid with infinite spirit, and introducing us to a people and customs of which we have little accurate knowledge. The attache was in Madrid at the time Mr. Soule inaugurated a new era of American diplomacy, by shooting the French ambassador. The volume is highly readable. For sale by Redding & Co.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON WITH HIS BROTHER JOSEPH. Translated from the French. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 2 vols. 12mo.

This book is a treasure to students of the character of the great French emperor, and throws a new light on the operations of his mind and the secrets of his success. Everything that this phenomenal personage in history wrote or said is fraught with interest, and possesses a strange fascination. What, then, must have been the power of his voice and presence? For sale by Redding & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—E. H. Wade, 197 Washington Street, has just published the "Hensler Waltz," quite a brilliant composition, by Mrs. J. D Parker, and a graceful tribute to our young prima donna.—G. P. Reed has just published "Be not afraid," a sacred song, by Geo. W. Pratt: "Son giovin giuliva," and "Spento Ancor," with English and Italian words; and the "Forest Hill Polka," by J. W. Blandin.

JULIUS, AND OTHER TALES FROM THE GERMAN. By W. H. FURNESS. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1856. 12mo. pp 303.

A collection of six charming novelettes, translated in a true spirit, faithful to the original text, and pure in English style. They are delightful reading. For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

HOME. By ANNA LELAND. New York: J. C. Derby. 1856. 12mo. pp. 352.

An interesting story, the scenes and characters of which are evidently drawn from life. We wish that more stories of this character were written to stem the popular tide of morbid and unnatural fiction.

LETTERS FROM THE UNITED STATES, CUBA AND CANADA. By the Hon. AMELIA M. MURRAY. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 402.

A book on this country, written by one of Queen Victoria's maids of honor, will, of course, attract attention. It is simply a collection of familiar letters, and their carelessness and frankness show that they were penned with no particular view of conciliating either the British or American market. They are the veritable impressions of an observant woman of average capacity, and more than average fairness. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

ALONE. By MARION HARLAND, of Richmond, Va. New York. J. C. Derby. 1856. 12mo. pp. 384

A work deserving its large circulation by its quiet and unpretending merits. It is full of interest, and graphically written. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE THREE MARRIAGES: *or, Life at a Watering Place.* By Mrs. HUBBARD. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 465. 1856. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A very clever, readable novel, fully equal in interest to the "Wife's Sister," and "May and December," from the same pen. For sale by Brown, Bazin & Co.

MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP.—This truly humorous and popular book has been issued in a new edition, with illustrations from the pencil of Darley, by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF



E CITY OF BOSTON

[Translated from the Danish for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ETERNAL FLOWER.

BY H. OURDON BABCOCK.

I know a lovely, charming flower,
Not reared by Flora's gentle art;
A precious gift from heaven's bower,
Dear to the heart.

It blooms hut in retirement;
It never decks the breast,
But cheers the heart by sorrow pressed,
With grateful scent.

Long after he, who gave it thee,
Has suffered mortals' common lot,
Its blossom whispers, smilingly,
"Forget me not."

It feareth not the lily's fall;
The rose's death it doth defy;
It breathes forth sweet perfume through all
Eternity.

O happy who has found a heart
Which warm with friendship ever beats,
Which firm with him life's joy and smart
Unwavering meets.

He glad existence high can prize,
Heeds not the frown of fortune's eye;
To him, each spot beneath the skies,
Is paradise.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

In the latter part of the month of May, 1852, I was in Toulon. I had intended to take one of the French steamers here for Algiers, but learning that there was a brig bound for Tripoli, I determined to take passage in this latter craft if I could be accommodated. It was the brig Bonfire, of New York, and commanded by William Belknap, a man whose acquaintance I had already made. On application to him, I was shown to a state-room at once, and kindly informed that I might occupy it by paying my share of the mess-money, as long as he remained in the Mediterranean. I at once put my luggage on board.

Belknap had intended to sail Saturday morning, but on Friday night we were warned not to leave the harbor without a permit. On inquiry, we were informed that twenty-four galley-slaves had made their escape, and it was supposed they might attempt to take their departure by some of the vessels in the harbor. On Sunday afternoon those vessels which wished to sail were visited by two officers of the galleys, and as nothing was found on board of a suspicious character, they were allowed to depart. It was three o'clock, P. M., when the officers reached our vessel. They boarded us, and having peeped into every nook and corner where a man could have been concealed, as well as into a great many places where a kitten could not have crept, they took their leave and gave us permission to start.

In passing the island of St. Leon, we noticed a small Dago felucca close in under the shore on the seaward side, and the captain was sure he saw the dress of a convict on her deck. I caught a glass, and having levelled it upon the craft, I was sure that I, too, could see a convict. That cap and shirt were not to be mistaken. And there were more than one of them, too. Some one proposed returning and giving information to the guard, and thus get the reward.

"No, no," said Captain Belknap; "if the poor dogs have run so much risk, and got so far, let 'em go."

So on we went, and just as the island and the felucca sank from sight beyond the horizon the sun went down. We were just a week in making the run, for it was towards the middle of the afternoon on Sunday when we dropped anchor in the harbor of Tripoli; and it was then that I learned for the first time the object of Belknap's visit here. He had come to bring twenty thousand dollars in gold, to Mr. McCauley, the American consul here, which money was for some merchants or travellers who were then somewhere on the great desert. It was nearly five o'clock in the evening, when a felucca came in and anchored within quarter of a mile of us.

"By the great Mogul," uttered Mr. Murphy, the first mate, who was examining the felucca through his glass, "that fellow looks natural. "We saw that chap under the bluffs of St. Jean."

This led to a general examination of the felucca, and we were not long in deciding that the mate was right. To be sure, there might be a hundred vessels like that one in general outlines; but there was a patch in the planking of the bows which we well remembered, and she had a peculiar set of the masts. At all events, we were sure she was the one we had seen by the island of St. Jean.

"And why has she followed us?" was the next question.

"Of course them villains can't know we've got money aboard," said Wildredge, the second mate.

"Well, I don't see why the convicts mayn't have known it," returned the captain, "since there were four of them engaged in bringing it down."

"But I thought them wasn't galley-slaves," said Wildredge.

"They bunk in the same place," answered the captain, "and could have told all the convicts of the facts, if they wished."

It was soon evident that the galley-slaves of Toulon could have known that we had a great sum of gold on board, for a part of one of the gangs had been engaged in bringing down the boxes. The next question was—had these scamps run down here after us for the purpose of robbing the brig? We knew there were several convicts on board the felucca, for we could see them even now—some of them having probably had no opportunity to exchange their clothing. We also knew they had had an opportunity of learning the fact of our having money on board, and they were desperate characters, who were used to villany in all its shapes.

"Maybe they meant to have overhauled us at sea," suggested Murphy.

"Very likely," returned the captain. "And they knew, too, that we could not carry goods on shore without a permit, and that in consequence thereof, we should have to lay one night here, at least, with the money on board. And let me tell ye, too, that if they have come for that purpose, and if we had not discovered them, they might have robbed us as easy as you please."

It seemed plain to the minds of us all, that the escaped convicts had come on purpose to rob us, to take the gold we had in charge. The quarantine laws were not very strict, but yet our bill of health must be examined and a permit obtained, and every one might have known that nothing could have been sent on shore from the brig before the next day at the earliest.

Mr. Murphy stationed himself behind a lot of running rigging which was hung up against the main shrouds, and from thence he observed the movements on board the felucca. He could thus see without being seen. It was soon evident that the convicts (for we had now become absolutely assured that they were nothing else) did not suspect that we mistrusted them, for their movements were bold and unguarded; and as the felucca's gunwales were low, we could see these things plainly. They had a spy-glass, and it was levelled on us half the time. And then there was another thing that looked very suspicious. They had a larger boat than usual at the stern, and an extra one on deck; and this last boat was got out before dark. Of course no ordinary felucca could have honest use for two such boats.

The sun went down, and ere long the stars came out. Captain Belknap had an excellent night-glass, and just as twilight was deepening into night, he could see that there were full twenty men on the felucca's deck. We had not seen over half a dozen of her men at any one time before. The captain handed me the glass and bade me look. Without the glass I could just distinguish the dark outlines of the felucca upon the starlit water, but after I had had the glass to my eye for some moments, I could see the vessel's outlines plainly, and could distinguish some twenty or more dark forms upon her deck. Had it been upon the shore, they might have been stumps or posts for all that the glass revealed to the contrary, but I knew that upon that deck they could be nothing but men.

Of course we did not *know* that the escaped convicts meant to trouble us, but never was man more sure of a fact that rested on belief than were we of the intentions of that runaway crew.

By-and-by it became so dark that the night-glass could only reveal the dim outlines of the felucca, and then we set about preparing for defence. If we could have held communication with the shore, of course we should have done so, but to have sent a boat off would have cost us dear, so we simply made up our minds to defend the brig as best we could. There were sixteen men of us in all—the captain, his two mates, twelve men and myself. We had fourteen pistols, three common fowling-pieces and one rifle, but no swords. Yet each man had a fire-lock, and two to spare. The rifle was given to Wildredge, and Murphy took the extra fowling-piece. We next had seven long, heavy iron belaying pins, which were about as good as so many cutlasses; and clubs for the rest of the crew were easily procured. Thus were we armed, and we felt strong, for we had one great advantage—if the villains came we could have them under our fire and clubs ere they could know where we were.

Of course there were some fluttering hearts, and some quick, nervous breathing, but there was not a sinking, quailing soul. Nine o'clock came; and so did ten—and eleven—but we had no thought of giving up the watch, though one or two, more calm than the rest, napped a little. It was nearly half-past eleven when we heard a light plashing in the water in the direction of the felucca. Belknap quickly brought out his night-glass, and he plainly saw two boats approaching us. He made sure of this, and then gave the order for us to secrete ourselves.

There was a sort of top-gallant forecastle to the brig, reaching to the heel of the bowsprit, and under this we all crept, with our fire-arms and clubs ready for action. Our plan of operations was all laid down and understood. It was quite dark, but yet we could see the form of a man from one end of the brig to the other quite plainly. By-and-by the boats came so near that we could hear the light plash of the muffled oars—the sound would not have disturbed an unsuspecting man, for it might have been a mere rippling of the water, so low and cautious was it. The captain allowed them to come very near before he hailed them, as though he had just discovered them.

"Boats ahoy!" he cried then, in a tone of well assumed surprise.

"What ye want?" was returned from one of the boats, in French.

"I want to know who you are," cried Belknap, in the same tongue.

"Never you mind. We'll tell ye when we come," answered the same voice that had spoken before.

"But who are ye? Where d'ye come from? What d'ye want here? Keep off—keep off!"

"Keep off yourself!" shouted the Frenchman, as the bows of his boat struck our side.

On the next moment Belknap darted back, and came around on the forecastle.

"Boys," he uttered, in a quick, emphatic tone, "we know now they mean to rob us. I've ordered them to keep off, and they went. That's sure ground. Be ready for 'em the moment they come, and don't hesitate."

In a moment more half a dozen dark heads appeared above the rail at the gangway, and immediately afterwards a number more followed. There were surely twenty heads in all. As they came upon the deck, we could see them plainly, and could see them gaze eagerly around.

"Where is he?" asked one.

"Gone below, I guess," returned the voice that had answered the captain's hail.

"To wake up the crew," said another.

"But where's the gold?" asked one of the acquisitive ones.

"Down in the cabin, somewhere," was the reply.

"Then let us go down there."

"Ay—down in the cabin where the gold is," repeated several.

These remarks had been made in a low tone of voice, but we understood them well, and of course the last lingering doubt had now gone. The villains moved towards the cabin companion-way, in a body, seeming to have but the one idea of finding the gold.

"Now, boys!" whispered the captain. "Use your clubs first, and save the pistols till you need them. Strike fair—and strike with all your might. Now!"

Without a word—but like the rushing of some heavy body—we darted aft. The convicts had reached the bulkhead, and finding it fastened they supposed the crew had taken refuge below. One of them was just calling for some one to open the door when we came upon them. Captain Belknap struck the first blow with one of the iron pins, and his man sank upon the deck without so much as a groan. Some of us had gone round upon the larboard side, so that we took them on both flanks. After the first moment of excited nervousness had passed over, our men lay about them with their clubs most bravely; and surely one half the villains had been floored ere the invaders could even imagine from whence the danger came. Of course they turned then.

"Look out, boys," cried Belknap, loud enough for every man to hear. "They have knives!"

In another moment we heard the voice of Wildredge, the second mate, crying that he was stabbed. Our men waited to hear no more, but instantly changing the clubs into the left hand they drew their pistols, and on the next instant the sharp reports rang out upon the air. The men had become firm and steady-nerved by this time, and the shots were not thrown away. At any rate, when the last pistol was fired there were only four of the enemy upon their feet, and they were disposed of without much further trouble.

The captain now called upon the cook to bring the lanterns, and when they were brought we could see the full extent of our work. Some half dozen of the villains were still being held down by our men, but they were quickly taken care of, though not without some hard work. We found some half dozen more who were simply stunned, and who were easily brought to, after the rest had been secured.

There were twenty-two of the convicts in all, and only nine of them were fairly dead. Seven were wounded, two of whom died the next morning, so that we had eleven of them left alive upon our hands, and they were securely bound. Of the brig's crew only two were wounded—Wildredge having received a knife-cut in the arm, and one of the men a cut on the shoulder; but neither of them were dangerous. Before it was fairly day, some officers came off, having heard the report of the pistols. The matter was explained to them, and they immediately sent for the American and French consuls. As good luck would have it, a French corvette came in that very morning from Tunis, and the eleven prisoners were delivered over to the French commander. Belknap received a certificate, signed by the consuls and the captain of the corvette, in which all the facts were set forth, so that on his return to Toulon, he could obtain the reward which had been offered for the apprehension of the convicts. And this he afterwards did, receiving a very handsome sum.

I have not seen Belknap since that day, but I have not forgotten him, nor shall I be very likely to, while my mind holds the memory of that NIGHT ATTACK.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages: there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO CALLIE.

BY WYANDOTTE.

Days, months and years may pass me by,
And leave no trace in sight;
Yet, hid within, deep rancors lie,
My fondest hopes to blight.

Some latent wish, a fond desire
Perhaps my pen impels,
To write the name I cannot speak,
Where memory fondly dwells.

The wish is mine and angry fate,
Do what she will or may,
Can none indeed so fair create
As thou, my light of day.

The joyous pleasure too is mine,
Thine image thus to cherish,
Mid scenes of life, and joy, and strife,
Where others vainly perish.

I would not have thee waste one thought,
One vain regret on me,
'Tis best (you say) that we shall part,
More cruel though it be.

Though deep the chasm between us made,
By hungry hands begun,
The pay is scant, their fare is bad,
For work so nobly done.

But fate with iron hand doth crush
A heart already sore;
In grief I say my last farewell;
Thy name I'll call no more.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NO CROSS—NO CROWN.

BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

A YOUTH girded himself for the journey of life. A smile was on his lips; a glad, bounding pulse betrayed the full, joyous current that gave elasticity to his steps, crimson to his cheeks, and hope and exultancy to his heart. He had read of those who had fainted by the wayside; but they had not commenced this pilgrimage with a frame as buoyant, spirits as light-winged, a will as strong, and a soul as undaunted as his own. He was resolved to win the crown of immortality, and he knew that he must climb many a mountain height before he reached the temple where it was enshrined. But what cared he for the distance that intervened? He had a long, long day before him; the path was green, and the dewiness of early morning sparkled in the fresh and flowery herbage. The summits of the distant hilltops were soft, and smooth, and blue as the heavens on which they gracefully and majestically undulated. Like Obidah, the son of Abensoria, he seemed to hear the morning song of "the bird of paradise," and the breezes of Eden rustled in his hair. In imagination, he beheld that crown of burning gold which was to set so royally on his brow; and he went onward bravely, rejoicingly, though, as the sun rose higher, the sultriness of advancing day glowed on his cheeks, and he was constrained to push back his moistened locks, and wipe the sweat-drops from his fervid temples.

At length the sun poured down a full tide of mountain glory, too oppressive to be borne, and the youth staggered and turned his wistful eyes to a grove by the wayside, whose entrance, arched by interlacing vines, wooed him as to the embrace of a friend. Just as he was about to embower himself in the leafy coolness, a hand was laid upon his arm, and he saw a stranger, in a pilgrim's garb, standing before him. He wore a countenance of grave sweetness, and his eye beamed with serene and steadfast light.

"Can ye not bear the heat and burden of the day?" said he, and his voice sounded like the low, deep notes of an organ. "Think ye the golden crown is allotted to the idler in the bowers of ease? No; it is the guerdon of toil, the price of exertion, the reward of self-sacrifice, of enthusiasm and unflagging energy. Do you relinquish the prize?"

"No, father," replied the youth; the stranger was not old, but there was something in his aspect that expressed a divine paternity. "No, father, but I am faint and weary, and my feet are beginning to blister from the dry and sandy path. If I rest, it is only to gather strength to renew my journey."

"Beware!" said the stranger; "the night cometh when no man can work. Go on, and strength shall be given. Go on, if thy purpose is holy, and thy ambition pure. Take my rod and staff, and it will support your weakness; bind my sandals on your feet, and they will protect them from the burning sands; and take this cross on your shoulder and bear it, even to the gate of the temple. Bear it, though with bleeding flesh and shrinking frame; for by Him who swore by himself because there is no greater, the crown is only for him who bears the cross and despises the shame."

The eyes of the youth seemed gifted with supernatural power, and he beheld, what he had not before seen, a cross, that must have been borne by the stranger, for the mantle that covered his shoulder was stained with blood, and he pressed his hand against his side, as if oppressed with weariness. Constrained by a mysterious, inexplicable power, the youth bowed himself down, and attempted to lift a burden at once so glorified and so accursed, but his trembling hands fell to his sides, unable to overcome its weight.

"Fear not, I am with thee!" said the stranger; and lifting the cross as lightly as if it were a silver thread, he laid it across the shoulder of the youth, and taking his hand with a benign smile, he bade him arise and be of good cheer.

"And then," said the youth, looking back upon the pilgrim, on whose head the noonday sun fell with a strange glory, "if thou hast borne the cross, where is thy crown?"

The stranger lifted his right hand to heaven, as he slowly receded from view, and, to the dazzled eyes of the youth, his face seemed like the body of heaven in its clearness, and his drapery white and glistening, so as no fuller on earth could whiten it. And he went on, endowed with strength from on high; with the pilgrim's staff in his right hand, and the pilgrim's sandals on his feet, he was enabled to bear the burden of the pilgrim's cross. It is true, his heart and flesh oftimes failed, and his spirit panted under the weary load, while tears gushed from his eyes, and blood trickled from his wounded shoulder. But a voice seemed ever whispering in his ear, "No cross—no crown." And he fixed his eyes on the mountain summit, and toiled upward and onward, pausing only to "drink of the brook by the way," for the shadows began to lengthen, and chillness crept slowly upon the air.

"O, God," he once exclaimed, in the extremity of despair, while the cross he had borne seemed bearing down upon him with crushing weight, "my burden is greater than I can bear! Is this rugged path the same I entered this morning, so green, and fresh, and blushing with new-born flowers? Is this leaden heart the same that then throbbed with such glad pulsations?—these weary eyes the same that mocked the dawning sunbeams? O, if this be life's journey, why did I ever enter it? Why were such glorious aspirations given, combined with so much weakness?—such longings for immortality, yet such draggings down to earth?—such divine ambition bound by such mortal coils? Alas! my spirit is willing, but my flesh is weak."

"Who that had seen that crushed and wearied figure, travel-soiled, dim and dusty, with pale and tear-stained cheek, and dry, quivering lips, and eyes like smoking torches, would have recognized the youth in his morning bloom of heart and cheek, his hope, and joy, and brightness? His knees bend under him—he is about to sink, as many a poor burdened heart has done in life's pilgrimage, when through the parting mountain shadow he catches a glimpse of the temple which is the goal of his footsteps, glittering and flashing like the golden glories seen through sunset clouds. He rises and presses onward, and as he remembers the promise of him who had himself borne the cross and despised the shame, who had placed the staff in his hands, and bound the sandals to his feet—when he recalls the divine effulgence in which he melted from his sight—the sublime gesture slowly sweeping heavenward, his spirit burns within him, and his failing strength is renewed. He presses onward and upward; the mountain stream dashes across his path, and the cold waters threaten to submerge him, but he plunges in, and they soon roll darkly behind him. The mountain side is whitened with the bones of wayfarers, who perished ere reaching the temple goal, now almost gained by him.

Hark! Is it music that greets his fainting senses? No; it is the opening of the temple gate, on "golden hinges turning." Halt not, weary pilgrim; one more step, and the goal is won! Thou canst lay down the cross, and the crown is thine! Joy to thee, triumphant traveller! From the mountain height—from the sun-clad temple, where thy feet are planted, thou canst look back on the rugged path, the toilsome ascent, and the fallen cross.

Who that beheld that radiant form, glowing with immortal youth and heavenly joy, with that crown of sevenfold beams of glory on his brow, would recognize the travel-soiled and tear-blistered pilgrim, bowing and fainting beneath the crushing burden of life? Gone are the dust-stains from his garments, the tear-stains from his cheek, the blood-drops from his vesture, and the anguish from his soul. How short the warfare—how enduring the triumph! How brief the toil—how everlasting the rest! How different the downward to the upward view!

A young maiden sat in her chamber at the twilight hour, and there was no one near to witness the shadow on her brow. The breeze sighed through her lattice, and she sighed responsive to its mournful whispers; she was young, but her cheek was pale, and her blue eyes were darkened by a melancholy shade; she was young, but the fragrance had passed from life's flower, and the glory from life's dream. She had made herself an idol, and found that its heart was of iron, and its feet of clay; and she gathered up the fallen garlands with which she had crowned it, and crushed them withering to her bosom.

"O, Father in heaven!" she exclaimed, in the loneliness and desolation of her heart, "let me not continue life's weary journey thus sorrowing and alone. I have gathered with rash hand the blossoms of love, and they have faded in my grasp, leaving nothing but the print of the thorns. Doom me not to travel a long, bleak way, whose darkness appals, and whose coldness chills. O, my Father, one lonely traveller will not be missed in the great thoroughfare of humanity. Here let me rest my burdened heart, and close my weary eyes."

The young mourner bowed her head, and her tears dropped like summer rain. Was it the breeze that rustled in her loosened ringlets, or the wing of an angel unseen by mortal eyes? Who is it whispers to her fainting spirit, and bids her rise and go forward on her Father's mission? Like Mary, she has been weeping over the grave of her earthly hopes; like Mary, she hears the voice of the Master, and she goes forth to meet him. Trembling and faltering, she goes forth obedient to the divine behest; she passes into the shadows of night. The sun will shine no more for her, but one by one the stars come out and hold their silver lamps over the wanderer's path. She has bowed her frail shoulder to the burden of the *cross*, and the promise of the *crown* sustains her sinking soul.

"Not a golden crown," she cries, "but one of unfading flowers—one leaf embalmed with the breath of immortal love were worth all the gold that paves the streets of the New Jerusalem. Adieu, ye blossoms of earth! Never more shall my hand gather your glowing clusters; your beauty hath turned to ashes, and your fragrance to poisonous exhalations—the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley shall replace your perishing bloom."

Like a pale moonbeam, the young maiden parted the shadows of night, as her still footsteps left their print on the dewy grass. Her steps had been light as the summer breeze, but the burden of the cross pressed her downward, and those who followed could tell that a weary foot had preceded theirs. By-and-by the moon lifted her angel face above a bed of white fleecy clouds, and mingled her soft, holy light with the inner light dawning in the maiden's soul. Long and lonely was the path she trod—sometimes through woods, dark and dense, impervious to the heavenly rays, where the melancholy notes of the midnight bird alone were heard; over rugged hills and solitary vales, through cold streams and wild, dreary wastes she passed, watching for the day spring on high. Not to the gorgeous temple on the mountain height was her glance uplifted. It was turned to a green field, where still waters smiled—to a bower where the dove made its nest, and the Rose of Sharon bloomed. Exhausted nature rallied, as bathed in morning's rosy light she beheld the borders of the promised land. She pressed forward with panting breath and failing limbs, but fell prostrate beneath the crushing weight she had upborne so bravely and enduringly. Poor wanderer! poor forsaken wanderer! hast thou followed thy Master's steps in vain?—is there no rest for the tempest-tossed and world-weary spirit?—has God forgotten to be gracious, and are his promises void?

No! One approaches and lifts her drooping form. "His head is wet with dew, and his locks are heavy with the drops of night." Unseen, he has been the companion of her journey, her protector and her guide. He has not forsaken her, who has put her trust in him. Immortal joy thrills through her frame, glows on her cheeks, and beams in her eyes. Her robes are white as those of the blood-washed throng that surround the throne of God; and a wreath of unfading roses redolent with divine love, the only crown she sought, encircles her brows. She stands upon the cross, her stepping-stone to heaven, triumphant, adoring; and looks back upon the clouds rolling behind her, with a smile that illumines their darkness.

"No cross—no crown!" From the tongues of angel choirs sounds this motto for the pilgrims in the journey of life. From the bed of pain, the couch of languishment, the dungeon of despair—from the blighted heart of youth, and the frozen breast of age, amid disappointment, and sorrow, and agony, this sublime appeal to the immortal spirit struggling for victory or release is uttered; and its echo may be heard in the remotest abodes of suffering humanity. "No cross—no crown." It is the slogan of life, the victor-anthem of death, the chorus of eternity.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

The care of this important beacon is committed to four men; two of them take charge of it by turns, and are relieved every six weeks. But as it often happens, especially in stormy weather, that boats cannot touch at the Eddystone for many months, a proper quantity of salt provisions is always laid up as in a ship for a long voyage. In high winds such a briny atmosphere surrounds this gloomy solitude from the dashing of the waves, that a man exposed to it could not draw his breath. At these dreadful intervals the two forlorn inhabitants keep close quarters, and are obliged to live in darkness and stench, listening to the howling storm, excluded in every emergency from the least hope of assistance, and without any earthly company but what is administered from the confidence in the strength of the building in which they are immured. Once, on relieving this forlorn guard, one of the men was found dead, his companion choosing rather to shut himself up with a putrifying carcase, than, by throwing it into the sea, incur the suspicion of murder. In fine weather these wretched beings scramble about the rocks when the tide ebbs, and amuse themselves by fishing, which is the only employment they can have, except that of trimming their nightly fires. Such total inaction, and entire seclusion from the joys and aids of society, can only be endured by great religious philosophy, which we cannot imagine they feel; or by great stupidity, which in pity we must suppose they possess. Yet this wretched communication is so small, we are assured it has sometimes been a scene of misanthropy. Instead of suffering the recollection of these distresses and dangers in which each is deserted by all but one, to endear that one to him, we are informed the humors of each were so soured, they preyed both upon themselves and on each other. If one sat above, the other was commonly found below. Their meals, too, were solitary—each, like a brute, growling over his food alone. The emolument of this arduous post is twenty pounds a year, and provision while on duty. The house to live in may be fairly thrown into the bargain. The whole together is, perhaps, one of the least eligible places of preferment in Britain.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

HOW THE TELEGRAPH WORKS.

In speaking of the electric telegraph, we suppose that there is, in every message transmitted by its agency, a sort of journey accomplished by the current, as far as the wires may reach; and to us it is a matter of astonishment that some elemental substance, set in motion in London, shall travel in the brief space of one minute to Glasgow. But the reality is far more wonderful than this idea. There is no actual current, or passage of power. There is already provided by nature a connecting substance between the two termini; the electricity has not to travel, for it reaches all the way; and just as I could change the position of the hands of a clock, without going to the clock, supposing I had a long, light rod in my hand; so, by touching and guiding one end of the long, subtle chain of fluid, I can change the hands of the electrical dial at the distance of ten, a hundred, or a thousand miles.—*Christian Freeman.*

THE VOLATILE.—Extreme volatile and sprightly tempers seem inconsistent with any great enjoyment. There is too much time wasted in the mere transition from one object to another. No room for those deep impressions which are made alone by the duration of an idea, and are quite requisite to any strong sensation either of pleasure or pain. The bee to collect honey, or the spider to gather poison, must abide some time upon the weed or flower. They whose fluids are mere sal volatile, seem rather cheerful than happy men. The temper above described is oftener the lot of wits, than of persons of great abilities.—*Shenstone.*

SIR ALLAN NAPIER MCNAB.

The gentleman, whose portrait, taken from a photograph, graces this page, is one of the most distinguished of our Canadian neighbors. He was born about the beginning of the present century, and is now, as his appearance shows, enjoying a hale old age. His father was a general in the British army, who, after having served in Europe many years, came to America with his colonel, the late General Simcoe, the first governor of Upper Canada. Sir Allan's father appears to have been a very gallant man, and was repeatedly wounded in action, having, on one occasion, both his legs broken. The second war between Great Britain and this country found the subject of our sketch attending school, but when our troops crossed the frontier, obeying his patriotic and military impulses, he joined the ranks of the royal troops, and was in the grenadier company of the king's regiment that was so badly cut up by us near York. Through the influence of General Sir R. H. Sheafe, young McNab received a midshipman's warrant, and was placed on board Sir James Yeo's ship on Lake Ontario, and participated in the attack on Sackett's Harbor. He soon, however, abandoned the navy, and joined the 100th regiment, then advancing on the Canadian frontier. He behaved under fire with such gallantry that he was promoted to an ensigncy in the 49th. With this regiment he marched to Plattsburgh, where he commanded the advanced guard at the bridge over the Saranac on the morning of the attack. He shared the varied fortunes of the British arms, and remained in the army until 1816, when he threw up his commission and commenced the study of the law. Shortly after being admitted to the bar, in 1824, he commenced the practice of his profession in Hamilton, then an inconsiderable village, and was the first barrister honored with a silk gown as queen's counsel in Upper Canada. In 1828, he had a difficulty with the House of Assembly, by whose order he was arrested, but soon afterwards regained his liberty. In 1830, he was chosen to represent the county of Wentworth in the provincial legislature, and has ever since continued in the Canadian parliament. He was for several years speaker of the House of Assembly of the then province of Upper Canada; and is now prime minister and leader in the House of Assembly. During his speakership, in 1837—38, he took the field at the head of the militia force of Upper Canada, and after the dispersion of the patriots at Gallows Hill, marched into the London district, to quell the rebellion there. Thence he marched at the head of 1600 men to the Canadian frontier, where he remained the greater part of the winter. He was the hero of an affair that caused the greatest sensation both in Canada and this country, during that period of intensest excitement and trouble, viz., the cutting out and burning of the steamer Caroline. The queen rewarded his active services to the government by knighting him on the suppression of the attempted revolution. Sir Allan has always been a warm advocate of internal improvement, and is fairly entitled to the credit of having inaugurated many of those enterprises which tend to the rapid development of the resources of the Canadian provinces. In 1834, he procured an act incorporating the London and Gore Railway Company, which subsequently changed its name to that of the Great Western Company. The rebellion, of course, clouded for a time all industrial and commercial movements, but on the restoration of tranquillity, Sir Allan renewed his efforts on behalf of the railroad just mentioned, and of the Grand Trunk line, and succeeded in obtaining legislative aid for both. He also zealously engaged in plans for the improvement of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and aided materially in forwarding that system of canals by which the rapids are avoided and navigation rendered speedy and safe. In 1835, he procured an act to incorporate a company for the purpose of securing a railroad communication between the western lakes and the St. Lawrence, under the title of the Hamilton and Port Dover Railway Company. In fact, Sir Allan has been untiring in using his talents and influence in securing the best interests of Canada. The public appreciation of his services was testified last year in a manner which must have been highly gratifying to his feelings. His constituents and friends united in procuring a splendid service of plate, which was presented to him with appropriate ceremonies at the hall of the Mechanics' Institution in Hamilton, October 29, 1855. The plate was manufactured in London, and consists of twenty-two pieces, with a splendid candelabrum as a centre-piece, with the following inscription:—"Presented to Colonel the Honorable Sir Allan Napier Macnab, Prime Minister of Canada, who has represented the city of Hamilton and county of Wentworth, in the Parliament of Canada, for twenty-five years, by the citizens of Hamilton, of all political parties, as an acknowledgment of his valuable services and untiring efforts in promoting the material interests of that city and the province generally; but more especially for the important aid he has rendered in the construction of the Great Western Railway, which has conferred the most important and lasting benefits—moral, fiscal and political, upon Hamilton and upon Canada. 1855." The above inscription is also on one side of the large cup; on the other side of which is "Success to the Great Western Railway of Canada." Around the base of the candelabrum are figures of Justice, Peace and of Truth. Peace holds in her right hand a palm leaf, on which is inscribed, "G. W. R.," (Great Western Railway). Each article bears the Macnab crest, with the motto, "Timor omnis abesto." This flattering demonstration on the part of our Canadian neighbors to one of their most eminent public servants, shows that there are exceptions to the rule that a prophet finds no favor in his native land, and evince that our neighbors appreciate his public-spirited efforts for their social and political welfare.



SIR ALLAN NAPIER MCNABB.

HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE, CLAVERACK, NEW YORK.

The handsome buildings of this popular educational institute, of which the accompanying engraving presents an accurate representation, are situated in the village of Claverack, Columbia Co., N. Y., three miles from the city of Hudson. They are constructed of wood, on the most commodious yet economical plan, and in every appointment such as will contribute to the object of their erection. The site is an admirable one, being easy of access by steamboat and railroad, in the vicinity of a city, yet in the enjoyment of country influence. Travellers have often remarked that the location was made for a literary institution. The enterprise was started in the winter of 1854, and the sum of $50,000 pledged; which, under the guidance of a judicious board of trustees during the following summer, resulted in this perfect structure. The school was advertised to open the following November, under the instruction of an able faculty, at the head of whom was the Rev. Ira C. Boice, A. M., as president, and William H. Bannister, A. M., as principal. The first year has numbered over eight hundred students, which seems to be only a premonition of its future success. Such is a brief sketch of one of the most flourishing institutes of learning in the land. The important subject of education commands a full share of public solicitude in the State of New York, which boasts not only of an admirable system of free schools, but of a large number of colleges, and academies, and institutes like the one under notice. Many of them are supported wholly or in part by different religious associations. Thus Columbia College, formerly "King's," in the city of New York, is under the direction of Episcopalians, and the Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans and Reformed Church have their theological seminaries. The sum of more than $1,900,000 is annually provided for purposes of general education, of which $800,000 are raised by a State tax. The ample provision, public and private, for thorough intellectual culture and refinement, leaves nothing to be desired.



HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE, AT CLAVERACK, NEW YORK.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Newton had no enjoyments which were not purely intellectual. Even as a boy, he never joined in the games and amusements of his companions. We find him making dials, and water-clocks, and windmills; and on the day of the great storm of 1658, when Cromwell was drawing his last breath in Whitehall, and Goodwin stood by his bedside, assuring him that his soul was safe, and Bates went soft and sad from room to room, and the trees in St. James's Park were uprooted by the tempest, Newton, in his sixteenth year, was jumping about in the gale to measure the force of the wind. In more advanced years, his amusements were still more severe. When weary of his other studies, the differential calculus and the irregularities of the moon, he "refreshed himself" with chronology and all the dry details of lustrums, Olympiads, and the expedition of the Argonauts. He had a perfect horror of poetry, and would have echoed the sentiment of his friend Barrow, that it is "an ingenious kind of nonsense." He showed his regard for sculpture when he said of his friend, the Earl of Pembroke, that he was "a lover of stone dolls." And his opinion of painting is expressed in an anecdote which we do not profess to comprehend, but which implies that he considered pictures nothing but "dirt." Love he heeded not; honors he sought not; above all things he despised wealth. Master of the Mint, money had no charms for him. Speculum metal for his reflecting telescope was to him the most precious of the metals. Sir Isaac thought more of a lens and a prism than of all the ingots at the mint and all the diamonds in Amsterdam. The bursting of a soap bubble, when pursuing his experiments on color, gave him more concern than the loss of £20,000 on the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. He parted with his money freely—so freely, indeed, that his biographers have regarded it as a proof of singular generosity. It was nothing of the kind; it was no more generosity than is the act of the poor savage who gives away inestimable treasures for a glass bead or a little bit of mirror. What cared he for wealth? He had no interest in human life; he had no sublunary pleasures which money could purchase, except pippins and red streaks. He gave it away to anybody who asked for it. In one of his absent fits, he had his pocket picked of over £3000, and suspected a nephew of the celebrated William Whiston; he made no efforts to recover his bank bills, and when asked how much he had lost, only replied "too much." He was so far imposed upon, that he paid £4000 for an estate in Wiltshire worth only half of that sum; he was told that he might vacate his bargain in equity and he declined the trouble. If ever he thought of money-making, it was only to pay his frugal huttery book, and buy putty for his lenses and oranges for his sister.—*London Illustrated News.*

THE "MOUNTAIN OF THE BELL."

A correspondent of the Genesee Evangelist writes to that paper the following description of the bell of a buried convent in Syria. "We are now within two days of Mount Sinai. Our intention has been to go directly there; but Dr. Leider and his lady, English missionaries at Cairo, had strongly advised us to take another direction, and to visit the Gebel Nakous, a mountain near the sea, which they assured us no American has ever visited, and was very little known, though exceedingly interesting. It presented on one side a bright cliff, over two hundred feet in height, while on the other was a sloping talus of fine, glistening sand, reaching nearly to the summit. Many years since, it was found under certain circumstances to emit a sound, which the Bedouins, in their love of the wonderful, attributed to the tolling of the bell of a convent buried beneath the long slope of sand, and thus their name of 'Gebel Nakous,' or, 'Mountain of the Bell.' We proceeded at once on our arrival to seek the phenomenon, and were not long in suspense. Ascending the hill as we were directed by our friends at Cairo, at length we caught a sound as of music rising and falling in successive cadence; but for a long time it was impossible to tell from whence it came. It was all on nearly the same key, but differed much in intensity. At times it was low, trembling and even mournful, like the wind, and we held our breath to catch it. Then it increased to the sweet, mellow tones of a flute, and finally underwent a rapid change to the powerful vibrations of a huge organ, pealing tremendously, until everything around seemed to be imbued with it, and the whole mountain to tremble. It was indeed awe-striking, for it could be traced to no quarter; but seemed now to proceed from the air, now from the mountain, and then even from within our very selves. An occasional peal reached those below, but the full effect was only realized on the bank itself. This led me to seek there the solution of the phenomenon, and I at length found it to my full satisfaction. I noticed that the music and the flowing of the sand were simultaneous, and that when a foot was withdrawn from the land, the sand which gradually flowed in to fill the depression, was accompanied by the first sound which I have mentioned, low and uncertain. As the current grew larger, it increased to a clear, melodious tone, like that caused by a flame of hydrogen gas passing through a glass tube, while a large mass set in motion gave rise to a sound which I can only compare to the most powerful tones of an organ. Examination seemed to show that the whole was caused by the particles of sand, highly heated by the sun, slipping over and past each other. In the shade the thing was scarcely, if at all, discernible, and was much duller on the parts which had already been moved."

Brutality is an inclination to anger and coarseness; irresolution, a fear to undertake; doubt, hesitation about believing; and perplexity is a restless and unquiet irresolution.—*Vauvenargues.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE LATE ROBERT DURIVAGE.

When death strikes down one from our midst whose moral character has been clouded by reproach, and whose career has been shortened, perhaps, by his own folly and indiscretion, however much the affections of the heart may be wounded, we do not like to recall and linger over the bereavement. A consciousness that the departure of the loved one was, perhaps, for the best, in respect to his removal from temptations against which he was not strong, will cloud the recollections and sadden the memory of the dearest ties. But when those are taken from us, the daily beauty of whose character and life was little less than a walking example of purity, then it is that the heart indulges unrestrained in the luxury of grief. It was our fortune to know and to admire him whose name heads this hasty reference. Though but twenty-five years of age, Mr. Durivage had given evidence of a maturity of taste and remarkable proficiency in both art and literature. With a quick and subtle appreciation of the beautiful, he coupled an originality of conception and power of execution that gave brilliant promise. An early adept and proficient in all athletic sports, he yet uncomplainingly submitted to the results of a violent fever which long since entirely deprived him of the use of his *right* arm; patiently and resignedly applying himself, until, with his left, he had once more reached his original capacity for drawing, painting and writing. Though modesty had withheld his name from the public, the productions of his pen have often afforded delight to the refined and critical. Thus much the most casual observer might have known of him, but the sweetness of his domestic character, the gentle, uncomplaining patience of his endurance of physical suffering, the genial sunshine of his agreeable presence,—these were matters that his personal friends alone could appreciate. Let the natural grief for the loss of such be tempered by the beautiful and consoling promises of Christianity, and that Divine confidence which surpasses all other hope. Mr. Durivage was the youngest of four brothers; the three elder now living are well known in our literature, the oldest of whom—Francis A. Durivage—is our own much esteemed associate in these columns.

P. T. BARNUM.

We learn from the press generally, that this well known individual has sustained a most severe and entire reverse of pecuniary fortune; and from a millionaire, has come to be "entirely ruined," to quote the words of others. We have observed, also, with feelings of regret, how ready the press, with few exceptions, has been to herald the fact with a sort of relish and satisfaction, that evinces a secret delight. Mr. Barnum found friends enough—fawning sycophants and flatterers—when he was at the top of Fortune's wheel; but judging from the expression of sentiment just now so prevalent, none are so poor as to do him homage. Such, alas, is human nature! We have said in these columns some hard things, we can well remember, concerning the famous showman; but now that his star is clouded, God forbid that we should reflect upon him. Possessed of a thorough business capacity, great application and perseverance, a large knowledge of human nature, and, we believe, real commercial integrity, there is little doubt, if health and life are spared to him, but that he will rapidly regain the fortune he has lost; and the good traits which are in him, will but glow the brighter for the trial tests he has encountered.

SPLINTERS.

.... The "Conflagration of Moscow" is still a popular exhibition. It keeps burning, and wont be put out.

.... Major Ben: Perley Poore has been lecturing lately at Washington on "Foreign Travel"—a grand subject for him.

.... Gen. Santa Anna is residing about four leagues from Carthagena. He is busy in agricultural improvements.

.... The diaries of the late Samuel Rogers, soon to be published, will be most entertaining volumes.

.... The poultry fever is still raging in England. One fancier lately gave five hundred dollars for a brace of biddies.

.... The English papers have been using very threatening language in regard to this country. Who *is* afraid?

.... Madame George Sand has been telling the French public how she dressed like a man when she was a girl.

.... They have been making a big gun in England, which will throw a 302 pound shot five miles.

.... A man lately died in England whose will occupied 386 chancery folios. His name was Cubitt, and he owned a million.

.... The pine woods at the Gulf of Mexico are the very place for the chills and fever. We'd like 'em "with the chill off."

.... Peter Rizen, 102 years old, lately died in Ohio. He had been married four times, which accounts for his longevity.

.... There are eight Congregational churches in the city of New York, with about 1050 communicants.

.... Rev. Dr. Tyng's society, New York, have contributed more than $77,000 for religious purposes last year.

.... A dry goods dealer in Baltimore has been cheating his customers. His yardstick was a quarter of an inch too long!

.... In Demerara every one is an "esquire" who wears shoes and stockings. Gentility is a "quare" thing.

.... The lower branch of the Nebraska legislature have voted to allow women to vote. Where's Lucy Stone?

.... The Italian opera company made a long stay with us, and reaped a golden harvest for their notes.

CULTURE OF FISHES.

The cultivation of fishes is attracting much attention, and deservedly, in France, as a means of increasing the amount of food for the million at a very low figure. A few years ago nobody thought of breeding fishes, and now the whole world is talking about it. The culture of fishes owes its origin to a humble, but very intelligent man, John Remy, a French fisherman, an uneducated man, without any instructor, adviser, or patron, who succeeded by dint of penetration and perseverance in conducting the problem of raising fishes to an almost complete solution. Mr. Milne Edwards, in his report on this science to the Academy of Sciences, declares that Remy, with his co-laborer, Gehin, has the merit of having "created a new industry in France." Mr. Geoffrey St. Hilaire, the great naturalist, did not hesitate to pronounce the humble fisherman of the Vosges, one of the "benefactors of his country." Yet this man died in a condition bordering on destitution, leaving a widow, four daughters, and two sons unprovided for. A subscription has recently been opened for their relief.

A paper from the United States patent office, published in the National Intelligencer, suggests that many new varieties of fishes might easily be introduced into the waters of this country, by means of transferring the spawn from one locality to another. The Mullet of the Garonne, and also the Sardine, might be valuable in the Potomac. The Golden Carp, now tolerably abundant in the Hudson, was accidentally introduced by the breaking away of a dam. Since the opening of a communication between the Hudson and Lake Erie, Eels and some other kinds of fish, previously unknown to the waters of the lake, have made their appearance there. It is suggested that officers of the navy, employed in foreign service, might receive instructions to collect varieties of foreign fish. Fishes are among the most bountiful provisions of Providence for our support; they require no feeding, they multiply spontaneously, they are highly nutritious, and possess a variety of flavor. How deep a debt of gratitude does the Yankee owe for the institution of the Cod-fish. It is not only transmutable into bone and muscle, but the occupation of catching it trains up a hardy race of gallant seamen. We have an especial regard for the Mackerel also, and never see a pink-sterned schooner without a thrill of respect. And what would life be worth without oysters? And does not the mouth water at the very mention of trout? No one that has never drawn from its native element, one of these delicious fish, with "a line as delicate as the finest hair from the tresses of a mountain sylph," can forgot the enthusiasm with which he beheld the silver rain falling from the spotted side of his glittering victim, as he wavered from the sharp Limerick. Talk of the ambrosia of the Olympian deities—of the manna and quails of the Israelites; talk of Ortalans and Perigord pies—why, they are poor and tasteless in comparison to a trout fresh caught in a silver stream of the granite hills. Earth holds no luxury like it. Let us, then, cultivate fish by all means—we cannot have too many varieties in our abounding waters.

"NO CROSS—NO CROWN."—The beautiful story under this title we publish in the present number, was probably the very last effort of its gifted and lamented writer, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. We received it from her only one week before a telegraphic despatch to her friends in this city announced her sudden death. By this sad event, the literature of this country has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and a large family circle the dearest of its members. There is a strangely prophetic spirit in this sketch, which will now be noted with melancholy interest.

REMARKABLE CHILDREN.—There are now on exhibition, in Howard Street, two children, a boy and a girl, who are certainly singular phenomena. Both are well formed, active and intelligent; and yet the girl, aged 10 years, weighs but ten pounds, and the boy of six, nine pounds. The latter was born at Framingham, and the former at Weston, in this State. The parents are good sized people, and the size of the children is one of those freaks of nature which cannot be accounted for.

"THE PRISONER'S FRIEND."—This excellent monthly continues to improve in the hands of its indefatigable proprietor and editor, Rev. Charles Spear. A paper in the February number, entitled "Labors of the Editor," exhibiting the various duties he has assumed for the accomplishment of the great object of his life—the prevention of crime—deserves to be read by every thoughtful man.

COMPLETE.—We sell the nine volumes of the PICTORIAL, bound in uniform style, in full gilt, with illumined title-pages and indexes, perfect from the commencement of the work, for $2 per volume, or $18 for the set. An invaluable addition to the library of any family.

ECONOMICAL.—There is an editor in Wisconsin who writes his "leaders" with stolen chalk on the sole of his boot. While the boys are setting up his manuscript he goes barefoot. He puts his whole sole into his business.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO.—Enclose us twenty-five cents, and receive this centre-table ornament, elegantly illustrated, by return of mail. To young persons studying drawing, it is indispensable; and is a beautiful pictorial gem for all.

A SUITABLE MATCH.—When Mr. Oxley, the butcher, married Giuletta Revelli, the opera-dancer, it was remarked that "mutton and capers" always go together.

CAPITAL.—At an agricultural store down east, they sell patent scythes, warranted to cut without whiskey.

VIEW OF BOSTON.

We are confident that all who examine the fine original design by Mr. Hill, which occupies the whole of pages 184 and 185 of the present number, and gives a bird's-eye view of Boston, as seen from the State House, looking southeast, will acknowledge that our mention of it in the last number was not unmerited. In fidelity, spirit and pictorial effect, it is a complete success. Instead of a confused mass of roofs and chimneys blended in one mass of shadow or confounded in a sea of light, our artist, by a happy distribution of light and shade, and by graceful and characteristic touches, has given prominence to every feature of interest, and rendering every point readily recognizable. The house which stands at the angle, touching the foreground of the picture, is the residence of Professor Ticknor. Following down the line of Park Street, on which it fronts, we reach Park Street Church, with its towering steeple. The other side of the angle, with distinct sketches of the houses in Beacon Street, brings us to the Boston Athenæum. Casting the eye to the left, we see the tower of the new Baptist Church, and below it the Swedenborgian Church. To the left of the Baptist Church, we have a glimpse of the tower of Brattle Street Church, and to the right of it, we notice Faneuil Hall, the old Cradle of Liberty, distinguished by its cupola, and Quincy Market House, indicated by the dome. The new granite stores on Commercial Street are shown. The right hand corner of the picture is occupied by a portion of the Common, with the noble old trees as they appear in the leafy garniture of June. Now if we raise the eye to the line of buildings which appear above the trees, commencing on the right, we shall see, in succession, the Masonic Hall, St. Paul's Church, Mr. Simmons's house, the opening of Winter Street, the Music Hall, Montgomery Hall, our publishing office, the Tremont Temple, tower of the King's Chapel and the Boston Museum. Rising above and back of the Tremont Temple, we behold the venerable spire of the Old South Church. Above the Boston Museum, is the tower of the old State House, and on the right of this tower, defined against the water, stands the dome of the Custom House. The spire to the right of Park Street, is that of Summer Street Church. It will be easy, from these landmarks, to distinguish other buildings, streets and prominent places. The wharves are clearly drawn—Commercial Wharf being on the extreme left. Intersected by the church tower on the left, is East Boston, with its shipyards and wharves, and on the right, South Boston curves out into the bay. The sweep of the New York central rail, as it enters the city, is accurately delineated. Fort Independence rises just above our office. The islands in the bay—Apple Island, Rainsford's Island, Deer Island, etc.,—are accurately located, as a glance at a chart will show. Far on the left, looms dimly, the outline of Nahant, the boldest peninsula that makes out from our shore. What changes have taken place in the scene before us in little more than two centuries! Little did the Rev Mr. Blackstone deem that his "farm" would so soon become the site of the second city in size and wealth of a mighty and independent empire, whose progress would be the marvel of the world.

A SORRY CASE.—Dan Marble used to tell a story of a Yankee tailor who dunned a man for the amount of his bill. The man said he was "sorry, very sorry indeed that he couldn't pay it." "Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be sorry, but if you are sorrier than I am, I'll knock under."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Southgate, Mr. George D. Allen, of Key West, Fla., to Miss Frances E. Wilkins; by Rev. Mr. Bannister, Mr. James H. Reed to Miss Mary Livingston; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John L. Williams to Miss Elizabeth Reily; Hiram Emerson, Esq. to Miss Ellen W. Harwood.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Pickering Atwell to Miss Adeline Prentice.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. James Robertson to Miss Mary Ann Atherton.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Lowell, Mr. Thomas H. Greenville to Miss Eliza C. Ridgway, both of Boston.—At Winchester, by Rev Mr. Taylor, Mr. Francis F. Leslie to Miss Sarah J. Russell, of Woburn.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Alphonso Sandford to Miss Eveline P. Morse, both of Natick.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Samuel P. Kneeland, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., to Miss Martha J. Spaulding.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. George W. Austin to Miss Lizzie Wight.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Joanna Graham, 110; Mrs. Emma J. K. Stone, 37; Mrs. Miranda M. Whipple, 25; Mr. David W. Horton; Miss Evellna M. Buswell, 16; Mrs. Betsey H. Blacklington, 38; Widow Margaret Hall Vose, 46: Mrs. Lucy Ellis Abrams, 72; Mr. George Bicknell, 41.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Harriet L. Hovey, 41.—At Chelsea, Mr. Henry S. Mason, 21.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Elizabeth Kennedy, 86.—At West Dedham, Levi Sawin, Esq., a soldier of the Revolution, 96.—At Saugus, Mr. Francis Fiske, 86.—At Brookline, Mr. Edward F. Wold, 41.—At Dedham, Widow Martha May Ellis, 88.—At South Reading, Mr. Benjamin Emerson, 78.—At Salem, Mr. Charles W. Ball, 27; Mrs. Hannah Brown, 85; Widow Lydia Leach, 88; Miss Caroline G. Hanscom, 18: Widow Mary Robinson, 86.—At Groton, Mr. John G. Lawrence, 52.—At Randolph, Dea. Wales Thayer, 51.—At New Bedford, Frederick Bryant, Esq., 52.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year		$2 00
4 subscribers, " "		10 00
10 " " "		20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO A PAIR OF EYES.

O turn those radiant eyes away!
 Though tenderly their radiance beams,
I tremble 'neath each sunny ray,
 So fearfully, and dream such dreams,
That I am half inclined to be
Persuaded that I—must not see!

To meet that earnest, thrilling gaze,
 So full of heaven, I may not dare!
For O, another met its blaze,
 And lost his best affections there!
By all that's pure, and bright, and fair,
I'll only give thee prayer for prayer!

Then turn from me your starry light!
 I must not its full radiance greet,
Far better gaze on starless night!
 For O, I feel 'twere death to meet,
And worse than death, the misery
Of looking, loving, hopelessly! H.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE UNFORTUNATE WEAKNESS.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Gay, good-natured, fashionable Harry Morely—loving his gentle wife with all the ardor of his too susceptible nature, and, after eight years of wedded life, still continuing to pay her the same delicate gallantries and little endearing attentions, as during the tender, delicious days of courtship—had yet, sooth to say, become sorely enamored of the brilliant dark eyes and commanding ways of the wife of his nearest neighbor and intimate friend—one Horace Karp—whose house stood contiguous to his own, and in whose pleasant parlors, at the card-table or around the social grate, himself and sweet Mrs. Morely were frequent and welcome guests.

Evening after evening, which had formerly been devoted to his business or at the club, found the fascinated Harry and his unsuspecting wife at the fireside of the Karps. Innocent Mrs. Morely remarked the change—congratulating herself that her sometimes recreant lord had become charmingly domestic—and rightly attributing it to the rare attractions next door, she sedulously cultivated the acquaintance of the Karps (even to the renunciation of other and long attached friends, who, she reflected in extenuation, had never been able to exert so happy an influence over her society-loving husband); at first, it is true, from an impulse nearly akin to gratitude, for their kindly turning of Harry's social propensities nearer to the home channel, but at length, from a sentiment of real admiration and tenderness towards her beautiful neighbor.

These advances the amiable Mrs. Karp was in no wise loth, not only to meet, but to return twofold, and as a very natural result, the merely friendly relations of the two ladies were exchanged for those of the warmest intimacy and confidence. Nothing could exceed their mutual devotion and reliance upon each other. No new feature in dress was adopted—no new music or reading matter was selected—no new arrangement in the domestic economy carried forward—no engagement, important or trivial, entered upon by either, without first consulting the judgment of the other.

As this amicable intercourse progressed, it was further encouraged by their indulgent lords, who, at their suggestion, caused to be constructed a narrow covered balcony, which, spanning the yard below, and extending from house to house, connected the ladies' private chambers. Thus they became accessible to each other at all hours of the day, and in all states of the weather; and the light trip of slippered feet and rustle of female attire was, by no means, rare in the little gothic corridor, which the ladies playfully, and not incorrectly, termed their "elasp."

But in all this harmony, communion and unity between the ladies of the respective establishments, the gentlemen in truth were not a whit behind them—Harry and Horace being invariably hand in glove—maintaining warm fellowship, and in all cases of moment, consulting and abiding each other's judgment, much in the style of the weaker vessels. Indeed, it is but due to Harry to say that his devoted attachment to his friend was chiefly instrumental in alluring him to that locality, and was at first the entire cause of his own abandonment of clubs and convivial parties, to which Horace fortunately was little addicted.

For a time in fact his friend, and not his friend's wife, proved the magnet and monopolizer of his leisure hours; but gradually, as the serene brilliancy and calm, queenlike grace of the beautiful Mrs. Karp stole in upon his consciousness, the fervor and enthusiasm of his regard became unconsciously transferred from host to hostess, and his accustomed evening visits were, imperceptibly even to himself, directed towards another object. Yet so slowly and gradually, little by little, the change had moulded itself into form, that he was scarcely conscious of its existence, until its bewildering meshes had closed around him.

Dangerous position, to be sure; and yet to see her, to hear her, to sit night by night in the presence of so magnificent, so peerless a woman, without admiring and rendering her homage, must require a less impressible heart than Harry possessed; for, in fact, if Harry *had* a weakness (and in confidence, dear reader, we frankly confess he was by no means more free from them than mankind in general), that weakness was for a beautiful, refined, intellectual woman.

And such was Mrs. Karp. Lofty—imperial, even—yet tempering her unconscious majesty of manner with an inexpressible sweetness, which attracted, where the calm dignity of her bearing might have awed. She spoke, too, with peculiar grace—nay, with rare superiority of speech. In her conversation, of whatever order, she never descended, even in uttering a trivial thing; she rather exalted everything to her own high standard. From her mouth the commonest commonplace came forth elevated.

Often and often, in the secrecy of his heart, did our captivated Harry contrast the dazzling, glorious woman with the tender, childlike being who leaned upon his love, and ministered to his happiness, charming everything into sunshine with her quiet hands; and, to his honor be it said, his lovely Margaret never suffered by the comparison. He cherished her in his inmost heart, as the very core and centre of his existence—feeling that she was not formed to claim the homage or reverence of the world, but that her gentle, trusting spirit pleaded for the wings of love to be folded warmly about her. And their brooding tenderness was never lifted away. His *heart* was true to its allegiance; but still, this feverish dream of adoration bade him bow down and worship at a forbidden shrine.

Foolish Harry! blind Harry! that he could not see a little way along the opening track of the future! But the enchantment was upon him, and at length to such a point did his infatuation carry him, that one fair morning, after having (in pursuit of his office, which oddly eluded him at every turn!) rushed hurriedly up and down innumerable streets, which, by some strange fate, invariably diverged into the identical one upon which were situated his own and his friend's familiar domicil, he found himself in the elegant parlor of Mrs. Karp, face to face with its regal mistress, and stammering forth a vehement, almost violent request for the pleasure of her company in an evening promenade, which Mrs. Karp, without a moment's hesitation, and as if unconscious of the least impropriety, accepted. Harry departed in ecstasy and amazement at the success of what, had he been in a reasonable mood, would have appeared, after a little cool reflection, an act of gross audacity. In his present state of mind, however, he did not realize the extent of his boldness, and therefore passed the day in self-congratulations and delightful anticipations of the approaching evening.

Blissful exclusiveness! Harry felt that he was unworthy so much honor—so much happiness! It seemed like a dizzy, delicious dream; he was scarcely sure of anything. And when he arose from dinner, still in doubt, he stopped to kiss Margaret's sunny forehead twice with unwonted fervor—the better to assure himself of her materiality, and the reality of his own existence.

Would this have become necessary had he known that, treading close upon the heels of his morning call—upon the success of which he was then involuntarily pluming himself—even before the echo of his receding steps had died away in the hall, there was the sound of a springy, graceful tread in the hanging corridor that united the two establishments, and thereafter for a full hour the respective ladies thereof were closely closeted together?

Surely, a mighty film would have been removed from his distorted vision could he have caught their concluding words, "Ah, never fear, Margaret, you will carry it out bravely, I am convinced; you shall wear my velvets, which are quite unmistakable, you know, and with that heavy veil, you yourself would not be able to detect the deception."

"But we are so unlike, Mrs. Karp!"

"Not so fearfully, I hope," returned Mrs. K., with a smile; "however, it is possible to remedy even that. Come in and take tea with me, and I can perhaps instruct you a little in the matter of your new identity. But come early, pray; you are to be quite dressed and ready at seven—that's the hour, remember. Then, when you return, here is our convenient little corridor, through which you can slip to your chamber, and be fast asleep, to appearance, before he will be able to join you. Ah, it is no doubt all a planned joke between Horace and Mr. Morely; but we will teach them the folly of attempting to overreach us ladies, who have keener wits."

Would Harry's secret congratulations have been so long and loud could any chance have revealed to him this wicked plot? But chance being unpropitious to any such revelation, poor Harry continued in profound ignorance of the snare preparing for his unwary feet. True, he found his table deserted at the tea hour, and after much inquiry—as the time waxed late, and no one knew anything of the mistress, except that she had gone out—he was forced to swallow his muffins and chocolate in solitude. But what relation could that have to his purposes for the evening? None, certainly. It was a little odd though, that she had gone out to tea, since she had not mentioned any such intention at dinner, as her usual custom was, nor even apprized the servants, as her invariable practice was—but doubtless she had been making calls, and fallen upon some friends who pressed her to spend a social afternoon. It was very proper; indeed, it was quite a relief—for had she been there, her sweet, pleading eyes would have been sure to ask in the most irresistible language for an account of his evening's absence; and then he must have deceived her, since it would have been awkward to confess the truth. So, brushing his hat carefully, and adjusting his gloves, he walked down stairs and repaired, with some assurance, to the house next door.

Whether he would have ventured upon this step had he known its master to be at a nearer distance than three thousand miles of railway, is a question we fear he could not have answered with an unshrinking affirmative; but as we have no means of knowing, we will not urge our convictions. A servant showed him to an anteroom, and after one, two, three, four minutes' impatient waiting, the lady appeared, attired in full promenade costume, and with a gracious bow, apologized most charmingly for her delay.

O, proud felicity! As they descended to the street, the hand of his queenly companion rested on his arm! This was a condescension he had scarcely dared to dream of, and unconsciously his step assumed a firmer tone, and the mists of his miserable self-distrust began to vanish. As they passed under the favoring light of a friendly lamp, he turned to feast his eyes upon the surpassing beauty and spirit of that expressive face, and—had she been any other than the lofty woman she was, permitting no approaches or familiarity—he felt that he should have suggested the removal of that odious veil—but, rather than incur a breath of reproof from those beautiful lips, he would have seen her hidden behind the impenetrability of a thousand veils—and so the impertinent gauze was suffered to obscure the light of that superb face, and Harry was forced to content himself to listen, without beholding, as they walked on, slowly on, in the tender flood of moonlight, until at length the forest of thick branches darkly defined against the clear sky, announced the pleasant neighborhood of the Common.

Here they paused, and Harry inwardly worshipped the delicious voice which seemed to come more rich and thrilling through the impeding veil. He blessed the veil as fervently now as he had before condemned it. But perhaps it was not this that lent to the voice its new and rippling softness. There was a strange simplicity and sweetness in all her remarks to-night, which he had never before observed. He thought he detected a shade less of stateliness in her hearing, and once or twice there was a vague surmise that the elegant repose of her manner was slightly ruffled. But did not all this contribute to render her more charming? Did it not break down the barrier of her impenetrability, and serve to bring her nearer to him?

O, Harry, Harry, beware! This moment your feet are in the path of the tempter! Have you no more regard for your faithful Margaret?—no more respect for yourself, or your absent friend, than thus to be making fine speeches by moonlight to the wife of his bosom? Fie, fie, Harry Morely! But what is that glittering object in his hand? Let us come nearer. A delicate Geneva watch, of rare device and curious workmanship, which he places gracefully in the dainty palm of the lady's lilac kid! She had deigned to admire its exquisite finish as he consulted it at her request—and what less could his gallantry impose than to beg her acceptance of the elegant trifle? True, it would be necessary to account for its absence to his observing Margaret—but some plausible fabrication must serve his present turn; and he could soon replace it by one of similar appearance—so the two retraced their steps, even more slowly than they had come—one at least feeling that above his present bliss, he should be content to know that there was nothing, absolutely nothing, in store for him!

What he said, we will not repeat—save that, overcome by the occasion, and betrayed into unguarded tenderness by the dreamy beauty of the scene, he expressed in very ardent terms, his secret admiration for the lady upon his arm! Was it not a little remarkable that the calm, impressive Mrs. Karp, who by her tranquil dignity had always repelled even the idea of familiarity, should thus listen—thus encourage costly gifts from a gentleman not her husband? At another time it might have seemed incredible to Harry himself; but that it did not now strike him as inconsistent, appeared from the fact that, as he bade her good night, he took the additional liberty of pressing the charming hand which he released from his arm!

He did not hear the musical "What success, Margaret?" as the lady gained the top of the stairs, nor yet the flying feet in the corridor over his head, as he strode up to the side-door and applied the latch-key! No; he passed up stairs, entered the parlor, and finding it vacant, tarried a little to shut off the gas and enjoy the genial heat of the open register, and then retired to his chamber, where Margaret lay sleeping softly, with a sweet flush on her face. Did not his conscience whisper that he had done her wrong? Perhaps so; for he parted the hair on her fair forehead, and kissed her fondly, murmuring, "Dear Margaret."

Very early in the morning, while Harry was yet dreaming—perhaps of the star, in the light of whose lustre he had so lately walked—there were little tripping bare feet in the breakfast parlor, and a light finger laid restrainingly on the busy pendulum of the mantel clock; then the bare feet pattered over the carpet again, and Margaret stole stilly back to her pillow.

Three, four hours afterwards, as Harry had just completed a cozy breakfast and was preparing to go out, the pleasant voice of his wife detained him:

"Stay a minute, Harry; give me the time before you go, please. I'll set the clock in motion; it is stopped just on the hour of three, you see."

Harry paused confusedly, clapped his hand upon the empty watch-fob, and then, as if struck by a sudden recollection, replied:

"Ah, I remember; the springs had got dull, and I left it last night at Ball's, to be repaired."

"Indeed! Isn't this your watch, Harry?" exclaimed his wife, quietly drawing the condemning jewel from the folds of her dress.

"When!—how!—where! You were asleep last night—did Mrs. Karp send it into you this morning?"

"*Mrs. Karp?*"

Harry was scarlet.

"Where did you get the watch, Margaret?" he faltered.

"Didn't you place it in my hands last night, and desire me to keep it as a slight token of your admiration?"

"In *your* hand?"

"Certainly; to what *other* lady would you be at liberty to make so valuable a present?"

Harry was dumb. Could he have been so deceived? Was it, then, his own little Margaret? And (O, most humiliating!) did she know all?—and had she been compelled to listen to his imprudent confession of admiration for another?

It was long ere he could realize the extent to which, by his own folly, he had committed himself; but then, with his sweet, forgiving Margaret's face upturned to his, grown ten times dearer and more beautiful than ever, he made a vow never again to yield to his peculiar weakness, or cast an admiring eye upon another Mrs. Karp, however elegant or gifted she might be. This vow he never violated.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The popularity of the Mormon delusion is upon the wane in England. —— Col. Cumming, the superintendent of Indian affairs, had his mulo stolen at Fort Clark, by a party of Indians, which very much disgusted the colonel, as he had expended much breath in lauding their honesty. —— There is a lady in Maysville who has recently eaten $300 worth of opium. —— The wild rice of the swamps in Minnesota produced an abundant crop last year, and upon this myriads of ducks and geese fatted until the water froze up. The Indians also made great use of wild rice. It has been sown in Connecticut, and produces well. —— The American Colonization Society has finally cleared itself of debt. It began last year with an incumbrance of $32,000, but has shaken it off. —— India rubber balloons are produced by blowing up a bit of rubber that has been boiled in water for an hour or two. —— A late French writer says, that the Bostonians are much like his own countrymen, polite, courteous and lovers of frogs; and that they have a pond in the middle of a public garden, which is kept for the purpose of supplying the city with these animals! —— Small pox is said to be prevailing extensively in Richmond, Va., there being about fifty cases in the hospital, and from two to three hundred in private families. —— The duration of human life throughout the world is 33 years. One quarter die at the age of seven years; one half before reaching seventeen. —— Judge Stuart, tried and acquitted of bribery in New York, recently, has resigned. —— A verdict of $4000 has been brought against the Hudson Railroad Company, for causing the death of the husband of Caroline Johnson, in West Street, New York, in August, 1855. —— Miss Alice Wilkinson was hung in a paper mill at Lockport, Michigan, the scarf she wore round her being caught in a shaft. —— At the recent anniversary festival of the Burns Association, in Cincinnati, Mr. Kennedy, of Oxford, Ohio, presented to the society a shepherd's pipe once owned by Burns, and upon which the poet had often played to his "sweet Highland Mary." —— A gentleman of Wheeling purchased two lots in Muscatine, two or three years since, for which he paid $200, and recently sold them for the sum of $10,000. —— The Baltimore Patriot says: "A female named Sarah Johnson died in that city, at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty years! She must certainly have been the 'oldest inhabitant,' not only of the city, but of the State." —— A grand temperance banquet is to be given to John B. Gough, the apostle of temperance, at Niblo's, on the 14th of July. —— The Peru Sentinel states that a subscription has been started in that city, with a view to a joint stock company, for the purpose of constructing a bridge across the Illinois River, and that on the first day $8000 was subscribed. —— It is thought that the Kinney and Walker expeditions will soon bring forward the question of the annexation of Central America to the United States. —— A most singular and amusing occurrence took place near Cochranville, Pa., a few weeks since. A Mr. Bachtell, from Medina, Ohio, was introduced to a Miss Duquet, of Chatham, Chester county, about four o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th ult., and married her within three hours afterwards. —— The Pictou (N. S.) Morning Chronicle announces that the government has decided upon locating the railroad from Halifax to Pictou at an early day. —— The Springfield Republican says there is a woman in the house of correction, in that city, who was in the habit, before her incarceration, of stupefying her infant, fourteen months old, with rum, in order to leave it for the performance of a day's work abroad. —— There are 33 newly formed military companies in the State of Maine, besides 77 organized—making the aggregate volunteer force of the State about 4000 men. —— A good housewife should not be a person of "one idea," but should be equally familiar with the flower garden and the flour barrel; and though her lesson should be to lessen expense, yet the scent of a fine rose should not be less valued than the cent in the till. —— At Milwaukie, in Wisconsin, 57,000,000 feet of lumber, 16,000,000 shingles, and 16,000,000 feet of lath, were received by the lake last year. Nearly 3,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 6,500,000 bricks were exported. —— The policemen of Buffalo are required to wear a uniform cap, and the word "police," and the number by which each one is designated, attached in front. —— It is estimated that in a single province of China alone, one million persons have been killed in battle, starved, or executed, since the rebellion commenced.

Religion in San Francisco.—The Roman Catholics have been in the country since 1769, or about that time, and have now the most expensive, commodious and magnificent church edifice of which San Francisco can boast. Of Presbyterian and Congregational churches there are eight in San Francisco. There are two Baptist churches, two Episcopal, five Methodist Episcopal, and a Unitarian church; there are also two Jewish houses of worship, and a few small congregations of precarious existence.

Invasion of Ireland.—The half a dozen men who were arrested in Cincinnati, charged with a design of wresting Ireland from the British crown, have been discharged. Will not the little queen tremble on her throne at the idea that such a formidable band is at large?

"Begone, brave army—don't kick up a row!"

The Russian Empress.—The empress of Russia is said to be the virtual governess of the realm, czar included. We believe it was Rochefoucauld who said, "Women govern all, because they govern those who govern all."

Wire Bulwarks.—The steamships Fulton and Arago have wire bulwarks, which admit of the free passage of seas after they have been shipped. It takes the wire edge off them.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mr. J. C. Derby has paid to authors, during the past year, the sum of twenty-two thousand dollars.

The American Bible Society circulated, last year, 800,000 Bibles and Testaments.

Parodi, the cantatrice, has gone to California, in company with a *troupe* of artists.

General Wool has returned from Oregon to California, and says the Indian difficulties have been much exaggerated.

The First Presbyterian Church, in New Orleans, whose edifice was recently burned, are replacing it by a very fine structure.

There are forty steamboats engaged in the carrying trade on the Missouri, valued at $900,000.

The Legislature of Maine has passed an act authorizing the city of Portland to expend $60,000 in the construction of suitable accommodations for steamships.

The number of rules and regulations for running trains on the railroads of the State of New York, is *two hundred and sixty-six*, making a pamphlet of twenty-one pages.

Forty-seven ships, four barques, five brigs, seven schooners, one steamer and six boats, with an aggregate tonnage of 50,900 tons, were built in the district of Bath, Me., in 1855.

Professor Henry shows, in an able scientific paper on combustion, that, by using fire-brick in grates, a radiation is produced which greatly increases the heat in warming apartments.

The introduction of phonography into the system of popular education, is warmly urged by many of the most intelligent citizens of Philadelphia, and the subject is now before the school committee.

The Chicago Journal, in speaking of the next season's crops, estimates the snow on the ground as equal to five inches of manure, and worth ten millions of dollars. Immense crops are predicted for next fall

A young and pretty married lady, belonging in Chicago, recently administered a severe flogging, with a cowhide, upon the barkeeper of a hotel at Jackson, Michigan, as a punishment for repeated insults.

The Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, have had prepared a handsome head and foot stone, chiseled from Italian marble, which is designed to mark the resting-place of the Rev. Erasmus J. P. Messenger, at Cape Palmas, who died at that mission.

All the iron in the new steamship Adriatic, now building in New York for the Collins Liverpool line, is to come from the Lake Superior district, and this will give the world an opportunity of seeing its excellence and superiority.

Mr. R. L. Pell, of Pelham Farm, near Sangerties, New York, a gentleman well known as an extensive orchardist, has sold, as the product of his orchards in one year, $66,000 worth of apples and cider, some of the former being retailed in London at a shilling each.

We learn from the Washington Organ that the late thaw has had a very injurious effect upon a portion of the north wing of the Capitol. The rust from one of the iron pipes inserted in the wall has seriously disfigured the face of the marble from the top of the wall to the ground.

The accounts of the failure of the sugar crop in Cuba are "confirmed" again. "The continuous rains are fast destroying all hopes of a large crop; the pressed cane will not dry from a lack of fuel, and more than one half of the crop would be left standing in the fields, the planters being unable to grind it."

Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and the other artistes composing the Pyne and Harrison opera troupe, declined singing on Sunday evenings at the St. Charles Theatre, in New Orleans, on the score of a conscientious regard for the Sabbath, relinquishing on each of such occasions nearly ten thousand dollars.

Mr. Joseph Palmer, of Fayette, Me., has a pair of four year old oxen whose average girth is seven feet ten inches, the larger one girthing eight feet, and weighing 2150 pounds. The pair weigh upwards of 4000 pounds. They have done all the work on the farm during the past season.

Several young doctors in Washington city lately proceeded to the almshouse graveyard, with a horse and wagon, to take off the body of a lately deceased woman. Her husband was near by, watching them, and firing upon them, put them to flight, leaving behind the horse and wagon, of which he took possession.

The New York Times says:—"It has come to our knowledge that there is now in this city a daughter-in-law of one of the leading authors of England, and that she is laboring under pecuniary difficulties, and the effects of the most unworthy treatment on the part of her husband, who has basely deserted her."

The library of Hamilton College has been enriched by the valuable gift, from F. R. Spencer, of a portrait of the late Chancellor Kent. The brothers Spencer have identified their names with Hamilton College, one by a telescope, the other by finished portraits of Irving and Kent.

They have a farm steam engine in operation in Ohio, which will thresh and clean from five to six hundred bushels per day. The boiler is tubular; the cylinder is of six inches bore and twelve inch stroke. It makes one hundred and seventy-five revolutions per minute with steam at forty pounds pressure, and does more work than any common threshing machine driven by eight horses.

In Ingham County, Michigan, upon a tract of seventy acres of heavily timbered land, every tree, without a single exception, of any size greater than six inches in diameter, has been prostrated by a recent wind-fall, the trees lying with the regularity of a swath in a hay-field. The timber is oak, elm, ash, hard maple, beech and black walnut of the very heaviest growth.

The total number of American seamen registered in the United States, from October 1, 1854, to October 1, 1855, is 9686; of whom 9486 were native born, and 200 naturalized. Massachusetts furnished the largest number, viz., 4501; Maine furnished 1303; the next in order is New York, the number of men from that State being 885.

It is estimated by the Norfolk Argus that $3,000,000 are invested in the oyster trade of Virginia, and 700 vessels are engaged in the transportation department. The principals in the trade pay from thirty-five to forty cents per bushel for them at the rocks, and pay twelve and half cents per gallon for shelling them. Upon being packed and sent to the West, they bring two dollars per gallon.

Fitzgerald, a young man just convicted at Auburn, N. Y., for the murder of his father, mother and brother, has been sentenced to death. When Judge Wells asked him if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, the prisoner, in a loud voice, replied, "Not anything at all, sir;" and when the judge had concluded the sentence, the prisoner remarked in a spirit of bravado, "Much obliged to you, sir!"

Foreign Items.

The Frankfort police have placed seals on the printing-office of the ultra-democratic paper the *Volksfreund*.

Preparations are being made in Germany to celebrate with great pomp the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mozart, which will fall on the 27th June next.

The celebrated French sculptor, Jean-Pierre David, who recently died in his native place, won the first prize in the School of Arts, and, along with it, a pension to finish his artistic education in Italy.

From Rome we learn that four new cardinals have been appointed—the archbishops of Vienna and Munich, the archbishop of La Rochelle in France, and the Rev. Father Gande of the Dominican order.

Two Ceylon elephants, a short time since at the circus in Paris, walked up a narrow plank at an angle of forty-five degrees, and at the top, stood straight up on their fore legs on a platform only large enough to receive their two feet!

The Christian cemetery at Pera, is one of the most beautiful spots in the neighborhood of Constantinople, commanding a splendid view of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and forming with its mulberry trees and cypresses, a most conspicuous land-mark.

A Methodist church, consisting of about three hundred non-commissioned officers and soldiers, has been formed among the British troops quartered in and about Balaklava, and a missionary is about to be sent to them by the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

Mr. Ferguson, the largest American fund holder in Great Britain, is dead. He died possessed of property over the value of $6,300,000, about one half of which he has bequeathed to his relatives, and the residue for educational and charitable purposes in Scotland.

Sands of Gold.

.... Nothing can be great which is not right.—*Johnson.*

.... The upright, if he suffer calumny to move him, fears the tongue of man more than the eye of God.—*Diogenes.*

.... He who truly wishes the happiness of any one, cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it.—*Brown.*

.... Life is a casket not precious in itself, but valuable in proportion to what fortune, or industry, or virtue has placed within it.—*Landor.*

.... If a cause be good, the most violent attacks of its enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious support of its friends.—*Lacon.*

.... We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts that were never meant as such.—*Fellthan.*

.... The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determined pursuit of virtue without regard to present dangers and advantages.—*Johnson.*

.... There is no detraction worse than to over-praise a man, for if his worth prove short of what report doth speak of him, his own actions are ever giving the lie to his honor.—*Fellthan.*

.... The sun colors the sky most deeply and most diffusely when he hath sunk below the horizon; and they who never said, "How beneficently he shines!" say at last, "How brightly he set!"—*Landor.*

.... Love, when founded in the heart, will show itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool, deliberate exhibition of the passion only argues little understanding, or great insincerity.—*Goldsmith.*

Joker's Budget.

There is a place in California called Fiddletown. It is said to be a healthy and lively town.

"Patrick, where is Bridget?" "Indade, ma'am, she's fast aslape looking at the bread baking."

Why is a conscientious baker like a ship without ballast?—Because, being short of weight, he gives a roll over.

The best "sleigh belles" ever invented are a pair of red-checked girls. We got this from Dobbs, who is posted in the matter.

An Irishman, on applying for relief, and being told to work for his living, replied, "If I'd all the work in the world I couldn't do it."

What is it that goes when a wagon goes, stops when a wagon stops, is of no use to the wagon, and yet the wagon cannot go without it? Why, the noise to be sure.

Why might I say, and truly, that Bulwer is a plagiarist and a robber? Because he sent "My Novel" to the publishers, sold it, and pocketed the price thereof.

An Irishman giving his testimony in one of our courts, a few days since, in a riot case, said, "Be jabers; the first man I saw coming at me when I got up, was two brickbats."

Let cynics say what they will, man is not vindictive. Here for years we have been subjected to the daily torture of wearing the hat, and we haven't even preserved the name of the wretch who invented it.—*Punch.*

A wag meeting a very homely man, thus addressed him: "My dear friend, you ought to take saffron." "For what?" inquired the latter. "To keep the ugliness out, for if it ever strikes in it will surely kill you."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivaled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

EASTERN SCENES.

The two pictures on this page carry us in magination to the storied East, towards which our thoughts so often tend with instinctive yearning. The first sketch is that of the exterior of a café and bazaar, in one of the eastern cities. In the light gallery, supported by those graceful arches on the right, a couple of grave orientals—who, by the way, are not always so grave as they seem—are receiving their refreshment from the hand of an attendant. Below is a bazaar, but with few of those traces of activity which distinguish trade with us. Buying and selling, like all the other affairs of life, are conducted languidly in the East. The merchant is never in a hurry to part with his goods. Our second picture shows the interior of a Turkish house—the *sanctum sanctorum* of the dwelling. Its fanciful architecture is the first noticeable feature that strikes the eye; the graceful arches of the alcove, doorways and windows, the ceiling, divided into compartments, with a richly decorated ventilator in the midst, the graceful drapery, the inviting divan—these are all stamped with an oriental character. The two occupants of the apartment, turbaned and bearded, are enjoying the invariable pipe; and for the thirst created by smoking, they will find an abundant solace in the fruits and coffee on the stands, and on the floor. "Young Turkey" in arms is revealed to our profane eyes through the open doorway. Smoking in the East is so universal, that no one can escape the infection. The Rev. Mr. Prime, when at Para, called on a lady from New York, who had married and settled there. "Pipes and coffee," he says, "were served, and when I declined smoking, the lady insisted, and offered to join me. There was no resisting this; and her husband giving her a delicate cigarette, she smoked it beautifully, though I confess that I was thinking all the time what they would say at home, to see her with a cigar in her mouth, and me with a pipe four feet long." Enough of the peculiar manners and customs remain to engage the constant attention of the traveller. In Syria and Palestine, the same peculiarities are noted which are mentioned in the Scripture record, and which give their local color to the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment." The voyage up the Nile is yet full of wonders; the passage of the desert is yet picturesque and romantic; the bazaars, and baths, and minarets of Stamboul, the pyramids of Egypt, the crumbling walls of the holy cities, the gay glories of oriental architecture, the jealous seclusion of the fairer sex—all these links between the past and the present still exist; but European influence is fast undermining the distinctiveness of oriental life and character—fast reducing the East to the uniform type of Anglo Saxon civilization. The present war will tend more rapidly to denationalize the East. For years the sultan's troops have worn a hybrid garb, more western than oriental in its character, and have learned to fight in the European fashion.



EXTERIOR OF AN EASTERN COFFEE HOUSE AND BAZAAR.

THE CONSCRIPTION IN RUSSIA.

According to the official reports, the Russian conscriptions alone would not allow the population to grow so rapidly as the ministerial tables try to make us believe. Recruits! The word flies through the villages and towns like a harbinger of death! The house doors are closed as if against a storm. Every family which has a son ripe for invincibility meets in terror. Possibilities are raked up by which to escape the misfortune, as soon as the ukase, stating how many per cent. of the population must be delivered, appears. Each government afterwards appoints the fearful night for the pressgang—for the future defender of his country is not invited to deliver himself up, but is secretly surprised and captured like a common thief, and thenceforth sharply watched as such. The owner of the estate receives the sealed despatch; extreme mystery is maintained about its contents. More than the appointed number must always be captured, because it is uncertain whether those selected will be found serviceable. The elders of the parish receive orders from the proprietor, under the seal of secrecy, to tear, on the next night, their brethren's children from their embrace. The news, however, has oozed out beforehand. The elders arrive. All the lads are off—hidden in the forest or elsewhere. But the command is stringent, and the responsibility great. At last, one is captured; after him, another. They must defend against the foe the country they never saw, do not wish to see, and curse in their hearts. Up to the present hour they have never known a happy day. The sweat pours down their faces ere they can earn the mouthful of bread which just suffices to keep them from starving. But still they are with their family; the sun, with which they rise each morning, working hard till it sets, shines on their home, and their toil is for their father's roof. The prisoner is taken to the governmental town; there sits the commission, with the governor as the head. The victims *pro patria* are thrust naked into the committee room. The physician examines each from the sole of the feet to the crown of the head. The boy is healthy and free from blemish. "Open your month!" The physician peers in with the searching glance of a treasure-seeker; the teeth are without a flaw. The physician is just on the point of giving to the governor the report, "Healthy!" But behold!—a half imperial or ducat is lying against the double teeth. In a second the practised medical finger has extracted the gold from the mine. "No, the fellow is of no use, he has got *caries*—all his teeth rattle; within a month he will not have one left." The lad is free! He bounds again into his blouse and his village. The paltry bribe leaves him unmolested among his family till the next tribute. Generally, it is found that a levy of two on every five hundred males produces a supply of about ninety thousand or one hundred thousand men.—*Life in Russia.*



INTERIOR OF A TURKISH HOUSE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1856. | $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X., No. 13.—WHOLE No. 247.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

The beautiful design upon this page is from the pencil of Mr. Billings, drawn expressly for us, and engraved by Mr. John Andrew. In the centre of the picture we have the State arms, representing the sun rising over mountains, surmounted by an eagle, and by the proud motto, "Excelsior" (Higher). The supporters of the arms are, on the left, an American Indian, and on the right, a sailor holding a quadrant, the latter figure typifying the great commercial interests of the State. To the left is a glimpse of the mighty cataract of Niagara; to the right a view of New York city, with a steamer ploughing the waters in the foreground. The Empire State, as it is rightly termed, comprises an area of 46,000 square miles, and extends from 40° 30′ to 45° north latitude, and from 72° to 79° 50′ west longitude. The surface of the State is furrowed by noble rivers, of which the Hudson, the Mohawk, and the St. Lawrence are the principal. Its limits contain many lakes remarkable for their size and picturesque beauty. Besides the natural modes of inter-communication, railroads and canals have developed the resources of New York to the fullest extent. The population is 3,097,394, according to the last census, or more than one eighth of the total population of the United States. The total amount of the funds for educational purposes is $5,591,878 64; the total indebtedness of the State is $26,047,898 53, the revenue for the year ending Sept. 30, 1854, was $1,947,590 27; the expenditures during the same period being $1,785,458 49. The State contains about 55 incorporated banks, and 197 banking associations. A very large portion of the State is well adapted to agricultural purposes, and, from the range of its territory, a vast variety of productions are obtained from the soil, while the unrivalled facilities for reaching markets enable the producers to realize large remunerations from their capital and labor. The commercial facilities of New York make her the leading State of the Union, the city of New York being the greatest centre of commerce in the Union. The Hudson River was discovered by an English navigator, named Henry Hudson, in the service of the Dutch East India Company, in 1609. In 1613, the Dutch formed their first settlements. In 1664, Charles II. granted this region to his brother, the Duke of York, in whose honor the name of the chief city was changed from New Amsterdam to New York. Several battles of the Revolution, and of the war of 1812, were fought within its borders, and no section of the Union has been more distinguished for gallantry and devotion to the country.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHITE HAND:

—OR,—

THE NATCHEZ' CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF LOUISIANA.

BY AUSTIN C. BUNDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

Awhile Simon Lobois paced up and down the room, and then he stopped again.

"I don't think she meant to lampoon me," he resumed, more thoughtfully than before; "but, by our Lady, she cut me most keenly! But they don't know me yet. O, they shall find a serpent in their track, and they've trodden on him already!"

Shortly after this, Simon left the study, and went out into the yard back of the house, and there he walked to and fro for some time. The sun had sunk to rest, and the shades of night were already deepening over the scene. We have heard enough from Simon's own lips to see somewhat into his former plans. For several years he had felt sure of ultimately possessing a goodly share of his uncle's property. Towards Louise, he had ever been kind and generous, for he was following up a deeply formed purpose. Away off there in the dense forest, he had no fears that her heart could be captured by any one else; and he made himself very sure that her father would gladly accept him as a son-in-law, if for no other purpose than to secure a protector for his child. He had only waited until age should have ripened the maiden into the capacity for a wife, and then he had planned to marry her. Already had he counted up every livre of the old man's property, and he had even planned which chateau he should purchase in France when he took his wife thither, for he had resolved that he would remain in the wilderness not a day after his father-in-law should be laid away in his tomb. He had planned all this from the pure selfishness and avarice of his soul, and not one moral sentiment of love or duty had a place in his thoughts.

Then how crashing must have been the change that had come over his plans! But the soul that could form such, had plenty of scope yet left for its evil schemes.

A week had passed away since Simon had confessed his romantic love for Louise, and during that time, he had maintained much of his wonted composure. For a day or two after the mortifying repulse, he had been moody and taciturn, but he gradually overcame it, and now he smiled as usual, and made himself generally agreeable. Yet he could not behave towards Louise as of old, nor did she seek his company now as was once her wont. She seemed to feel uneasy in his presence, for more than once she had found his eyes fixed upon her with a gaze in which she was sure she detected an evil light. She did not hence dream that he had one evil intention, only she feared that he was angry with her.

One afternoon, as soon as dinner was over, Goupart and Louis started off on a hunting expedition, meaning only to follow the small river up to where they had been informed by some of the slaves there were several deer. Their pistols they concealed within the bosoms of their hunting-shirts, so that they might not catch in the bushes, and their knives were in like manner protected. They both had excellent Toledo rifles, and set off in high spirits. With quick steps they made their way up the river, until they had passed the bounds of the clearing, and then their steps became more cautious, for they hoped there might be a deer somewhere at hand.

They had hunted about in the forest for nearly an hour, when a movement among the bushes at some distance attracted their attention, and upon creeping carefully up, they saw a large deer drinking at a small brook that emptied into the river close by.

"See," whispered Goupart, "here are his tracks."

Louis looked at the spot which his companion pointed out, and a sudden start caused Goupart to ask him its cause.

"That's the track of a man," said Louis.

"Some of the negroes have been out here," suggested Goupart.

"No, no," returned the other. "They have not been out here to-day."

"But that may have been made yesterday, or several days ago."

"No," said Louis, still gazing upon the track. "This was made to-day. Just look, and you will see that these leaves are still damp on the upper edges where the foot has pressed them up. These other leaves, you see, are dry where the edge is free of the earth. Then here—see this broken twig; see where it has been pressed down. Now look!" And as he spoke, he lifted the twig, and showed that the place where it laid was perfectly dry, whereas, had it lain there even over night, its bed would have been damp.

"Then there's been an Indian here, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, never mind. Let's secure this deer. He'll be done drinking soon, and then we may lose him. Let me fire first, this time, Louis."

"Very well. Blaze away, and I'll be ready to follow, in case you don't bring him down."

Accordingly, Goupart brought his rifle to his shoulder, and in a moment more he fired. The noble animal gave a leap backward, and while he stood for a moment as though about to start on, Louis fired, but even as he pulled the trigger, the deer gave a leap forward, and plunged headlong upon the earth.

"Your ball killed him, Goupart!" cried Louis, as the two started forward together. And it was found to be even so, Goupart's bullet having entered just back of the fore shoulder, and of course penetrated the heart.

Louis had made a wound for the purpose of bleeding the animal, and Goupart was kneeling by his side, when they were startled by the whistling of something between their heads, followed by a dull "*chunk*" close to them, and on raising their heads, they saw a long arrow sticking into a tree directly in front of them. With a quick cry, they started to their feet, and the next thing that saluted them was a low howl close at hand. They turned and saw a party of six Indians coming towards them, with their tomahawks raised.

"By the saints, here's a scrape!" uttered Goupart, starting back. "What does it mean?"

"I'll find out," returned Louis, calmly. "But don't show your pistols, for they know we've discharged our rifles, and they hope to take us at a disadvantage." Then turning to the red men, he asked: "What now, red brethren? What seek ye here?"

The Indians consulted a moment together, and then one of them advanced a single pace, and replied:

"We seek the young white chief and his friend. We would speak with them kindly."

"Then why did you send that arrow at us?"

"We saw you not then. Only the head of the deer."

Now Louis simply knew that they were lying to him, and as this became apparent, he knew that they meant him harm.

"If you have anything to say to us, say it at once," he said.

"Let our white brothers not fear. If they will come with us, we will tell them what shall be to their good."

"I will speak with my friend." And thus saying, Louis turned towards his companion.

"Goupart," he said, speaking quickly, and in a low tone, "those are Chickasaws, and they mean to take us prisoners. In all probability, they hope for a high ransom from my father for us. We have two pistols each. You never missed your mark yet in my sight. Are your nerves steady now?"

"As steady as ever," returned Goupart, not a little surprised to see how calm and fearless his youthful companion was.

"Then have them in readiness, and mind my word, for I know those fellows well. Yet keep your rifle, for you'll need it for a club."

Next Louis turned to the Indians, and said:

"We have concluded not to follow you; but if you have anything to tell us, we will listen."

Upon this, the red men conversed together again for a few moments, and then, with quick, wild gestures, and a low howl, not unlike the voice of a hungry wolf, they sprang forward with their tomahawks uplifted. In all probability, they supposed this would be sufficient to awe the white youths into immediate submission, for they did not rush on in a direct line, but deviated from side to side, as though they would give the white men time to be frightened. The pale boy they thought an easy prey, and very likely they knew that the other was a new-comer into the country, and hence imagined that their terrible appearance and fearful antics would strike him with terror.

"Now!" whispered Louis. "You take the two men on your side, and I'll take the two on the other side. Don't waste a ball."

In an instant the two companions had drawn their weapons, and at the same instant they both fired. Hour after hour, and day after day, had they practised together at pistol shooting, and their aim was as quick as it was sure. The two outside men staggered; and on the next instant, the youths fired again. At this movement, the savages were thrown into a state of alarm, for they had reckoned entirely without their host. Three of their number were shot through the head, and had fallen, while the fourth had received a ball in his neck, and was staggering back. In a moment, Goupart and Louis saw their advantage, and they seized their empty rifles and sprang forward, and in a few moments more the six Indians lay prostrate. A full minute the two victors stood and gazed upon the work they had done, and then Louis turned to his companion, and said:

"By my soul, if we've killed 'em all, we shall never know surely what this all meant."

"Are these two last ones dead, think you?" returned Goupart. "They may be only stunned."

"We'll see; but, i' faith, I think you'll find the one I struck with his brains rather disturbed."

And so it proved with both of them, for upon examination, it was found that their skulls were both broken in, and that life was extinct. But while they were thus engaged, they heard a groan close at hand, and on turning, they saw that one of the Indians who had been shot had worked himself almost into a sitting posture against a tree, and was now trying to work further around, so as to get his face towards the west. Both Louis and Goupart hastened to him at once, when they found that he had received a ball through the neck.

"Water, water!" he groaned.

"Stop," uttered Louis, as his companion started towards the brook. And then turning to the dying Indian, he said:

"If we'll get you water, and turn your eye to the setting sun, will you tell us the truth?"

"I will—I will!"

The water was brought in Goupart's canteen, and upon drinking, the poor fellow seemed to revive. Goupart bound up his neck, which was bleeding profusely, and just as he had finished the job, the Indian put out his weakening arm, and laid his hand upon Louis's shoulder.

"The pale boy has the heart of a great warrior. He would not have escaped us, had we known how brave he was."

"But why did you try to do this?" asked Louis. "Remember now, you promised to speak truly."

"White man brought gold here, and we have learned to love it. Much gold had been ours, had we—" The Indian stopped, for he was weak, and he made a sign that they should turn his face towards the sun. "And," he uttered, "bury me so."

"Look ye!" cried Louis, grasping him by the arm, and gazing intently into his face, while Goupart stood by, reloading the rifles, "if you do not tell me instantly what all this means, I'll dig a hole in the earth, and you shall be buried with your head down. You know very well where you'll go to then. Now tell me, who sent you to kill us?"

"We didn't mean to kill the pale boy," replied the Indian, speaking slowly and with difficulty.

"But who sent you to capture him? Remember—*head down!*"

"You had known better, had you spared another. That man was our chief; he knew."

"But you know something. Tell me all, or, as sure as I live, you go in, *feet up!*"

"'Twas white man's gold. The pale boy and the pale boy's friend both have enemies. There's a strange bird in the eagle's nest!"

"Speak plainer! Tell me—"

Louis stopped, for he saw that the death-shade had passed over the red man's face, and as he let go the now heavy hand, the body fell over sideways upon the turf.

"By the saints!" cried the youth, starting up, "he knew more than he told us. O, why did that ball hit him there!"

"Is he dead?" asked Goupart.

"Yes; and the secret of this strange scene is dead with him, so far as our means of arriving at it are concerned. By heavens, Goupart, there's something here we had better understand!"

But St. Denis knew not what to reply; for a suspicion had come to him, but he dared not speak it too suddenly. So the two hunters stood for some moments and gazed upon the dead men in silence.

"Well," said Louis, after a while, "let's leave these bodies here, and in the morning we'll send our negroes out to bury them. Now, let's fix our venison, and then start for home, for we've had adventure enough for one day. You begin now to see some of our Louisiana life. How do you like it?"

St. Denis gazed upon his companion some moments in silent admiration, and then he said:

"O, this is much better than nothing, though once a year would be often enough for such sport."

"So it would. But now for our other game."

They went to where the deer still lay, and having removed the skin from the head, neck and fore shoulders, they separated the carcass, and then rolling the saddle up, they shouldered it, and giving one more look at the fallen Indians, they turned their faces towards home.

CHAPTER VI.

SUSPICION FINDS A RESTING-PLACE.

The two companions walked on for some distance without speaking, for they both had plenty to think of, and each seemed to have thoughts which he wished to keep from the other. Goupart was the first to break the silence.

"Louis," he asked, in a half careless tone, "does Simon Lobois love your sister?"

Louis fairly started at the strange question, and after regarding his companion for a moment, as if to assure himself that he had heard aright, he replied:

"Love her? Simon love Louise? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I ask. Has Simon Lobois ever thought of marrying with Louise?"

"Why, what a question! Are your wits turned? But why do you ask?"

"Simply because I—I wished to know."

"Ha! Goupart, you suspect something. Now, out with it. If you love me, tell me all. Am I not right?"

"I cannot say that I really suspect, Louis, but I can see some small straws in the wind, and I should like to find which way they lie."

"Go ahead. Speak on."

"Then listen, Louis. You heard the answer that red villain made when you asked him who sent him to kill us? He said they did not mean to kill you. Do you believe he spoke the truth then?"

Louis pondered a few moments, and then he said:

"Yes, Goup; they meant to kill one of us, and only one. The arrow that came near your head was meant for you, only you must have moved after the shaft started. Had they meant death for both of us, we should hardly have known what killed us, for then they would have been at home in their work. When we started up, they could not well shoot you without endangering my life, and thus they got bothered. They were mistaken in their estimate of my character, for they really believed, when they drew their tomahawks, and commenced their death-howl and dance, that we should be frightened out of our wits."

"They were mistaken, in truth," returned Goupart. And then, in a changed tone, he added, "But you see they meant to kill *me*, and only capture *you*. Now, what does it mean? Can you inform me of any possible pin whereon to hang a thought?"

For some distance, Louis walked thoughtfully on, and when he spoke, his voice was very low and distinct.

"You asked me if Simon Lobois loved my sister? Had you any reason for suspecting such a thing?"

It was now Goupart's turn to hesitate, but it was not for a long time.

"I have reason to believe that he hates me—that he is uneasy at my presence among you. In fact, I know this. Now, why should he be so? While I knew him in France, we were on the most friendly terms. To be sure, I used to beat him at the pistol, but then he more than made up for it in the sword play; and he taught me many valuable hints, too. But we were the best friends imaginable. Now, however, he hates or fears me, and the more he tries to hide it, the more plainly can I see it. Now, whence comes it, if not from his fear of losing Louise?"

"By heavens, Goupart, there's a show of substance there! Yet I never thought that Simon was a man to love deeply."

"To love what?"

"Why—any female."

"Ah," returned Goupart, "he may have a strong affection, however, for some thousand pieces of hard, yellow gold."

Louis started, and cast a quick, strange glance into his companion's face.

"The dying man said, if you remember," resumed Goupart, in the same slow, deep tone, "that there was a strange bird in the eagle's nest! Do you remember?"

"Yes—yes."

"I might have feared that suspicion would fall on me, had not I been one of the intended victims. But tell me, Louis, what you think of it."

"By the saints, I know not what to think now! But you have touched a strange point. We will watch Simon Lobois when we reach home."

"We will," uttered Goupart, eagerly. "We will watch him."

"Ay," resumed Louis, upon whose mind the startling suspicion seemed to work now, "we will work it so that we will come upon him suddenly; and while we tell of our adventure, we will note his face. I have loved that man in days gone by, for he has been faithful to me, yet I have found him growing somewhat starch of late. But I did not think he looked upon— Ha! what's that? Louise, as I'm a sinner! By heavens, Goup, I'll ask her a question now, ere we reach the house!"

The two hunters had now reached the field next to the dwelling, and they saw Louise, accompanied by Tony and one female slave, coming to meet them. As soon as the first merry greetings were over, and Tony had taken the venison, Louis drew his sister aside.

"Louise," he said, assuming a smile, though he felt it not, "I know you will pardon me if I ask you a very foolish question, but yet I hope you will answer me truly. Has Simon Lobois ever said anything to you whereby you could suspect that he wished to possess you for his?"

"Why, Louis! what has put such a thing into your head?" uttered the beautiful girl, looking her brother in the face with a smiling expression.

"Why, the thought has come to me, and it is really for my interest to know. Now tell me if he has ever let drop any word to that effect."

"Really Louis, I ought not to—"

"Aha! you've exposed yourself. Now out with it."

"Well, then, *he has*."

"I thought so. My soul, what a dolt he must be!"

"Ha, ha, ha! I told him I should fear he was crazy if he ever spoke so again."

"Then he spoke plainly—he—"

"I'll tell you, Louis. I told him I wouldn't expose him, but then he hasn't performed his part of the obligation, and, of course, I am relieved from the rest. He has since then asked me to have pity on him. Why, brother, he went into regular tragedy on the occasion. He swore he should die if I did not wed him; and when I had laughed at him, and told him he was crazy, he really asked me to take his dagger and let out his life. I never dreamed of such a thing before."

"And when was this?"

"On the very next night after Goupart's arrival."

Shortly after this, the brother and sister allowed St. Denis to rejoin them, and Louis was not long in making him understand the truth. They took the way around back of the barn, so that no one could see them from the house until they arrived, and thus they entered by the postern; and when they reached the hall, Louis just caught a sight at Lobois standing upon the piazza, and looking earnestly off in the direction of the river-path. The youth bade Goupart remain behind, and then he walked out upon the piazza. Lobois started when he saw him, and his hands were involuntarily moved together. And from that moment, Louis knew that all was not right, for he had marked the look and the movement, and he knew that no ordinary cause gave rise to them.

"Ah, safe back!" uttered Simon. "Where's St. Denis?"

"Alas, I fear he's a prisoner!" returned Louis, sadly.

"A prisoner! How?" articulated Simon. And as he spoke, the youth looked in vain for the first expression of sorrow.

"Why, I left him just now with Louise, and upon my soul, I think the poor fellow's captivated! But what's the matter, Simon?"

"Nothing—nothing; only you startled me somewhat when you said St. Denis was a prisoner, for I knew not but that some roving band of Indians might have fallen upon you. Jesting upon such matters is rather out of place." And with this, Simon Lobois walked away.

"Aha, Simon Lobois!" muttered Louis, to himself, after the man had gone, "you were startled in the wrong place. 'Twas the truth that startled you, and not the jest!"

Lobois did not show much of his real feelings when he sat down to the table, for he came in smiling to the supper-room, and hardly had he taken his seat ere he turned to Goupart, and said:

"Ha, ha, ha! St. Denis, master Louis came nigh frightening me a short time since. He told me you were a prisoner, and, for the moment, I feared you had really fallen into the hands of the Indians."

"Well," returned Goupart—for it had been arranged that the story should be told in Simon's presence, and they might not gain the opportunity elsewhere,—"we both of us came within an ace of it; so Louis had some foundation for his report."

"How? What?" uttered the marquis. "Did ye meet with any danger?"

"Only six stout Indians, who tried to kill Goupart, and take me prisoner," returned Louis.

Simon Lobois did not appear surprised, but he trembled, and the color forsook his cheeks. Sharp eyes were watching him.

Louise looked up with a startled, incredulous expression, while the old man made three ineffectual attempts to ask a question. But Louis relieved him by commencing with the first sight of the deer, and ending with the death of the fellow who died by the tree.

"They were Natchez," said the marquis, breathlessly.

"No. They were Chickasaws—all of them."

For the next few moments, various were the questions asked and answered, and the old man seemed about equally balanced between astonishment and pride in his brave boy.

"But what could it mean?" uttered Simon, who felt it necessary to say something.

"Ay, what could it?" repeated Louise, trembling with apprehension, but, very strangely indeed, looking oftener and longer upon Goupart than upon Louis.

"Yes—that's it!" cried the old man. "What could they mean?"

"Why," returned Louis, "I can imagine but one cause." (Here Simon grew nervous.) "They know your wealth, father, and they must have hoped that if they could secure me, they would have received a great ransom for me. They probably saw that Goupart was a stranger, and so they meant to put him out of the way, in order that he might not expose them."

Simon breathed very freely now; and the marquis looked upon this as a very probable explanation of the mystery.

After supper, Louis and Goupart embraced the first opportunity to be alone together.

"What think you now?" asked Goupart.

"O, Goupart, I know not what to think! I cannot believe it possible that Simon would do such a thing, and yet things look dark against him. He has asked Louise for her hand—asked her earnestly and perseveringly."

"And she—what was her answer?"

"Why, as you may suppose, she laughed at his folly."

"Then I fear he is at the bottom of this. But let us watch him. We will keep our suspicions a secret, for a while, at least; and while we exercise the utmost care for ourselves, we will watch him also."

"You are right, Goupart. I will only make one confidant, and that shall be old Tony. He is a keen, quick-witted fellow, and I can not only trust him, but I can depend much upon his sagacity. He has been with my father ever since I was born, as you know. He was one of the poor fellows who were taken from the wreck of the slaver at the Cape de Verdes, and he went to France with my father from choice. He alone shall help us now."

And thus was the matter left for the present.

CHAPTER VII.

AN IMPORTANT PROPOSAL, AND AN INTERESTED WATCHER.

Another week passed away, and nothing further occurred to mar the pleasures of the young people at the chateau. (For by that name Goupart was determined the wooden castle should go.) Of course, a dark suspicion sometimes threw a cloud over their souls, but then they saw nothing new to worry them, and they had begun to hope that, after all, their danger had its rise in the cupidity of the Chickasaws. And during this week, too, Simon Lobois had been more sociable and agreeable than before, and perhaps he was not an evil man at all. At any rate, they tried to hope so. Tony had seen nothing yet, though he always shook his head very dubiously when the dark cousin's name was mentioned.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and somehow or other, Goupart had wandered off to where some beautiful wild flowers were just peeping into blossom down by the river's bank in the front garden. But he was not alone. Louise was with him. He had not asked her to come with him, nor had she asked him where he was going. And then, again, Louis was upon the piazza when they came out, and he had come a short way down the garden with them, and then he had turned and gone back. It was unusual for him to leave his friend thus. In fact, he had never done it before.

However, the two were there alone, and so long as they were really engaged in hunting after flowers, their tongues moved quite freely, but soon they had gathered all that grew in that particular spot, and then, as if by mutual understanding, they both stopped talking, and went to thinking. They walked on a little further, and they came to a seat where a huge grape-vine had been trailed up over and about it. They stopped here, and sat down. The sun was already nearing the distant tree tops, and the air was soft and balmy.

"Louise," spoke the young man, at length, and his voice was very low and tremulous, "after all that has been said and sung about flowers, the subject is by no means a hackneyed one. As each succeeding spring brings its gift of flowers, the human heart bursts forth afresh with its load of praise and love. Do you remember the great garden back of the old chateau in Clermont?"

"O, yes; I remember it well," returned the maiden, with a sparkling eye.

"And do you remember how we used to go out there and pick flowers, and how you used to weave long garlands with your tiny fingers, and throw them over my head?"

"Yes, Goupart; I remember very well."

"Ah, those were happy times, Louise!"

"Yes—yes. And yet, in all, they were no happier than we find them here now, for my father was not happy there."

"I know—I know. And, after all, what is happiness, but the offspring of content? Those were happy hours there in the old garden at Clermont, and I have seen some happy ones here."

"O—and we'll see a great many more."

"I hope so—I believe so. But tell me, Louise, do you remember how we used to laugh and talk there, in that old garden, and in the old chateau, and how you used to plague and pester me?"

"Yes. I remember very well. And how well you used to bear it!"

"And do you remember how you used to pinch my cheek, and box my ears?"

"Yes."

"And why was it? Why did you do those things?"

"Because—because you used to pester me."

"How did I pester you? Come—now tell me." And as Goupart thus spoke, he reached out and took the fair girl's hand.

But she made no reply. Her eyes were bent upon the ground, and the warm, rich blood mounted to her cheeks and temples.

"If you will not tell me, may I tell you?" whispered the young man, tremulously.

"But I may have forgotten what you mean," said Louise, casting a furtive glance up into her companion's face, but dropping her eyes again when she found how eagerly his gaze was fastened upon her. "You used to pester me in many ways."

"Yet I can remember of but one. Shall I speak it?"

"Certainly you may speak."

"Then 'twas for calling you my *little wife* that you used to do these things. And more, too: you used to assure me that when you became my wife in earnest, you should be strong enough to pinch and box me as I deserved. Don't you remember?"

"But—but I was a child then," murmured Louise, trembling.

"Ay—and we were both children. You were then a laughing, buoyant girl of ten, and I a wild youth of seventeen. Those were times when the heart hid none of its emotions. Ah, Louise, many a time since then have I looked back upon those hours, and tried to analyze the emotions that moved me then. It seemed strange that I should have then taken an image upon my heart that the hand of time could never efface,—and that, too, the image of a mere child. But do you remember when the painter, Viviani, came to the old chateau, and I hired him to paint your miniature on ivory?"

"Yes," murmured Louise, now looking up.

St. Denis opened his vest, and from beneath it he drew a golden locket that opened by means of a spring. He pressed it, and the case separated, revealing a sweet face—a childliko countenance, yet full of soul and life. The golden hair hung in wild profusion about the dimpled cheeks, and a beaming smile dwelt in the deep blue eyes, and upon the parting lips.

"Do you know whom that was taken for?" Goupart whispered.

"O, yes—'tis me; 'tis mine. I remember it well. O, how like Louis it looks!"

"Because it looks even now like you. But listen, Louise. Seven years—yes, eight years—I have owned this sweet transcript, and not for one moment, during all that time, has it left my possession. Never have my eyes closed to sleep but it has rested upon my bosom, and never a waking hour but I have worn it next my heart. Think you I have forgotten the sweet love of my boyhood?"

Gradually the fair girl's head sank upon her companion's bosom, and when she looked up again, her eyes were filled with tears.

"Speak to me, Louise," uttered Goupart, now speaking quickly and eagerly, "and tell me if you have forgotten those words I used to speak. Have you forgotten them?"

"No—not one."

"Then let me speak them again. Let me now speak them as one who knows the ways of life; and to one who can judge for herself of the deep meaning that passing years have given to all those emotions that have outlived the destroying wear of time. In the heart where thine image was first enshrined, none other has ever come. I have cherished your sweet face, and in humble prayer to God, have I begged that I might see you once more on earth. And, at times, my soul has been wild enough in its flights of hope to picture that one most holy thought of all—life-union with the dearly loved one. When my feet first touched these shores, I dreamed not that I was near to thee. But I found you, and here I sat me down to pray with more of hope, and to hope with more of promise. And now, Louise, let me ask you, as I have asked you a hundred times before, will you be my wife?"

"Goupart, I have a father whose every earthly wish is for the good of his children, and not for worlds would I—I—"

"I understand," said St. Denis, as the maiden hesitated and stopped. "And be assured that I would not ask, even for life itself at thy hands, against thy noble father's wish. But suppose I ask him, and he bids me take you?"

"Then I am by his permission only what in heart I have been for years."

A short time longer those two sat there, and their words had a solemn, prayerful cast, such as marks the holiest gratitude of the human soul; and as they walked towards the house, they spoke not of the subject upon which their life-joys hung.

It was already dusk when they reached the ball, and while Louise went to remove her moccasins, St. Denis went to seek Brion St. Julien. He found him in his library.

"How now, Goupart?" cried the old man, as his young friend took a seat. "What has happened? Any more Indians? What on earth makes you look so sober?"

"It is a deep and sober subject which is on my mind," answered the youth.

"Then out with it, for I am father confessor here."

St. Denis knew the marquis too well to hesitate, and he spoke boldly and to the point.

"My friend," he said, "that I love every member of your immediate family must be apparent to you; but you will not be jealous if I also inform you that my love for Louise is rather stronger than for any one else."

"That is perfectly natural for one like you," returned the old man, with a sparkling eye.

"Ay, sir," continued Goupart; "and not only so, but I have come to ask you if I might win the sweet girl for my wife."

"Do you think you could do it?" the marquis asked.

"I think if I had your permission, my hopes would have a sure foundation."

St. Julien arose and placed his hand upon the youth's head, and, while big tears gathered in his eyes, he said:

"Goupart, my noble boy, you have made me the happiest of men. O, I have prayed for this moment many a time, and now it has come. Among all my acquaintances, you were the only one to whom my hopes could turn. You shall take my child, and you shall take me. I am growing lazy, if not old, and not much longer will Simon remain with me."

"Ah," uttered the youth, with a look of relief, "is Simon going?"

"Yes. He isn't just the man for me. I will not have dissension, and so we keep the peace; but yet much of my nephew's conduct makes me nervous. I do not like his plans about the estate, and yet he shows an abrupt, wilful spirit if I offer a word of expostulation. He seems bent on realizing all the ready money he can from the place without the least regard to its future worth and improvement. I do not like it. Yes, yes—Simon must seek some other home, and, if he wishes, I will readily—"

"Hark!" interrupted Goupart. "What was that noise?"

"I heard nothing," said the old man.

"Let me look a moment." And thus speaking, the youth went to the door and looked out. But he saw nothing. He stepped out into the entry; but there was no one there. "I must have been mistaken," he said, as he returned to the library and closed the door after him.

Ah! he did not look in the right place. Had he cast his eyes up to the ceiling, he would have seen a small hole where the host once had a copper pipe lead down to feed a showering bath. And had he but gone up into the small lumber-room overhead, he would have found a man there, lying flat upon his belly, like a serpent, with his eye to that small aperture; and he would have seen at a glance that the watcher could both see and hear all that transpired in the library! But he did not know of all this.

"I was about to say," resumed the marquis, "that if Simon wishes to return to France, I will pay his expenses back willingly. But I cannot keep him here. So you see, Goupart, I am still selfish and calculating. But as God is just, my old heart has not felt such a thrill of pure joy as came when you asked me for the hand of my child; not such a thrill since the moment when I first held them in my arms—those two infants, and knew they were mine to love and cherish. Take her, Goupart, and O, love her ever, for she is worthy of it. She loves you—she has loved you long. Oftentime have I found her in tears over a little letter you wrote to her a month before we left France. Once I read the missive, and I found that in it you told her not to forget that she was pledged to be your wife. Do you remember it?"

"Ay—well."

"She has cherished that morceau as though it were a precious jewel. I know she loves you. She is yours. Ah, my dear boy, this is joy!"

As the marquis thus spoke, he grasped the youth by the hand, and big tears gathered in his eyes, and his still handsome features were illumined by a joy that was manifest in every line.

And, a little while later, Goupart was once more by Louise's side; and as she heard the report of her lover, the warm joy-light danced in her eyes, while the prayer of blessing was upon her lips.

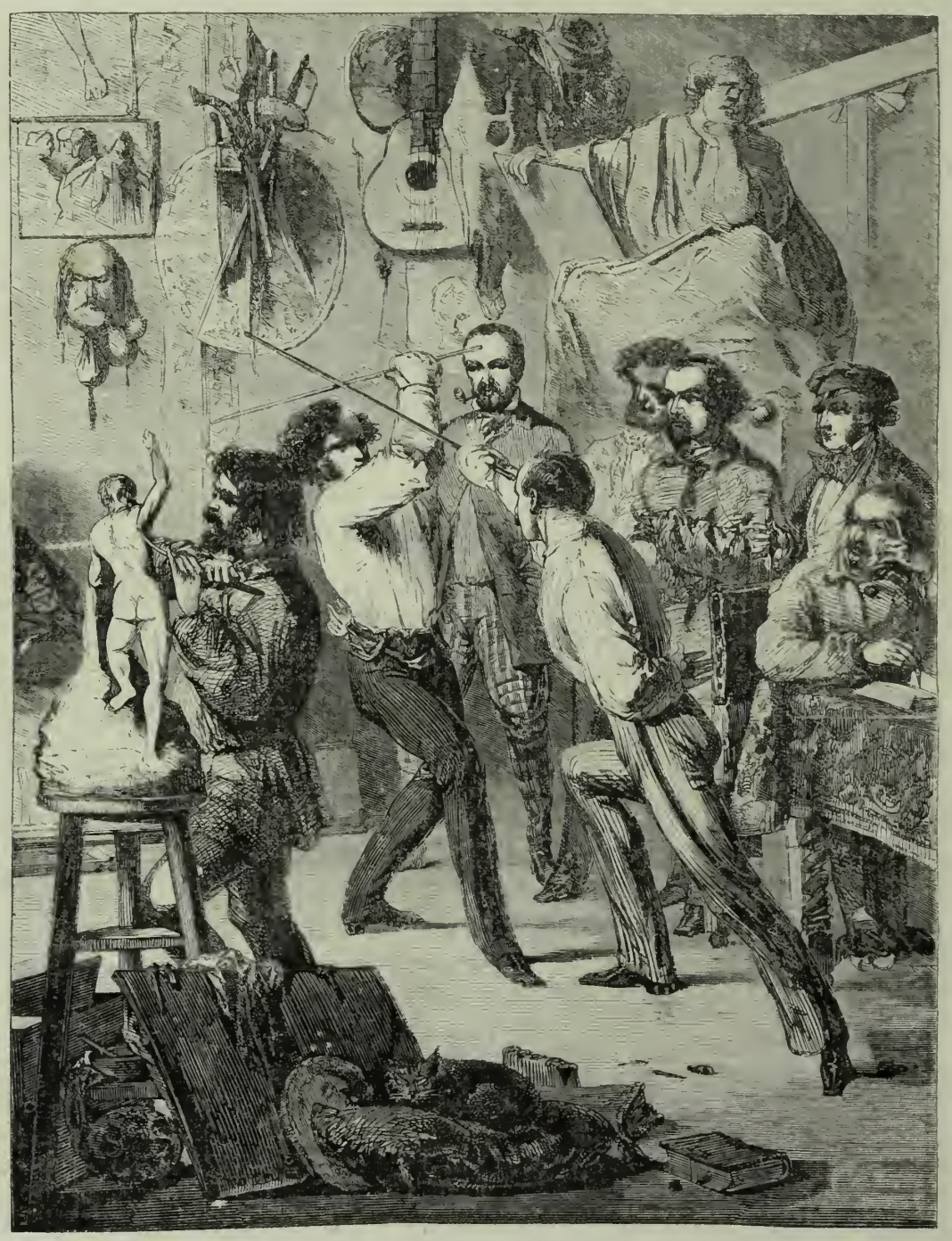
CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOLT HAS FALLEN!

Days flew on now upon golden wings, and suspicion had ceased to work in even Goupart's mind. Old Tony had watched carefully, but he could find nothing to excite fear. Only one thing came up to help the doubts the young men had entertained, and that was a sudden visit of Simon Lobois to New Orleans. He professed to have business there. He said he would see how much corn he could find a market for, there being several hundred bushels now in the granary; but the marquis informed him that he need not trouble himself about the corn, as he already had a use for it, meaning to keep a large quantity on hand to serve in case of a failing crop. He remembered the dream of Joseph, and the corn-chambers of Egypt, and he meant to be prepared to feed the starving in case of famine. Yet Simon must go, for he had business of his own; and one fine morning, down the river he went, in company with some men who had come down from Fort Rosalie.

Lobois had been gone a week, and the remaining members of the family were having some joyful times. In a few days more, the priest would be there, and then the two waiting hands would be united. Father Langnet sometimes made it his home at St. Julien's place, but he had now been for some months upon a mission among the Yazoos; but he had been heard from, and he would soon be there.

It was a bright, moonlight evening, and the young people had been more gay than usual. Goupart, and Louise, and Louis had been playing at childish games, and as they went out and snuffed up the sweet, balmy air of the beautiful evening, Louise clapped her hands, and proposed a game of "hide and seek." The others shouted acquiescence, and even the old man was bound to join in the sport. Louise and her brother knew all the hiding-places within the enclosure, and the former pulled Louis aside, and whispered merrily with him.



ARTIST LIFE IN PARIS.

"Now, none of that," cried Goupart,—"none of that! It is not fair for you to conspire against me. By my soul! if you two put your heads together, I'll go and charter old Tony to come and help me. Now mind!"

But the only answer he received was a joyous laugh as Louise ran away to dress herself for the out-door sport.

* * * * *

The moon rode high in the heavens, and her face was but slightly turned away from earth. In the wide court-yard the merry voices rang tunefully out upon the calm night air, and the glad notes were caught up and flung back by the distant forest.

Away over the brow of a gentle hill, where a copse of beautiful acacia trees were left standing, moved many dark objects. They were crouching in the wood, and listening to the shouts that came from the distant dwelling. Anon they gathered together and conversed in a strange tongue, and then they moved slowly up the hill-side, and crept down towards the corn-field. On they moved, like spectres in the moonlight, until they neared the high barricade, and then settled lower down, and crept on like huge cats approaching their prey. Straight they moved towards the postern, and there they lay, snug beneath the wooden wall, and listened to the merry voices from within. Soon one of them arose to his feet. He was in the shade of the wall, but yet the many colored paint upon his dark skin could be seen, and the dusky-browed warrior was no more concealed. They were all—a score of them—painted in the same fantastic manner, and the same dusky hue marked the brow of each. He who had arisen to his feet produced something from his pouch, and applied it to the lock of the heavy postern. It was a key! And how came that child of the forest by the key of St. Julien's gate? Ah, Goupart! ah, Louis! thy doubts and fears might find here a resting-place more startling than those you think have passed!

The shouts now come from the garden. Hark! Yes—they are all there upon the other side of the house. They have just found Goupart, and are now dragging him forth from his hiding-place.

Carefully the Indian turns the key in the lock, but the gate is fastened within. The heavy bolt has been surely thrown back, and yet the gate opens not. But there is no time to be lost. The red men whispered together a moment, and then one of them bends upon his knees, and when a second has mounted upon his shoulders, he arises. They are both tall men, but he who stands upon his companion's shoulders cannot quite reach the tops of the stout pickets. Another man stands firmly by the side of the lower one, and then he above places one foot upon the second shoulder thus offered him. Now a third man springs nimbly up, and having mounted upon the shoulders of him who stands thus elevated, he gains the top of the barricade, and in a moment more he drops upon the ground within. Soon the postern is opened, and six men enter, leaving the remaining ones without, and then the gate is almost closed, and thus held, so that it can be opened when need comes.

Away towards the stable these spectres glide, and soon they are hidden; for they, too, will play at the game that the pale faces have set on foot.

* * * *

Many times had Goupart hidden, and as many times had he been easily found. And now he and the marquis choose to hide together, and after a deal of shouting, the brother and sister pull them out from behind the thick cluster of vines that grow against the garden fence. Next Louis and Louise scamper away, laughing and clapping their hands, for the utter delight of the father, when they purposely let him find them, has warmed them into almost a frenzy of joy.

"Stop—stop!" cried the marquis, as his children start. "Isn't it becoming too damp for you, Louise?"

"O, no! Never fear for me."

"But the dew is now fairly wet upon the grass, and I do much fear you'll take cold."

"No—no, father!" cries the joyous girl. "Don't let the first chill frighten you."

"Well—go this once, and then we'll go in. By my faith, I'm growing chill and cold."

"Ay—you shall have a job before you find us. Now watch for the word."

Away they went towards the barn, and as they turned the angle of the house, and were thus lost to sight, Goupart remarked:

"It is growing cold."

"Ay," returned the old man. "This dew is falling fast, for I can feel the dampness on my feet. While we were excited, I did not feel it. But I can stand it, only I feared that Louise might take some cold; and you know that would not be pleasant."

"No," said Goupart—and the tone of his voice showed that he, too, had entertained some fears. "Hark!" he added. "I think I heard them call. Ah, they've got some deep hiding-place this time, for I heard the voice as though it were stifled. But we'll find them. Come!"

And away they ran towards the point from whence the voice had proceeded. They searched all around the barn, under the cart, in the straw, behind the doors; and then they went to the stable, and here, too, they overhauled everything they could move, the old man even moving a board that lay against the fence.

"They must have slipped around into the garden," said Goupart.

And so back to the garden they turned. They hunted and hunted, but the hiders could not be found.

"It's getting too late," said the marquis, at length. "I think I must call them."

"I'll give up in welcome," returned Goupart; "for I'm sure I should never find them. Shall I call to them?"

"Yes."

So Goupart shouted that he gave up the game.

"I give up!" he cried, at the top of his voice. "Come, Louis!"

He waited a few moments, expecting to be assailed with a burst of joking at his want of success. The smile was already on his face, and the exclamation with which to meet the hidden ones was upon his lips all ready for utterance. But no one came.

"They could not have heard," suggested St. Julien.

Again Goupart cried out, and this time the old man joined him.

"Why don't they answer?"

"You go down the garden walk, and I'll go to the barn," said the youth.

And so it was done. In short, their voices were raised in every part of the enclosure, and must have penetrated every nook and corner. But no answer came.

"Ah," uttered Goupart, "they must have gone into the house."

"So they have," said the father. "That's hardly fair. They ought to have spoken to us. But we'll find some way to punish them."

They then went into the house, but neither was there.

"Why, it's funny—isn't it, Goupart?"

"It is, surely."

"Do you suppose they didn't hear us?"

"It may be."

"I'll start up some of the boys."

And accordingly, half a dozen of the men were sent out in different parts of the enclosure to inform the hiders that the game was up. But they returned bootless. It was old Tony who announced that they couldn't be found.

The marquis gazed upon Goupart, and Goupart gazed upon the marquis, and thus they stood for some moments.

"Do you think any danger can have befallen them?" whispered the youth, with a trembling lip.

"I don't think there could," returned the old man, nervously. "But we must search."

In a very few minutes the whole household was in alarm. The startling adventure with the Indians some time before had prepared the minds of the people for an easy access of fear, and as soon as it was known that Louis and Louise were not to be found, consternation was depicted upon every face. Huge bundles of pitch-wood were always kept in readiness to be used in case of alarm at night, and some of these were lighted, and soon the whole household were in the wide court. They divided at the barn, and in fifteen minutes they all met there again. But they had found nothing.

Pale and trembling, the old man turned to the gate. It was locked, but the bolts were not shot. He called for the key. Tony had it, and the postern was soon flung open, and the torches flashed out upon the broad hillside back of the buildings. Suddenly a sharp, quick cry from old Tony startled the party, and quick as thought, Goupart was by his side.

"What is it?" the latter asked.

"See that foot!" the black man gasped, trembling like an aspen.

"What of it?"

"*It had no heel! It is the print of a moccason!*"

"God have mercy!"

"And see there—and there—and there!" cried Tony, pointing out numerous marks of like character.

While the people were crowding about the spot, one of the women found an arrow, and in a moment more a moccason was picked up.

"The Chickasaws!" exclaimed Tony, as soon as he saw the moccason.

O heavens!" gasped Brion St. Julien. And with a deep groan he staggered back. But he quickly revived, for the thought of pursuit came to him. Goupart spoke not much, for his tongue refused him easy speech; but he could hasten the men to pursuit, and he did it in wild, frantic tones.

The men all armed themselves, and the women were left with several loaded muskets that they were to discharge if any hidden foe should show himself while the men were gone. Each man had a gun, and hunting-knife, and a pair of pistols, and each second man was provided with a lighted torch, while the others took torches, but kept them unburned to use when the need should come. Tony led the way, for he was used to the ways of the red man and could, easily follow a trail. He easily traced the way the Indians had taken as far as the top of the hill; but here he was at fault. Yet a little further on, he found it again, and he traced it thence off to the southward and eastward, sometimes losing it, but quickly finding it again.

Just as the great old clock in the hall told the hour of four in the morning, the party returned to the house, pale and fatigued. The first gray streaks of dawn were pencilling the eastern horizon as the marquis and Goupart stood in the sitting-room. One of the women brought in a lamp, and the youth started when he saw how pale his host looked. And St. Julien started, too; for he looked into his companion's face, and it looked terror-stricken even to death.

They spoke not a word. The old man moved forward and extended his hand, and on the next moment his head was pillowed upon Goupart's shoulder, and such deep, mighty sobs broke forth from his lips that it seemed as though his heart were rent in sunder. And one by one the eager servants came into that room, for they dared not yet trust themselves to sleep. They stood and witnessed the great grief of their loved master, and with one accord they wept with him. Truly that was a dark hour!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CORK TREE.

About a hogshead of acorns of the cork oak have been introduced from the south of Europe, and distributed in the Middle and Southern States for experiment, or to test their adaptation to the climate. This tree, in its native country, where it is an evergreen, usually grows to the height of twenty to thirty feet, but in England there are specimens which exceed fifty feet in height, with a diameter of more than three feet. The substance familiarly known to us as cork, is the epidermis, or outer bark, and sometimes grows two or three inches thick. Should the experiment succeed, it will be a subject of great national importance that plantations should be established in various parts of the country for the purpose of growing this useful substance, particularly in the event of a war between this country and Europe, in consequence of which the supply would be cut off.—*Scientific American.*

PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

The following is an extract from an interesting letter of the editor of the St. Louis Advocate, written while on a journey of pleasure:—"Did you ever see a prairie on fire? Perhaps you have, but many of our readers never did. It is a grand, a sublime, and to us it was a terrific sight. We were in the midst of a large prairie covered with grass full six feet high, as thick upon the ground as it could well stand, and much of it dry as tinder. For several hours we had noticed in our front and our left, thick columns of dark smoke curling in the distance, and on reaching the top of a hill, we suddenly beheld the fire miles ahead, roaring and crashing, shooting up its flames at least twenty feet high, and darting, leaping and plunging forward, like ten thousand furies, bent on the destruction of everything before them! The wind blew a perfect gale, and on the fire came. The roar was more like that of 'Ocean into tempest wrought,' than anything else I ever heard. One or two of our company had witnessed such scenes before. To me it was new, and one of the most sublime I had ever beheld. On our right and left, the flames extended for miles upon miles, sweeping over the wide prairie 'as with the besom of destruction,' nor leaving a stick or straw behind. Our condition would have been anything else than safe but for the fact that one of our company was a smoker, and being a smoker, he happened to have a supply of matches, which now, instead of lighting his pipe, were found very convenient to light the grass of the prairie, and thus meet fire with fire. So while the flames were miles ahead, we drove to one side of the road and fired the grass on the other side.

Away sprang the flames before the wind like an uncaged eagle, and, the wind favoring us, we easily prevented them crossing the road, until a space was burnt into which we drove the horse and carriage, and in safety stood to witness the terrible scene the two fires produced. The smoke and heat were severe, but we escaped unhurt. Others may do as they choose, but I will certainly never venture far into one of these large prairies when the grass is dry, without having with me the means to fire in self-defence. It is the only way by which, under some circumstances, a man can save his life. I have often heard and often read of fire on the prairies, but certainly had no adequate idea of it until I witnessed it last Saturday. No tongue or pen could describe it as I then saw it. While looking on, I was forcibly reminded of an expression Bonaparte is said to have used in reference to the burning of Moscow: 'It appeared as a vast sea of fire;' and I thought if Longinus had only witnessed that scene, he might still have improved his excellent work on sublimity. No language can adequately portray the wonderfully sublime effect of these immense billows of fire, as they rage and surge with terrible roar, the forked flames, meanwhile, flying on with a power and velocity that seems utterly inconceivable to one who has not witnessed it."



ARTIST LIFE IN PARIS.

ARTIST LIFE IN PARIS.

The pictures on this and the preceding page, which are very finely executed and full of spirit, show the interior of a studio at Paris, and give the spectator a pretty good idea of the chaos out of which rise those beautiful creations that illuminate the walls of the Louvre with undying beauty. In one picture we see a couple of students engaged in a bout at fencing, while a party of their companions are looking on, some of them smoking, and all apparently quite unmindful that the pursuit of art is their business, with the exception of one hirsute, enthusiastic specimen of humanity—a sculptor, who, regardless of the "row" around him, is hard at work, modelling a figure in clay preparatory to casting. In the other picture we have a variety of figures, and nearly the same confusion. Prints festoon the walls; casts and torsos are scattered about. Two *flaneurs* are seated on a couch. One amateur is volunteering an *aria* on the guitar; his comrade is teasing the pretty little spaniel that belongs, doubtless, to the graceful and coquettishly-attired demoiselle who sits on the left hand of the painter, who, in the midst of all the confusion, continues tranquilly at work on his design as if no eye but that of his fair model were upon him. In the background are a group of artists. The two pictures, by the way, are portions of one large studio, and may be taken as a type of these establishments in Paris. That admirable writer, Bayle St. John, in his "Purple Tints of Paris," says:—"Artists must be divided into several classes. I mean the young artists in the studios. Two of the most amusing are the Loustic and the Rapin. The Loustic is generally an artist amateur, that is to say, his parents have property; they see him some day, when a child, take a piece of chalk or charcoal, and scratch the portrait of his father or his schoolmaster. This is enough. It is at once determined that a great genius has revealed itself. The lad no sooner escapes from college than he is sent to a painter's studio. He is supplied with a handsome sum of money, and becomes very often the loustic of the atelier; perhaps the most backward in the serious part of his art, but clever as a caricaturist, and allowed to take any liberties as a practical joker. The Rapin is the servant of the atelier—something equivalent to a fag at a public school. A shabby dress is an essential part of his definition; most probably he has an immense bush of hair. He often becomes a clever artist, but no one knows how. His duties are to do all the work of the atelier, to run of errands, to set the model, etc. He often picks up a good deal of knowledge from the conversation of the students, and ripens in a mysterious manner. Some of the best French artists have been rapins in their time, and are proud to own it. I notice that those who display most talent are not the perfumed, finikin gentlemen, acceptable at a court; but those who have something of the ouvrier about them—a sort of roughness which only sets off their finer qualities. The practical jokes of an atelier are sometimes carried a good deal too far. It is the custom for every fresh student to pay his 'footing,' as it is called. A rich new-comer once refused to comply with this formality. The students bided their time, and, when the master was away, strapped him, undressed, to a ladder, exposed him in the courtyard in the sun for half an hour, then covered him with a cloth, and carried him all the way from the Rue de Sevres to the Pont Neuf, where they allowed him to wrap himself in the cloth, get into a cab and return home." There are some studios, however, which are totally different from that we have shown in our engraving—really the abode of quiet, studious genius. "The atelier of my friend, M. Jeanron," says the writer we have quoted, "is, perhaps, the best reproduction of a workshop of one of the Old Masters that can be seen. It reproduces, because it is no imitation, being governed by the frank originality of the presiding spirit. The walls are, as usual, hung with casts, sketches and half-finished pictures, in rather odd disorder; the easels are dispersed in apparent confusion; and it requires some steadiness of nerve in a stranger to pick his way towards that tall, workmanlike-looking man who sits yonder hard at it, just looks up as you come in, and generally gives you his wrist to shake, both hands being better employed, or daubed with paint. English amateurs who have found him out—as they generally do contrive to find out true genius abroad—look sometimes amusingly aghast as they steer amid chairs laden with pallets, basins of water, old shoes, turnips, or oyster shells; for, besides being eminent as a scriptural painter and inimitable in marine landscapes, Mr. Jeanron indulges occasionally in a bit of still life." The principal patrons of French artists, next to the imperial circle, are the wealthy middle class, who are liberal, but not generally good judges of art, and consequently too often the victims of quackery and intrigue. The artists affect to despise these people, and one of them was read out of their society because he did not insult a grocer who exclaimed, "Your picture is a master-piece, but I cannot buy it, because it is six inches too wide." The rough originality of manner which formerly distinguished the French artists, and made them stand out in bold relief from the mass of their countrymen—their carelessness of dress, and the conventionalities of artificial life, is said to be rapidly giving away to finikin manners, and a conformity to all the caprices of fashion. But still there are many originals to be found.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A PICTURE.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

Noiselessly the stealthy shadows
Crept along the oaken floor,
Wearing figures strange, fantastic,
Where the sunshine slept before.

In the swiftly fading twilight,
In the gloomy cold and gray;
Knelt a little child in reverence,
By his mother's side, to pray.

As his sweet lips framed "Our Father,"
How I wept that in his heart
Earthly care, and sin and sorrow,
Evermore must have a part.

It was sad that his life lesson
Must be just the same as ours,
That he too must learn how weary
Was life's fancied path of flowers.

I grieved that all this winning trust
Would change to cold deceit;
And worldly pride and selfishness
At the heart's temple meet;

That all his childhood's innocence,
And spirit's inward grace,
Would pass away o'er with the seal
Of childhood from that face.

But when he ceased, the quiet trust
His little features wore,
Checked all the risings of regret
Which I had felt before.

And then I only breathed a prayer,
That in my heart might be
The same unselfish confidence
And calm serenity.

'Tis very sad, that in our lives
We vainly strive to keep
The freshness of our early years,
We can but wish and weep!

Then most of all our prayer should be,
For childish trust and faith;
The faith which shines in sorrow's hour,
And triumphs over death.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY MYRA C. GREENLEAF.

"Well, what do you think of Miss Horton, Mrs. Seamans?" said the president of a sewing circle, in a country town numbering three or four thousand inhabitants, to an elderly lady, whose gray hair drawn tightly back from a very high but narrow and retreating forehead, small, cold blue eyes and thin, straight lips, betokened an unloving heart.

Very deliberately she raised those cold eyes to the speaker's face, very deliberately folded her bony, bloodless hands, twice opened her lips—as was her wont—before she spoke.

"I see nothing really worthy of censure in Miss Horton, still I must confess she strikes me unfavorably."

"In what respect, pray?" said a sweet young voice, with a slight tremor in it.

"I certainly would not wish to prejudice any one against a stranger, and the young above all, in whom a certain frankness and readiness to believe that people *are* what they *seem* is charming, but I do think Miss Horton lacks maidenly reserve and respect for her elders, her betters, I may say."

"My dear Mrs. Seamans, how can you think that? Did you see her just now rise and give her comfortable arm-chair to poor old Miss Brown, and then go into that distant corner so quietly?" said the same voice.

"Yes, I saw it all, and I doubt not that nearly all were deceived by it, as you appear to have been. I think it was all done for show. There, was not I right? See how Mr. Parker's eyes follow her, and now he goes to speak to her. He is always telling about ladies being gentle and kindly to the poor and old, and I think she had him in her mind all the time."

"But she seems very indifferent whether Mr. Parker stays or goes," said the first speaker, Mrs. Liston.

"There has not been so accomplished and beautiful and really lady-like a person introduced into our circle for a long time, in my opinion," said another young lady.

"Accomplished! How do you know that she is? I should not expect a school teacher to possess many accomplishments!"

"I have just listened to a conversation between Miss Horton and Judge Thayer, and I am sure the judge met his equal in her."

"Only a proof of what I said—she lacks reserve—to be talking so freely to so many men, and this only her second month among us."

"But, Mrs. Seamans, the gentlemen seem to seek her—not she them; and they are all men of good character and—there is Mr. Seamans asking an introduction to her, as I live!"

The last words were uttered a little maliciously, I fear. Mrs. Seamans's eyes became a shade bluer and colder still, and her hands seemed to press upon each other a little more closely, as she proceeded.

"Does any one know anything about her history before she came here?" and the good woman looked slowly from face to face in the circle about her, but receiving no answer, she went on.

"Nobody seems to know. I have asked the school committee; they tell me she brought a letter of recommendation from a minister in Boston—but that is not her home, they think. I have been to the post-office, and all her letters—and she has many very thick ones—are directed on the outside by the same hand, and a lady's; but you can see underneath simply her name in many different hands, and mostly gentlemen's too. I wish she had not been engaged to keep the school, unless she would have given a proper account of herself. I shall have nothing to do with her until I know her character is good, which I am not at all sure of now," and saying that it was late, the kind-hearted Mrs. Seamans withdrew.

Her words were received in as many different ways as she had listeners. A few ladies appeared inclined to favor Mrs. Seamans's opinion, but the younger portion were unanimous in saying that it was impossible for her to be anything but the good and noble woman she seemed, and the timid voice grew quite confident in its tone, when it hoped Mr. Parker would fall in love with her and marry her—she would make such a charming minister's wife.

At length the party dispersed, and while they are gaining their respective homes, we will follow Miss Horton to hers. A servant from the hotel where she boarded, came with a carriage to take her there, thus disappointing several gentlemen who had hoped for a quiet walk with Miss Horton.

She gained her room and sank upon the nearest chair. All the fire was gone from her dark eyes, her full lips had lost the almost haughty curl they had worn through the evening, and the proud form seemed almost crushed. She was not beautiful, but except as her soul pervaded and shone through features of irregular but spirited mould, and then she fully justified the praises of her warmest admirers.

The winter passed as winters generally do in small towns. A few *select* parties were given, to which *everybody* was invited; but the greatest attraction the place afforded was its sewing circle. It was not confined to any one religious society, but was open to all, and all met frankly there if no where else.

Miss Horton maintained the same manner she had at first worn (whether it was assumed or not still remained an undecided question among the ladies), ever ready to converse with any who sought her, never seeking any one; apparently frank, yet never joining with her whole soul in anything. The assertion of her friends that she was accomplished was proved again and again to the delight of all, not merely by her skill and taste in those branches of education usually termed accomplishments, but by her ease in every position in which she was placed. She was in fact becoming a favorite, and what moved more mothers in her favor than anything else, was the warm love of all her pupils.

Still no one could ascertain the particulars, or anything in fact, concerning her former life. Those thick letters continued to arrive, always directed in the same hand and mailed in Boston, and what seemed more strange, never answered, or at least, only once a month, when she was observed to take a large package to the express office, directed to Mrs. Collins, in an obscure street in Boston.

Not many weeks after the opening of this tale, it began to be whispered that Mr. Parker, the clergyman, was certainly in love with Miss Horton. It was evident that he took more care to become acquainted with her than with most of his parishioners; but though their conversations when meeting in public were long and apparently interesting to both, yet when Mr. Parker had called upon Miss Horton, she was always engaged. To be sure she treated all gentlemen alike, never seeing them at her house, but that any one should refuse to see the pastor, was strange indeed. Like others, Mr. Parker was obliged to depend upon chance interviews with his lady-love. Being a man of decided character, and withal of true nobleness of soul, he determined to make his love known, believing that he had on several occasions seen an involuntary love-light gleam from her eye for a moment, when meeting him unexpectedly. He, as well as others, had been somewhat annoyed that he could hear nothing of her except that she was Miss Horton and taught school for her support, but becoming convinced that she was, what she appeared, an estimable woman (I will not say that ministers are above being convinced by love), he determined to offer her his heart, knowing, that if she did not accept it, no other woman would ever receive a similar offer.

He sat in his study alone, with his head bowed upon the table before him when he came to that conclusion, and not ashamed to ask God's blessing upon anything he would do, offered a short prayer, put on his hat and cloak and went out. Asking for Miss Horton, he was told she was engaged. He wrote a few words on a card, and handing it to the servant, said:

"Tell Miss Horton I will wait till she is disengaged."

He waited only a few minutes; hearing a light footfall he rose, and stepping forward took her hand. She looked up into his face, but neither spoke for a moment. Miss Horton was the first to break the silence.

"Will you be seated, Mr. Parker?"

He passed to a sofa and motioned her to a seat by his side, but not heeding him she sat upon a chair near the centre of the room. Not daunted he drew a chair near and sat down, and without waiting a moment, spoke as follows:

"I will not ask you to excuse me for intruding upon your privacy, as I know I have done. If my errand does not excuse me, it matters not whether I am excused or no. I have come to ask you to be my wife. Miss Horton, I know I am abrupt, but I cannot be otherwise. I must speak now or not at all. Do not tell me that my love is too short-lived to warrant an offer of marriage. I am thirty years old, and I never have loved a woman till now. I loved you when I first saw you, and every action, every word of yours has only deepened my love. I know you are the only woman I can love, and I know that we are mated well."

He paused, brushed a tear from his eye, and as she neither moved nor raised her eyes, or seemed to hear his words, only that she was very pale, he went on:

"I have not been mistaken when I have thought that you loved me in return. Two or three times when I have met you unawares, your looks have betrayed what you have generally concealed so well. Tell me, Miss Horton, that you love me," and he took the unresisting hand and kissed it again and again.

These kisses sent the bright blood rushing back to cheek and brow, and releasing her hand, she said:

"You are right. I have known many weeks that you loved me, and I have loved you as long—I love you as truly as you do me, but I cannot marry you."

Mr. Parker covered his face in his hands. Her almost agonized tone told him but too plainly that she was in earnest, and pausing a moment as if to command her thoughts, she went on hurriedly and brokenly.

"I saw how it would all end long ago. I have tried to prevent this meeting. I have sometimes hoped that the mystery that I have wrapped myself in would be sufficient to deter you from making this offer, but generally I have judged you more truly. I believe what you say, that you will love only me. I shall never love another, but I cannot marry you. Would to God that you did not love me—no, no, I cannot lose that thought. It will sometime be my only comfort, that the noblest heart that lives is mine, mine!" and she rose to leave him, forlornly enough, but he sprang before her and led her to her seat again.

"Tell me," said he, "is there no hope for me? Must this decision be final? Have you thought of it well? What are your reasons for refusing me?"

At this last question a strong shudder passed through her frame, but in a moment all trace of emotion was gone, and she looked up steadily, and spoke:

"I have thought for hours, weeks—and this must be. Before three months have passed, you will wish you had waited a little longer before saying what you have to-day. Had you waited, you never would have said those words. Why, why did you love one of whom you know so little?"

"Do I not know that you are the most high-souled, right-thinking and the most loving, gentle woman I know? Do I not know that you are more beautiful to me than all others—and is not this enough? This mystery! forgive me, Miss Horton, I feel that I must penetrate it, even against your will. I am sure that I could then change your mind," and again he took both her hands and gazed in her eyes for a reply.

"No, no, impossible! before one year has passed, you will wish you had never known me, you will strive to forget me!"

A gleam of hope seemed to reach the lover, and eagerly he said:

"If I do wish to marry you when this dreadful year has passed, will you then say yes to the proposal I have made?"

After a long pause, she replied:

"When the year is gone, you may come to me again if you wish it."

"Bless you for that," and pressing her hands in his, he went his way to labor and to wait.

After gaining her room she threw herself upon a couch and lay moaning in agony for a long and weary hour. The shades of night fell around her and then she arose and sank upon her knees. It is well when the lone, burdened heart can ask for strength and counsel from above. That prayer was long, and too sacred, too broken in its anguish for us to follow, but the boon she craved was granted—strength to do and to bear. What was the mysterious taint that could prevent this pure, humble woman from marrying the man she loved?"

It was late in the month of May of the same year, that Miss Horton requested a private interview with her landlady, and at its close went out for her accustomed evening walk, and Mrs. Faxon with the traces of tears still visible upon her face, ordered a small bed put up in Miss Horton's room, for her adopted daughter who would arrive the following day, and the next day Miss Horton did not go to school, but in the afternoon she went to the depot; and met there a respectable, middle-aged Irishwoman, whom she addressed as Mrs. Collins, and a beautiful little girl of some four or five years old. As soon as the child saw Miss Horton, she sprang to her outstretched arms, exclaiming, "mama, dear mama!" and was answered by "my darling child, my Mary!" and so the noise of it was spread abroad, and before sunset nearly the whole town knew that a child had arrived which Miss Horton had called "my darling," and which in turn called her "mama." Mrs. Seamans found it very necessary for her to make a multitude of calls that night, and it was really wonderful to notice how many times she found it convenient to say, "I knew it would turn out so," and how many she met who had always been of that opinion.

The next morning the whole town was astir. Mrs. Faxon received more calls in that one day, than since her arrival in town years before. Some warm friends of Miss Horton called and inquired for that lady, but were told that she had gone to school, taking her daughter with her.

"Then the story we heard was true?" they would say, and Mrs. Faxon's reply would be:

"She is her adopted daughter, but she wishes the child to know or hear of no other mother," and the few friends would say they would call after school was done, and they kept their word, and praised the child and gladdened the heart of the foster-mother.

But by far the greater part departed as they came, scoffing at the idea of a young woman's adopting a daughter, and the men of the place stopped each other in the street to talk over the strange affair, and one member of the school committee thought she ought

to be dismissed from the school, and good Mrs. Seamans was very sure her dear pastor would regret ever having taken any notice of the impostor, and commissioned her husband to ascertain whether he was aware of the awful discovery.

The following day was the Sabbath, and much to the surprise of all, Miss Hortou took her place in church with her child by her side, and when service was concluded a few pious hands were held up in horror to see Mr. Parker shake hands with Miss Hortou and then with the little girl, as he came from the sacred desk, saying: "This then is the little stranger I heard so much of yesterday. God bless you, child!" and then pass quietly on, speaking with one and another of his flock.

The weeks passed on. Miss Horton was still allowed her place in school, still a small circle of friends met her so cordially that she could not doubt their sincerity; but by far the larger portion of her acquaintances had possibly forgotten that they had even spoken with or known the lady.

If all the people of the little town of L——— could have stood as I did, in the gallery of a fine and fashionable church, in a distant southern city, a little more than four years previous to the opening of this tale, they would reverence Miss Horton as I do—as they learned to do in future years.

The gallery was crowded with anxious, eager expectants, who glanced ceaselessly from the clock to the main entrance of the church. There was a sudden silence as the door was thrown open, and a bevy of beautiful bridesmaids surroundiug a queenly looking bride, accompanied by an equal number of groomsmen, together with the groom and the parents of the bride, passed up the aisle. The bride we have seen before already, and will only note that her eyes were full of joyous confidence, and that a bright, a radiant smile beamed from her face upon her future husband. Him we will notice more closely. Tall, commanding in figure, with a face and head which an artist would delight to model for an Apollo, dark, clustering locks, an eye more beautiful iu form and color than is often met with in women even, and a mouth which seemed formed only for noble words—but I shuddered as I gazed on him, nor could I tell what caused that one word, "false!" to burst from my lips. I studied his face again, and thought I discovered an occasional furtive side-look directed to those around him, which seemed out of place, at that time, but this was all.

The ceremony commenced, and as the words "I pronounce you man and wife," came slowly, distinctly, from the lips of the white-haired clergyman, a wild, frantic voice exclaimed:

"I forbid the banns!" and a young and beautiful Irish girl rushed past the church warden, through the crowd of attending friends, and gazed with starting eyeballs upon the group before her. Comprehending the scene, she said "Too late! too late!" and sank upon the floor.

There were many different exclamations heard then, but the bride heard none except a deep curse from him she had just promised to love through life, as he attempted to draw her away from the scene; but he knew not the nature he had to deal with.

"I cannot go till this poor creature revives," said she. "Why did she come here, Hermann? I do not know her—she could not forbid the banns on my account. Why did she come, Hermann?"

"Curse her! how should *I* know why a crazy fool should rush in here and make this trouble?" said Hermann Marshall, in a vexed whisper—then aloud, and with all his usual sweetness, "come Laura, my bride, leave her to the care of others, and home with your husband."

"Not till I see this poor girl restored." And she left her husband's arm, and in her bridal robes stooped over the senseless girl and chafed the little cold hands in her own.

Their efforts were soon rewarded by a faint gasp, and with returning life the poor thing sat up and gazed about her.

"Was it all a dream then, or did I come too late? Was Hermann married?" And she looked beseechingly to one and another of the group around her.

No one spoke for a moment—for no one knew what to say. Tearing off her bridal veil, Laura Marshall knelt down by her side, and said:

"What do you know of Hermann Marshall, my poor girl? Tell me all you know of him;" and what dread suspicion had fastened on her mind no one knew.

"O, he told me I should be his wife—I am his wife. We were married, not in church and by a priest, to be sure, but by a man who Hermann said was just the same in this country, and it could be done quieter, you see, and his proud parents would not know of it till he had time to soften them to me who he loved so well, and so he put me in a beautiful room in the hotel, and we were so happy for a long, long time, and then he went away—and the sorrow there was for me I cannot tell. They turned me out of my room with names which God knows never belonged to me, and when I went for the man who married us, to prove to them that I was Hermann's wife, I could not find him; and so I went home to my mother, who believed every word I told her, for she said I would not now tell her the first lie in my life, but she told me he had deceived me; it was a sham marriage she said, and that angered me and I left my old mother, and for weeks have I sought for my husband—and now I have found him only to know that my mother told me the truth. O, tell me, lady, is he married to you?" and the poor girl looked up in Laura Marshall's face with an expression which combined all the eager hope and sickening fear which her simple, ardent nature was capable of feeling.

"We were just made man and wife, my poor girl."

But before the words were fully uttered, the deserted girl sank again with the scarcely audible words:

"My child! my child!"

The swoon seemed more deadly than the first; all efforts to revive her were for a time unavailing, and then a consultation was held as to her disposal. It was concluded to take her to the hospital, and a purse was being made up for that purpose, when Laura, rousing herself from a long silence, said:

"She will go with me."

"Go with you, Laura!" said her father. "You surely do not believe this tale of her marriage? You will not say to the world that you believe it?"

"I do believe it, and what I believe I will avow;" and raising her voice as if speaking to all in that spacious church, she went on: "Why else did that deep curse escape my husband, when he saw the poor victim of his falsehood? why, if she was a poor, crazed thing, as he told me, did he not help to recover her wits? why has he gone now? why is he not here to clear himself? O, God! 'tis true! I staked my all—I have lost. Nothing is left but my own truth and honor, which shall never be sullied. Tell him, tell the world, that I will never see his face again till he can prove to me that this tale is false in every particular. Then, then—I did love him—help me, father! mother! to do what I ought;" and she stretched out her arms beseechingly, but the weakness was but for a moment. Pale as death, but with strong determination in every line of her face and in the fixed gaze of her dull eyes, she spoke again to her father.

"This poor girl must be removed to our house for the present, and then we will see what can be done for her. I am innocent of the wrong done her, but I am the cause, and what little we can do must be done."

"Are you crazy, Laura! Never shall she enter my doors. Let her go with her shame upon her as she deserves. She might have known she was no fit mate for Hermann Marshall."

"She might have known men were false! She might have known that every word spoken by that honeyed tongue was false! Why might not I then?"

"It is different, Laura. We will see that the wretched girl does not suffer at present, and then try to hush this tumult; come Laura, be as sensible as you generally are."

"Father, if she cannot be cared for in our house, I shall go with her."

"Go, then! but you shall never enter my house again, if you leave it now."

"Husband, my dear George—she is my only child. It will kill me if you turn from her so. Hear me for my sake, if not for hers!"

"If she will bring this scandal on us, she is no child of mine."

"Mother, dear mother, God help us all to bear what we must; and he will, if we do our duty. Farewell, father and mother. The time will come when we shall be happy together again."

Of all that throng, only the old minister and myself remained with the young wife and the fainting, almost dying, girl. The only course left was to carry her to the hospital, and thither we all went, and at the door we parted, I to my duties, the clergyman to make one more attempt to change the will of Mr. Horton. The next day I learned that it was of no avail. He sent her all her wardrobe, every article that was her own, and five hundred dollars in money, but no word of blessing. The poor mother saw her child every day, till forbidden by that stern, iron nature. Judge him not too harshly. Take the circumstances home to your own firesides and families. Consider that he was among the wealthiest, most honored and most honorable men in the place, that his son-in law, though a stranger there, had brought credentials stating that he was of similar standing in the place of his nativity, and that the story of a poor, degraded Irish girl, unsupported by any other person, had been believed and acted upon in this strange way by his only daughter, and it will not seem very strange that he vowed to forget that he ever had a child.

I will not attempt to depict what passed in Laura Marshall's mind while she sat in that carriage in all her bridal robes, chafing the temples and hands of poor Mary Collins, or while she laid aside her glittering satins, and flowers and pearls, and replaced them by a wrapper, borrowed from one of the hospital nurses, and sat down by the bedside of the poor wanderer, and listened again to the story of her wrongs, and the blessings she called upon her head, and the messages she wished written down for her mother, nor while she promised to be a mother to the unborn babe—for both these young girls knew that death would soon close the scene for one of them. When Laura left her in the care of more skilful nurses than herself and sought repose for a few hours, she kissed the beautiful but faded lips, and repeated her promises.

That night in the one chamber, a soul passed in agony from earth to heaven, leaving an unconscious infant daughter behind; in the other—with no less anguish, a prouder, sublimer soul ratified the crucifixion of all earthly hopes, and consecrated itself to a life of labor, obloqny, perhaps suffering, and for the sin of another.

With the gray dawn of morning she rose, and as her hand was upon the latch of her chamber door, it was opened by a kind old woman, with the helpless infant in her arms.

"The poor mother is gone, miss. Please God, it would have been better had the baby gone with her, but it is a sweet darling, miss—look at her."

Without speaking she took it in her arms and entered the room where the poor mother lay, dead, cold and alone. When she left the room, she bore in her hand a tress of long, curling, golden hair. She never saw the corpse again. In a few hours her kind friend, the clergyman, called and conveyed her to his own home, where she remained till her daughter was old enough to travel. Her plans were soon formed. She would go to Boston, the home of Mary Collins, and putting the child, during its infancy, under the care of Mrs. Collins, its grandmother, she would gain a livelihood for both by teaching. She found unexpected obstacles in putting the plan into execution, but conquered them one by one; and when at the end of three years her old pastor came to Bos[illegible], there seemed a prospect of some happiness in store for her, but it was soon dissipated by the tidings that her husband had arrived in the city, and had vowed revenge upon her for the disgrace she had brought upon him at the time of their marriage.

Leaving her daughter with its grandmother, she took only a letter of recommendation from her pastor, and went to L———, where, from motives which any woman who has loved can easily divine, she refused to make her story known, and chose rather to live suspected than to lay her life open to, and thus invite, criticism upon it. Besides, in order to obtain a divorce from the man to whom she was legally bound, she must remain unknown, if possible, until four years had elapsed from the time of her marriage, for that vow of revenge Hermann Marshall had taken would prevent her obtaining the divorce, if in his power. The father of Laura, unable to sustain the disgrace he fancied had fallen upon him, left his home forever, and went abroad, bearing with him his wife, whose heart was divided between her banished daughter and the husband she had loved from youth. Mother and daughter kept up a constant correspondence by means of Mrs. Collins and their mutual friend and pastor.

Laura found on reaching L———, that the salary she received from her school would be inadequate for the support of herself and child, and then determined to avail herself of a talent which had served to amuse herself and friends in happier days. Through the same channel that formed a means of communication between herself and mother, she sent her written articles to publishers, and soon found herself in a condition to give up the school, that had become irksome since the arrival of her daughter. Thus more mystery was wrapped about her, seeing that now she had no visible means of support.

The year Mr. Parker had been doomed to wait, was drawing to a close. Miss Horton had now a legal right to a divorce from Hermann Marshall, but she took no steps to procure it. Perhaps she waited for the close of the year—for the twenty-fifth day of May. It came, and ere its close Mr. Parker had again sent a card to Miss Horton, upon which was written:

"I claim the promised interview. It is a year to-day since I called upon you last."

With her daughter's hand clasped in her own, Laura descended and stood before her lover, but all her composure had left her, she was unable to utter any phrase of common civility.

"I have come to say to you what I said a year ago to-day, Miss Horton, and to ask you again as I did then, if you will marry me?"

"But your people will not allow their pastor to marry a suspected person, and you must know, as I do, that since my little Mary's arrival, I have been shunned by almost every person who formerly associated with me."

"I have thought of that. While I do my duty as far as I am able, my people have no right to interfere with my private affairs, but if they choose to dismiss me, I must endure it. That there is a mystery, which I do not in the least understand, about you, and which is a grief to me, I freely say to you; but I have seen that in you of nobleness and truth which I have seen in no other woman, and again I ask you—can you, will you be my companion through life, my loving wife?"

"I fear I am weak and wrong to say anything but 'I cannot' to you; still my heart pleads too loudly. I cannot reason. I have been almost wild with uncertainty and anxiety for many days, and now if you will listen patiently I will try and let you know the circumstances of my life—who and what I am."

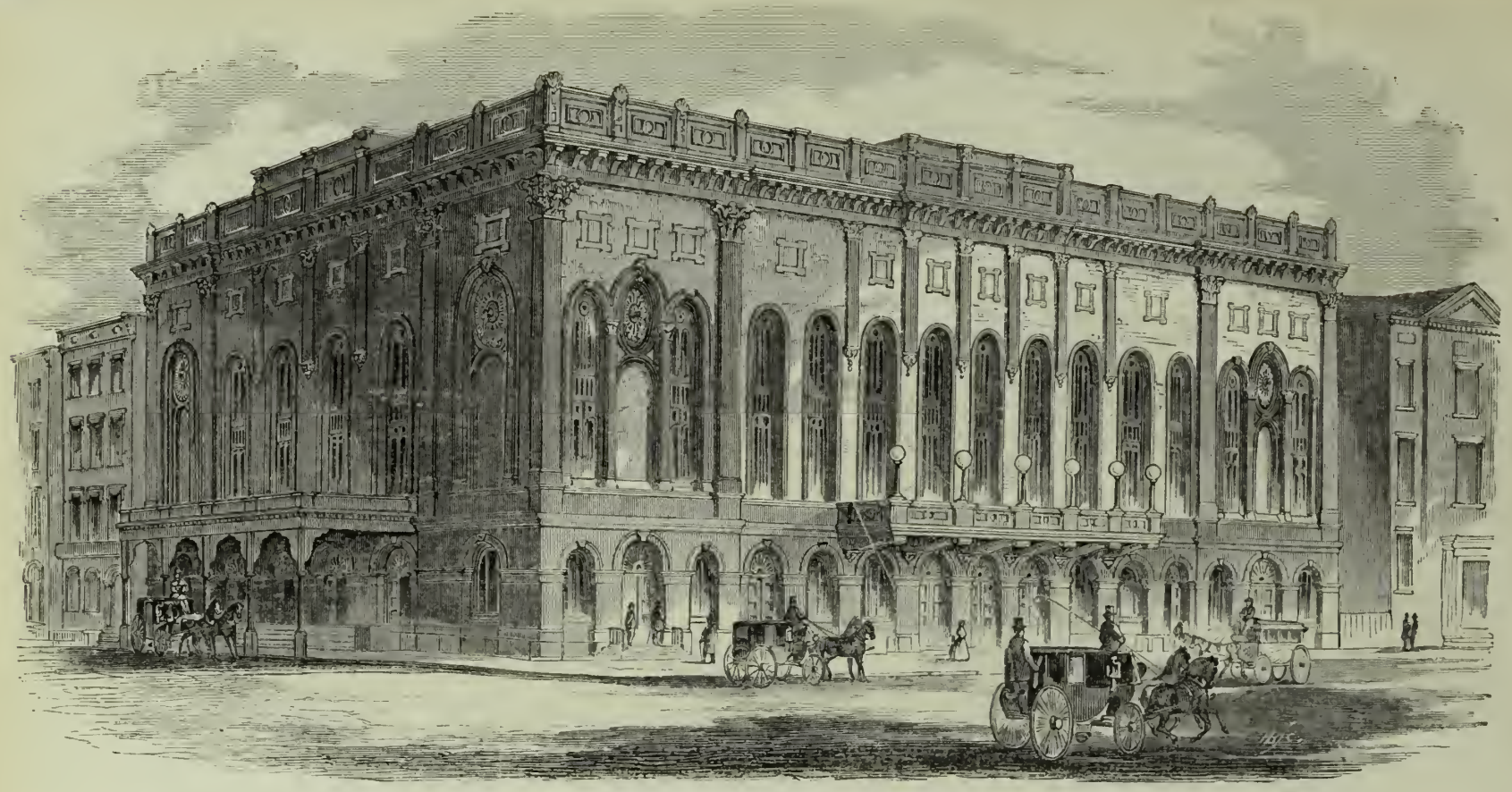
With her child's head resting on her shoulder, Miss Horton told her story, and ever as she went on, her lover's face, which had been darkened by conflicting thoughts, grew brighter and clearer, and as she finished, he knelt before her.

"I must worship where I have but loved. Never did woman act more nobly. To leave home, friends, ease, competence—and in their place receive the coldness and suspicion of strangers, neglect, labor, almost penury, and to risk what is dearer to you, to all true women than anything beside, to risk your fair fame for the sake of the offspring of a man who had deceived you and the victim of his lust. Let my people learn to reverence you as I have learned to do, as they will in time."

Both kissed the little Mary, and with clasped hands talked of the divorce, of the ways and means of bringing about the marriage, of those little nothings which to all lovers are so interesting, but to us—you, my dear readers, and I—so stale; therefore we will leave them at present. Mr. Parker soon asked for a long vacation, went to the South, where he was joined by Mrs. Marshall, as we ought still to call Laura. The divorce was granted, and she had scarcely resumed her maiden name, when again before her old friend and pastor she vowed to honor and love her husband.

For some years she was fearful Hermann Marshall would take her darling Mary from her, for after her second marriage he had often sent letters to Mrs. Parker, threatening to take his child; but his dissolute career was suddenly terminated by death, and Laura was left in peace. Mr. and Mrs. Horton remained abroad, and Mrs. H. died just before the news of Laura's marriage with Mr. Parker reached her. That letter gave Mr. Horton the first tidings of his disowned daughter. Melted by the loss of his wife, his hard heart could hold out no longer, and he embarked for home, but the vessel was lost at sea, and he perished with many of the passengers.

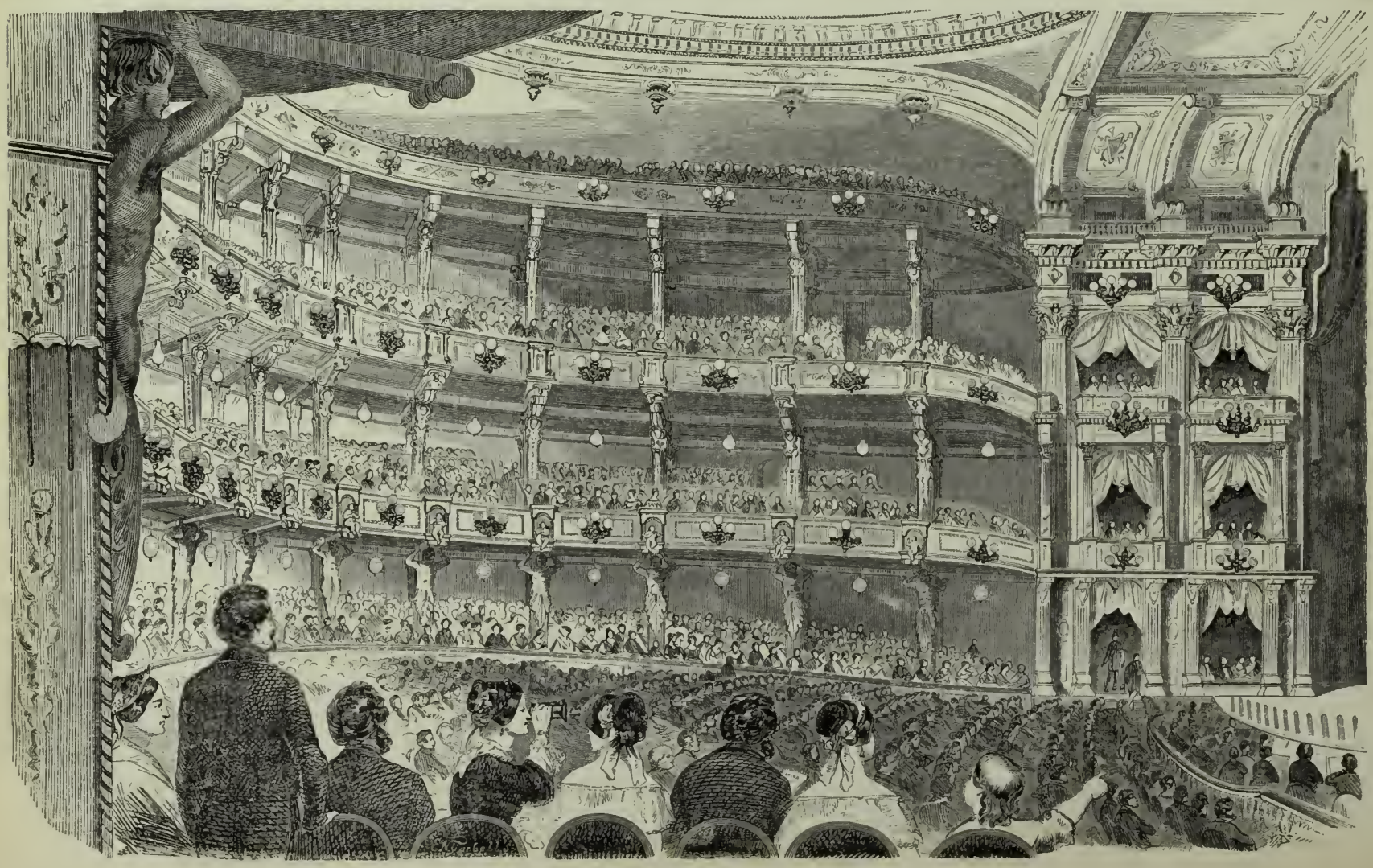
The good people at L——— were electrified when they learned from the public prints that Mr. Parker had actually married Miss Horton, and not a little scandalized when a stray paper informed them of a divorce having been granted Mrs. Marshall from Hermann Marshall, but they at length decided to retain Mr. Parker, approve his wife and child, and allow them to keep their own counsels.



NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.

The Academy of Music, which is situated at the corner of 14th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, is one of the finest buildings in the imperial city. The two views presented on this page, one representing the exterior, the other the interior, were drawn expressly for the PICTORIAL and are strictly reliable. The exterior, with its lofty arched windows, its Corinthian pilasters, its heavy cornice and battlement, and chaste proportions, has an air of richness, solidity and harmony worthy of the highest praise. During the winter of 1852, a number of public-spirited citizens obtained a charter from the legislature of the State, which authorized them and their successors to raise a capital of $200,000, with power to extend it to $300,000, for the purpose of erecting an "Academy of Music" in the city of New York. Under this charter, a board of directors, consisting of thirteen members, was elected, of which Mr. James Phalon was president, and William H. Paine, secretary. The stock was divided into two hundred shares of $1000 each, and in March, 1853, one hundred and ninety-one shares had been subscribed for by about one hundred and twenty individuals. The building was commenced in 1853, and the first performance was given by Madame Grisi and Signor Mario on the evening of the 1st of October, 1854. The cost of the building was $350,000—the balance having been raised by mortgage. Every appliance of art, every improvement of the age, has been exhausted to render this the most *recherché* place of amusement in the city, and the season which has just closed, has satisfactorily proved that the Italian opera, under judicious management and a liberal disbursement, can be made to pay. Wm. H. Paine, Esq., is at present the sole lessee and manager, and with Max Maretzek as musical director, has succeeded in presenting to the public a series of entertainments of the highest order, without any of those unfortunate *contretemps* which, until now, have proved the bane of Italian opera in this country. Our second engraving shows the interior of the house as it appears during a representation, filled with beautifully dressed ladies, brilliant with gas light and imposing with ornamentation. Let the imagination add color and movement, and the dazzling effect of the whole may be conceived. The spectator who is unaccustomed to the splendor of the theatres of the old world, is struck with wonder at the lavish expenditure exhibited in every part of the house, from parquette to ceiling, from stage to vestibule. The prevailing color is white, relieved by gold and crimson velvet. Let the reader look upon the engraving, and imagine every line in the picture to be a gold stripe, with the brilliant effect of a thousand gas lights shining thereupon, the private and stage boxes upholstered in the richest manner—and he may perhaps form some faint conception of the magnificent *ensemble* of this interior. Spacious and commodious, it is admirably adapted for seeing and hearing. The seats are all single, and constructed on the plan of those in the Boston and European theatres, the seat being so hinged that when the sitter rises it folds up against the back, allowing "ample room and verge enough" to move about and make one's exit without inconvenience. The house will seat about four thousand persons comfortably.



NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—INTERIOR VIEW.



FORT ONTARIO, OSWEGO RIVER, NEW YORK.

FORTS ONTARIO AND NIAGARA, NEW YORK.

The views on this page were drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, and are characterized by his accustomed spirit and fidelity. The first represents Fort Ontario on the east side of the Oswego River. Its situation is pretty, and the breakwater and light-house in front of it add to the effect of the scene. The sail and steamboats seen dashing along over the water convey an idea of the animation and activity that prevail in its vicinity. The original fort, which stood on the site of the present one, was erected by the English in 1755. The first vessel launched on Lake Ontario was built here in the same year. On the 11th of August, in the year 1756, the place capitulated to the Marquis of Montcalm, after a siege of three days. The French obtained possession of a large amount of arms, provisions and vessels. Three boxes of silver and the military chest, containing £18,000, also became their prize. The traditions connected with this money gave rise to various schemes of money-digging, some of which are put in practice even now, in the vicinity of the old fort. The victors, after securing their booty, destroyed the fort completely and gave the land to the Onondaga Indians, to "be held by them forever." In 1759 the fort was rebuilt by the English, and was very much strengthened and improved just prior to the outbreak of our revolutionary war. They held possession of it until 1776, when it was surrendered formally to the United States. In 1814, the British attacked the fort, and Col. Mitchell, who commanded it, finding his position untenable, succeeded in retreating in good order with a large proportion of his stores. The British landed and destroyed the ordnance, and after taking a large quantity of property from the village, re-embarked and retired. The fort, within a few years, has been strongly repaired and is now in a very defensible condition. Our second engraving on this page presents a view of Fort Niagara, which stands on a point of land at the junction of the Niagara River and Lake Ontario. The scenery here is quite pleasing; the fort with its bastions and angles, surmounted by the stars and stripes, and the fresh, bright water covered with graceful craft. The historical associations connected with this spot render it a peculiarly interesting one. Fort Niagara, on the American side, is one of the most interesting places on the frontier. In 1668, La Salle erected some buildings at this place and enclosed them with palisades; they were burned by the Senecas in 1675. To revenge this was one of the causes of the French expedition under Denonville, into the country of the Senecas. On their return in 1687, they took formal possession in the name of the king of France, to build a fort thereon. The place seems to have been abandoned from 1688 till 1725, at which time the mess-house and store houses were built. On the 6th of July, 1759, Gen. Prideaux landed on the lake shore just below the mouth of the river, with a large force of English and "a thousand fighting men" of Indians, and besieged Niagara. The English took possession, which they held till 1796; it was then given up to the Americans. It was again taken by the English in 1813, and retained by them until after the peace of 1815. Within a few years it has been thoroughly strengthened and repaired, and is now a formidable fortress.



FORT NIAGARA, NIAGARA RIVER, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GOD BLESS THEM.

BY C. G. DUNN.

The winter wind blows o'er the moor,
And sweeps along the lea,
There's misery at the poor man's door—
There's wretchedness at sea.
God bless the sailor on this night!
And guide him through the storm;
For sad 's the heart without the light
Of hope to keep it warm.

There's meagre forms to-night, and weak,
That lounge not round the fire,
Where cheering flames of comfort speak,
And gratified desire.
God bless such stricken ones to-night,
And guard them with his arm;
And in their hearts renew the light
Of hope, to keep them warm.

God bless the sailor on the sea!
God bless the toiling man!
God bless the home where poverty
Sits gloomy-faced and wan!
God bless all of my fellow-men,
And shield them from this storm;
For sad 's the heart without the light
Of hope to keep it warm.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WITHERED BOUQUET.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Viewed as a king merely, Louis XIII. was assuredly wanting in kingly qualities; but if we take away his crown and sceptre, it is to see in him an honest man; unlike most men in power, whose heads are developed at the expense of their hearts, the heart, with Louis XIII., seemed to have inherited all that was wanting in the brain. It was against his will that he sanctioned most of the crimes of Richelieu, and if his lower passions were sometimes accomplices in them, on the other hand, he dared commit more than one good act in spite of his minister. We will not pretend to call in question the severe judgments of history with regard to Louis XIII.; but, as these judgments are never decisive, we would recall, in defence of a king who had so many heads cut off because of his powerlessness to prevent it, one of those virtuous acts, which simple as they may be, atone, for the greatest faults, and which the jury of posterity cannot help admitting as extenuating circumstances.

On the 10th of May, 1625, Mlle. d'Entragnes arrived from Normandy at St. Germain-en-Laye, whither she had been brought by her uncle and guardian, the old Count de Veraques, with the intention of presenting her at the court of Louis XIII. This journey had been enveloped in a sort of mystery, which would not have failed to occasion anxiety on the part of its object, had not her mind been occupied with thoughts of the toilet necessary to her presentation at the chateau. Leaving d'Entragnes suddenly with his niece, the Count de Veraques had traversed Normandy almost incognito, with no other suite than a few servants for his equipage, and two waiting women for Marguerite. He descended quietly at St. Germain, at a modest hotel situated near the forest, installed, or rather concealed his young companion there, as a treasure to be hid from all eyes, and left her at nightfall, telling her that he must go and speak to the cardinal, and requesting her to retire to rest without waiting for his return.

Marguerite dismissed her women to give herself up more freely to her reflections, and began to contemplate, through the window of her chamber, the royal chateau whose splendors were to be revealed to her on the morrow. She had counted for half an hour with her eye the lights kindling at every window, when the youngest of her servants came to say to her:

"Mademoiselle, a cavalier, who has just arrived from Normandy, asks to speak to you immediately!"

Marguerite rose in alarm, passed with her woman into the next room, and could not suppress a cry of joy, at sight of a tall and handsome young man who approached and kissed her hand with familiarity.

"Is it you, Monsieur le Marquis de Cruce?"

"Yes, my cousin."

"And by what chance?"

"You shall know," said the young man, seating himself in an arm-chair beside the young girl, and indicating that the presence of the two women was a restraint upon him. Mlle. d'Entragnes sent away the one who had introduced M. de Cruce, and made a sign to the latter that he might speak before the other.

"Tell me first," she resumed, impatiently, "how you knew that we had set out for St. Germain? M. de Veraques thought it his duty, I do not know why, to take me from d'Entragnes as suddenly as mysteriously. Hardly informing my aunt, he forbade my announcing my journey to any one, even to you."

"Especially to me," interrupted Cruce, in a tone which rendered the young girl involuntarily pensive. "So," pursued he, "I should still have believed you to be in Normandy, if, faithful to my custom of carrying you every day a bouquet from my father's garden, I had not gone last evening to d'Entragnes for that purpose."

As he said this, the young man drew from his bosom a little bouquet of roses and violets which he had mechanically kept. Marguerite hastened to take it, though it was much faded, and thanked the marquis by a look full of tenderness.

"But, my cousin," observed she, with reviving curiosity, "it was not to bring me these flowers you followed me so precipitately."

"I confess it was not," replied Cruce. "A motive much more serious—a terrible suspicion—"

"What say you?" exclaimed the young girl, approaching him. "Could you doubt me?"

"Never!" replied the young man; and he pressed with ardor the hand that Marguerite timidly extended. "But," he immediately resumed with a gloomy air, "this sudden and singular coincidence with some odious rumors which have reached my ear, has made me think, that some guilty intentions were cherished in your behalf, that my presence here, my arm even, might be necessary to defend you."

"What peril can you then believe me to be at St. Germain?" said Mlle. d'Entragnes, hastily.

"In peril of honor!"

"I do not comprehend you. M. de Veraques has brought me to present me at court."

"Yes, to present you to the king."

"Well?"

In this word and in the look which accompanied it, the soul of Marguerite revealed itself so pure and candid, that the marquis interrupted himself with admiration and respect, like a man who holds his breath before a mirror, for fear of tarnishing it.

"My cousin," returned he in an under-tone, "I cannot tell you more. Besides that my suspicions may prove false (and God grant it!) it is not for me to be the first to make you blush, when I came here to protect you. Only listen to me as your best friend, and promise me one thing. The Count de Veraques shall know this very evening that I am at St. Germain. I will come and see you every day, at this hotel or at the chateau."

"And you will bring me, as at d'Entragnes, a bouquet which I will wear all day?" asked Marguerite, casting a look upon the marquis and a smile at the faded roses she had fastened to her bosom.

The eyes of Cruce responded to this gentle summons much better than his lips would have done; and, immediately catching her thought, he continued:

"If then, circumstances which I cannot define, but which you will too readily recognize, one day bring about the realization of my fears; if a proposition in the slightest degree offensive or ambiguous is made you; if a single word is addressed to you which should draw my sword from its sheath, inform me, if present, by a sign, if absent, by a letter; and, in case you cannot write, send me the bouquet that I may have presented you in the morning; I shall then understand that you need a defender, and shall hasten to you, *with whatever enemy you may have to deal!*"

These words were pronounced in a tone so solemn, that Mlle. d'Entragnes, overcome by a vague terror and presentiment, which she dared not express, promised to do whatever he required, without demanding any further explanation. The marquis withdrew, after having given his address, and promised to return the next day at the hour when he might hope to find the Count de Veraques.

The scene we have just described leaves us nothing to tell respecting Henri de Cruce and Marguerite d'Entragnes. Relatives and neighbors, the one aged twenty-two, the other nineteen, betrothed by their families as well as by themselves, they loved each other simply and dearly, and waited their union only till the approaching period when the only son of the Crucés could offer to the orphan of d'Entragnes a position worthy of their common birth.

As for the terrible suspicion which the carrying off of Marguerite by the old Count de Veraques had thrown across the tranquil hopes of Henri, a few words will explain it. Knowing that the place of favorite at court and in the heart of the king of France was vacant, and that Richelieu was seeking everywhere a beauty worthy to fill it; knowing, besides, that the Count de Veraques was the least scrupulous and the most devoted servant to the interests of the cardinal and the caprices of the king, the lover trembled lest the guardian of Mlle. d'Entragnes wished to present her at the court of Louis XIII., less than to Louis XIII. himself; and, among other circumstances calculated to justify his fears, the mystery that had been made of Marguerite's journey inspired him with anxieties the more painful that he dared not to confide them to his cousin.

Henri would have hesitated less had he known the real intentions of the old gentleman, which were to offer his beautiful niece to the royal fancy. The Count de Varaques was too much a man of the times to see anything disgraceful for his niece in becoming the favorite of the king of France. Besides, Richelieu had willed that Mlle. d'Entragnes should please Louis XIII. Many ladies would have thought this an honor.

The next day Mlle. d'Entragnes was presented at court. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of her uncle, whom the unexpected presence of d'Cruce had put in bad humor, she insisted in wearing only a robe of white satin, trimmed with point d'Alencon, a few strings of pearls in her hair, and a bouquet of white roses at her side. In this simple dress, she eclipsed the proudest and most brilliant beauties. The king did not remove his eyes from her for a whole hour, and twenty gentlemen affected to wear her colors and to serve as her escort at the chase which followed the reception.

During one of the evolutions of this chase, Marguerite having accidentally dropped her bouquet, the Marquis de Cruce could not raise and restore it without disputing this honor with a captain of mousquetaires, Roger de Livry, who had made himself conspicuous since the morning, among the satellites of this new star. The rivals appointed a rendezvous at six o'clock beneath the walls of the chateau. She who was the involuntary object of this quarrel heard them exchange some hasty words, but seeing the parties afterwards renew their self-possession, she thought the difference settled, inasmuch as the chase ended without the betrayal of the least enmity between the young people. On returning to St. Germain, the Count de Veraques and Marguerite found themselves near the king's carriage. Louis XIII. cast a significant glance upon the latter, and mysteriously announced to the old gentleman that he might conduct his niece, at six o'clock, to the private apartments of the king. The face of the uncle expanded with pride and joy, and he hastened to inform Marguerite that she was invited by his majesty to return to the chateau in the afternoon. The young girl, who in the intoxication of novel enjoyments forgot the fatal presentiments of her cousin, received this intelligence with unconcealed pleasure.

The Count de Veraques was punctual to the rendezvous, and Louis XIII. on his part, was not wanting in kingly politeness. Surprised at finding herself alone with her uncle in a room where nothing announced a reception, Marguerite was still more astonished when she saw the count retire at one door, while one person only entered at another, and when in this person she recognized the king! Her first emotion, however, was rather confusion than fear. Besides that there was nothing terrible in the face of Louis XIII., for a young girl from the provinces, he was not a man but a king. Besides, this monarch wished to be loved as he loved, and addressed himself to the hearts of his favorites. Marguerite therefore soon felt a sort of involuntary confidence succeed to the exclusive respect inspired by the sight of her sovereign, which continued to banish from her mind a real perception of her position.

Louis XIII. approached her with gentleness, complimented her on the success of her presentation, and congratulated himself on possessing her at his court; then, interrupting the humble excuses she was stammering, he praised her beauty, her grace and all the charms of her person. He had never seen her equal! she was a master-piece of the Creator.

These exaggerated praises were a flash of lightning for Marguerite. It was thus that her cousin had begun to declare his love. Could the king then be enamored of her? As her innocence could not go beyond this supposition, she explained the arrival of the prince by a gallant surprise, and the retreat of her uncle by an act of passive obedience; she even thought she remembered that on entering, Louis XIII. had made a sign to her uncle to leave. However this might have been, the looks and words of Louis XIII. soon changed her suspicions into certainty.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, suddenly, with melancholy, "kings are so unfortunate. You have seen to-day for the first time the pomps of my court and the paraphernalia of my greatness. Well! I would give them all for a glance from your eyes, for a word from your lips, for a sign from your hand which should tell me at this moment that you love me as I love you."

As he spoke thus, Louis XIII. almost knelt before Mlle. d'Entragnes, and his look, his physiognomy, his attitude, awaited a reply; but Marguerite did not raise her eyes, her lips remained mute, and her hand was tremblingly withdrawn from that which pressed it.

"Alas!" sighed the prince, with genuine sorrow, "you are insensible, mademoiselle."

She could not refrain from looking at him with respectful compassion.

"Speak! speak!" resumed he, with a suppliant air. "My fate depends upon a word from you!"

"Sire," said then a voice so feeble that it could scarcely be heard, "of what value to your majesty could be the love of a poor girl, when you have that of all your subjects, especially of—the queen?"

The reproach contained in these last words brought a cloud upon the brow of Louis XIII. His conscience was not proof against remorse, and he hastened to reply as much to himself as to Marguerite; that, affection not being considered in the alliances of kings, it became necessary for them to seek happiness out of marriage.

"But it is to seek it dishonorably, sire!" the young girl dared to reply. The remembrance of her betrothed and of his fears awoke in her, and she comprehended that her singular position must not be prolonged.

"The love of Louis XIII. dishonors no one in the sight of men," observed the monarch, proudly; "and fear not to offend God, Marguerite, for my happiness will be your excuse."

"Sire," said Marguerite, clasping her hands, "you are too generous to abuse the painful position to which you have reduced a poor subject; do not compel me to forget what I owe your majesty, to remind you what you owe myself. Permit me to leave you, sire, to return to my uncle, who is doubtless awaiting me impatiently."

Louis XIII. detained her with a smile which made her tremble.

"Your uncle is not awaiting you," said he, expressively; "do not be uneasy on that account!"

At these words a presentiment crossed the mind of Marguerite. She hastily ran to the door by which Count de Veraques went out.

"Fastened!" exclaimed she, turning pale and casting on Louis XIII. a glance which brought a blush to the royal brow.

"Marguerite," stammered the monarch, with an embarrassment and a submissiveness which were genuine, "do not think that I have dreamed for an instant of resorting to such means—"

But Mlle. d'Entragnes no longer listened. Placing her hands over her face to collect her ideas and memories, she recalled the promise she had made to Henri to inform him immediately if his fears should be realized. She now comprehended but too well the mysterious fears of love! But how should she warn, how summon the Marquis de Cruce? While she was a prey to this cruel perplexity, she mechanically approached a window, opening on a deserted field, communicating with the country. There, an unexpected sight attracted her attention. Near the moat, beneath the very walls of the chateau, two gentlemen had just unsheathed their swords and were fighting. Struck with the resemblance of one of them to her cousin, Marguerite remembered the quarrel during

the chase, and uttered a cry of terror on recognizing in the two combatants the Marquis de Cruce and the captain of mousquetaires.

"Great God!" exclaimed she, almost fainting, "there, death for him! and here, disgrace for me!"

And, yielding to her first impulse, she was about to have uttered a cry which should arrest the two adversaries, when an idea more simple and not less certain occurred to her. She tore from her girdle the bouquet of white roses which she had received in the morning from the hands of the marquis, and, throwing it from the window, it fell at the feet of the combatants.

"What are you doing, mademoiselle?" exclaimed the astonished king.

"I am summoning my defender to my assistance," replied the young girl. And as the prince did not comprehend her, she pursued without changing her tone: "Sire, he to whom I threw that bouquet is a loyal gentleman, the Marquis de Cruce, my betrothed and cousin, who is openly exposing his life for my love, while you are attacking my honor behind a closed door. My bouquet will inform him that I am in danger, and you will see him hasten to my assistance. Suffer me then to join him, sire, if you would not have him seek me here!"

In fact, at the fall of the bouquet, the duel suddenly ceased; Cruce picked it up, casting a rapid glance at the window from which it had been thrown, exchanged two words with his adversary, and hastened to the entrance of the chateau.

While Marguerite was congratulating herself in having postponed the danger threatening her betrothed, much more than her own, Louis XIII., singularly struck by what he had just seen and heard, was looking at her in silence mingled with tenderness. Suddenly he uttered a profound sigh, and knocked thrice at the door of the room. Veraques appeared.

"The Marquis de Cruce," said the king, "has just presented himself at the gate of the chateau; let some one admit him and bring him hither!"

The old count was petrified with surprise, and could transmit the order of the prince only on a new injunction from the latter.

Mlle. d'Entragnes, alarmed at the tone of Louis XIII., thought she had offended him, and that the punishment of her fault was about to fall on her cousin.

"Sire," said she, kneeling, "let me be the punished, if your majesty must punish any one."

The king raised her without replying and without looking at her; so that she trembled more than ever when the Count de Veraques returned with Cruce. The right hand of the latter was in his doublet, and his sleeve was stained with blood; he quieted the terror of Marguerite at this sight by making a sign to her that it was nothing.

"Marquis," asked Louis XIII., in a grave tone, "do you sincerely love Mlle. d'Entragnes?"

The young man looked at his cousin and pointed to his wounded arm.

"Well," returned the king, gently, "you are worthy of each other. Count de Veraques," continued he, casting a severe look on the astonished old man, "has asked my consent to your marriage; I give it, and bestow on you, marquis, a regiment of dragoons."

Cruce asked his cousin with his eye whether this offer was sincere; and, perfectly reassured by a look, united with her and his uncle in expressing gratitude to his generous monarch.

"Pity me, instead of thanking me," murmured Louis XIII. to Marguerite, with a tear in his eye, "for I lose you just as I have learned to love you."

On returning to his apartments, the king found three death-warrants, which Richelieu had placed there in the hope that he would sign them without reading them, through absence of mind, or gratitude. The cardinal thought the heart of one favorite worth the heads of three gentlemen. But this time he was mistaken. Louis XIII. read the three warrants, and tore them to pieces. This day was the best, if not the happiest of his life.

A SINGULAR TRADITION.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned; and that after making them, he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed, and came out of the water purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, had become muddied, and when he bathed, he came up copper-colored; the third did not leap till the water became black with mud, and he came out with its own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the copper-colored man then chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper, the engine of the mind—the means of mutual, mental improvement, the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.—*Traits of Indian Life.*

NATURAL BAROMETERS.

Chick-weed is an excellent barometer. When the flower expands fully, we are not to expect rain for several hours; should it continue in that state, no rain will disturb the summer's day. When it half conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery; but if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveller put on his great-coat. The different species of trefoils always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm; so certainly does this take place, that these plants have acquired the name of the husbandman's barometer. The tulip and several of the compound yellow flowers, all close before rain. There is a species of wood-sorrel which doubles its leaves before storms. The bauhinia, or mountain ebony, capial and sensitive plants, observe the same habits.—*Horticulturist.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NEWS FROM A KNOT-HOLE.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

Mrs. Jenkins lived in the other part of Rev. Mr. Capers's house, and thought herself fortunate in the enjoyment of so great a privilege. Most good people like to be as near the minister as they can. Mrs. Jenkins did. Her part was merely an L, built on the main structure. Her little attic, therefore, was near neighbor to the minister's study. Just in the corner of the minister's study floor was a knot-hole; a trifling sort of thing in itself, but, when once found to open into Mrs. Jenkins's attic, of the widest importance in its consequences.

When Mrs. Jenkins finally became aware of so close a connexion with the minister's family, she sat down to fold her hands and congratulate herself. Next, she formed her resolution not to let any good opportunity slip unimproved to inform herself of matters that otherwise would remain in the dark to her. Day after day, therefore, her ear and that knot-hole renewed their acquaintance with one another. Sometimes she picked up quite a little bunch of news; and sometimes she went off down stairs as hungry as ever. There was as much variation from day to day as there is in the price of stocks on exchange.

Going up into her little attic one afternoon, to hear if anything special was doing in the adjoining apartment, she was delighted beyond expression to catch the sound of a voice. It was Mr. Capers in conversation with his wife. Up she climbed, stood a-tiptoe across the garret floor, got down on her knees, and put her ear as close to the knot-hole as she could get it. She even shut her eyes, lest some of the good things should escape by that way.

For a while she did not understand anything clearly. Now she heard Mrs. Capers laugh; then Mr. Capers stopped a minute and laughed, too. This served to excite her the more, and she pressed her head so hard against the rough partition, that when she came to go away she carried off splinters in plenty in her hair.

Finally she heard something with distinctness. Mr. Capers was telling his wife, who appeared to be in great glee, of a man who had been saying hard things to his wife. Said he, in the course of his remarks:

"Mr. Jones got to abusing his family at last. He declared his wife should not go out visiting, and threatened to shut her up if she dared to disobey him. As for going to these evening meetings, he declared he meant to put a stop to it; he had had enough of it. It did not do *her* any sort of good, and made a great deal of trouble and expense to *him*. He should put an end to it, at any and every hazard!"

Mrs. Jenkins started up in blank surprise. "Now, I want to know," said she to herself, "if our minister says that of Mr. Jones!"

Without waiting to hear any more, Mrs. Jenkins folded her arms tightly and defiantly about her, and started down the stairs. The next thing she did was to throw on her "things," and start off at high speed for her friend's, Mrs. Tautog.

"Now, I want to know!" said the latter, as Mrs. Jenkins came in through the back entrance. "Do tell if that's *you!* Sit down, do. What's the word this afternoon? Heard anything very new lately?"

"O, well, no—I done, either; p'raps it may be new to *you*, though."

"Why, what is it?" said she. "I dare say 'tis. I'm not in the way of hearin' anything till everybody else has picked it all clean. What *is* it, now?"

"O, well, nothin' really worth mentioning. But, then, you may as well know as me. It's nothin', though, that I care to have go from *me*, you know. *I* don't wish to be mixed up in the scrape."

"No, your name shan't be mentioned. But what *is* it, Miss Jenkins? What *is* it? Do pray tell me snddin', for I'm a dyin' to know."

"It's no *great* affair, after all, though. Still, it's something. But this is all there is to it—Mr. Jones has got to abusin' his wife most dreadfully; and he declares that if she thinks o' goin' out a visitin', he'll surely shut her up where she can't get out so soon."

"Of all things in the world!"

"Yes, and more'n that; he's even gone and forbid her goin' to evenin' meetings. What do you think o' such a man as that?"

"I think he's a monster!"

"And so do I. But that aint quite all. He jaws her all the time, abuses her, threatens her, and keeps her in mortal fear of her life! Only to think of it!"

"How did you hear about it? I wonder if folks generally know it. How *did* you hear about it, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I'd as lief tell *you* as not, Miss Tautog, but then you must promise not to tell anybody else about it."

"O, to be sure not. What should I want to be gaddin' about the neighborhood for, tellin' hard stories about respectable folks? Who *did* tell you, though?"

"Nobody told me, exactly; but I happen to know it come in the first place from the minister."

"You don't say so!"

Mrs. Jenkins nodded in silence.

"Well, I do declare now! Who'd ever a thought of such a thing of Mr. Jones! But I've seemed to take notice back along, that his wife was a good deal down-hearted, and sort o' melancholy like. And that must be the reason, I know—that explains it all."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jenkins, "that's it."

The latter lady did not stay very long after unbosoming herself of her heavy secret; when off posted Mrs. Tautog, armed and equipped for the brave business she had in hand. The first house she dropped into was Mrs. Mallory's.

"Miss Mallory," said she, almost as soon as she was seated, "have you heard the news?"

"Why, no," answered the astonished lady. "What is it, pray?"

And forthwith Mrs. Tautog narrated all that Mrs. Jenkins had been kind enough to tell her, and a good deal more—saying nothing about the embellishments she laid on in the course of her story.

Mrs. Mallory was astonished, of course. And as soon as her visitor had withdrawn, she dons her bonnet and shawl, and whips across to Mrs. Dinks's. There the story was repeated, with variations, and considerable additions. Then Mrs. Dinks took it up. And then Mrs. Murray got interested in it, and then Mrs. Filpot and so on, till everybody had got hold of it, and had talked it up, and had passed judgment on the man who was guilty of such gross malpractices towards his family. If it had stopped right there, perhaps it would have answered; but it didn't. It spread like a circle in the water, till in the end, Mrs. Jones herself heard of it; and heard, of course, that the author of the story was the minister's own self.

The next thing to be done was for Mr. Jones and his family to leave Mr. Capers's church, and go somewhere else. The clergyman was a good deal troubled about it, and sent his wife over to see if she could discover the cause. Mrs. Jones received her with a great deal of coldness, and seemed hardly civil. Unable to endure it any longer, Mrs. Capers asked the aggrieved lady frankly what the trouble was. Mrs. Jones as frankly told her; that was well, for now the latter knew exactly what the matter was, and what it was necessary to do.

Going home and imparting the intelligence to her husband, he manifested quite as much astonishment as she. He sat and thought it over a little while, in order the better to collect himself before taking a single step, and then started off direct for Mr. Jones himself. He told Mr. Jones what he had just heard, and declared the whole of it was an untruth from beginning to end. Mr. Jones went on with all the minutest particulars connected with the affair, and making the most of the case in his power against the minister. Still the latter positively denied his guilt, and declared his determination to ferret out the author of so base a slander, if it was within human possibility. And he hurried back home and set about it.

For some weeks it was a mystery still; he could get no clue to anything. It perplexed him beyond conception. Finally, his wife came running down stairs one day, her face flushed and excited, and said to him, under her unsteady breath:

"Mr. Capers, have you ever noticed that knot-hole in your study-floor?"

"Why, no," said he. "Where is it?—and what of it?"

"Just come up stairs and see."

And up they went together. She pointed to the tell-tale spot, and remarked, in a whisper:

"I just caught Mrs. Jenkins with her ear up to that very hole!"

That was the first step towards the unravelment of the mystery. In a few days more, the whole of it began to come out. He had sent his wife round to make a few innocent inquiries, and she had brought back just such intelligence as he expected and required. And putting this thing and that together, and recalling certain ideas that up to that time had passed out of his mind altogether, he thought the matter was all explained at last. So he went over to Mr. Jones once more.

"Come," said he, "if you will consent to go home with me for a short time, I think I can explain some things that have hitherto stood in the way of our friendship."

Mr. Jones did not happen to love malice well enough to refuse, and accordingly took a walk with the minister over to his residence. The latter took him at once up into his study, and shut the door.

"In the first place," said he, "I suppose you know that Mrs. Jenkins live in the L."

"Yes."

"Well, and you observe that knot-hole?"

"O, certainly."

"And this is my study?"

"Yes."

"Where I pass the most of my time?"

"Yes."

"And where my wife often takes the liberty to come and sit with me?"

Mr. Jones said he understood that.

"Now, then," continued the clergyman, "I am in the habit of frequently reading aloud to her. And once upon a time, I happened to be reading from this very book" (picking up a volume of fiction from the table), "and here is something out of that same book that I am going to read to *you*." And he went on to read to Mr. Jones several paragraphs, in which occurred the following:

"Mr. Jones got to abusing his family at last. He declared his wife should not go out visiting, and threatened to shut her up if she dared to disobey him. As for going to these evening meetings, he declared he meant to put a stop to it; he had had enough of it. It did not do *her* any sort of good, and made a great deal of trouble and expense for *him*. He should put an end to it, at any and every hazard!"

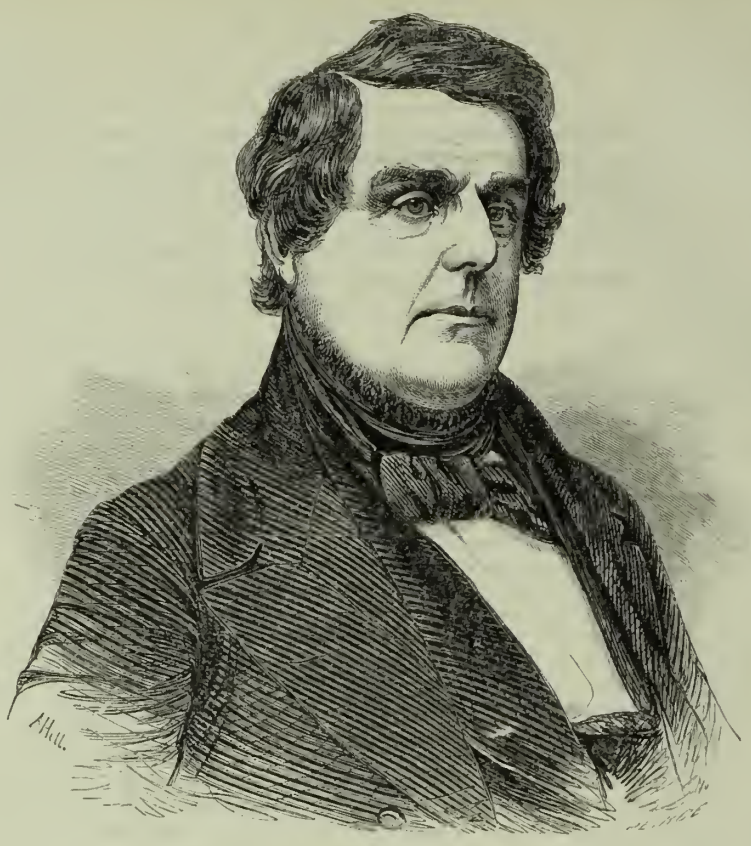
Mr. Jones burst out a laughing. "Is that all?" said he, his face as red as the setting sun.

"That and the knot hole," said Mr. Capers, smiling good-naturedly.

Mr. Jones offered him his hand. From that moment they were friends again. He went back to church the next Sabbath, as he should have done. But Mrs. Jenkins has never heard the last of it. But we know of more knot-holes than that one.

MOSES KIMBALL, ESQ.

The portrait on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill, from a photograph by Masury & Silshee, and is not only a faithful likeness, but a fine specimen of art. No one who has ever seen the original will fail to recognize it at a glance. Moses Kimball was born in Newburyport, Essex county, Mass., in the year 1809. His early education was received at the public schools of Rockport, Cape Ann. After leaving school, he passed a year in his father's store, and then removed to Boston, whither he was sent to "learn to be a merchant." In due course of time, he was promoted to a seat at the desk, at the age of 18. Before he was twenty, however, he had started in life as a dry goods dealer on his own account. Not making a very rapid advance to that fortune which is the goal of every man of business, he established a gentlemen's furnishing store, and flourished greatly in this new line, reaping large profits. Though now fairly launched on the road to fortune, he was not quite satisfied with the rapidity of his progress, and attempted to accelerate it by engaging in Eastern land speculations. We believe he was not among the fortunate adventurers in that remarkable lottery. He was next infected with the mania of becoming a newspaper proprietor; and accordingly, in 1833, purchased the New England Galaxy, a weekly sheet established by Joseph T. Buckingham. He commenced with high hopes, and an energy that deserved success, if it did not command it. Under Mr. Kimball's charge, the Galaxy was a fearless and brilliant sheet, well arranged and well conducted. If we remember rightly, that excellent New England novel, "May Martin," was first published in the Galaxy as a prize story. The late Wm. J. Snelling was engaged as assistant editor, and commenced a furious onslaught on the gamblers and gambling establishments of the city and its environs, which made a great stir at the time, and ensured a prodigious sale for the paper. But as it did not seem to promise a speedy fortune, Mr. Kimball, at the expiration of a few months' experiment, sold out at a sacrifice of several thousand dollars. He now found himself, at thirty years of age, without a business, in debt, and with a family to support. But he was not the man to sit down under a temporary cloud, and give up beaten in the battle of life. He had chosen for his motto, that of Gen. Miller, "I'll try," and he soon went to work again. He now started an association with the title of the "New England Print Company," the object of which was to publish cheap though handsome engravings of popular national pictures, such as the "Declaration of Independence," by Trumbull, of which 100,000 copies were sold. But "hard times" nipped this scheme in the bud, and Mr. Kimball was compelled to relinquish it. The old New England Museum being for sale, he purchased its collection of pictures and curiosities with the assistance of his brother. The collection was to be transferred to the building we now occupy, then in process of erection; but the failure of the contractor caused a suspension of work, and Mr. Kimball was notified by the proprietors of the building he occupied, to remove his goods. In this dilemma, he removed them to Lowell, and opened the Lowell Museum in that city. The next year the new Boston Museum building was completed, and Mr. Kimball opened it with great eclat, and continued on this site until the completion of the splendid and costly establishment known as the Boston Museum. It was in our building that he made his first essay at dramatic representations with complete success. Convinced that the drama might be made a harmless recreation, as well as a powerful medium for the conveyance of moral truths, Mr. Kimball resolved to attempt its introduction free from the objectionable features which had hitherto attended it, and accordingly engaged a vaudeville company, and fitted up a stage in the picture gallery, in the upper part of the building. The experiment was completely successful. Respectable people, who had never seen a play, and would on no account have entered a theatre, came hither, saw for themselves, were pleased with what they saw, and threw their influence in the scale of the manager. A new source of delight, hitherto sealed up to them, was opened to large masses. The pieces Mr. Kimball played were admirably produced on his miniature stage—thanks to his liberality and good sense, and the taste of his stage manager, Mr. Wm. H. Smith. But Mr. Kimball's crowning triumph was the production of "The Drunkard," a piece written expressly for the Museum, to show the evils of intemperance. It had a prodigious success. The house was literally overflowed week after week, and it seemed as if the public would never tire of witnessing and applauding it. The most prominent agents in the temperance movement gave it their hearty approval, and the whole community supported their verdict. Mr. Kimball next tried scenic spectacles, having secured the pencil of one of the first artists in the country, Mr. Charles Lehr. The "Bohemian Girl" and "Cinderella" were among his many triumphs in that line. From time to time he made additions to his company, until finally, before removing to the new establishment, he had secured an admirable troupe. The public favor has attended him in every move he has made, and the Boston Museum, by night and day, continues one of the most attractive places of amusement in the country. Its curiosities, its admirable preparations of natural history, the collection of weapons of all countries, the statuary, the pictures, the wax-work, the dramatic performances, address themselves to a variety of tastes, and give offence to none. "Let me write the songs of a country," said a wise man, "and I care not who makes its laws." We are almost disposed to substitute "amusements" for songs. The influence of popular amusements is incalculable; and we think no one will deny, that the man who establishes permanently a source of innocent recreation, one in which multitudes can participate, deserves well of his country. Hitherto we have considered Mr. Kimball principally as a business man; but his sphere of action has not been limited to the range of his various business employments. He has taken an active part in politics, and is extensively known as a powerful and popular speaker; he has advocated the temperance cause with great ability, being in theory and practice a moral suasionist, and disposed to regard intemperance rather as a species of insanity than as a crime. In 1848, he was elected a member of the common council of this city, and re-elected the following year; subsequently he was chosen alderman. He has also figured in the Massachusetts legislature as an influential member. It will be seen that the success of Mr. Kimball is not to be attributed to luck, but to good sense, honorable ambition, and untiring energy. For many years his experience showed him that the pathway of life was a "hard road to travel." There are few men whose spirit would not have been broken by the various reverses which, from time to time, have overtaken his "best laid plans." His present prosperity is richly deserved, and he employs his means so liberally, and to the achievement of so much good—he is so truly a man and a gentleman every inch, that we are sure that there is not one who does not heartily pray that no shadow may fall upon his future path through life.



MOSES KIMBALL.

CORK HARBOR, IRELAND.

The accompanying engraving depicts the harbor of Cork, which is celebrated, all the world over, for the beauty of its scenery. The most interesting points in the charming assemblage of mountain and valley, land and water, are designated by numbers on the picture corresponding to those in the subjoined key:—1. Rostellan and Aghada; 2. Man-of-War Roads; 3. Corkabeg; 4. Spike Island; 5. Convict Depot; 6. Carlisle Fort; 7. Lighthouse; 8. Entrance to the Harbor; 9. Camden Fort; 10. Cove Harbor; 11. Hawlbowline Island and Stores; 12. Magazine; 13. Black Point; 14. Monkstown Bay; 15. Part of the Town and Church Spire of Monkstown. The city of Cork is eleven miles above the entrance of the harbor, and contains about 90,000 inhabitants. It lies in the vale of the river Lee, and is surrounded by hills of considerable elevation, which renders the climate moist, though not unhealthy. It owes its origin to a religious establishment founded at a remote period. Previously to the arrival of the English, it was inhabited by a colony of Danes as early as the sixth century, and then, and for a long time after, consisted of a single street in an island formed by the river. Even so lately as the reign of Elizabeth, it is described as a "little trading town of much resort," but consisting of a single street. After the revolution it began to improve, and at length, chiefly in consequence of its vicinity to Cork harbor, the principal place of rendezvous for the channel fleet during the French war, and its being a great mart for the supply of the fleets and colonies with provisions, it rose rapidly to its present state of wealth and importance. The city is intersected by two great, and some smaller branches of the Lee, the latter having been arched over and built upon; the river is crossed by nine bridges, all of modern construction, and mostly of elegant architecture. The houses in the more ancient part of the city are of limestone, raised in the neighborhood, and sometimes faced with roofing slate or cement; those in the modern part are mostly of brick. The suburbs towards the south, and part of those towards the north and northwest, are occupied by persons in a condition bordering on pauperism. The principal streets and quarters of the city and suburbs are well paved and lighted, but the lanes and narrow brick streets are generally neglected. The whole county of Cork abounds in picturesque views, which excite the admiration and enthusiasm of travellers; but the view of the harbor, as presented in our engraving, is probably the very finest of all, and strikes the eye as a gem of natural beauty and effect.



CORK HARBOR, IRELAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

SPEAKING ONE'S MIND.

We have often thought, that the man who renders truth repulsive, is very nearly as much of a moral offender, as he who deals in falsehood. There are persons—hypocrites of the worst kind—who use the cloak of truth to gratify the bitterest malice. With them, insolence is frankness; and outraging the decencies of society, merely speaking their minds. Such a one is our friend, Strychnine Wormwood, Esq. No one ever breathed a word against his moral character; nobody every caught him tripping—yet he is the pest of the circle he infects. He is really a misanthrope, but he cloaks his hatred of his fellows under the flimsy garb of frankness. For instance, he sees a lady of his acquaintance enter a drawing-room at an evening party all smiles and happiness, and looking charmingly, save perhaps, that just coming out of the cold, the color may not he equally distributed over her face. She sits down near by, and is complimented by a friend, who tells her she looks charmingly. This is the cue for Wormwood to strike in. "How can you violate the truth so, my dear fellow? Don't you see the lady's nose is terribly red?—or, do you really think a red nose is a 'feature?' If it were my case, I should be afraid of erysipelas." The poor girl glances in the mirror, sees a temporary tinge in the most prominent feature of her face, confirmatory of Wormwood's assertion, and is perfectly wretched for the rest of the evening. When others seek to console a sea captain's wife, whose ship has not been heard of for a long while, by suggesting various ways to account at once for her safety and delay, Wormwood assures her that such speculations are not worth listening to—the vessel is undoubtedly lost; and he repeats a dozen different modes of wreck and destruction, in one of which she must infallibly have perished, winding up with, "I'm sorry, ma'am, that I haven't the gift of invention, like my friends here. I could glide through life much more agreeably, if I didn't deal in facts; but I have a weakness, ma'am, for the truth, and I must speak my mind, if it kills me." The hypocritical knave, it never hurts him; it is the happiness of others he destroys by his rudeness and bluntness. We need hardly add that Strychnine Wormwood is a bachelor.

DIVORCES.—During the last year, fifty-nine divorces were granted by the courts in Baltimore. Grim old bachelors savagely chuckle over these statistics;—it is some consolation to them in the dangerous period of leap year, when they may be seized and dragged to the "bridle haltar" without a moment's warning.

"THE LAST DAY ON THE PLAINS."—The next of our series of large pictures from the pencil of Billings, thus entitled, will appear in our forthcoming number. It represents a camp of western emigrants on the California trail, and is a magnificent work of art.

BOSH.—The story that the eccentric Lady Ellenborough, the divorced wife of the haughty and aristocratic governor-general of India, has been assassinated in a Turkish seraglio, turns out to be a hoax of the London penny-a-liners.

SPLINTERS.

.... The Haytien army, under the Emperor Faustin I., has again been beaten by the Dominicans.

.... The whaling ship Lapwing arrived at Newport, after thirty months cruise, with a $135,000 cargo.

.... The Sound navigation has been resumed after fifty days interruption. Rather *un*-sound navigation.

.... Mr. Everett's oration on the character of Washington has proved the most popular of all his addresses.

.... A family in Danvers was lately poisoned by using henbane instead of tea. One member died.

.... The French republicans of New York lately celebrated the anniversary of the revolution of 1848.

.... The United States steamship Niagara, built by Mr. George Steers, will cost about a million of dollars.

.... The average running time of the Collins steamers beats the Cunard boats about four hours a trip.

.... Gutta percha pipes are used in London, in preference to lead, for conveying water.

.... Elsworth, the pedestrian, who walked 1000 miles in as many hours here, was lately killed in Nicaragua.

.... The dogs of the United States are said to cost ten millions—quite a k9 figure.

.... We shall have plenty of oysters in the market just when the R's drop out of the months.

.... Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz's "Ernest Linwood," her last work, is decidedly her best production.

.... A woman in this city lately stole a baby to add to her distress, and get into the almshouse.

.... Capt. Kano receives £10,000 from the British government for ascertaining the fate of Franklin.

.... The Paris papers warn ruined gamblers "not to blow their brains out." Gamblers and suicides have none.

.... A single pew in King's Chapel lately sold for $1200; that would build and shingle a country meeting-house.

.... Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, is in Havana for the benefit of his health. Many Americans are there.

.... Dr. J. S. Jones's play of "Zafari" has been completely successful—like all his pieces.

AIR AND EXERCISE.

Spring-time of year *is* coming, though it may advance slowly and haltingly, and we shall all before a great while, be emancipated from the atmosphere of artificially heated apartments and enabled to go out of doors and enjoy the genial sunshine and the healthy breath of nature. Before they bid adieu to overcoats and India rubbers, to shawls, muffs, tippets and boas, it behooves the thoughtful of either sex to make up their minds what they will do in the matter of exercise when the lingering prohibitory laws of winter are repealed.

That we Americans do not take air and exercise enough is a miserable fact. It stares us in the face in the shape of pale, debilitated men of forty, and sallow, hollow-cheeked, *passées* women of thirty. There is a lack of muscle in the men and of bloom in the women. The climate is a trying one, to be sure, but that very fact should only stimulate us to fight with and overcome, not to fly from it, and seek refuge against it in interior atmospheres, fifty times more fatal. Have we reason to fear consumption—that insidious foe of New England—straightway we house ourselves, muffle ourselves, heat ourselves, and deny the balmiest breath of air access to our lungs. We drug our bodies with costly artificial tonics, but we neglect those tonics which nature has provided so bountifully and without cost. One half of us are faded hot-house flowers, the other a race of unfortunate over-worked bipeds. We perform such herculean tasks that we do not give ourselves time for exercise without work, and particularly out of door exercise. The falsity of our mode of life is particularly perceptible in the condition of our women. With few exceptions, their mode of life and dress is unnatural, and the early fading of their peerless beauty is the legitimate penalty of their utter practical neglect of hygienic philosophy. There is no reason, even with the antagonism of climate as a drawback, why the bloom and health of our ladies should not last as long as those of the vaunted belles of England. "Fair, fat and forty," describes a large class of English women, whose charms in the meridian of life eclipse the nascent beauties of its maiden dawn. How few American women at forty retain their good looks and elasticity of health and spirit.

If our fair countrywomen would preserve to the latest hour possible, the charm of beauty and the blessing of health, instead of sinking into early valetudinarianism, they must do as the English women do—accustom themselves to take long walks in stout shoes, ride on horseback, busy themselves, when their situation allows it, in the garden and the dairy, in the practical study of botany and in sketching out of doors. We have no objection to boating, even—and we have seen belles who could angle for trout as skillfully as they could angle for beaux.

If all the "women's rights" demanded by the "strong-minded" of the sex, be conceded, they ought certainly to prepare themselves by strengthening their frames, so as to enable them to head armies like Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, to course deer like Queen Elizabeth, or follow the chase with the ardor of Dame Juliana Berners, Abbess of St. Albans. Di. Draper, the daughter of a staunch old sportsman in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was as fond of fox-hunting as her father, and yet "died at York, at a good old age, and what was surprising to many sportsmen who feared to follow her, with whole bones, in her bed."

But we have no fox-hunting in this country, and therefore our fair ones must be content with a canter or trot on the highways; and we look to see them thronged the coming season with fair equestrians engaged in the laudable pursuit or preservation of health. Let them make war on pallor and languor, and beauty will be the result.

LEAP YEAR.—It is said that ladies are taking advantage of the peculiar privilege of leap year and doing an extensive business in the courting line. When good Queen Margaret filled the throne of Scotland in the 13th century, the legislators were determined that every year should be as good as a leap year, for they passed the following act (in 1288). "It is statute and ordaint that during the reign of her most blessed magestie, ilk maiden ladye of both high and low estate, shall hae libertie to bespeake ye man she likes; albeit, gif he refuses to take hir to be his wyf, he shall be mulcit in ye sume of one hundredth pundis or less, as his estate moi be, except and alwais gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to ane ither woman, then that he shall be free."

MESSRS. MEADE OF NEW YORK.—We have had occasion often to speak of these daguerreotype and photographic artists, whose rooms at 233 Broadway are filled with exquisite specimens of their art. They have lately discovered a process of taking daguerreotypes on silk, and so fixing them that washing does not injure the pictures in the least. The variety of uses to which this discovery may be put is endless. These daguerreotypes on silk will wear as long as the fabric itself.

POINTED.—When the editor of a Mississippi paper threatened, in print, to "put a full stop over each of the eyes of the editor of the Louisville Journal," Prentice replied: "While he is putting a full stop over our eyes, we will put his nose in a parenthesis."

COL. FREMONT.—This gentleman owns some forty miles of territory in California, full of inexhaustible mineral wealth, and is therefore probably the richest private individual in the world.

MACAULAY.—We shall soon have Macaulay's fifth volume, it is said. He must use good speed, or his life will end before his history.

SEW, SEW.—We believe it was that incorrigible Punch who said that a great deal of ladies' needlework was *needless* work.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY.

We were much amused the other day by reading in an English journal some extracts from a work on this country recently published in London, and entitled "The Englishwoman in America," wherein the fair writer expresses her astonishment at some of the up-town splendors of New York. Associating the idea of a republic with a Spartan, or at least Batavian plainness in the mode of living, the magnificence of the dwellings of some of our American millionaires took her completely by surprise. And this surprise may perhaps be echoed by many on this side of the Atlantic, when they hear this English lady aver that two or three interiors in the upper part of New York surpass in magnificence the ducal and even royal residences of Great Britain. Entering halls paved with costly marbles and mosaics, lined with statues, and adorned with orange trees and fountains, our Englishwoman could hardly believe herself in America—and when she passed from room to room, furnished in different styles, such as the Mediæval, the Elizabethan, the Turkish, and the French, where she saw tables inlaid with gems that cost $10,000 apiece, and articles of *virtu* obtained at fabulous prices, her astonishment reached its height. The fact is, we have entered fairly on such a period of luxury as that which formed an era in the history of the Venetian republic. Some of our merchant princes rival those of the Adriatic in the princely munificence of our expenditure. But there is no danger of luxury becoming universal with us. The extent and geographical character of our republic forbid it. One or two great cities may exhibit circles of extravagance and splendor, but they will ever remain isolated and abnormal facts—there is little danger that extravagance will ever become a national characteristic.

NO ACTING.—The tragedy of Othello was lately performed to the life, or rather to the death, in a small town of Italy. On the Italian stage, Desdemona is not smothered, but poignarded. In the last scene the actor approached the heroine, made the fatal stab, which was followed by a thrilling shriek, and the curtain descended amidst the applause of the audience at the naturalness of the performance. But a real tragedy, and not a mimic one, had been enacted. The actor was in fact a jealous lover, who had taken his opportunity to satisfy the violence of his evil passion. He escaped before the authorities could seize him, and is now a brigand of the Abruzzi.

LEARNING.—Our friend Blivins loses no opportunity of airing his French, in season or out of season. The other day he accosted a gentleman in Washington Street, with "*Quelle heure est il?*" (what time is it)? The gentleman replied in Latin, "*Nescio*," (I know not). "Is it possible!" exclaimed Blivins, "I had no idea it was so late." Poor fellow!

IMPORTANT TO TAILORS.—When garments that have proved too tight are returned to you with directions to let them out, it is not intended that you should let them out to fast young men, charging a dollar an evening.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Henry Lyford to Miss Annie I. Miller; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. John Wiley to Miss Amanda Woodman; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Ethan A. Wentworth to Miss Ellen J. De Wolf; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Samuel Hall to Miss Sarah R. French. by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. David B. Horne to Miss Julia Pitman.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hutchins, Mr. George H. Conant to Miss Caroline L. Edwards.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Robert Burton to Mrs. Ellen Patterson.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. George A. Bent to Miss Susan W. Prouty.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Jewell, Mr. Joseph E. Jacobs to Miss Mary D. Martin.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr Carlton, Mr. Thomas Hinsmans to Miss Maria Beecher.—At Scituate, by Rev. Mr. Barrett, Mr. George G. Vinal to Miss Martha T. Merritt.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Gunnison, Mr. Alfred J Wiggin to Miss Eliza Ann Dennison, both of Rockport.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. David E. Randall, of Ipswich, to Miss Hannah Eaton, of Salem.—At Dunstable, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. R. Pebbles, of Natick, to Miss May J. M. Cummings.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. John Sheldon to Miss Caroline White.—At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Horsford, Mr. S. L. Butman, of Newburyport, to Miss Laura A. Whittier.—At Gilmanton, N. H., Henry Rockwood, M. D., of Halifax, Vt., to Miss Laura A. Clifford.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Zenas Sawyer, 47; Widow Lydia Richardson. 62; Widow Hannah Andrews, of Hingham, 79; Mrs. Ann Bourguin, 70; Esias Preble, Esq., formerly of York, Me., 79; Mrs. Elizabeth C., wife of Dr. Abel Ball, 42; Mrs. Abigail Pitman, 80. Mr. Samuel Bartlett, 59; Mrs. Margaret A. C., wife of Mr. Isaac W Frye. 36.—At Roxbury, Mr. Andrew Newman, 50.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Mary L. Williams, 31; Widow Sarah Brown Blanchard, 82.—At Dorchester, Mr. John Preston, 69; Mrs. Martha Ann Marshall, 36.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Mary C. Howes, 70; Mrs. Octavia S. Cornell, 44.—At Chelsea, Mr. Jacob Hodge, 65.—At Brighton, Mr. James Wright, 36.—At Lynn, Mr. William Wiggin, 92; Mr. Jonathan Moulton, 44.—At Quincy, Mrs. Mary D., wife of Hon Thomas Greenleaf, 89.—At Salem, Mrs Betsey Patten Story, 80; Miss Mary Louise Stimpson. 21; Mr. Gregor McDonald, 26; Mr. Joseph Henderson, 62.—At Needham, Mr. John Wilkins, 92.—At Newburyport, Capt. Oliver O. Jones, 47; Mr. David Preston. of Lynnfield, 78.—At Fitchburg, Dr. O. L. H. Huntley.—At Williamsburg, Widow Lydia Briggs, 95.—At Pittsfield, Mr. Joseph Keeler, 79.—At Kingston, Mr. Robert Cushman, 67.—At Princeton, Mr. David Guild, 91.—At Bath, Me., David Shaw, Esq., 91.—At Waldoboro', Me., Mr. Conrad Heyer, 107.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

COME O'ER THE LAKE—SERENADE.

BY ORVILLE PEARSSE.

Come o'er the lake, with me, love,
The moon shines clear and bright
Upon yon mimic sea, love;
We'll float in her silver light.
Tho balmy summer breeze, love,
Scarce moves the passive tide,
As it plays among the trees, love,
That line the water side.

Sweet scents from new-mown hay, love,
Ascend from mead and vale;
Anon from the forest gray, love,
Trills forth tho nightingale.
They've left their gorgeous caves, love,
Those Naiads fair, to play
On the lightly-rippling waves, love,
Where tho moonbeams sparkle gay.

All beauteous things combine, love,
Around this cherished spot;
Be gladness thine and mine, love,
All anxious cares forgot.
Afar in heaven's blue dome, love,
Those glimmering stars we see
Will guard secure thy home, love,—
Then haste away with me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BOY HERO.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was on Saturday morning, the fifteenth of December, that little Paul Lavere sat by a low, smouldering fire in the only apartment of the cot that had any furniture in it. He was only thirteen years of age, though his face had an older look. There were lines of care upon his high brow, and the nether lip had a peculiar compression unusual in one of his years. He was small in stature, but with much nerve, and a decision of character that manifested itself in every look and movement. His eyes were bent on the embers now, and he was in deep thought.

Near him, in a great arm-chair, sat his mother. She was pale and thin; and the low, deep, hollow-sounding cough that ever and anon burst from her throat, told too plainly there was need of a physician. She was not over five and thirty, though, like her boy, she looked older. The lines of care and sorrow were deep and long.

The furniture of the room consisted of a small table, two common chairs besides the one in which the widow sat, and one small bed. The rest of the house was empty. Nearly all the furniture they once possessed had been sold by the husband and father before he died, and what few articles he had left, besides these in this room, had been sold to pay the rent. Of ornament, there was none—unless we notice the old musket that hung on two wooden beckets over the door. That would have been sold long before, had not Mrs. Lavere clung to it with all her power of entreaty and prayer. It had been her father's musket, and he had carried it bravely and honorably through the blood-stained fields of Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine and Germantown; and when dying, he gave it to his daughter. The poor woman clung to that as the last memento of her better days.

"Paul," spoke the mother, in a weak, faint tone, "is there no more wood?"

"I can easily get some, mother, when you are able to spare me. I have some gathered up by the roadside near the pond."

"Then you may go now. I shall get along very well until you come back."

So the boy put on his cap, and started off with the sled. He was gone nearly an hour, and when he returned, he bore wood enough to last through the rest of the day, and during the morrow. A better fire was soon kindled, and then Paul moved out the little table, and placed a loaf of bread on it. He then made some tea; and when that was done, he asked his mother if she would eat.

"This is all," he said. "Not another crumb of food is there in our house. But let us eat; I can beg more. I am used to it now."

This was spoken bitterly—this last sentence; and the widow looked for the moment as though she would chide her son for it. But the look quickly passed away, for she remembered that for many weary, weary weeks he had supported her.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon that the door of the cot was opened, and two men entered. One of them was Mr. Notworth, the owner of the dwelling. He was a tall, slim man, with sharp, angular features, thin, grizzled hair, small red eyes, a large mouth, and a narrow, contracted brow. He was a hard, cruel man; unfeeling in the extreme, and seemed to know of but one incentive to action—and that incentive was money. The other man was Notworth's tool—a stout, burly clown, ready to do anything his master bade him, so long as his wages were paid.

"Well, Mrs. Lavere, the other week has gone, and now I want my house." Thus spoke the landlord, in a harsh, imperative tone.

"O, good sir," the widow returned, clasping her thin, white hands, and raising them towards him, "I am not able to move now. Let me stay here yet a while longer."

"Can you pay me the rent?" asked Notworth, harshly.

"Not now; but perhaps Paul may find some work—"

"And why hasn't he found work already?"

"Because he could not leave me, sir. I have been very sick, and I should have died but for his attention. O, sir, let us stay—"

"No! not another hour! I am not to support all the paupers in the town! I have a family who wish to move in here at once. You can go to the poor-house!"

"Alas! we must come to that soon! I had hoped we might escape that—I had hoped it for my poor boy's sake. I had hoped that health might come back to me, and that then my boy and myself might both work. O, we could pay you then! But I am not able to now. I am very sick."

"Nonsense! you're well enough to go to the poor-house. I have brought my man on purpose to help you there; he will haul you on a sled part of the way."

"But, sir—the poor-house is five miles off! O, I could not live to reach it in this cold weather! Wait until it is warmer—until I am stronger. O, I will try to get well as soon as I can!"

"I tell you I wont wait another hour—no, not half an hour! If your husband was—"

"O, for the love of Heaven, sir," gasped the poor woman, clasping her hands again, "do not speak of him! He has gone to meet his God, and he has suffered enough."

"Pooh!" uttered the unfeeling wretch. "What do you mean by that! I say your husband brought ye down to this by his own acts; and d'ye s'pose I'm a goin' to support ye, when the town stands ready to take ye? No, no! Now, out ye go! Ye can go now as well as ever. I tell ye the house I must have, and I will have it! Ye owe me for two months' rent now, and, of course, I'll never get it; but ye wont owe me any more. I've let ye stay here just long enough—now move!"

The widow bowed her head, and burst into tears.

"Oho—ye're comin' that, eh? Here, Crow, take her up and carry her out. Put her on to yer sled, if she can't walk; and perhaps we'll get a sleigh when we get up to the house. Take her right out. It's comin' to a pretty pass, when a man can't have his own house—and after two whole months' notice at that!"

Paul Lavere had been standing all this time by the door, where he had gone to let the visitors in, and his frame had been shaken by emotions such as he had never before experienced. More than once had he been on the point of taking the tongs and springing at the monster, but a sense of his own weakness withheld him. But he could bear no more. When those last words dropped from Notworth's lips, he moved quickly to the other door, and snatched down the old musket. He drew back the hammer, and the sharp click arrested the landlord's attention.

"Stand back!" the boy cried, bringing the piece to his shoulder, and aiming it. "Lay a hand on my mother, and I'll shoot you as true as there is a God in heaven! My gun is loaded, sir. I loaded it in hopes to shoot a duck for my mother. Don't touch her! In Heaven's name don't! I would not have your blood on my hands; but I do not lie!"

The boy was pale as ashes, but not a nerve in his body trembled. His large, dark eyes were burning with a fearful intensity and his lips were compressed until the prints of the teeth within were plainly to be seen.

Of course a man with such feelings as Notworth had displayed, could be nothing but a coward. His man Crow fell back in a moment, for he saw too plainly the meaning of the boy's face.

"Put down that gun!" gasped the landlord.

"Not until you have left the house, sir," replied Paul, in a hushed tone. "Leave us now, and I will make some arrangement for a new home; but place your hand on my mother, and you die."

Of course the wretch stormed, and threatened, and swore; but he dared not tempt the boy, who looked on him so strangely.

"Well, Crow," he said at length, after he found that his coarse threats had no effect, "we will go now; and when we come again, we'll have them with us as will have the law in their hands."

"O, mother, you do not blame me!" cried Paul, springing to his parent's side after the men had gone.

"No, no, Paul," the widow returned, gazing with pride on her noble boy, "I cannot blame you; but I fear they will do something dreadful, now."

"Fear not on that account, mother. When I took down your father's gun, I had another resolution formed in my soul. Wait, for I will try one more thing for aid. I will try the assembled Christianity of the town."

* * * * * * *

The Sabbath bells rang out clear upon the frosty air, and people put on their best garments to go up to the house of God and pray. The sleigh-bells jingled over the smooth road, as the more favored ones flew by, and ever and anon a more humble church-goer stepped out into the deep snow to let the equipage pass. By-and-by a thin, pale face appeared in the entry of the church.

"Haint you got no better clothes 'n them to wear to meetin', boy?" the sexton asked.

"No, sir; I have none others."

"Well, never mind. Here, I'll show you a seat."

And shortly after this, Mr. David Notworth entered the church. He was habited in black, and the deacons all bowed to him as he passed them. He did not see the poor boy under the gallery.

It seemed a strange coincidence that morning, that the minister should have preached the sermon he did. He took the whole of the thirteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians—that chapter which is devoted to *charity*. It was a noble theme, and the speaker was a warm-hearted, zealous man. On the present occasion, he allowed his zeal to mount into the upper fields of pathos and stirring appeal; and he made it a plain case that all the phases of charity are necessary to Christian life.

By-and-by the sermon was closed, and the last hymn was sung. Paul started to his feet, and had moved a step forward—but he come nigh fainting beneath the task he had imposed upon himself. In a moment more the benediction would be pronounced, and then it would be too late. He gave one deep throe—he thought of his mother—and his soul was strong once more. The clergyman was on his feet when the boy sprang forward. On he went, up the aisle until he reached the pulpit steps.

"One word, sir! O, one word! In the name of Him whom you serve, hear me!"

The man of God dropped his hands upon the cushion before him, and gazed upon the boy in speechless astonishment; but regaining his composure, he said: "What is it, my son?"

With one mighty effort, Paul stilled his wildly beating heart, and then raised his head. He knew that then was the time, if ever, for the people were anxious now to hear him. He raised his hands, clasped firmly together, towards the pulpit, and in a wild, frantic tone, he uttered:

"O, sir, I have heard you preach to-day such truths as I know are of God, and I hope they are not mere idle sayings here. O, pardon me, and listen. I mean no wrong—I only ask you, as you love your God, to hear me." Here he turned towards the astonished people, and his voice had now become more calm and clear. "You, many of you, knew my father; you know he is dead. But blame him as you will, you cannot blame my mother or myself. We were not to blame that he became low and degraded; we were not to blame that he became a victim of the fell destroyer. My mother prayed for him on her knees, and never, never, in his most degraded moments, was she cold or harsh. He died, and he left us poor—very poor. My mother has been sick—sick even unto the shadows of death; and I her only nurse. I would work if I could leave my mother, but I cannot. I can beg—I have begged—I have begged the food that has sustained us. Last night a man came to turn us from the house we occupied; he would have turned my mother out into the cold, chill, wintry air, had I not, boy as I am, made him afraid to do the deed. But we cannot live there always so. We owe our landlord twelve dollars for rent, and he has sworn with an oath that he would turn us out of doors by force of arms if we do not leave. 'Twould kill my mother to be moved now. And now, I only ask this—Take care of my mother, and give me work. Do this, and so may God bless you!"

This had not been spoken connectedly, as we have written it; but at spasmodic intervals, broken by sobs and weeping. The effect was electrical. Never before had such a thing been heard of, and yet few seemed to think it out of place. Most of them were too much moved to think of anything but the story they had heard. That same boy might have told them his simple story in the street, and they would have passed him idly by; but now it came home to their hearts. It seemed almost a test sent by God, to try their faith in the doctrine they had that day heard. Only Mr. Notworth seemed angry; but though every eye had been turned upon him, yet he dared not speak.

Ere long the minister came down, and placed his hand upon the boy's head; and then, in a clear, impressive tone, he said:

"'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, have ye done it unto me.' My friends, let us take counsel together after we are dismissed."

He then pronounced the benediction; but only David Notworth left the house. What was done in that meeting can be judged of by the results. That very night a doctor came to the widow's cot, and with him came a nurse who was to remain. On the next day a large sum of money, and many articles of comfort were sent in. Ere long Paul was taken into the family of a wealthy mechanic as an adopted son; and ere the snows of winter were gone, the widowed mother was well again, and was gladly taken into the same family with her son, where she passed the happiest hours of her woman's life.

It is a simple story, but where will you find a braver boy than was Paul Lavere? Think you he was brave when he faced those two strong men for his mother's protection? So he was. But that required not a moiety of the stern, calm heroism, which sent him, a pale, feeble boy, into that sacred temple, there to face the multitude, and, in defiance of all precedent, to pour out the story of his mother's sufferings. But his soul was strong with filial love, and he conquered. People honored him for this strange independence, and as he grew up a noble, steady, virtuous youth and man, he was respected by all who knew him. Yet the smile, and the loving embrace of his mother, with her tearful blessings upon him, were by far the dearest return he met for his work.

Of Mr. Notworth we will only say, he died unwept and unmourned, and a spendthrift son quickly squandered his property.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The damage done by the late freshets in various parts of the country has been very considerable. —— There were in the U. S. navy during the last year 45 deaths, 46 resignations, 12 dismissals, 48 dropped, and 126 placed on the reserved or retired list. —— The most abundant wheat harvests are anticipated the present year. Everything looks favorable. —— Near Devil's Head, in Puget's Sound, Washington Territory, a sea serpent ninety feet long has turned up. —— The snow on the mountains between Cumberland and Wheeling, the Baltimore Sun says, is several feet deep. The train which took Governor Shannon out had to have eight first-class locomotives attached to three cars. This is travelling under difficulties. —— We have had a little taste of spring weather, but hardly enough to make a paragraph about. —— The Japanese are not so ignorant and benighted, after all. They do not punish a prisoner for attempting to escape, if retaken—believing that every one has a natural right to liberate himself, if possible—but those through whose neglect the escape is effected are visited with severe punishmeut. —— One concern in Cincinnati sold on one day, from 3 o'clock until evening, 4200 flags, to be used in the celebration of Washington's birthday. The Commercial Hospital procured 800 candlesticks and 79 flags for the same purpose. —— It is reported that Jullien intends revisiting this country with a monstrous orchestra for a short time. —— It is said that no bachelor ever lived a hundred years, and that where 41 attain the age of 40, there are 78 married men; at 60, there are 40 married to 22 bachelors; at 70, there are 28 married to 11 bachelors; and at 80, there are 9 married to 3 bachelors. —— Byron, Scott, and Talleyrand were all club-footed. —— The Philadelphia Ledger says that the $10,000, the sum required to be raised to secure the exhibition of the National Agricultural Society for that city, has been contributed. —— Persons of defective sight, when threading a needle, should hold it over something white, by which the sight will be assisted. —— The lecture season is drawing to a close. The weather last winter caused many disappointmeuts. —— To secure good ventilation, open your windows both at the top and bottom. The fresh air rushes in one way, while the foul air makes its exit at the other. —— The majority of the canal committee of the New York Senate have reported in favor of letting out the repairs of all the sectious of the several canals by contract, and of abolishing the office of canal superintendent. —— Buchanan Kean has been playing in the diggings iu California. "Thus far into the bowels of the land," etc. —— The Nebraska City News says that a land fever is raging there. Claims of one hundred and sixty acres, within two aud a half miles of that city, are selling at from $500 to $800. For one farm joining the city on the west, the owner has been offered $6000 in gold, which was refused. —— Some of the Mormon brethren sent out to expedite the emigration, have run Governor Brigham in debt about fifty thousand dollars, which shows that Utah is in good credit. —— Considerable excitement is stated to prevail at St. Johns, N. F., in consequence of an intention expressed in the legislature, of imposing an export duty of two per cent. upon fish and oil. This impost would add about £20,000 per annum to the revenue of the island. —— There are about fourteen hundred government troops in and near Kanzas, all of whom can be speedily brought together, if Gov. Shannon shall need their services. —— Wives of inebriates are by law in Wisconsin allowed to transact business in their own names, bind out their children, and dispose of their earnings as they may deem best. —— Dr. Rufus W. Griswold has sued the Tribune for libel, laying the damages at $20,000. The articles complained of are a savage editorial attack, and the publication of an abusive speech of Mrs. E. L. Rose. —— Jenny Lind is in England, where she is reproducing the old enthusiasm with her witching vocalization.

A WINDFALL.—The wife of a laboring man, in Oneida, New York, by the death of a long-forgotten relative in England, comes into possession of five millions of dollars. How she and her husband will be courted now! How they will be bored for subscriptions! How many dilapidated cousins, "all smiles and shirt collars," will claim their relationship! We really envy them their felicity.

USING UP CAPITAL.—A rich banker had two sons, one a grown up spendthrift, and the other a child of six years. A few days ago he surprised his youngest hopeful deliberately chewing up a roll of fifty dollar bills, the reason being that the infant wanted to see if he couldn't make away with money as his eldest brother. Precocious little chap!

SALARIES HIGH AND LOW.—The First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans have extended a pastoral call to Rev. Dr. N. L. Rice, of St. Louis, with the persuasive offer of $7000 salary. In contrast with this, the average pay of the Methodist preachers in Indiana, last year, was $322.

A WITNESS BOX.—This is a kind of pillory in a court of justice, where a person is obliged to receive every species of insult without replying to it.

AN EXPEDIENT.—"John, fetch me a pitcher of water." "Not my business, sir." "Right; harness the horses then, and drive Stephen to the pump."

SUNFLOWER PAPER.—A French gentleman makes excellent paper from sunflower stalks. What a fine material to print the New York Sun on.

AWFUL.—An editor out west threatens to make his subscribers "as intimate with the sheriff as he is himself, if they don't pay up."

Wayside Gatherings.

The New York Assembly has passed a resolution awarding a gold medal to Dr. Kane.

The Indiana State Fair premium list for 1856 amounts to $6000, and is open to all the world.

Rev. Rufus W. Griswold is to prepare a memoir of Mrs. Emily C. Judson, to be published during the spring.

In Paris ladies wear daggers at their girdles—in America, they wear them in their eyes.

Commodore Morris has left an autobiography for his children, and embodying a full diary, kept by him for years.

There are one thousand persons in Pennsylvania now under indictment for selling liquor contrary to law.

The profits of a fair recently held in Cincinnati, for the benefit of an orphan asylum, amounted to eight thousand dollars.

Joseph Hufty, who has been elected sheriff of New Orleans, a $100,000 berth, is a northern man, and by trade a brush maker.

Nine murders have been committed in Memphis, Tenn., within a year, and not one of the murderers has been brought to justice.

General Rosas has a simple way of governing Buenos Ayres—it was only necessary, he said, to kick the men and flatter the women.

John Webb, a pawnbroker of Philadelphia, has been fiued $100. His offence was charging a man 72 per cent. per annum, on a loan of $22 50.

The Mexican government has made a demand upon ours for indemnity for the destruction of the town of Piedras Negras, by a party of Texan rangers last autumn.

The Tennessee legislature has passed stringent amendments to the free banking law of that State, which in the estimation of some, are considered tantamount to its total prohibition.

Mr. Carter, collector of Portland, lately seized 65,000 cigars on board the brig Zone, for an alleged violation of the revenue. This is the largest seizure of cigars ever made in that district.

In New York, the other night, a serenading party, after having played before a house nearly an hour, were politely informed by a watchman that nobody lived there.

The whole amount of liabilities of insolvents in San Francisco last year was $8,179,817: total assets only $1,519,175. The losses by fire were $2,062,500.

General Walker has lost two of his finest officers by cholera, Captain Davidson and Lieut. Col. Gilman. They died very suddenly, within a day or two of each other.

The Montgomery (Ala.) Journal says the foreign and domestic debt of that State, amounting to about $6,000,000, has been augmented more than an additioual million by the appropriations of the late legislature.

The Brooklyn city authorities have appropriated $50,000 for the construction of a powerful iron ferry boat, such as shall be able to force a passage across the East River, irrespective of obstructions from the ice.

We find a paragraph in circulation, in which it is estimated that the clergy cost the United States six million dollars per year; the criminals, twelve millions; the dogs, ten millions; and the lawyers thirty-five millions.

An immense French company is preparing to commence operations in the copper mines of Lake Superior. Professor Rivot, of the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, of New York, is engaged as a principal in this enterprise, and has lately published a valuable *brochure* on the copper mines of America.

The Chicago Democrat says, "It is asserted that Lake Michigan is frozen completely over from one side to the other. This, if a fact, has never occurred before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. With the best glasses, from either side of the lake the clear water could not be seen."

Mr. Merriam says he has seen in Upper Canada, near the Ottawa, a beaver dam 310 feet long, 7 feet high and 8 feet wide, on which trees as large as any in that forest were growing. It flooded an immense surface, and was constructed with as much science to appearance, as if it had been the work of human hands.

Barney Lynch, a shrewd old Irish gentleman, has been sent to the Hartford workhouse for 165 days, for stealing overcoats and other country fixtures. This gentleman distinguished himself hy stealing an umbrella from the front door and selling it at the back door of the same house, for twenty-five cents.

The Patent Office reports give the nominal value of all the animal and vegetable products raised in the United States for the past year. From a figuring up of the principal products, we find that the entire amount sums up to about $3,000,000,000—three thousand millions of dollars.

The Aged Woman's Home in Baltimore gave employment last year to more than 800 seamstresses, and sold from their store $3251 worth of needle work. Forty-three aged inmates have been made comfortable at the House. During the year three legacies have been received.

During the present year astronomers are to be on the alert to decide an important question that has lately arisen in respect to the rings of Saturn. Compared with drawings made 200 years ago, a considerable difference is now perceived, as though the rings are gradually falling in upon the body of the planet.

The late minister plenipotentiary from Peru to the United States died lately in Lima in a singular manner. While asleep he swallowed three of his false teeth with the gold band which confined them, and died from the effects shortly after. Efforts were made to extract the teeth, but without avail.

Brown is making good progress with his equestrian statue of Washington, to be erected in New York city. It is now contemplated to inaugurate it at its place in Union Park some time in April—perhaps the 30th, the day on which Washington took the oath as President of the United States, in Philadelphia.

The clipper ship Dreadnought, Capt. Samuels, recently made the passage from New York to Liverpool in the short period of sixteen days, and owing to there being no steamer about that time (Feb. 11), she had the unusual duty for a sailing vessel in these days of carrying the mails into Liverpool.

Capt. Bell, the wrecker, is constructing a novel apparatus in New York, for raising ships. It consists of two large timber tanks, shaped like a bootjack, to receive the ends of a sunken vessel between them. They will be first sunk by filling with water, and attached to the vessel to be raised, after which the water will be exhausted, thus securing a lifting power.

No associations of modern times have been more productive of general good and usefulness than Savings Banks and Savings Institutions. Go where we will, in whatever part of the civilized and commercial world, we find these institutions yearly increasing, and the individual who doubts their utility to the laboring and working classes, may well be regarded as demented.

Foreign Items.

Jenny Lind has given forty guineas to the Cheltenham Hospital.

The queen of Spain has conferred the cross of Charles III. on Don A. de Guzman, the oldest actor in Spain.

The Prince de la Moskowa (the eldest son of the late Marshal Ney), who is now a general of brigade, with a command of Valenciennes, has had an apoplectic fit.

The French minister of war has entered into a contract with the cloth manufacturers of Elbœuf for the supply of 140,000 metres of cloth for the army, to be delivered during the preseut year.

Nine new statues have been placed on one of the galleries of the Cour Napoleon III. at the Louvre. They are those of Mathieu Molé, Turgot, Saint Bernard, Labruyere, Suger, De Thou, Bordaloue, Racine and Voltaire.

M. Thiele, of Copenhagen, has published a work entitled "Thorwaldsen at Copenhagen, from 1839 to 1844." It contains the correspondence of the great artist, and uumerous fac-similes of his original sketches and designs.

It appears from certain statistical data recently published, that the number of Protestants of the Helvetic and Augsburg confession in the Austrian empire amounts to 3,450,000; whilst the number of those who belong to the Greek confession is 3,162,000.

The Polytechnic School at Carlsruhe is said to contain amongst its 407 pupils, English, French, Russians, Poles, Norwegians, Belgians, Swedes, Dutch, Swiss, Italians, Hungarians, Galicians, Moldaves, Serbs, Americans, and some youths from the East Indies.

The external portion of the new Louvre at Paris is now almost entirely completed, and the scaffolding has been removed. Crowds flock daily to see it, and it is certainly one of the most gigantic and remarkable specimens of architecture that can be witnessed anywhere. The ornamentation is wonderfully rich and splendid.

Sands of Gold.

.... A gallant man is above ill words.—*John Selden.*

.... Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last.—*Bacon.*

.... Meditation is the soul's perspective glass, whereby, in her long removes, she discerneth God, as if he were nearer at hand.—*Owen Felltham.*

.... That love of praise can never be criminal which incites and enables us to do a great deal more good than we can do without it.—*Mason.*

.... A natural desire and power of pleasing, that comes from good nature, are most fascinating and more lasting than all surface charms.—*Bacon.*

.... Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreation, for sleep itself is a recreatiou. Add uot, therefore, sauce to sauces.—*Thomas Fuller.*

.... Reserve—persons extremely reserved are like old enamelled watches that had painted covers, which hindered your seeing what o'clock it was.—*Walpole.*

.... Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly, if folly and imprudence are the same.—*Landor.*

.... Learning is the mere acquisition of knowledge; education includes that development and discipline of the faculties which enable us to make use of it.—*Mason.*

.... The soul may be compared to a field of battle, where the armies are ready every moment to encounter. Not a single vice but has a more powerful opponent, and not one virtue but may be overborne by a combination of vices.—*Goldsmith.*

Joker's Budget.

A jolly auctioneer in Newport talks of putting up that city under the hammer. We fear it wouldn't bring much in winter.

"Well, H., I want that money; when will you pay the bill?"—"O, well, I'll pay it before—before you get through wanting it."

The easiest way to get a living, is to sit on a gate and wait for good luck. In case good luck don't come along, you are no worse off than you were before.

Why is a bee-hive like a decayed potato? Because a bee-hive is a bee-holder, a beholder is a spectator, a (specked tater) a specked tater is a decayed potato.

Differences betwcen singular and plural—When William, Prince of Orange, landed in England, he said to the people whom he first met, "I come for your good—for all your *goods*."

When some one was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnsou said, "He is rising in the world; when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him."

Brasidas, the famous Lacedemonian general, caught a mouse; it bit him, and by that means made its escape. "O, Jupiter," said he, "what creature so contemptible but may have its liberty, if it will contend for it."

The Dutchman who refused to take a one dollar bill because it might be altered from a ten, prefers stage travelling to railroads. The former, he says, rides him eight hours for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one.

"Where's Mrs. Muff?" asked an acquaintance, with a shawl round his shoulders, of Mr. Muff, who was shivering over a dying fire. "Gone out. She and I take turns now. She has the shawl to-day; to-morrow 'll be my turn." Shawled acquaintance vamosed.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber,	one year	$2 00
4 subscribers,	" "	7 00
10	" " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

MODES OF TRAVEL.

On this page we present some spirited pictures of some of the modes of locomotion in use in Europe and the East. The first is a Spanish diligence, a cumbrous affair, in many respects resembling the old French diligence, now nearly fallen into disuse, and quite as clumsy, drawn by nine or ten mules and one horse, pushed to the top of their speed by the shouts and whips of the drivers and postilions. The rider of the only horse in the team is plying his lash lustily, and another postilion has dismounted so that he can distribute his favors all along the line of mules. He will throw himself into the saddle again when his arm is weary. Where a long team of mules is used, the driver generally carries a bag of stones with him, which he hurls from time to time at his animals with unerring precision, and these stones are sometimes used with terrible effect upon each other when two muleteers chance to come into collision. The diligence is divided, it will be seen, into three compartments, the seats of which vary in elegibility and price. The vehicle is a quaint and curious old world affair, a huge ark, a mass of timber, iron, leather and glass. It would be top-heavy but for its breadth of beam. Still the royal *diligencia* sometimes makes good speed, thanks to frequent relays of mules. But "slow and sure" is the motto of these conveyances for the accommodation of the public. Their drivers have a very great respect for the fable of the hare and the tortoise. Still, it must not be supposed that a journey in a Spanish diligence is void of all romance. By no means. To say nothing of the interesting character of the country, with its broad vegas, and stern sierras—its rivers with names as musical as their waves—the storied cities through which you pass—the picturesque but uncomfortable posadas at which you halt—the manners and costume of peasants, innkeepers and priests which have changed little since the immortal Cervantes wrote his history of "that ingenious gentleman, Don Quixotte de la Mancha," there are "inklings of adventure," which occur to almost every one who travels much in Spain, worthy to figure on the pages of romance. What say you to a highway robbery, Senor Traveller? The jaded mules are dragging your diligence through a rocky defile skirted with wood on either hand. We will throw in an escort of half a dozen cavalry soldiers by way of picturesque effect. Suddenly a group of fanciful villains, such as you see on the operatic stage, well mounted and armed with carbines, pistols and sabres, appear in the road, and



A SPANISH DILIGENCE.



FARMER'S CART, KHOSROVAH, PERSIA.

the leader, in a loud voice, commands the driver to halt, on penalty of a brace of bullets in his cranium. But you have soldiers—they will beat back the ruffians and clear the way. Not a bit of it. *Tout au contraire.* The escort haven't the slightest idea of showing fight. They know that pure Castilian blood is too precious to be wasted in a highway brawl. They discharge their carbines at random, and then turn bridle, set spurs to their nags and gallop off at a furious rate, saving their necks if not their credit. Robber No. 1 now makes the driver and passengers alight, appropriating their watches, rings and purses by way of remuneration for his polite attention. The order is now given—*boca a tierra* (faces to the ground), and you must lie down prone to the earth, so that you may not witness the rifling of the diligence. Woe be to you if you raise your head after the command! One of the robbers is on the watch, knife in hand, and if you venture to disobey, he will insert the blade between your shoulders with such practised skill that you will never know anything more in this world afterwards. The robbers are very expeditious in their operations, and in a short space of time you have the exquisite pleasure of hearing the sound of their horses' hoofs dying away in the distance. Your watch is gone, but you may console yourself with the indisputable proposition of Bombastes Furioso—"watches were made to go." Your spare cash has been abstracted—but you have still a circular letter of credit in your pocket which was of no value to the robbers, and then you have not an extra ounce of lead in your cranium, or a stiletto sticking in your pericardium. This is no fancy sketch. On the contrary, such an event used to be very common in Spain, and is still not such a rare thing as to cause any great amount of concern. Lieut. Slidell was robbed in this way, and gives a graphic account of it in his "Year in Spain." The *salteadors* of Mexico, in this country, are the legitimate descendants of those of Spain, and their manner of operating is identical. The Spanish mules, such as are delineated in our engraving, are very serviceable and frequently very handsome animals. J. N. Hambleton, Esq., of the U. S. Navy, as quoted by J. S. Skinner, says; "Mules are more used in Spain and Portugal than in any other countries I have visited. The King of Spain used them for his carriage when I was in Madrid, and most of the grandees. In Lisbon, I was told $1500 were often paid for a pair of carriage mules. The Duchess of Braganza (Don Pedro's widow) was a decided mulewoman, and drove six of the most splendid grays I ever saw. Donna Maria used English horses. I went through her stables with her coachman, who was an Englishman. He told me that in that mountainous country, native horses were best for service—mules better than either. I travelled in the diligence from Barcelona to Madrid, via Valencia, four hundred miles and back. Mules were used the whole route, six to the team, and travelled as fast as our stages usually do. Their public vehicles are much heavier than ours." Mules are raised extensively in some parts of our country and have many advocates. They are hardy, free from disease, are in their prime at the age when the horse begins to decay, and require but two-thirds of the feed of a horse. Their proverbial obstinacy is rather the effect of bad breaking than a natural characteristic. Another of our engravings on this page shows us a Turkish family on their travels. The patient camel, the "desert ship," so admirably adapted by Providence for traversing the arid wastes of sand that abound in the East, bears the burthen of a huge frame covered with cloth, which contains the veiled women and children of the Turkish family. This contrivance must be well balanced and ballasted to keep its trim. A grave Turk paces beside it on his barb, preceded by a Nubian on a diminutive donkey. The young camel-driver is also a Nubian. Another engraving of the series represents a Persian farmer's cart—a sort of truck with very clumsy wheels, drawn by a couple of buffalo bulls. The rude vehicle is pretty well loaded with passengers, to say nothing of the market baskets. A young man is enlivening the journey by playing an air on a rustic pipe. These people belong to Khosrovah, a village situated in the middle of a fine plain near Lake Ourmyah, three or four days' journey from Tabriz, the capital of Azbaidjan, one of the ten provinces of Persia. Its inhabitants, numbering about 1200, are of Chaldaic origin. They were formerly Nestorians, but are now Catholics, having been converted to Catholicism about a century ago. Industrious and intelligent, these people have succeeded, notwithstanding the taxes which burthen them, in acquiring a degree of ease in their circumstances not common with the subjects of the Shah. Persia is poor—the people generally occupy, in common with their cattle, miserably cold and smoky huts. At Khosrovah, the houses are clean, large and well built. There are many gardens, and the cultivation of the surrounding lands attests more agricultural knowledge and care than is generally found among the other farmers or rayahs. Artificial irrigation is almost everywhere employed in the raising of crops, and is an art perfectly familiar to the Persian agriculturist, having been practised from the remotest antiquity.



A TURKISH FAMILY TRAVELLING.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1856. | $3 00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X, No. 14.—WHOLE No. 248.

BALL ON BOARD THE CUMBERLAND.

The subject of the spirited marine picture on this page, drawn for us by Mr. William Wade, is the fete given in August, 1853, by Commodore Stringham and the officers of the fine United States frigate Cumberland, as a compliment to the royal family and citizens of Spezzia, in return for the civilities extended by the latter to the officers of the American squadron. Spezzia is situated about forty miles from Genoa, and is a favorite watering-place of the Sardinians in summer. The queen and family received invitations, but though she did not come herself, she sent her barges with her children and some officers of rank. Among the distinguished guests present was Mr. Lover, the Irish novelist and song-writer, whose "Angel's Whisper," and "Rory O'More," will live as long as the language in which they were written—together with his daughter. Every arrangement was made on board the frigate to give eclat to the festival. The upper deck was cleared, and an awning spread over it; flags of all nations were gracefully festooned, appropriate chandeliers made of hoops with bayonets attached, in the tubes of which were placed brilliant candles, furnished a striking mode of illumination, while a light was also placed in the mouth of every cannon. The whole ship was one blaze of light. Seats were rigged round the forward part of the ship, so that the crew could have a fair sight of the spectacle, and enjoy at their ease the pleasures of the union. A fine band discoursed most eloquent music throughout the evening, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." In our view are seen, the Cumberland at anchor, and the St. Louis, well remembered by the gallantry of her commander, Ingraham, in the Bay of Smyrna, when, surrounded by Austrian vessels, he refused to surrender Kozta to the Austrians. The harbor is seen covered with boats, barges and gondolas, conveying Italian belles through an Italian moonlight to the dance. In the distance lies the town with its surrounding mountains, the ruins of an old castle crowning a bold eminence. A large hotel is also sketched in the distance. An amusing incident occurred on board the frigate at the ball. A plumed and bedizened officer of the court, leaning carelessly against a windsail, tumbled into the abyss below—without hurting himself, however. A grim old salt, who alone had noticed the occurrence, went aft, and touching his hat to his commander, said, "I beg pardon, commodore, but I thought you'd like to know as how one of them 'ere blasted kings has fell down the hatchway!" Comment is unnecessary. The impression produced by the visits of our ships of war to various ports of Europe has been in every respect favorable. Our frigates and smaller vessels are recognized everywhere as models of naval architecture, while the admirable manner in which they are handled has elicited the praises of every one conversant with nautical affairs. Our gallant little navy has nobly maintained the honor of our flag in peace and in war.



GRAND BALL ON BOARD THE U. S. FRIGATE CUMBERLAND, AT SPEZZIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHITE HAND:

—OR,—

THE NATCHEZ' CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF LOUISIANA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

WHITE HAND. THE NATCHEZ PRISON.

Far away, in the depths of the forest, where a deep river ran, and where the cypress trees grew thick and tall, a party of Indians sat down to rest. Some of them we have surely seen, by the pale moonlight, beneath the barricade of the Chateau de St. Julien; but they are not all here now. Only ten red men are here upon the edge of the cypress swamp, and eight of them repose themselves to sleep, while the other two keep watch. It is near noon, for the sun has almost reached its highest point, and these men have been upon the trail since early last evening.

But these Chickasaws are not alone. Close by the side of a huge cypress log, one end of which is bedded in the swamp, lies the form of a child of the pale faces. The hands and the feet are bound, and a cord from the lashings of the hands leads along the ground, and is clutched by one of the sleeping Indians. In those fair features, now shaded by the large log, we see something of the look of Louis St. Julien; but even now the flesh seems sunken, and the beholder would think that many days, instead of only a few hours, of suffering had rested within that frame. But sleep has come to calm the agonized mind now, and the terrors of captivity are for the while forgotten.

Thus the party rested until nearly four o'clock, and then one of the Indians, who had been placed a little way up the river to watch, gave a low, shrill whistle, and on the instant the whole party were upon their feet, and had seized their arms. On the next instant, a crashing of the bushes was heard at no great distance, and not long afterwards, a party of six Indians made their appearance. He who led the new-comers was very tall and athletic, and we recognize him at once as one whom we have seen before; and even did not his name run from mouth to mouth, we should know that the Natchez warrior, Stung Serpent, was he who thus glided into the camp.

The stout chieftain spoke not until he had seen the pale youth who still slept by the cypress log, and then a grunt of satisfaction escaped from his lips. He spoke with the chief of the Chickasaws for some time in his own strange tongue, and then he turned to where the youth slept, and awoke him. The sleeper started up, and with a look of terror, gazed around.

"Where is—is—where is my sister?" he asked, in a low, thrilling tone.

"She has gone on further south while you slept," answered Stung Serpent. "But the daughter of the white man is safe. No harm can come to her, for her life is precious. But you cannot go to her now. You must go with the Stung Serpent to the village of the White Apple. What can Louis St. Julien fear from his brother?"

The youth gazed into the face of the powerful Natchez, and for awhile he was utterly unable to speak. At that moment a hundred various thoughts and emotions flew wildly through his mind. He saw his father and St. Denis still searching for the hiders, and he heard their notes of alarm, and saw their tears of grief. Then he ran over the fearful journey through the deep forest, and he wondered why he was thus separated from his mate.

"Can I not go with my sister?" he at length asked.

"No," was the answer.

"And why may we not be together?"

"Because it is impossible. Remember, the Stung Serpent has spoken."

This was pronounced in a slow, meaning tone, and Louis St. Julien knew enough of the Indian character to know that no appeal would move his captors from such a purpose. He looked around once more, and when he saw that half of the Chickasaws were gone, he knew that his companion had gone with them.

In the meantime, Stung Serpent was performing a work that startled the prisoner not a little. After he had given his last answer to Louis, he approached the Chickasaw chief, and gave to him a heavy purse. The latter took it and emptied its contents into his broad palm, and Louis saw that it was gold. The Chickasaw's eyes sparkled as they rested upon the coin, and a deep grunt told his satisfaction. Louis clasped his hands—for they were free now,—and his frame shook as his former doubts grew to confirmations. Who could have placed that gold in the hands of the Natchez warrior? To be sure, there was a French fort near the Natchez villages; but then Louis knew that they had no gold to spare there. Thankful must the Indian be who could get even a few pieces of silver from the people of Fort Rosalie. Then who could have paid this gold but Simon Lobois! The thought came, and it was fixed. The prisoner's head was bowed, and when again he looked up, there was a shade of determination upon the finely-chiselled features that contrasted strangely with the fear-marks that had before rested there. He folded his hands upon his bosom, and for a single instant his eyes were turned heavenward.

With a satisfied look, the Chickasaw leader emptied the money back into the purse, and having placed it in his bosom, he turned to his followers and gave the signal for starting. They quickly gathered up their arms, and in a few moments more they were lost to sight in the thick wood.

"Now," said Stung Serpent, turning to his prisoner, "we will be on our way to our home in the domain of the Natchez. Can you walk?"

"Yes; but I am weak now, and shall hardly be able to keep pace with you if you hurry."

"The white youth speaks calmly for one in distress," pursued the chief, looking his prisoner sharply in the eye. "Perhaps he thinks he shall escape."

"If I speak calmly," returned the youth, "it is because I hope you mean me no harm."

"Ugh!" That was all the answer Stung Serpent returned upon that subject. In a moment more he took the prisoner's hand and gazed upon it.

"I did not tell the Chickasaw that it was you who slew his people," the Natchez said.

Louis trembled.

"For if I had, I should not have found you alive, having once passed through his hands. You have a small white hand for a warrior such as you have proved yourself to be." And Stung Serpent laid his own huge hand by the side of his prisoner's, thus making the youth's delicate limb appear smaller by the contrast than it really was. And then, with a smile, he continued: "While you live, we'll throw away your French name, and henceforth thou shalt be called *White Hand*. Eh—how does that sound?"

But the prisoner did not reply immediately, for this last remark was not the one that chained his attention. "*While you live*," were the words that sounded in his ears, and started his fears. They were spoken in a tone and with a peculiar emphasis which seemed to mean *something*, and if they had a meaning beyond the mere chances of natural cause and effect, then surely all was not meant well for him. But he did not speak his fears.

"Eh? Does not the son of the white chief like his name?"

"Yes—yes."

The other Indians had stood near at hand, and as they heard the name thus bestowed, they smiled, and repeated it several times. In a little while longer, the party prepared for the tramp, and set out. For a distance of some miles they followed the stream to the northward and eastward, and finally they left the river and struck into a narrow, dubious trail that led nearly north. It was dark when Stung Serpent gave the order to stop. They had reached a small lake, or deep bayou, upon one hand of which arose a steep bluff, directly beneath which they halted. White Hand (for so we will now call the youthful prisoner) saw that some one had stopped here before, for the traces of a fire were plainly visible against the face of the rock, and as he walked over the spot beneath it, he could feel the dry coals. A fire was soon built, and then one of the party produced some dried venison, and some sort of esculent root that resembled the common artichoke. The prisoner was hungry, and he ate heartily, and then he was allowed to lie down and sleep, Stung Serpent having taken the precaution to secure his hands so that he could not move them without disturbing him.

When White Hand was aroused, he started quickly up, and at first he thought the day had dawned, but as soon as his senses were fairly at work, he found it was the moon that gave so much light. He was informed that the party were now to start on, and he was soon ready. The moon was nearly at its zenith, and he judged that it could not be much past midnight. For two or three hours the trail was dubious and difficult. It lay through a deep growth of oak, and the ground was uneven, and in some places wet and boggy from the late rains. In the morning they stopped for breakfast, again making the meal of dried venison and some of the same kind of root as before. During the forenoon a deer was shot, from which they took the skin and as much of the meat as they wanted; so at noon they built a fire, and had some venison steak; only White Hand would have liked it much better could he have had a little salt with his meat.

Another night came, and again the youth slept with his hands confined; and this time he was allowed to sleep until morning. Another meal from the fresh deer meat was made, and then the trail was resumed. During the next day, the prisoner came several times near failing for want of strength, for however strong may have been his close-knit frame, he was not used to this kind of labor. However, the Indians helped him some, and he managed to move along without much show of pain or complaint. He knew that if he would expect kind treatment at the hands of his captors he must be saving of complaint and trouble, and he resolved that he would stand up under the trail as unflinchingly as possible. When they had stopped for the night again, he asked his captor how much further they had to travel.

"Not much," Stung Serpent replied. "One more day will bring us to the village where we are to stop. Does it please the White Hand, eh?"

"It will surely please me to rest, for I am weary and faint, and had we much further to travel I fear I should be a burden to you."

The Indian shrugged his shoulders, but made no further reply, and shortly afterwards White Hand lay down to sleep.

In the morning, they were once more in motion, and before noon they struck into a broader trail that gave evidence of much travel. The sun was some two hours high when they reached the top of a gentle eminence, and upon looking down into the valley beyond, White Hand saw quite a village of Natchez huts. There were some fifty or sixty dwellings, built in a sort of circle, while within this circle stood four buildings of larger dimensions.

"Does the White Hand see yonder village?" asked Stung Serpent, as the party stopped upon the hill-top.

The prisoner answered in the affirmative.

"That is the village of the White Apple, the home of the bravest warriors of the Natchez, and the abode of peace. There lives my brother—the Great Sun, and the chief of all our people. That is his dwelling next to the temple. But does the White Hand see where those trees seem to break away, as though the fire had run through the deep forest on a wide trail? Look—away towards the setting sun. Do you mark it?"

"Yes," replied the youth, looking in the direction pointed out.

"There travels the great Father of Waters in his way to the great salt lake. And do you mark that point? Ah! you can see a piece of cloth fluttering in the breeze. Do you not see?—away off there?—like a rag playing in the wind?"

White Hand looked, and he saw what his guide had pointed out. It was away to the southward, and was just visible over the intervening tree-tops.

"I see it," he said.

"That is the village of the white man. He has built a fort there, and he calls it Rosalie. They tell me 'tis called so from a woman's name. Is it so?"

"It is."

The Indian watched his prisoner with a keen glance while speaking of the fort, and a simple "ugh!" was his only reply to the youth's last answer.

In a short time they started down the hill, and just as the sun was sinking from sight, they reached the village. The men and children came flocking out, and while Stung Serpent was received with lively demonstrations of joy, looks of the most eager curiosity were fixed upon White Hand. But his captor did not stop to exhibit him. He pursued his way at once to a long, narrow building near the temple, the walls of which were formed of close-fitting timbers driven into the ground, while the door, which swung to and fro on wooden hinges, was uncommonly stout and strong, being formed of a succession of hewn logs secured together by transverse pieces, or cross-bars, to which each upright piece was pinned. This door was opened, and the youth was led in, and with the simple remark that he would remain there for the night, he was left to himself.

As soon as the heavy door was closed upon him, the prisoner gazed about. A little light came to the place through the small holes in the wall near the roof, and by this means he could see somewhat of the nature of his prison, for that this was a prison, and built for such, he had no doubt. The only floor was the earth, and that must also serve for chair, bed and table, for nothing save the bare walls and the naked earth met his gaze. He soon satisfied himself that he should never escape from this place by force, and he soon threw his worn and weary frame upon the ground. In the course of half an hour, the door was opened, and Stung Serpent entered, and set down a wooden tray and an earthen drinking cup, and without speaking, he retired. The youth found the contents of the tray to be boiled corn, and the cup was filled with water. He ate a little and drank a little, and again he lay himself down upon the hard earth.

CHAPTER X.

COQUALLA. THE TEMPLE, AND WHAT HAPPENED THERE.

Sometime during the night, White Hand was moved by strange dreams. Once he dreamed that Stung Serpent came to him to kill him, offering as an excuse or reason for the deed, that his death would save the whole tribe from sure destruction. Then the stout Indian seized him, and in the struggle that ensued, his captor turned into a dragon, and blew fire from his mouth. Thus the prisoner was set on fire, and as the flames began to gather about the dreamer, he started up in affright. A sharp cry escaped from his lips, for a glare of flame was really flashing in his eyes. He would have started to his feet, but a light hand held him down.

"Let the White Hand not fear," pronounced a soft, sweet voice, in gentle tones, "for Coqualla means him no harm."

The youth gazed up, and he saw an Indian girl standing over him with a small torch in her hand. She was a beautiful creature for one so dusky in hue, and the sweet smile that rested upon her lips was peculiarly grateful to the prisoner. As soon as she saw that she had quieted his fears, she removed her hand and stepped back. And now White Hand had more opportunity to survey her. She was young—not more than sixteen,—very slim and straight, and lithe as the willow branch. Her features were faultlessly regular, and her eyes large, black and brilliant. The youth had seen many of the Natchez women, but never one like this before, and the thought quickly came to him that she was one of the royal blood, for all others were bent and hardened by work and drudgery.

"You do not fear me," she said, gazing upon him with a look in which inquisitiveness was about equally blended with a warmer feeling.

"No—O no. Why should I fear one like you?"

"I knew not but that my coming might disturb you. But I came for your good. I knew my father had brought a prisoner from among the sons of the white men."

"Your father? Is the Stung Serpent then your father?"

"Yes."

"And your name—"

"Is Coqualla."

"And you are the next heir to the throne of the Natchez?"

"Next after my father."

"I have heard of you often."

But the princess did not seem at all anxious to know what the youth had heard of her. She remained for some moments in silence, and during that time she seemed to be studying every line of the prisoner's face.

"The White Hand is not a great man in bulk," she at length said, thoughtfully; "but yet he must be a brave man, for my father says he slew six of the Chickasaw warriors."

"Not alone, Coqualla. His friend was with him."

"So my father said. And yet you must be brave; and so I would save you."

"Save me?" uttered the youth, starting now to his feet.

"—sh! Speak not too loud, for no one knows that I am here. I would save you."

"But what danger threatens me?"

"I cannot tell you surely; but yet I think I can save you. If you have anything to fear, it must be from my father. Therefore, promise him whatever he may ask. If he means you ill, that ill will be death, and if he offers you life, you must accept it. I have come to assure you that he never speaks idly. If he makes you an offer he means it, and you must speak truth with him."

"But what is the nature of this danger? What is this alternative?"

"I dare not speak now, but I may tell you sometime."

"But—"

"—sh!" interrupted the princess, in an abrupt, but yet kind tone. "You must not urge me beyond what I have assured you. Coqualla speaks not without thought, and hence she speaks not the second time. I must not stop now. I know the character of some of your people, and their words do not come from their hearts. So you might be led away, and think Stung Serpent meant a dark thing when he spoke fair. You will not forget Coqualla."

With these words she turned away, and ere the youth could detain her she was gone. He saw the heavy door close after her light and graceful form, and then he sank down again upon the cold earth. What could be the meaning of her visit? Why should she have come to him thus to warn him of a danger threatened by her father? It was a strange circumstance, and afforded the prisoner plenty of food for thought.

The morning dawned, and ere the sun was fairly clear of the tree-tops, the prison door was opened, and Stung Serpent entered, and with him came two others, one of them an old man, decrepid with age, and the other a tall, athletic man, only a little older than Stung Serpent. White Hand quickly recognized this latter individual as the Great Sun—the king of all the Natchez, not only from his noble bearing and his resemblance to his brother, but also from the curiously-wrought circlet of feathers, with its elevated plume of horse-hair that adorned his head.

The youth arose as these men entered, but he did not speak. His arms were folded across his breast, and with a steady, calm look, he returned the gaze that was bent upon him.

"White Hand," spoke the prince, "listen to the words that the Great Sun shall speak to thee."

At these words the king stepped forward. The prisoner had seen many proud men, and many of the great men among his people, but he had never seen one so purely noble in his look and bearing as the Great Sun of the Natchez.

"Son of the pale faced invader," spoke the chieftain, "thy people have come upon us with evil intent, and their feet already tread upon lands not their own. They have come with smooth tongue and smiling face, and while they whispered words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the serpent. Whence art thou here in the village of the White Apple? Dost thou know?"

"No, no," uttered the prisoner.

"'Tis because of the evil that dwells in the bosom of your people. We sought a child of the white man to send him on a mission to the white man's God, and while we sought such an one, lo! the wish was met by one who wished to be free of an encumbrance upon him. You will not fear to go upon the mission we would have you perform. Every year many of our people go voluntarily to the world of spirits to accompany their beloved relatives. Then why should you fear, since you, too, will ascend at once to the home of your God? Child of the pale face, listen! Go tell your God that he shall send no more vengeance upon the Natchez for the deeds they have done to the white man. Tell him how the white man has come to despoil us. Tell him this: Once the Natchez were happy and peaceful; their homes were pure, and their hearts were glad. Plenty smiled upon them, and joy was theirs. They chased the deer through all their domain, and there were none to molest them. But by-and-by a strange boat, with wings like a great bird, came over the great salt lake, and the white man was in it. He came with fire in his guns, and fire in his barrels; and when a multitude had landed here, they began to place their foot upon our necks. And now our joy is gone, for rottenness has crept over our homes; vice has festered like great sores in our villages; the wives and daughters of my people have been corrupted; our warriors have drunk of the accursed fire-water until they have become like old women; our domain is becoming wrested from us, and sorrow sits like a black spirit brooding over our decay. Tell your God all this, and then ask him not to answer the white man's prayers when they ask for vengeance against the Natchez. Remember my words, and forget not one of them."

Thus speaking, the Great Sun folded his arms and gazed silently into the youth's face. White Hand was moved—deeply moved by the speech he had heard, for there was a depth of pathos in it that appealed directly to the heart. He knew well what each word of the chieftain meant, and he knew how true it was. But beyond this there was a meaning that struck terror to the youth's soul. He was just upon the point of falling upon his knees, when the Great Sun turned away and stalked from the place.

Pale and trembling, White Hand watched him until he was gone, and then turned to Stung Serpent.

"White Hand, you have heard the words of the Great Sun. He has spoken to you the truth. Now follow me."

Then Stung Serpent walked slowly from the prison-house, and the old man took White Hand by the arm, and said, "Come!" Instinctively he obeyed the summons, though his steps trembled as he walked forth. When he reached the open air, the prisoner looked around, but not a living thing could he see save the stout prince who walked on ahead, and the old man who led him.

Next to the prison, and distant some five rods, stood the temple. White Hand knew it by the rude imitation of the blazing sun that adorned the roof at the gable. Into this temple he was led, and here he found some twenty men, eight of whom were those warriors whose duty it was to attend the sacred fire.* This fire was burning upon an altar, and very curiously wrought with strange devices. But the youth took but little notice of the altar. His attention was arrested by the appearance of two stout men who stood near the altar with knives in their hands, and with a large bowl between them which was blood-stained both outside and in.

"Now, White Hand," spoke Stung Serpent, approaching him and placing his broad hand upon his shoulder, "you will not forget the message that the Great Sun has given you to deliver to your God, and you must give it word for word; and if the Great Spirit of the white man knows all things, he will know that the Natchez have only sent to him the words of truth. You will have an easy path from the earth, for our warriors know how to set the spirit free without pain."

With a quick start White Hand bounded back from Stung Serpent's touch. The whole truth now came upon him. He knew that the temple in a neighboring village had been recently struck by lightning and burned to ashes, and he had heard that the governor of the fort at Rosalie had professed to ask his God to send the calamity upon them. Now the Indians, in their ignorance of faith, believed they could send a message to the offended God of the white man, and that when he knew the truth, his anger would be appeased.

"Hold!" he uttered, raising his hand towards the prince. "What have I done that you should take my life? From a small boy I have grown up here, and never, by thought or deed, did I harm to one of your people. Why then do you take an innocent person to slay?"

"The pale boy has fallen into our power, and we would send him on a holy mission. Not in anger or revenge do we seek to do this, but only for good. Thou art a cast-away from those you loved, and surely you would rather be with those of your people who have gone to the land of spirits before you, than to have no home."

"And you think I will carry the message you would send?" cried the youth. "No!" he added, deeply and solemnly. "I will tell the Great Spirit how I was a poor prisoner in your hands. I will tell him thus: In my own home I had a bitter enemy. That enemy desired my ruin that he might possess all my father's gold; so he betrayed me into the hands of the red men. They took me with them to their village, and I murmured not. Then they seized me, as they would a brute, and murdered me in cold blood! Thus will I speak unto the God of heaven, and ask for vengeance upon my murderers. Be sure, now, ye warriors of the Natchez, that I will do as I have said. I have harmed ye not."

The red warriors were perplexed, and for some moments they whispered together in their own tongue. Then Stung Serpent approached his prisoner and took him by the hand, and having gazed awhile into his face, he said:

"Do you believe Stung Serpent would speak a falsehood?"

"I do not," was White Hand's immediate answer.

"Then listen to me. If I spare your life, I must speak falsehood, for I promised that you should not live."

"To whom did you make such a promise?" the youth asked.

"Never mind. Such a promise I made. But I have no desire to keep it, now that you will not carry the message we ask you to, save for mine honor."

"Honor! And can the noblest warrior of all the Little Suns of the Natchez find honor in taking the life of one who never harmed him?"

"Not in that—not in that. Yet I gave my word."

Thus speaking, the old warrior walked slowly to the other end of the temple, and then came back again, and when he stopped, a ray of light had shot athwart his dusky features.

"White Hand," he said, speaking more deeply than before, "can I know that thou wilt not speak falsehood to me—that if I have a promise from thee I may rest assured it will be most sacredly kept?"

"Ay—upon my life!" replied the prisoner, bowing low.

"Then if I spare thee now, wilt thou swear not to reveal thyself to any white person who shall come hither to our village, and that thou wilt not leave our village, save with my consent? Shall I have this promise from thee?"

The youth hesitated not an instant; but the promise was given quickly and distinctly.

"Then come with me now, and in time thou shalt see me again. But remember, thy promise is given on thy life, and Stung Serpent trusts thee. Not another man of all thy people could have moved the Natchez prince as thou hast."

Thus speaking, Stung Serpent stalked from the temple, and the old man took White Hand again by the arm and led him forth. Once more he was conducted to the prison, and without a word, the old Indian pushed him in, and then locked the door upon him.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COMPACT.

Alone the prisoner remained until noon, and then his dinner was brought by an Indian whom he had not before seen. He asked no questions, but allowed the messenger to go and come in silence. An hour afterwards the door was again opened, and this time the light, airy form of the princess Coqualla entered the prison. White Hand immediately arose and moved towards her.

"My white brother is safe, and Coqualla is glad," the princess uttered, as she took the proffered hand.

"Ah, fair princess!" exclaimed the youth, with some sadness in his tone; "but how long shall I be safe?"

"As long as you wish. But listen. The Natchez speak plainly when they have anything to say, for they would be quickly understood. My father has promised to kill thee, and in one way alone can he forego his pledge. He will not kill his own son-in-law."

The dusky princess trembled as she spoke, and her head was bowed. But White Hand understood her. He gazed a few moments upon her downcast face, and he wondered at her extreme beauty. She was dark, but the youth had seen faces in his own land much darker, but never had seen a smoother, fairer skin, nor features more faultlessly regular and beautiful. He started at her words, but it was with a strange, thrilling start, and a troubled, perplexed look worked upon his face.

"Coqualla," he said, "thou art the only daughter of thy father?"

"Thou speakest truth," was her reply.

"And will thy father give me to thee for a husband?"

"He will."

"And how is thy wish?"

"Like my father's. He loves thee, for thou hast touched his heart. Last night I heard him say thou wast the first uncomplaining, noble white man he had ever seen full of pain and sorrow. I love thee, too, and can always love thee and be true."

White Hand started across the prison, and his head was bowed in deep thought. At length he stopped and took Coqualla by the hand, and led her to where the ground rolled up into a little knoll, and here he sat down and drew the princess to his side.

"Coqualla," he whispered, "speak to me truly, now, and let not a thought of me retain your words, or mould them to smoothness of utterance. You would marry me. Is it for love of me, or only to save my life?"

"Both," answered the fair girl. "But were thy life all thine own, and I thought that the asking would bring thee to me for ever, I'd ask thee on my knees."

A little while the youth held the hand of the princess, and gazed into her large, dark eyes, and then he spoke. His words were low and earnest, and Coqualla listened in silence. He went on, and spoke more freely, but still in a whisper, and when he had done, the princess placed her arms about his neck and wept. He, too, wound his arms about the lithe form of his companion, and pressed her to his bosom; and from that moment their loves were reciprocal.

Coqualla hurried away from the prison, and when she returned, she brought with her the dress of a Little Sun of the Natchez, and an earthen bottle. White Hand was soon arrayed in the Indian garb, and then the princess proceeded to bathe his face and arms and legs with a fluid that was contained in the bottle. It was a preparation of the outer covering of the hickory nut, and some peculiar root, which gave the color of the red man's skin.

Thus arrayed and metamorphosed, Coqualla took her lover by the hand and led him forth. Not far from the temple was the house of Stung Serpent. It was, like all the other dwellings, of an oblong form, the walls built of rough timber, made tight by a cement formed of clay and Spanish moss, with a roof of reeds and vines very skilfully interwoven upon a frame, and made tight by the same kind of cement that formed the walls. The entrance was an aperture about four feet square in the front of the structure, and this was also the only place where light and air were admitted. To this house White Hand was led, and when he entered, he found that not only were all of Stung Serpent's family present, but also the Great Sun and his wives.

Coqualla blushed and hung down her head when she saw the people gazing upon her, and her companion trembled violently. But they were not left long in suspense. Stung Serpent was absent; but the Great Sun stepped down from the elevated seat that he occupied, and from one of the attendants he took a bow and an arrow, and a crown of feathers, to which was affixed an oak twig. The latter he placed upon White Hand's head, and the weapons he placed in his hand. Then to Coqualla the old chief gave a laurel twig and an ear of corn.

"My son," then spoke the Great Sun, in a solemn and impressive tone, "I, as the eldest male relative of the bride, do now bestow her upon thee. Thou hast been crowned with the plumage of the soaring bird, which signifieth the power of command you shall exercise in the household. The twig of oak tells us that the depth of no forest can prevent thee from procuring food in times of need; while the bow and arrow in thy hand signifieth that even unto death thou wilt protect her who is now given unto thee for a wife." Then the Great Sun turned to the bride: "Coqualla, in

*The Natchez believed that they were once a low and degraded people, and that a man and woman descended from the sun to teach them. These two people were like themselves, save that they were pure and lovely, and dazzled the eyes of all beholders, and for many years they ruled over the Natchez, and left children to rule after them. Among the religious rites which this descendant of the sun established and enforced upon the people, was the keeping alive of the *sacred fire*. There were two temples, one at each end of the domain, and in each was an altar, upon which this fire must be kept burning. For this purpose faithful warriors were appointed to watch it night and day, and should the fire by accident go out in one temple, it could only be re-lighted by fire from the other; and should both go out, the Great Spirit would send some heavy calamity upon them. The present race of Suns were descendants from this original man and woman, and the blood must be kept up through the female line, the descendants of the women only being of the royal blood. Thus the daughters of the Great Sun would beget royal offspring, but the sons' children would only be of the common herd. If the Great Sun himself had no female children, then the descent must come from the eldest daughter of his brother. All the royal males, such as brothers and children of the Great Sun, male children of his daughters and sisters, and male children of his nieces, were called Little Suns.

thy hand thon holdest the twig of laurel—the emblem of purity. So wilt thou ever remain pure and unsullied, that the green laurel may be no more pure than art thou. The ear of corn thou hast also assumed. Never let thy household want for food whilst thou art thus provided."

Then the chieftain resumed his seat, and the same old man who had led White Hand to the temple, stepped forward and delivered a sort of sermon, after which the couple were hailed as man and wife. In the midst of these rejoicings, the entrance to the house was darkened, and in a moment more, Stung Serpent stood within the place. He looked upon White Hand, and his brow darkened, but a close observer could have seen that the look was assumed.

"Who hath done this?" he demanded, in a loud tone, which made White Hand quake, for he thought it was meant in earnest.

"I, my brother," answered the Great Sun. "They loved each other well, and I gave thy child away."

Stung Serpent bowed his head a few moments, and when he looked up again, his brow was clear.

"Then my promise is made void," he said; "for no man can harm the husband of bis child. White Hand, thou art safe with us; *but remember thine oath!*"

"The husband of thy child will not break his promise," spoke the White Hand, solemnly.

"It is well. I am in season for the festivities."

And thereupon the festivities commenced, and they were kept up till late in the evening, and then the newly married couple were conducted to a dwelling that the king himself gave them. It was just back of the house of Stung Serpent, and was within the line of the great circle of dwellings, bnt its post of honor was marked by its nearness to the abode of the Great Sun.

After the newly married pair had been conducted to their dwelling, the youth felt a hand upon his arm, and on turning, he saw the Great Sun.

"White Hand," he said, "follow me, for the Great Sun of the Natchez has much to say to thee."

Full of wonder, the youth followed the king from the place, but he did not fear, for there was only kindness in the tones of the monarch. On they went until they reached a gigantic oak that stood in the very centre of the village, and here the Great Snn stopped.

"White Hand," he said, in a low, solemn tone, "thou hast sworn to my brother that thou wilt not betray thyself to thy countrymen, nor leave the village of the White Apple without onr consent. Only six miles from here is the fort and village of the white man; so thon seest how great is the trnst we repose in thee."

"Yet I will not break my word," said the youth, while a spirit of awe crept over him. There was something grand and sublime in the scene about him, and he could not shake off the impression that a sort of mystic fate was being worked out in all this. The heavens were without a cloud, and the myriad stars were twinkling like tiny eyes of fire away off in the dark vault. The broad, smooth plain stretched off like a mystic lake, while the hnts of the Natchez were dimly visible in the great circle.

"White Hand," resumed the dark monarch, "I do not think that the Great Spirit of our people is the same God that made the white man. The country away beyond the great salt lake, they tell me, is full of white men, and yonr God has given them laws not like our laws. They pray to their God for vengeance on the Natchez, and the dread vengeance comes. Like the swift storm at night, and like the bonnd of the beast of prey, it comes npon us. My son, tbou canst pray?"

"Yes," murmured the yonth.

"Then wilt thou not pray for the Natchez? Wilt thon not pray that He will send no more calamities npon us? Thon art good, and true, and noble. What sayest thon?"

A strange truth now flashed npon the youth's mind. The Indians, in their simple dread of the white man's God, had believed that if they could possess one of the true worshippers of that God, and persuade him to intercede for them, the calamities that resulted from the prayers of their enemies might be averted. Yet White Hand did not wonder, for he knew how simple were the ideas that the red men entertained of their own Deity, and, of course, they supposed that the Christian's God could be influenced in the same simple manner. And, moreover, he knew that the Indians had often heard the monks praying, and when he remembered how direct and common were the appeals tbns made, he did not question the influence it mnst have upon those who were wont to regard Deity as a being to be propitiated with gifts and onter show. The youth's first thonght was to try and correct the error into which the chief had fallen; but when he came to reflect that in snch a work he should have to nproot the prejudices of a lifetime, he resolved to do as was asked of him.

"Great and mighty king," said tbe youth in a tone that gave evidence of his truth, "I think God will answer my prayers as quickly as those of any of my people, and so far as the Natchez are in the right, will I pray for them."

"And thou wilt tell him all the wrongs we suffer, and all the indignities that are heaped npon us?"

"I will," replied White Hand.

"Then thou shalt be the well-beloved of the Natchez. Let us return now, and as we go, I will tell thee more. The white chief at Rosalie is called Chopart. He is a bad man, and a liar. I dare not tell thee all the evil he has done. Bnt he has robbed us of our cattle, and we can have no redress. He has encroached upon onr lands, and we cannot drive him off. He has seized npon our women, and made them slaves. But O! the day of reckoning mnst come. Beware, my son, that thou lettest not thy sympathy run with these bad men, for the hour is nigh at hand—the hour of vengeance and retribution!"

The king spoke no more, only to bid White Hand good-night when they reached the dwelling, and soon the youth was with his princess. Truly his situation was a strange one, and that night he prayed long and fervently, but he dared not let his wife know all his prayer.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OTHER CAPTIVE.

On the very evening that White Hand reached the village of the White Apple, a party of Chickasaws stepped upon the northern shore of Lake Pontchartrain. They were ten in number, and with them was a prisoner, who now reclined against a small hickory tree. Surely there is no difficulty in recognizing the features of Louise St. Julien in that pale face; but she has grown thin and wan even in so short a time. Her silken gown is torn and soiled by the thorns and bushes through which she has been led, and the thin shoes are worn through till the feet have become sore and bleeding; for the way she has come has been a hard one, and many a sharp bramble has bestrewn the path. But she rests now. The flames dart up from a fire near at hand, at which the red men are cooking some meat; but the poor prisoner wants none of it. Sick and faint, she sinks down upon the soft mossy bed at the foot of the tree, and ere long all her dangers and troubles are forgotten in sleep. The red men come to her when the meal is prepared, but they see how soundly she sleeps, and they will not awaken her; so they eat their food alone.

The fair prisoner sleeps on, ever and anon starting up with frightful dreams, until at length, when the night is far spent, she is aroused by strange sounds near at hand, amid which she can distinguish the clash of arms and the hum of angry voices. The idea of escape breaks upon her mind, and she starts up. A moment she gazes around, and she sees men in conference abont her, with weapons drawn, and voices raised as if in anger. She moves only a step, and a hand is laid upon her shoulder. A stout Chickasaw holds her fast, and tells ber she cannot escape. In a moment more the Chickasaw is pushed rudely aside, and Louise looks up into the moon-lit face of Simon Lobois!

"Ha!" he cries, with well-assumed astonishment, "and was my suspicion correct? Have I found my beloved thus dragged away by ruthless savages? Early this morning a runner brought tbe news to New Orleans that a white girl was being carried off by the Chickasaws, and that their trail bent towards the great lake. A mystic voice whispered thy name in my ear. Why it was I know not; but I started, and I have found thee. Look up, sweet Louise, for thou art safe. Thou art rescued!"

The maiden's first emotion seemed to be to shrink from the white man, but in a moment more she gave him her hand.

"And am I free from these savages?" she asked, gazing first into Simon's face, and then upon the motley crew about her.

"Ay, thon art, Louise. Do you not see that they are all quelled? Heaven must have directed me to this spot. Fear no more, for thou shalt be safe with me."

Under any other circumstances, Louise might have been frantic with joy at such salutation, but now she was moved by so many conflicting doubts that the coming of the rescuers seemed to move her but little. By the bright moonlight she could see the crew about her, and they did not look like deadly enemies. No one was wounded, nor did any one appear to be hurt. To be sure, there had been the sound of strife, but it may have only been a mock battle after all. At any rate, so ran the maiden's thoughts, though she kept them to herself.

"Come," continued Simon, after waiting some moments for an answer that he did not receive,—"come with me now. The savages will not dare to harm you more, nor will they dare molest us."

Louise suffered herself to be led to the shore of the lake, and there she fonnd two boats in waiting. She had been seated in one of them, when the chief of the Chickasaw party came down and called Simon back. A bitter smile stole over the maiden's face as she saw this, and her suspicions were well confirmed when she saw Lobois follow the red man up the bank. But the cousin returned in a few moments, and having seated himself by the side of Louise, the boats were manned and shoved off.

"The red dog wanted me to promise that I would not expose his crime to the governor," said Simon, after the boats had got well into the lake. "By my soul, I would have made them all prisoners, only that I feared yon might be harmed in tbe melee. Yon did not notice how we came npon them, and what first occurred, did you?" Simon gazed sharply into his companion's face as he thus spoke, as though he would read any suspicion she might hold.

"I saw nothing until I was grasped by the shonlder," she trnthfully replied, "for I was sonnd asleep when yon came."

"So I thonght. But I will explain: One of the men who accompanied me knew the various trails that lead to the lake, and he guided ns bere. We landed, and we found the Indians asleep, all save one; but they were npon their feet by the time we were up with tbem, and I saw that some of them had guns. At that moment I espied you asleep upon the ground. In an instant I forbade my men to fire, for I feared you might be hit. I told the leader of the Indians that he was discovered, and that if he did not give me up his prisoner, I wonld bave the whole French force down upon his people before another sun had set. And I furthermore told him that if he would quietly deliver np the maiden, we wonld not harm him. A scnffle ensued between some of the red men and two of my companions, but we quickly stopped it, and the Indians agreed to give you up if we would let them depart in peace. I consented, and—you know the rest. Was it not fortunate that I heard the report this morning?—and was it not very fortunate that Heaven wbispered to me that *you* might be the prisoner?"

"It was *very* fortnnate," retnrned Louise.

"And perhaps you think it was strange," added Simon. "But yet I had some ground for the fear. The runner told me that the Indians were on the Tickfah trail, and I could think of no place from whence they could have brought a yonng white maiden captive in that direction save from the estate of onr father. I say *our* father, for surely he has been a father to me. The more I thought of the matter, the more confirmed my fears became. A French ship lay in the river, and I easily hired some of her men to come with me, as you see. O, Louise, do you realize how great is the blessing thus fallen npon yon? What must have been your fate had I not found you as I did?"

But the maiden did not reply. She was thinking how flimsy and improbable was the story her companion had told, and she wondered if he thought her such a simpleton as to believe all he said.

"Do you realize what a fate must have been yours?" Simon urged. "A death of torture, or a life of misery and shame!"

"I know the Indians are sometimes revengeful, but I do not think they would have murdered a defenceless girl," said Louise.

"Ah, you do not know them. You do not know these Chickasaws. They are monsters of cruelty!"

"And yet they have been very kind to me."

"Kind, Louise? Then why are you so pale and wan?—and why so feeble?"

"Because I am not well. I am sick. Last night I had a severe fever, but my captors prepared some medicine from roots that they fonnd in the earth, and it relieved me at once."

"Ah, that was but to hold you up on your journey. But you are sick, even now. Let me fix a place for repose."

Simon spread a blanket upon the boat's bottom in the sternsheets, and fixed it so that Louise could lay her head upon one of the thwarts, and when this was fixed, she availed herself of the opportunity for rest thus afforded, for she was in trnth sick and faint, and her head ached. It was not all the resnlt of mere fatigue or fright, hut disease had absolutely fastened upon her—a slight cold, perhaps, at first, but now verging to a fever.

Yet Louise slept, and when she awoke, she found the sun shining down full upon her, and the boat had reached the southern shore. She was assisted to land, but she could not walk. However, horses were at hand, and when she was seated in the saddle, the party started across the land towards New Orleans, which they reached before noon. But it was not the New Orleans of the present day. The place contained not more than a hnndred dwellings, and those were humble and primitive in form. The territory of the town had been laid ont into squares, sixty-six in number, of three hundred feet each. These sqnares were eleven in number upon the river, and six in depth; so that even then, with all the obstacles of the natural state of the land, its geographical position had marked it ont in the mind of its founder as the nucleus of a mighty city. And he was not wrong. His quick and comprehensive mind understood the advantages of the position in a commercial point of view, for he saw that here was the natural point between ocean and inland navigation. And now New Orleans, certainly the fonrth city in the world in commercial importance, stands a monnment of Bienville's sagacity and judgment. He alone of all the people then held upon this spot for the metropolis, and at length his commanding position enabled him to carry his point.

To a low, wooden house on Bourbon Street was Lonise conducted, and at her own request she was at once shown to a bed, and a physician sent for. An old negro woman, named Loppa, came to wait upon her, and in a little while the physician came. He was an old man, and well skilled in drugs. He examined the patient's pulse, her tongue, and asked numerous questions, and then announced that with care she might be well in a very few days.

During the rest of that day and the following night, Lonise saw no more of Simon Lobois. Her head ached much, bnt finally the old doctor's potions quieted the nervous action, and late in the evening she sank into a gentle slumber. On the following morning, she felt much better, so that the doctor smiled when he came. In three days from that time she was fairly recovered from her disease, though she was very weak, partly from the severe shock she had received, and partly from the effects of the medicines she had taken. At all events, the physician deemed it not necessary to call again, and only ordered now that his patient's diet shonld be strictly attended to.

As Lonise thns began to regain her strength, she wondered when Simon Lobois wonld take her home. She had asked him once, bnt had gained no direct answer.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MASK IS OFF.

Several times bad Lonise snggested to Loppa the idea of her looking ont about the town, bnt she had been informed that it wonld not be safe. The old negress was firm and nncompromising, bnt yet kind and considerate as far as her care of her charge's welfare was concerned. Lonise had made some examination of the house in which she was confined, and she was satisfied that she conld not escape from it without mnch labor and tronble. It was on the fifth day of her sojonrn there, towards the latter part of the afternoon, that she was aroused from a fit of deep thought by the entrance of Simon Lobois. He came in witb a warm smile npon his face, and after some remarks upon Lonise's improved looks, he took a seat by her side. She did not shrink from him, nor did she seem afraid of him, but with a keen gaze she fixed her deep blne eyes upon him.

"Sweet cousin," he said, in a tone of extreme softness, "why

was it ordered that I should be the one to save you from the jaws of ruin and death? Why was I singled out for your saviour?"

"Surely, Simon, it was because you, of all others, were in duty bound to save me," replied Louise.

"Ha! how so?" the cousin asked, with a slight start, but quickly recovering himself.

"Why, because to you my father gave me in charge. Because you have received a handsome salary for taking care of me."

"By my soul, I should say that you had shown an early disposition to throw off the yoke of my authority."

"Ah, how so?"

"Your own sense will tell you how," Simon responded, somewhat bitterly.

"O, I meant no play upon the past, my cousin. But then you are my near relative, you know,—and hence you ought to save me."

"And this is the gratitude you feel for the service I have done you."

"Now, Simon, you did not ask me how I felt. You only asked me why it was you were singled out to save me. Most truly, for all of good you have ever done me do I feel most duly grateful. For all your acts of kindness to me, you have my deep acknowledgment."

Lobois seemed for the moment non-plussed by the off-hand manner in which he was thus far met, but his forces were soon in order again, and he renewed the attack.

"Louise, you remember the conversation we once had in the study?"

"How could I ever forget it? Don't *you* remember it?"

"Ay—I do," returned Simon, his tone growing bitter again. "And you remember the questions I then asked you?"

"Perfectly, Simon. And you remember the answers I gave?" replied the gentle girl.

"Yes—I do remember them; I have remembered them ever since. And now let me assure you that I look upon this strange event as an opportunity granted by Heaven itself for me to ask those questions over again."

"Simon Lobois! Are you in earnest?"

"I am."

"And were not my answers on that occasion sufficiently plain?"

"They were for the then present time, but not for all coming time. A love such as mine cannot be cramped by the result of one interview. It has been cherished too long, and has become too deeply rooted. From one less loved I might have turned away under such a rebuff, but not from you. No, no, Louise; I have come now to ask that one question again. Remember now the debt you owe me; remember the double claim I now have,' said the cousin.

"*Double* claim, Simon?"

"Ay—a *double* claim. First, the claim resulting from the care I have held for you since early childhood; and, second, this last claim founded in the very saving of your life."

"It *was* curious that *you* should have been the one to save me—wasn't it?" said Louise, looking into her companion's face with an expression he could not analyze, though he tried hard to do so.

"It was," he replied.

"And that you should have landed just in that place, too?" pursued Louise, without removing her close gaze from her dark cousin's face.

"Yes—a—it was *providential*. But then I was led thither by one who knew that that was one of the principal trails."

"And was it not curious, also, that the Chickasaws should have taken that particular trail, thus leaving one that would have been many miles nearer for them?"

"A—a—nearer, Louise? Are you sure?"

"Most assuredly I am. Their village is on the banks of the Bogue, and they might have followed a direct trail."

"Then there—a—must have been a wonderful providence in it," said Simon, with much effort.

"And how strange that they should have camped directly by the boat landing, where the whites would be sure to come if they crossed the lake—wasn't it?—especially when we consider what a repute they have for shrewdness and cunning?"

Simon Lobois winced at this, and a perceptible tremor ran through his frame. But he recovered himself with an effort, in a few moments. Though still looking down to the floor, and seeming to be forming an answer to the last remark of Louise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A NEW ZEALAND WAR CHIEF, AND CARVED STERN OF A NEW ZEALAND CANOE.

A NEW ZEALAND CHIEFTAIN.

The "portrait of a gentleman" on this page is sketched from the life. The subject is a Maori chief of distinction, certainly a *marked* man, for his countenance is tattooed in the very highest style of savage. Graceful wrinkles adorn his warlike front, and elaborate "curly cues" his swarthy cheeks. He is doubtless the Magnus Apollo of his tribe, and is, of course, looked up to like the "god of the silver bow," by the adoring Greeks. The stern of his war canoe is really carved and decorated with great elegance, and is a curious specimen of the arts and tastes of the New Zealanders. In the distance is a sketch of one of these war-galleys fully manned, showing its proportions. The two islands of New Zealand, discovered by the Dutch navigator, Tasman, in 1642, have been the seat of an active commerce, while the efforts of the missionaries in Christianizing and civilizing the natives have been attended with much success. The language of the New Zealanders, is radically the same with that spoken in the Sandwich Islands. The New Zealanders are remarkable for their energy and self-denial in the pursuit of distant advantages; and their discernment in appreciating the benefit of civilization is also equally striking. The use of fire-arms has become general among them, and they have carried on the whale fishery in their canoes very successfully. They are not bad farmers, and are very expert in weaving. The dress of both sexes is the same, and consists of an inner coat or tunic, fastened by a girdle round the waist, as shown in the figure of the chief in our engraving. To these they add a sort of cloak woven of flax. The practice of tattooing is common, though not universal. They are generally tall, strong, active and well-shaped, with straight hair and brown complexions. They are fond of war, and in the perpetual warfare waged by the different tribes against each other, exhibit the most revolting ferocity. They devour the flesh of captives made in battle, and even eat their own slaves when pressed by hunger, or urged by appetite. It has been stated that this cannibalism is a superstitious observance; but those best acquainted with them, affirm that it is the result of a positive craving for human flesh. A New Zealand chieftain speaking to a missionary of one of his brother preachers, said, in his acquired English, that he was a good man. "You know him, then?" said the missionary. "Know him!" echoed the chieftain. "Maybe me know him—me *eat* him! Ah, he was good!" Their chiefs are hereditary, and of different ranks, forming, with their connections, a kind of aristocracy, the principal members of which enjoy different degrees of authority; but the power of the principal chief of the tribe is absolute; and the great body of the people are in a state of slavery, and at the entire disposal of their masters, who put them to death on the slightest occasion, or from mere caprice. They live upon the roots of the fern, which grows throughout New Zealand abundantly, and attains a large size, and on potatoes cultivated by the slaves. We are told by Mr. Taylor, a missionary in New Zealand, that there is no such thing among the Maori as a marriage ceremony. The ancient and most general way of obtaining a wife was for the gentleman to summon his friends, and make a regular *taua*, or fight, to carry off the lady by force, and oftentimes with great violence. Even when a girl was bestowed in marriage by her parents, frequently some distant relatives would feel aggrieved, and fancy they had a greater right to her, as a wife of one of their tribe; or, if the girl had eloped with some one on whom she had placed her affections, then her father or brothers would refuse their consent, and in either case would carry a taua against the husband and his friends, to regain possession of the girl either by persuasion or force. If confined in a house, they would pull it down; and if they gained access, then a fearful contest would ensue. The unfortunate female, thus placed between the two contending parties, would be seized by her head, hair, or limbs, and as those who contended for her became tired with the struggle, fresh combatants would supply their places from the rear, climbing over the shoulders of their friends, and so edge themselves into the mass immediately round the woman, whose cries and shrieks would be unheeded by her savage friends. In this way the poor creature was often nearly torn to pieces. The savage contests sometimes ended in the strongest party bearing off in triumph the person of the bride; in some cases, after a long season of suffering, she recovered, to be given to a person for whom she had no affection; in others, to die within a few hours or days from the injuries she had received. But it was not uncommon for the weaker party, when they found they could not prevail, for one of them to put an end to the contest by suddenly plunging his spear into the woman's bosom, to hinder her from becoming the property of another. Even in the case when all was agreeable, it was still customary for the bridegroom to go with a party, and appear to take her away by force, her friends yielding her up after a feigned struggle. A few days afterwards, the parents of the lady, with all her relatives, came to the bridegroom for his pretended abduction. After much speaking and apparent anger, the bridegroom generally made a handsome present of fine mats, etc., giving the party an abundant feast. But while condemning their brutality, we must not forget that William of Normandy, from whom the proudest of England's peerage boast their descent, wooed his bride by knocking her down and beating her. As to the New Zealanders, by the labors of the missionaries, many have been converted to Christianity, and consequently the former practices of polygamy and cannibalism have, in a good measure, been abolished by them.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY NATIVE VALE.

BY ORVILLE PEARSSE.

I know a lovely little valley,
Shut in by lofty, wooded hills,
Where love the sunbeams bright to dally
Mid nodding groves and babbling rills.
Where all day long each feathered singer
Vies with his mate in melody,
And happiness and pleasure linger
Forever there, secure for me.

Though far in distant climes a ranger,
In days to come I long may be,
The joys and pleasures of the stranger
Can ne'er have lasting charms for me.
Nor wealth nor honors may dissever
My soul from thee; with joy I'll hail
Thy pleasant scenes, and dwell forever
In thee, my own, my native vale.

[Translated from the German for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WALPURGIS NIGHT.

BY ALICE MAY.

One spring, about the year 18—, business called me to Prague. In spite of the many amusements which the city afforded, I could not help wishing that the time of my return, which my wife had been expecting for seven weeks, would speedily come. We had never been separated so long before, since our marriage. True, Fanny wrote to me every week regularly, but the tender love which her letters expressed and the sorrow at my absence, were but oil to the fire. Every day I wished Prague four and twenty miles to the north of me. Glad enough was I when my business was finished. I bade good-by to my few friends and acquaintances, told my host to give me his bill, and determined to set out the very next day. Early the next morning my host appeared according to orders, with a good heavy bill. I hadn't money enough in my purse for this and my travelling expenses both, so I determined to cash a draft. I felt for my pocket-book, but it wasn't in its usual place. I now became alarmed, for it contained more than fourteen hundred thalers. I examined every corner of the room, but it was nowhere to be found.

It was soon evident that my pocket-book was either lost or stolen. I was sure that I had it the day before, and I remembered putting it back then into my breast-pocket, where I usually kept it. I could have sworn I felt it when I undressed the night before. It contained all Fanny's letters and all my valuable papers which the holder could change into gold and silver at any moment. As I was in this state of mind, a person passed my window whom I had seen a few days before at a coffee-house, whose appearance was very repugnant. As I saw his peculiar red coat a shiver ran through me involuntarily, but I thought: "I don't care who I see, if I can only get my papers again." There soon came a knock at my chamber door. As I stepped forward I couldn't help thinking of that strange red-coated man, but when I opened the door I couldn't resist a cry of surprise at the sight of that very individual, who, with a low bow, walked coolly into the room.

I must tell you where I first saw this man. I strolled into a coffee-house one night to see the evening papers. Two men were playing chess. Some young fellows sat in a window discussing ghost stories and apparitions. A little old man in a red coat was walking up and down the room. I ordered a bottle of wine and sat down to read. Soon this man occupied my attention so much that I forgot my paper—there was something repulsive in his features, his dress, his very manner. He was rather under than over the middle size, though broad-shouldered and firmly built, and was apparently about fifty, though his head was bent like an old man. His thick, black hair and yellow complexion, with a hooked nose and projecting cheek-bones, made his face peculiarly disagreeable. His eye had a strange glitter expressive of no human feeling, and I thought, as I looked at him: "You were born a hangman or inquisitor, or to head a band of robbers, or to be a gipsey king. For the sake of a jest you could set a city on fire or murder children; and now I wouldn't be alone with you in the forest. You have never laughed in your life."

But I was mistaken. He could laugh. He overheard the conversation of the young people in the window and laughed. But what a laugh! A cold shiver ran through me. I couldn't resist looking at his feet. One foot was well formed, but the other was a clump foot. I forgot my paper entirely, though I still held it before me, glancing over the top to see this singular form. As he passed the chess table, one of the chess players said exultingly, to his adversary:

"You are lost now!"

The red coat paused, looked for a moment at the table, and said to the speaker: "You are mistaken. You will be checkmate yourself at the third move."

The supposed victor laughed triumphantly. His opponent shook his head in despair, but at the third move the first speaker became checkmate.

While the players began their game again, one of the party in the window said:

"You are laughing at what we say, sir, and that tells me you support the opposite opinion. Have you read Schelling?"

"Yes, indeed," said the little man.

"And what do you say to him?"

"The blind lead the blind, and the deaf dispute about tones in music. Alexander wanted to build a bridge to the moon to conquer it, and your philosophers, not finding anything to suit them in reason, become unreasonable."

The young men began to answer, but he took up his hat and disappeared.

I could not forget this singular form, though I had never seen him since, except in dreams. Now he unexpectedly stood in my very chamber.

"Your pardon, if I interrupt you," he said. "Have I the honor to speak to Herr Robert?"

"I am he," I replied.

"How can you prove that?"

A strange question, thought I. Perhaps he is a spy. A letter directed to me lay on the table. I showed it to him.

"But that name is found everywhere. Give me some better proof. I have some business with you."

"Pardon me," said I. "I cannot attend to business now. I am just starting on a journey, and have a thousand things to do. I think, too, you mistake me, for I am neither a politician nor a merchant."

He measured me from head to foot, and said: "So?" He then remained silent for a time, and turned as if to go away, but suddenly resumed:

"Have you not just had business in Prague? Is not your brother on the point of becoming a bankrupt?"

My cheeks must have turned fiery red, for I thought this secret was known to no one but my brother and myself. He laughed his demoniacal laugh.

"Sir," said I, "you are mistaken again. I have several brothers, but none of them is bankrupt."

He did not seem to notice my evasion, but repeated that singular "So?"

"Sir," said I, with some hesitation, for I feared he would see through me as he had the game of chess, and I was annoyed that any one even suspected my brother's situation, "you are evidently mistaken in the person, and I must beg you to leave me now, for I have no time to lose."

"One moment," said he; "you appear disturbed. Has anything occurred to trouble you? It is true I do not live in Prague, and have not been here before for twelve years, but I may be able to assist you. You have the face of an honorable man. Do you need money?"

He laughed again, or rather grinned, as if he would buy my soul. I wished nothing more to do with him, and said, curtly:

"No. But since you so generously offer it, may I ask your name?"

"It is of no importance to you," he said. "It has nothing to do with this affair. But I am a *man-devil* [Mannteuffel]. Have you any more faith in me now?"

"A man-devil!" I repeated, becoming so strangely confused that I knew neither what to say, nor whether the whole affair were jest or earnest. Just then there came a knock at the door, and the servant handed me a letter.

"Read it," said my strange companion. "It comes doubtless from your dear Fanny."

I was more confused than ever.

"Do you know now who I am?" said he.

I was on the point of answering: "I believe you are Satan himself, and have come after my soul," but I remained silent.

"Your way lies through Eger," said he. "So does mine. Will you take a seat in my carriage to-morrow?"

I thanked him, but said I had engaged a place by the post. He looked disturbed, but finally said:

"I must see your lovely Fanny, and your little Leopold and Auguste. Cannot you guess now who I am? I would willingly do you a service."

"Well," said I, "if you *are* a sorcerer, I have lost my pocket-book, and where shall I find it?"

"Pooh! what matter is a pocket-book? What use?"

"It contained important papers and more than five hundred thalers in money. What measures shall I take if it is lost, and what if it is stolen?"

"What sort of a thing was it?"

"Of green silk, with my name embroidered on it in flowers. My wife made it."

"You seem to care more for the outside than for what it contains!" said he. "But what will you give me if I find it?"

At these words he looked at me as strangely and searchingly as if he expected me to answer, "I will give you my soul," but as I remained silent, he put his hand in his pocket and drew forth my missing treasure.

"There it is," said he, drily.

I was beside myself with astonishment. I examined and found that nothing was lost.

"Where did you get it?" I exclaimed.

"I found it on the bridge of Woldau, at four o'clock, yesterday."

I remembered having taken it out just at that hour.

"Probably at the moment you dropped it," he continued, "but I could not tell whether it belonged to a person before or behind me, on foot, or on horseback. I therefore examined the contents and thus learned your name and address, and gained some knowledge of your circumstances. I came here yesterday evening, but you were out."

"What mistakes we make in physiognomy," thought I. I could have embraced my man-devil, and I made him the most friendly speeches, for my joy was proportioned to my former vexation, but he would not listen to them.

"A good journey to you," he said, as he left the room, "and a greeting to your pretty Fanny. We shall meet again. Adieu!"

I had paid my reckoning and was just leaving the hotel with my servant, when the brother, on whose account I had come to Prague, came up the steps. We went back to my room, where I heard with joy that his failing fortunes had now changed. An important speculation had resulted well, and he had hastened to the city to arrange his affairs.

"But," said he, "now I am once safe, I have done with business. I shall invest my property and run no risk of being a millionaire one day, and a bankrupt the next. I have come here now to close up my concerns, and thank you for your kindness."

I was obliged to remain with him for some days longer, but at last he saw my impatience and my desire for home, and soon so arranged matters as to enable me to set out. All the way my thoughts would dwell on the little man in red. To be sure, I said to myself, he returned me my pocket-book, and he has never betrayed my brother's secret, so he must have some honor about him. But no. Nature never can write so illegibly on a human face as to leave such an expression to a good man. I gave free rein to my imagination as I lay back in the coach, and I wondered to myself if my new acquaintance might not be a very devil, who had assumed an appearance of honesty, merely to deceive me. But what temptation could he offer me, thought I? I want neither money nor lands, and I wouldn't change my little Fanny for the most beautiful woman in the world. I might like a throne for a few days, to give peace to the world, but as soon as I had done that, I should resign it. I want nothing, for I am happy.

I was two days and a night on my way. The second day I bribed the postilions to use their utmost speed, but the roads were almost impassable, and my impatience became every moment greater. It was now well-nigh a quarter of a year since I had seen my Fanny and my children. I trembled with joy when I thought that this very day I should have them in my arms.

It is true Fanny was not my first love. I had had one before her, a certain Julia, from whom I had been separated by the pride of her parents. Julia and I swore eternal fidelity to one another when we parted, but the world knows what that too often means. Julia became the Countess Starostin, and I—saw Fanny. My love for Fanny was nobler and purer. Julia was only the divinity of my fancy. Fanny was the beloved of my heart.

The clock was striking one as we drove into the sleeping city. I left my servant at the post-house with our baggage, determined to return thither myself if my household were asleep, and bent my steps toward the suburb where I could already see my beloved home shaded by the walnut trees and gleaming in the moonlight. They were all sleeping. All was silent as the grave, and I would not rouse any one. The door of a garden house I had lately built stood open. I entered, and there lay my wife's work on the table. My children's toys, too, were scattered about. Even these slight tokens of their presence gave me indescribable pleasure. I stretched myself on a sofa and determined to pass the mild summer night there, for any bed is soft to a man who hasn't closed his eyes for more than forty hours. But scarcely had I established myself there, when the garden gate swung on its hinges with a loud creak. I started up, fearing robbers; but to my inexpressible astonishment there stood—my little friend in red.

"Where, in the name of Heaven, did you come from?" I exclaimed.

"From Prague," he replied, coolly, "and I am going back again in half an hour. I meant to keep my word, and take a look at you and your wife. Your servant told me you were gone home, and I followed you. You surely do not mean to pass the night in this damp place. You will make yourself ill."

I went into the garden with him, unable to prevent a cold shiver, though I tried to laugh at my fears. My companion's features were even more terrible by moonlight than they had been by the glare of day.

"You terrified me," said I, at length, determined to break this fearful silence. "How did you know I was out here? You must be omniscient."

He laughed maliciously, and said: "Now do you know who I am, and what I want?"

"No better than I did in Prague; but, jestingly, if you wont be offended, the idea occurs to me you may be the devil!"

He laughed again, and said: "If so, will you make common cause with me?"

"My happiness is complete now, sir devil," said I; "so you must bid high if you want me."

"Oho!" said he, "that was the way once when men believed in the devil, and took measures against him, but now they can be got dog-cheap."

"I hope that isn't the case with me," I replied, "though I do hold Beelzebub for a tradition."

"That's just the insolent certainty of you mortals—pardon me for assuming the character you have just given me—which gets the infernal regions more recruits than a whole legion of sergeants could, in Satan's uniform. Since men have begun to consider eternity a problem, and hell a fable, to call profligacy a charming weakness, and jumble virtues and vices, or rather disbelieve in crime and sin, we have no more trouble in catching you, for you come of yourselves. The best only is strong till the trial comes."

"Spoken like a devil," said I.

"Just so," said he, with the old laugh. "When truth was holy, Satan was the father of lies, but it is all changed now, for the devil is the opposite of men."

"Then you are no opponent of mine, for I agree with you entirely."

"Then you belong to me *entirely*," said he, with the old laugh, "for give me a hair and I'll have your head. But come, it is cold out here. I am going to Prague, my carriage is harnessed."

I accompanied him to the hotel and there stood his horses.

"Come and take a glass of punch with me," said he. "I ordered it before I started from here."

I accepted the invitation, and we sat down in the well-warmed and comfortable hall. While we drank, another traveller—an old, thin man—walked up and down, sunk in deep thought. Baggage lay about, and on a chair a bonnet and shawl and a woman's gloves. The stranger said to a servant who was passing:

"Tell my wife when she comes, that I have gone to bed. We start early in the morning." And with these last words he left the room. I determined to take a bed there too for the night.

It now became necessary for my companion to go, but he said, as he jumped into his carriage: "We shall meet again."

When I returned to the hall, a lady stood there with the shawl, bonnet and gloves. She turned toward me and I saw the well known features of my once loved Julia, no less terrified than I.

"For Heaven's sake, Robert, is it you or your spirit?"

"Julia!" I stammered, and in a moment we were almost involuntarily buried in one another's arms.

She quickly recovered herself, however, and said: "Come into the next room with me. We have much to say to each other."

We sat down together, and from the manner in which she recurred to memories of the past, I inferred that she was not happy with Count Starostin. We were busily engaged in conversation, and time passed almost unconsciously to us, when suddenly the door opened and the tall, thin old man whom I had previously seen entered. We started up as if convicted, before him. For a moment he was silent and pale as death; then, seizing Julia, he shook her violently, exclaiming, "Traitress!" I attempted to release her, but he thrust me back. I sprang forward again; and he let her go and turned to me, saying: "If you will have it then!"

I seized a knife from the table near by, but quick as thought he grasped my throat in his iron hands. I lost breath, and threw my arms wildly about. Suddenly he fell back. My knife had reached his heart. Julia threw herself weeping upon him. I was almost frantic. The noise had awakened the people of the house. I heard a great commotion and several voices. Flight alone was left to me. Seizing a lamp to light my way, I found the main entrance was securely fastened; I turned back to a small door opening into the court-yard. I heard footsteps and voices behind me. I rushed into a barn, out of which I knew a way into the country. Some one seized my coat. I tore away from him and thrust my candle into a stack of hay. Flames shot suddenly up, and in the confusion I escaped. The impulse of self-preservation drove me blindly on, but when the maddening thought pressed on me of what I had been yesterday and what I was to-day, I could not believe it possible. But the cool morning wind and my blood-stained clothes convinced me only too well.

Dripping with sweat, breathless and exhausted, I could scarcely move, and every few moments I was forced to pause to gain strength to proceed. I reached a village some distance from the town. I was hesitating whether to go round or go boldly through it, for the sun had not yet risen, when the church bells struck. It was an alarm peal. Every stroke pierced through me. I turned; the sky was covered with a red glow, and in the distance I saw tongues of flame leaping up from the burning city. And I—I had done all this. What a terrible awakening had I prepared for my wife and children! New strength animated me at this fearful sight, and I fled round the hamlet into a pine forest. When I reached the depths of the wood where I could no longer see that terrible light, in my anguish I dashed my head on the earth and tore up the grass and roots about me.

"O, the man-devil was right," said I; "the holiest of us only want opportunity to make us sinners. Give him a hair and he does get your whole head. What unhappy fate had sent Satan into my garden house? If I had not touched his punch I should not have seen Julia and forgotten my Fanny. Then I should not have murdered Starostin, I should not have lighted those flames; I should not be wandering abroad, a terror to myself, a curse to men."

The bells still rang incessantly, and I started up, hoping to get on somewhat further before daybreak. A sudden thought dashed me to the earth again in passionate anguish. It was my Fanny's birthday. How happy it had always been to me before. And now—I could not endure the thought. Suddenly I remembered it was Walpurgis night, when, according to the old tradition, evil spirits hold festival, and the devil collects his witches on the top of Black Mountain. The thought of the little man in red returned, and in my despair I wished he really were the devil, and would give me my beloved wife and children, that I might dwell with them in solitude, in exchange for that soul which he had jestingly called his own.

But the bells still rang, and the gray morning light began to appear. I rose and continued my flight till I reached the high-road. Here I took breath again. I heard a carriage approaching and hastily concealed myself, yet I could still see the road. It was a light travelling wagon with a span of horses, and contained several travellers. It was driven by one man, who gradually slackened the pace of his horses, and when he arrived opposite me, fairly stopped. He got out, examined the wagon on every side, and then turned into the woods. I thought to seize on the carriage while he was gone. One leap, and I had gained the road; another, and I was in the carriage. Catching the reins, I turned the horses' heads away from my burning home. But the owner heard the sound, and as I touched them with the whip he sprang from the wood to seize their bridles. I struck them again, for my life was in the balance. They reared and gave one leap forward. Their owner fell under their feet, and the wheels passed over him. His shriek pierced through me. It was a voice I had known and loved. I reined in the horses and saw—my only brother! I crept slowly out of the wagon and went up to him; he was dead, and I was his murderer! Twice in the same night had I taken life. My eyes filled with tears, not of sorrow, but of mad rage against Fate and Heaven. I had never before committed a great crime. I had prided myself on my love of the beautiful and true, and now—a mere chance, one moment of forgetfulness, had made me a miserable and degraded creature—another Cain.

The sound of voices again awoke an impulse of self-preservation conquering every other feeling, and I plunged back into the woods. I thought of my sorrowing wife and orphaned children, of my brother's inconsolable family. I saw before me the court of justice, the place of execution, the axe itself. I hated my own life.

Suddenly I determined to give myself up to justice. Then, before I died, I could at least arrange my affairs, and see my wife and children once more. I became now more composed, but I knew not whither to turn my steps, for in my distraction I had lost my way. But soon I came abruptly out on the open road, where lay a broken carriage, and to my horror, standing by it the well-known little man.

"Welcome," said he; "didn't I tell you we should meet again? I have been waiting for you all night. My servant has gone to the city for help, and will not be back for some time."

"He will find more to do there than here," said I, "for the whole city is in flames."

"Yes," rejoined he, "I saw the redness of the sky. Why are not you there?"

"I have something else to do."

"I thought so. Didn't I tell you of it before."

"Save me now," said I. "Since I saw you I have been a faithless husband, a homicide, a robber, a murderer of my own brother, and I have set fire to my native city. All within twelve hours. Yet I assure you I had no evil intention."

Then I repeated the adventures of the night. My companion remained quiet throughout, then said:

"Do you know who I am, and what I want from you?"

"My soul! my soul!" I cried; "for now I believe you are in truth what I once called you in jest."

"And that was?"

"Satan!"

"Then fall down and worship me!"

I knelt and raised my hands in supplication.

"Save me! Save my innocent wife and children! Let us go to some desert together, where even the remembrance of this night may be blotted out!"

As I paused he raised his clamp foot and struck me with it, saying, scornfully:

"Here is the pious, sensitive man! Here is the mortal boasting of his reason! Here is the philosopher who disbelieves in the devil! He is crowning his crimes with the adoration of Satan!"

"Now I know you, sir devil," said I. "No compassion can dwell in your breast. But you shall not have my soul! I can find peace in repentance."

He interrupted me—"I am no devil, but a man like yourself. You have been a villain, and now you are mad. I despise you. I do not want your soul. It is ready for Satan without his paying a thaler for it."

I stood before him completely overwhelmed. I cannot describe my emotions. Finally I said, in my despair:

"If you are not the devil, I only wish you were. Save me! save me! for you are guilty of my fate."

"That is always the way with men," he rejoined, contemptuously, "to accuse another."

"But if you had not come to me in the garden-house, this would not have happened to me."

"I did awake you, but I did not make you faithless. As well might the murderer lay the blame on the miner who dug out the ore for his knife."

"Why did you come to the garden-house and play the part of the devil, and say if a man only gave you a single hair you would make it a rope to get his whole head with?"

"And have you not proved my words? Your first misstep has brought all the rest upon you. One careless thought may in the end destroy a kingdom!"

I cried out in despair, for I saw the depths of my guilt.

"Yes," he went on, "I don't want to hear of your over-righteous people. Give 'em a chance and often they would be worse than anybody."

"Then," said I, "I may have some consolation in being no worse than the rest of the world."

"No," said he, gravely. "I will grant you half the world, but not the whole. I believe in greatness of soul more than you do, with all your boasted refinement. It is only people who don't believe in sin that I give to you."

"For Heaven's sake!" I cried, "save me, for time is passing. If I have been wicked, I may repent and become better."

"I can save you, but you are weak, and weakness is the foster-mother of all sin. You must first save yourself. Do you know who I am now, and what I want of you?"

"My good angel! my guardian spirit!" I cried, with joy.

"Then not in vain have I appeared in the garden. I warned you. Yet courage! Who has courage and faith in the divine has everything."

Then a strange feeling came over me. The red of his dress seemed like a glowing mist which hovered among the green trees. His hard features assumed a mild expression. He gradually faded from my sight, and my eyes closed. I knew not where I was and a mortal fear came over me, but a voice which seemed that of my former companion, whispered softly:

"Fear nothing more. I will save you. I have fulfilled your wishes."

"But my wife and children?" said I, anxiously.

"They are yours."

"But must I always keep in memory this fearful night?"

"It is gone already. Now I too, must leave you."

I felt a warm kiss on my lips. A strange sensation came over me. I heard steps, yet I saw no one. I tried to realize where I was. I seemed to be lying on something hard and uncomfortable. With an effort I opened my eyes and met—those of Fanny! It was her kiss that had aroused me from my fearful dream. I was in my own garden-house. The children clapped their hands when they saw I was awake, and climbed over the sofa, exclaiming:—"Papa! Papa! Good morning, papa!" Now my little Fanny began to reproach me for sleeping out there all night.

"And if Christopher hadn't come from the post-house and made such a commotion when he found you not here, we might never have known it even now," she added.

My dream still lay upon me with such dreadful weight I could not believe my eyes.

"And has Christopher just come from the post-house?" said I; "and has he been there all night?"

"Why, yes, you strange man," said Fanny, as she passed her soft hand over my cheeks. "He says you told him to. But why did you not wake us up?"

"Have you slept quietly all night?" said I, trembling with joy.

"To be sure," said she, laughing, "or shouldn't I have heard you coming in? You shouldn't have staid here, for don't you know it is 'Walpurgis Night,' when the fairies and elves are all flitting about?"

"Only too well," said I, rising and smiling to think my crimes were only a dream, and I pressed Fanny to my bosom, realizing more than ever the joy of a pure conscience. But so clear and connected was this horrible dream, that I caught myself looking over at the city to see if it was not in flames. After changing my dress I went up into the breakfast-room laden with toys for the children. There they sat at the table with my Fanny, and my joy seemed too great. I gave Fanny the present I had brought from Prague for her, saying: "This is your birthday."

"And never has it been more joyful than now I have you with me again," said she. "I have invited some friends to keep it with us. But now sit down and tell me what you have been doing."

But my dream oppressed me too much. I thought I should feel it less if I told it. Fanny listened and became sad. At the end she laughed, and said:

"We shall have to believe in witches now on Walpurgis Night. Your good angel has been with you. You must write your dream, for it is very remarkable. You know I believe in dreams; not that they are prophetic, but they are the clearest mirrors of the soul, telling us what is within us."

An extraordinary circumstance which occurred this day increased yet more the singularity of my Walpurgis dream. Our friends came, and, according to the custom of the season, we dined in the upper room of the garden-house. During the entertainment the servant announced the Baron Manntcuffel [man-devil] of Drowstorv. Fanny saw I was terrified by this singular coincidence, but she whispered a few words of assurance and I went down. There on the self-same sofa where I had slept, sat my little acquaintance in red. He stood up, greeted me like an old friend, and said:

"You see I keep my word. I must see your pretty Fanny, whom I learned to know out of your letters. Don't be jealous! And," he continued, pointing out into the garden, "I have brought a couple of friends—my brother, and his wife who calls herself an old acquaintance of yours. I met them unexpectedly this morning, and we shall travel together now."

I expressed my joy, and we went out to meet them. The husband was a tall, stout man. The lady wore a travelling dress and veil. She raised it and I saw—imagine the shock it gave me—Julia, the wife of Starostin. Julia was less embarrassed than I, and I soon recovered enough to pay the proper civilities, when we all went to meet Fanny. My eccentric visitor paid her the prettiest compliments.

"I adored you in Prague," said he, "before you ever heard of me."

"I know all," said Fanny, laughing, "but I shall call you an evil man, for you have given my Robert a most uneasy night."

"Which doesn't seem to be finished yet," said I, as I presented to her the *Countess Starostin*.

Women are never embarrassed long. Fanny received Julia like a sister, and quickly seated herself with Manutcuffel on one side and Julia on the other. "As far from you as possible," she whispered slily to me. Fanny and Julia were soon bosom friends and rejoiced in making me the object of their banter and teasing. I learned from Julia, as she spoke of her life, that she was very happy. She loved her husband, and for Manntcuffel she entertained the reverence of a child.

"There isn't a better man in the world," said she, "in spite of that face."

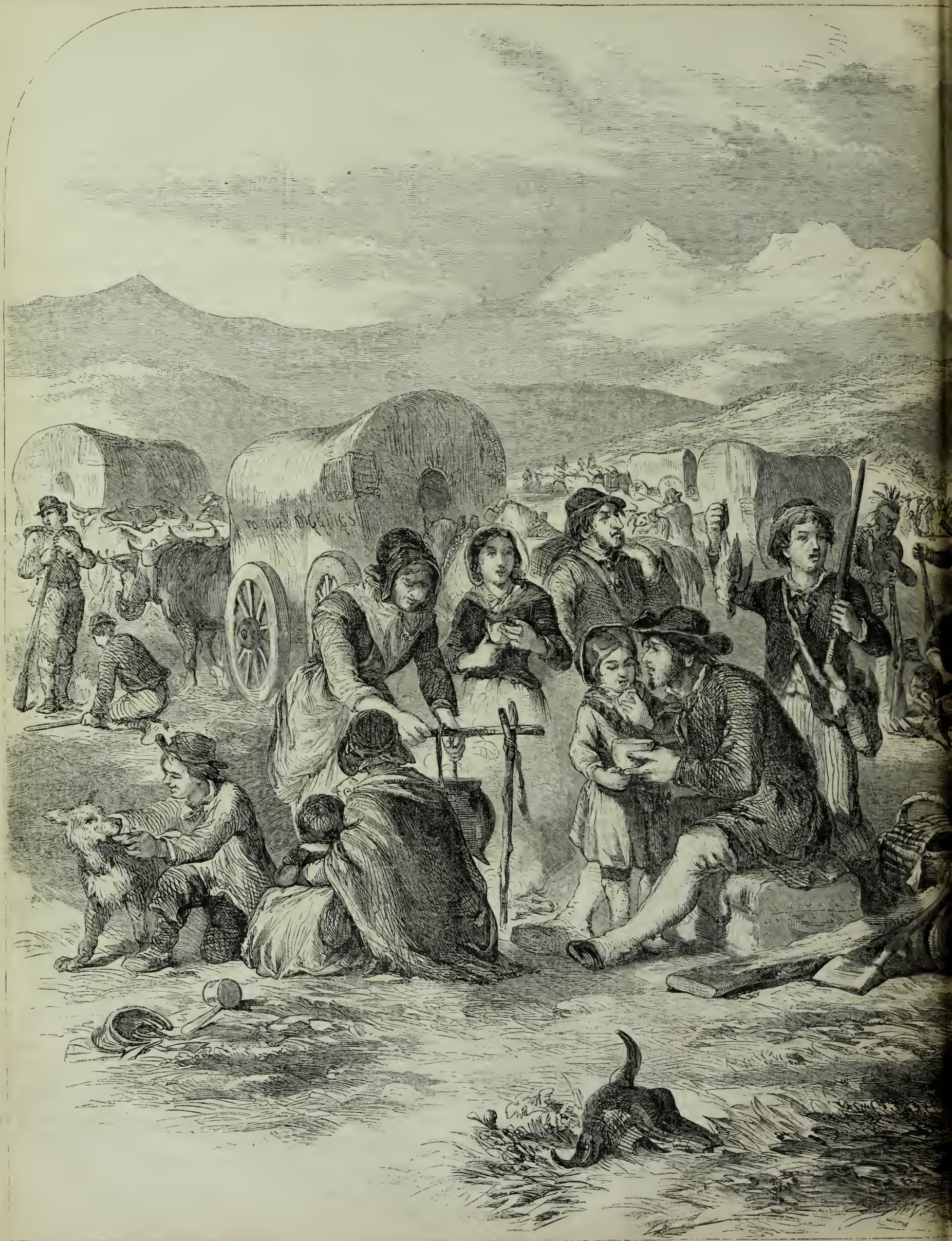
"Why did you ask me so significantly," I said, presently, to Manntcuffel, "'Do you know who I am and what I want of you?' for it was this which so impressed me, and which had woven itself into my dream?"

"Ah," said he, smiling, "I had never seen you, and I was not sure if you were the owner of the pocket-book I found. I tried to gain your confidence, but you drew back in such a way I could get no information from you, and yet your uneasy look convinced me you were the man I wanted."

I told him my whole dream.

"Long live the spirits of Walpurgis Night!" he exclaimed. "You must publish this dream, or I shall. Only I am glad you made me a sort of angel at the end, or I shouldn't have wanted much said about my share."

Thus we finished together the most charming of days.



CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS TI



LAST DAY ON THE PLAINS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SOUL IN THE EYES.

BY ESTHER B. STRATTON.

When you love, love not for beauty,
It will fade,
Though its seal be stamped on all things
God has made.
Our bright dreams, though fraught with pictures
Glad and gay,
Are but fancy—they will vanish—
Pass away.

Flowers and foliage, for a season,
Glad the eye;
But alas, their beauty fadeth,
They must die!
Soft blue eyes and waving tresses
Often win,
But when you love, love not for beauty—
It is sin.

When you love, love not for splendor
All alone;
Though the world may think you happy,
They are wrong;
Spacious houses, filled with grandeur,
All admire;
But not that will make you happy—
You will tire.

Flattery's voice your spirit shrouding,
Will enchain,
But the praise the world can grant you,
Will be vain.
Ere you've half enjoyed the pleasure,
It is gone.
When you love, love not for splendor
All alone.

When you love, love not for glory
In a name,
Genius strives to win a laurel
For its fame—
Oft the star of hope lies distant,
Small and dim;
They forget that "life is real,"
While they win.

But when you love, look 'neath the eyelash
Of an eye,
And if *soul* be beaming brightly,
Pause and try!
There's a gem will last forever—
More than gold—
When you love, and love in earnest,
Love the soul!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MOLLAH'S STRATAGEM.

BY HORACE H. STANIFORD.

On the third day from Devli, with the old mollah, Ben Talib, in company, we reached the small town of Avanco. This is a place of no importance, save to those who love fresh fish of the sucker species. It is situated on the river Kizil Irmak, and the fishermen thrive in the spring and fall, at which times the zebahl runs in the river. This is a round, smooth fish, from six to twenty inches in length, with a mouth like a sucker's, and put up with a bone in every place where it would seem possible to make a bone stick. Yet the zebahl is the chief article of food in Avanco when the season for its visit is present. I never tried to eat it but twice, and both times I got a bone in my throat. Ben Talib assured me that 'twas the bone of the zebahl which stuck in the throat of the sultan's humpback. However, be that as it may, I could not eat it without swallowing about as much bone as I did of flesh; yet the stout Turks and Koords, who inhabit the town, eat it with as much ease and zest as can be imagined. I believe it impossible for any man to eat of the zebahl, and not swallow bones; so I came to the conclusion that the throats of these Mussulmen must have been worn harder than the needle-like bones they swallowed.

Ben Talib was to stop in Avanco, the pasha having given him judicial jurisdiction over that place in all matters not punishable by death. As he assured me he should be prepared to proceed on the next morning, I determined to stop for him. We arrived before noon, and he went at once to the cadi to see if there were any cases for him to dispose of. That functionary informed him that there was one, and only one. All others the cadi himself had disposed of. The old mollah received a minute description of the case, and then went for his dinner.

After dinner we repaired to the court, which was holden in the house of the cadi; and shortly after our arrival a young man and a female entered. The former was a well dressed, good looking youth, somewhere about two and twenty; the female was very beautiful, and, one would judge from her countenance, not more than five and thirty, if so old. The case was a curious one. The youth swore that the female was his slave, and he wished to sell her to the cadi for a thousand large pieces of silver; while the woman swore that she was the youth's mother, and the only wife his father had!

The facts were these:—For many years a wealthy merchant had resided near the town, where he had built a sumptuous residence upon the margin of a beautiful lake close by the river. Many people had known him, but none knew anything of the internal arrangement of his household, and his females were never seen, while he lived, without the precincts of his establishment. About a month previous to the present time the old man had died, and now his son, the only surviving child, claimed the whole property, and also claimed this woman, who was called Emina, as his slave, given him by his father. The cadi of Avanco had seen her, and being without a wife, he wished to buy her; and it was this offer that first brought Emina out with her story.

"Wise and upright father," said the woman, turning a tearful, appealing look upon Ben Talib, "I am this youth's own mother, and the only wife his father ever had. We were wedded in Bulgaria, where my husband found me, when on one of his trading excursions. When my husband died, one month ago, he gave half his wealth to his son, and half to me, making me swear upon the Koran, that if I married again, I would give up all claims on our estate, and only take the gold and jewels he left me. But now, my unnatural son would rob me of all—ay, of even life itself. He has hired our slaves to perjure themselves; and the few slaves who remained faithful to me he has sold, and by this time the Lord only knows where they are. Willingly will I become the wife of the cadi, for I know he is a good man; but I not only want my money and jewels, but what is more, I want my own body—my own soul—to bestow as I please. In short, I only ask for the rights God has given me."

"Most wise mollah," said the youth, as soon as the woman had become seated, and speaking in a tone too calm for one who felt slandered, "you know how easy it is for a smooth-tongued woman to tell a plausible story. My father's wife—the only wife he ever had, and consequently my mother—died fourteen years ago, while we were at sea, on our way across the Euxine. She was buried in the deep water, and since then he has had no wife. This woman he bought in Bulgaria of a Jew, ten years ago; she is a most excellent cook, and for that he took her. By every art in her power has she tried to make my father take her for a wife, but he had made a solemn vow never to know woman again, and he only chided her for her importunities. Once she even had the audacity to ask me to take her for a wife."

"Allah kierim!" ejaculated the woman, clasping her hands, and turning her eyes first heavenward, and then upon the youthful speaker. Then she bowed her head, and after a few struggles she burst into tears.

From that moment I believed the woman's story. There was no affectation in the look she gave the youth as he uttered that last sentence. But Malwan—for so the youth was named—proceeded:

"Notice her not, sir; she has studied her part well. When my father died he was too feeble to write, and ere a scribe could be sent for he breathed his last. But he gave me all needed directions. I was his only living relation, and to me he gave all his wealth, at the same time advising me to sell Emina as soon as convenient, as her subtle scheming might bring me into trouble. You may wonder at the strange contradiction which rests between our stories; but you can never know how astounded I was when she first claimed to be the widow and mother. Why, sir, had the earth opened at my feet, and my own mother—God bless her forever!—come up and embraced me, I could not have been more astounded. But ask my slaves; they know all about it."

There were five slaves—two black males, two white males, and one black female. Malwan had sold all the others some three weeks before, to the master of a caravan, who was on his way to Aleppo. These slaves were questioned, and their story agreed in every particular with the youth's. But I could plainly see two things—in the first place, they gave their stories with too much exactness for the natural effort of their own mind and memory; and second, they did not seem to bear much good will towards Emina. The cadi stated to Ben Talib that he had taken no measures to try the case, from the simple fact that he loved Emina, and any decision in her favor by him would have been looked upon as purely selfish.

At this juncture, the old mollah called Emina to his side, and conversed with her a few moments in a whisper, and I saw him slip a small phial into her hand, which she hid in her handkerchief. After this the woman returned to her seat.

"We must bring this strange case to a close soon," said Ben Talib, "for the woman does not feel well, and from the appearance of her face, I fear she is threatened with some terrible malady."

Emina did look badly, and I noticed that ever and anon she would raise the kerchief to her nose.

"And why not bring it to a close at once?" uttered Malwan, with unseemly eagerness. "You have heard my story, and also the testimony of my slaves. What more can be necessary?"

At this moment Emina was seen to reel in her seat, and ere any one could reach her, she had fallen over backward upon the floor. The blood was all gone from her face, and her pulse was motionless. The old mollah sprang forward, and helped raise her to a sitting posture, but she only sank back again. Malwan first stood like one in doubt, but quickly the words "She's dead!" struck upon his ear, and he started forward.

"Well, my son," the venerable judge said, rising to his feet, "we are spared any further trouble. You have killed her, and now she can rest! But the loss of a slave is not much, and I am thankful, for your sake, that she was not your mother. Hardly would the feet of him who had slain his own mother find passage over Al Sirat."

The youth trembled violently, and the blood forsook his face. He stooped over the prostrate form, and placed his hand upon the now quiet bosom.

"Did that fair bosom ever afford a resting-place to thy head when it ached?" whispered the old man, slowly and solemnly. "When thy steps were feeble, did those hands ever guide and support thee?" The youth trembled, but he did not speak.

"Take the body hence," ordered Ben Talib, "and let it be consigned to the vaults in the valley where your slaves are buried!"

That old man knew the human heart well; he knew that if that woman was a mother, her son would show it now. He had seen enough of Malwan to know that the love of gold had, for the time, blunted every other feeling; but yet he could see the presence of better feelings, though deeply buried beneath evil and darkness.

"Away with the body of the poor slave!" cried the judge.

"No, no," interrupted the cadi, who firmly believed the woman dead, and who had been prevented from speaking before by the suddenness of his grief, "I will see to that. Alas, poor Emina! I, at least, loved thee, and now I will not see thee dishonored in death. Malwan, give me the body, and I will entomb it sacredly."

"O, Allah, have mercy!" the youth gasped, sinking down and bowing his head over the body. "It was a wicked plot! She was my mother!—my own, kind mother! In death she has a power she might not have had in life. Give me the body, and I will find it sepulchre by the side of the husband!"

"Hold a moment," spoke the judge, raising the youth up, and stooping in his place, "she may have some life yet left."

As he thus said, he drew a small phial from his bosom; and when he removed the stopper, even those who stood around could smell the powerful contents from the extremely volatile particles which escaped. This phial he held to the woman's nose, and ere long she began to show signs of life. In less than half a minute she was seized with a seeming convulsion, and when that was passed she opened her eyes, and in ten minutes more she was well again, though her nerves were not quite settled.

"My son," said Ben Talib, turning to the almost petrified youth, "you see your mother well again. I gave her the subtle potion which produced the fit that came upon her, for I saw in you a soul not yet so hardened but that so deep an ordeal would touch it. I was not mistaken. And now I only make this absolute proposition:—Your mother shall be the wife of the cadi, if they both wish, and she shall continue to hold possession of all that would have been her's had she remained single, until you shall have a child born to yourself; and then she may sell out to you, if she wishes, but not otherwise. As for other punishment, your own conscience will furnish enough."

The last I saw of the parties was in the cadi's house; the son was upon his knees, and the weeping mother tremblingly spoke the words of forgiveness he had earnestly begged.

The next morning dawned clear and beautiful, and to escape that inevitable breakfast of zebahl, I urged Ben Talib to take a start before the morning's meal. He was perfectly willing, and before seven o'clock we reached Bektash, a small town twelve miles distant from Avanco, where we obtained a good breakfast of mutton.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SHOEPAC RECOLLECTIONS. A Wayside Glimpse of American Life. By WALTER MARCH. New York: Bunce & Brothers. 1856. 12mo.

The uninitiated need to be informed at the outset, that "Shoepac" is the original northwestern name for those Canadian snow-shoes, which are so serviceable in a winter like that we have just passed through. The writer of this work, while telling a pleasant story, has embodied a series of charming descriptions of life and character in the great northwest, in days gone by. The style of the work is chaste and pure; and in this particular, as well as in its tone, it is far removed from the mass of crude stories which are monthly poured forth by our untiring book-presses. If the author of this work be a *debutant*, we may congratulate him on his essay—it would do no discredit to a practised pen; and we trust that the success of his volume will be such as to induce Mr. March to continue his literary efforts. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

ERNEST LINWOOD. A Novel. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 467.

This work will not disappoint the expectations based upon the high literary reputation of its distinguished writer. It is a deeply interesting story, worked out to its denouement with truly artistic skill, and vivid with lifelike portraiture.

CARRIE EMERSON: or, *Life at Cliftonville*. By Mrs. C. A. HAYDN. Boston: James French & Co. 1855. 12mo.

A domestic story, full of pictures alternately soft and startling, and giving us such glimpses of social life as only a woman can impart. It belongs to a class of books which are just now finding great favor with the reading public.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.—We are indebted to Hon. Robert C. Winthrop for a copy of the "Proceedings on the occasion of Laying the Corner-Stone of the Public Library." Mr. Winthrop's own address is worthy of the occasion, and of his reputation.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Oliver Ditson, "Qual mare, qual terra," a duett from Verdi, "Come Buy my Spring Flowers," and "Death of the Chieftain."

WOLFSDEN. By J. B. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 509.

A work of unquestionable power, telling a story of deep interest. The picture of social life and scenery in Maine is admirably done, and perhaps the best portion of the book—the city scenes, though vivid, being rather melodramatic in their character.

EDITH HALE. A Village Story. By THRACE TALMON. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 521.

Our American novelists are now on the right track; they look at home for subjects and characters, and leave the "rest of mankind" to take care of themselves. The story before us is a pleasant and interesting one.

RACHEL GRAY. By JULIA KAVANAGH. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 308.

Anything from the pen of the author of "Nathalie" is sure to command a ready sale. Her present story is a charming one, and is, in our opinion, fully equal to any she has written. For sale by Redding & Co.

ELEMENTS OF LOGIC, ETC. By HENRY P. TAPPAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 467.

The present work is original in conception and execution, and is in itself a proof how completely its author has mastered his subject. The introductory view of general philosophy is a very valuable treatise. For sale by Redding & Co.

A HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY IN EPITOME. By Dr. ALBERT SWEGLER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 365.

This history is considered in Germany as the best concise manual upon the Hegel school of philosophy. The translation is admirably executed. The book should be adopted by all our colleges and higher academies. For sale by Redding & Co.

DREAMS AND REALITIES OF A PASTOR AND TEACHER. By the author of "Rolling Ridge," "Parish Side," etc. New York: J. C. Derby. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 439.

Most stories professedly founded on fact are as unreal as possible. But this life-story of a man of thought and action is evidently a transcript of actual experience. It is a pleasant as well as deeply interesting work, and cannot fail to find favor with the public.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 18mo. pp. 201.

It is easy to see that this volume of poems will provoke a good deal of controversy. The pieces are unequal in merit, and there is much quaintness and conceit in them—but also many beautiful passages and fine thoughts.

RECENT SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES BY CHARLES SUMNER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 562.

Nearly all of these speeches are upon a political question on which the country is divided. They are all elaborately finished, and evince great oratorical ability. Mr. Sumner's style is forcible and pure, and he is a diligent student as the contents of this volume show.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"BE GENTLE, BE GOOD."

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

O speak no more of the placid lake
That mirrors the evening sky;
Though well it may token thy gentle soul—
Thy heavenly clear blue eye;
My heart is not thine, O gentle one!
'Twas ever a fitful thing—
Anon it is torn by the storm-king's power,
Now—fanned by an angel's wing.

I know thou art evermore fair and good—
Thy soul is pure and blest;
And placidly, like a gentle dove,
On the bosom of peace doth rest;
But if mine is vexed by the fiercer storms,
The wilder waves of strife,
Thou knowest nought of the buoyancy—
The thrill of my tempest life!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPIRITS.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

Esq. Tom Farrar had made a "good thing" out of practising law thus far, and, considering how few cases he publicly appeared in, people began to wonder among themselves how he could do it. He was an old bachelor yet, which fact he thought was quite an assistance to him.

In the old brown house where he transacted his business, received his friends, and housed himself against the summer's heat and winter's cold, lived no soul with him except an old negro, who was glad enough to get her board in return for her work, and to whom he now and then made presents of cheap calicoes and second-hand bonnets and shoes. She served his turn exactly, and no more.

Tom Farrar, the decayed attorney, was a right down character, and well known and understood all the country round. He had made what he had made in a way that has no precise appellation. It was something akin to the hovering of a crow over a lean carcase, waiting to pick its bones. Or to prairie wolves howling and growling about a horse that has strayed away from his friends in the herd. It was nothing, in short, but robbing dead men.

How he saved and saved—how he pinched and screwed—how he wriggled, and dodged, and turned, and twisted—nobody in the world can tell. Every cent helped the heap. Every dollar in his grasp meant a hundred cents. When he got hold of a little job, he made the most of it. He never thought of letting go till there was nothing left to hold on by.

A great many old men had died in his day, who were generally supposed to be very well off in their time, but whose estates hardly paid the expense, in the end, incurred in their settlement. A great many widows had been taken out of the world, first and last, who left their property in such a manner that he alone could enjoy the profit and advantage of it. Orphans that you could not begin to count upon your fingers, had seen their little all melt and vanish beneath the grasp of this relentless attorney, leaving nothing solid or tangible, of which they might avail themselves in their need.

Any twinges of conscience, did you ask? Bless me, no! When you caught old Tom Farrar in such a plight as that, burdened or stung in any way with his own thought, you might conclude that the heavens were about to fall, and everybody was going to make an early breakfast off of larks. There was no such thing as conscience in him. He had no soft parts about him. He was gristle, all the way through.

At length his case got to be such a tough one, that people began to wonder what would become of him, and to what extreme pitch of audacity he would finally dare to go. They watched him as hunters watch a tiger, anxious to know where he is going to jump next. Then they bethought themselves of throwing barriers around him; unseen, perhaps, but powerful enough to keep him in check from greater than his present depredations; and of casting a net over him, that should in the end so entangle him that he would be thrown down in his own toils. Everybody's hand now was against him. They wanted only to play out the game that he had begun.

One dark and dreary night in November, when no living soul would have thought of such a thing as being out for any purpose, a knot of young men, bent on frolic, drove an old cow around under that part of his house in which was his living-room, and waited hopefully for the sport to begin. They knew the "critter" had a weakness for rubbing her neck against posts, as the worn-off hair plentifully proved. There were two or three posts beneath, that were used as supports for the floor above, and to one of which the animal found her way as if by instinct itself. They saw her course, and waited as patiently as they could.

By-and-by she commenced scratching. A little further up now, and now further still. Ruh—rub—rub. They all listened and laughed. As for Tom Farrar, who was sitting quietly alone in the room overhead, he laid down a bundle of papers that he was engaged in looking over—copies of old testaments, deeds, bonds, notes, and the like,—and looked all around him.

"Hark!" said he to himself, in a whisper, "what's that?"

Then it grew louder and louder, so that Esq. Tom turned a little white, and began to forget all about what he had in his hand. Then it seemed to all but die away again; sounding so faintly—rub, rub, rub—that an imaginative person might have believed it the rustle of the pinions supposed to be worn by angels.

Just as he thought and hoped it might be gone, there came three very distinct raps against the further corner of the floor. Tom Farrar bounded out of his chair, his hair stiffened at the roots, his eyes sticking out from their sockets, and his fingers spread as far apart as it is possible to imagine. The unlucky papers had fallen to the floor.

"There! there! there!" he cried ont, so thoroughly frightened that he could not have told his name.

Knock—knock—once more. This time only twice.

"O! O—o—o—o!" groaned the shivering attorney. "Who—who—who—w—o—o!"

Such a strange voice could not have been produced by a gibbering ghost—no, nor by a whole party of them together.

Thump—thump—thump—thump! came up the old cow's horn against the floor, as if all below was alive. The attorney made a bound at every repetition. "Wh—wh—where! O!"

The rascals who had projected this fun, were peeping through the window and enjoying the first dividend off their mischievous outlay. In the height of their mirth, it was difficult for them to keep from shouting aloud.

Seeing how well their new device had worked, and how accessible to spiritual influences their cowardly victim had become, they immediately resolved on a new measure, by which they hoped to turn their efforts to some practical account. They had a brief conference on the subject, and finally two of them ascended by an old ladder, that always stood against the back of the house, and ensconced themselves cautiously behind the square stone chimney.

"Begin!" said one to the other. "Give it to him *good*, this time! Scare the old wretch out of his appetite for a week!"

And upon this, his comrade began to shout down the chimney.

"Hallo, Tom Farrar!" said he, in the dismallest voice he could assume. "Are you ready, Tom Farrar?"

No answer. The lawyer had left the middle of his floor, and gone and thrown himself upon an old dusty lounge that stood in the far off corner. There he lay stretched and shivering with fear. The sight of him was truly frightful. His teeth shook and chattered. His eyes rolled about in every direction, evincing his direful agony. He was like a man writhing in the torments of hydrophobia.

"I say, Tom Farrar!" again called the house-top individnal.

"What! what! O, *what!*" answered old Tom, half springing to the floor from his reclining posture. "What do you want?"

He thought it could be no less than a voice from heaven, of course.

"You must go with me to-night!" said the nnearthly voice. "Do you hear? I want you to go with me. Come, get ready!"

"O, no, no, no!" cried Tom, rolling np his eyes imploringly towards the open chimney. "Let me stay where I am! *Do* let me stay!"

A pause. Old Tom began to take hope.

"No," said the mysterious visitor, "I tell you no! You've done mischief enough already! You must n't think of living any longer! Come, hurry yourself and get ready!"

"O, give me a little time longer!" pleaded the attorney. "Only a little! See what I wont do, if you only will! What *wont* I do to please you! O, not now, not now! I beg you to let me stay awhile yet!"

Another pause.

"Well," asked the visitor of the air, "what will you promise to do, if I'll let you be as you are for a few years? Come, say on! What *will* you do?"

"O, I'll—I'll—do anything you want me to! Anything in the world! anything—anything! Only let me live! Only don't take me off yet, for I aint ready!"

"No, nor never 'll be, I am afraid. But let me ask you now! Will you go and return to the Widow Mallett all the property you've wrongfully taken from her!"

"Me! I never took a cent! no, not a single cent!"

"Did n't, hey? Well then, you'd better come on with me, I guess—for I happen to know all about it. Come, get ready!"

"O no! I'll go and see her! I'll go! I will, if you'll only let me off!"

Then the old cow thumped again with her spiritual horn.

"Will you go to-night?" asked the man aloft.

"Yes, yes; *now!*" answered Tom, glad to get off even so.

"Right off?" said the spirit.

"Yes, this very minute!" answered he.

"And will you give her your bond that she shall have six hundred dollars back again? Will you do it to night?"

Old Tom had to groan out his answer, for it came very hard. "Y-e-s!" said he, "I'll go; I'll go and do it!"

"Or else make your peace, and go with me," added the visitor above.

So between these two things, Tom Farrar was not very long in choosing which one he would adopt. So hastily filling up a bond at his table, off he posted to the Widow Mallett's, and handed her the important document in question.

"Here's this," said he, thrusting it into her hand. "I make you a present of it!" and hurried off out doors as rapidly as he came in.

And that was the good the spirits did to Tom Farrar and the widow. His dishonesty was put in healthy check, and her comfort was increased to the extent of her heart's desire.

As for the story itself,—the how and the why,—it soon got abroad in every direction. There was no stopping so good a thing. The cow underneath, and the rogues overhead—they accomplished a practical piece of benevolence that "manifestations" equally mysterious are not capable of doing, even in this our day of advanced spirituality.

Tom Farrar does n't practise law now, nor in fact anything else. He keeps as quiet as he can, fearful lest his friend in the air may be after him.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE.

BY MENTOR.

The fire burns bright on the hearth, old wife,
While the storm beats fiercely without;
And the blinding snow, in the wind's strong arms,
Is piled in heaps about.
We've weathered the storms of threescore years,
And now, at life's decline,
I live again my boyhood's days,
With your hand clasped in mine.

The storm howls through the trees, old wife,
And sweeps o'er the desolate moor;
It covers the roof with a burden of snow,
And piles a reek by the door.
The fields are dressed in a mantle of white,
As it falls from the storm-king's hand:
It spreads from the hill to the old brookside,
Whose banks with ice-bridges are spanned.

The windows are curtained with frost, old wife,
As white as the powdery snow,
And the cold grows keen in its merciless power,
When the fire on the hearth burns low.
Then pile on the fagots, and we'll talk of the past
By the light of the blazing lin;
Though stern old winter is reigning without,
Our love shall be sovereign within.

Right well I remember the time, old wife,—
It seems but an hour ago—
When I entered the door of your father's cot,
As the evening's sun was low:
I trembling stepped on the sanded floor,
And stammered, I knew not why:
And it seemed each throb of my beating heart
Kept time as the seconds flew by.

Your hair was black as the crow, old wife,
And blushes, like summer's bloom,
Crept o'er each cheek, while tell-tale eyes
Were wandering round the room.
We told our love by the pale moonlight,
We wandered at eventide;
Though a weary path we've travelled through life,
We've journeyed side by side.

I mind me well of the day, old wife,
When with a lover's pride,
From your humble home in the mountain cot
I bore my blushing bride.
Our cottage seems as then it seemed,
And I notice not its decay;
My thoughts are wandering back, old wife,
And I think not we're passing away.

The old clock ticks by the wall, old wife,
As it ticked in days long fled;
While we gaze on its face, old scenes come back,
For it tells of the silent dead.
It told the hours in their steady flight,
When our first-born drew his breath;
Its hands swept on in ceaseless round,
When his eyes were closed in death.

It has told the hours that have passed, old wife,
Since sons and daughters stood
'Neath the old roof-tree by the babbling brook,
That skirts the old brown wood.
Whenever I look on the outward world,
Some saddening changes I see;
But looking within, still stronger shall prove,
The love of my old heart to thee.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

Captain Van Vleit, of the United States army, who has lately visited the "far west," read a paper before the U. S. Agricultural Society at Washington, at its late annual meeting, relating to the Rocky Mountain sheep. He did not credit the assertion of the trappers that when this animal took an "air line" course it threw itself over precipices, alighting on its large horns. But he was of opinion that the delicate flesh and thick skin of this animal would be highly prized could it be obtained on the Atlantic coast. Prof. Baird exhibited the skin and horns of this variety of sheep which has no wool, but a long hair, valuable only for chemical purposes. The society voted to appropriate a sufficient sum to make the experiment of domestication. It is thought that this will add a useful variety to our domestic animals.—*Public Ledger.*

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

Ballou's Dollar Monthly is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

THE FRENCH CONSCRIPT.

The two pretty pictures which accompany this sketch, are particularly distinguished by grace and truth to nature. The first depicts the "Departure of the Conscript." The scene of this little drama, lies, we perceive from the costumes, in Bretagne. War —"war hated by mothers," as Horace has it—has brought its evils home to the heart of a peaceful, rural village, whose inhabitants have no aspirations for glory, and are probably ignorant of the national dispute which has rendered a levy of men inevitable. The fatal lot of conscription has fallen upon the best-loved, the Benjamin of a little rural family. In the distance the drum is beating the *rappel*, and the young conscripts are falling into ranks, at the summons of the non-commissioned officer who is reading the roll-call. The conscript hears it and must obey. His youthful countenance expresses the deepest anguish. His afflicted mother, almost overpowered by her emotions, droops her head upon his shoulder, and clinging fondly to her darling, sighs out her sad farewell. On the other side of the youth stands his father, a toil-worn man, whose hard features, as he gazes on his son and clasps his hand, are relaxed by grief and tenderness. The young brother, who holds the conscript's wallet and who is to accompany him to the rendezvous, also stands the picture of grief. An older sister, with the baby in her arms, is hiding her tear-filled eyes with her hand. Even the dog gazes wistfully on the little group, as if conscious of the distress of the family to which he is attached. It is a bitter moment for all. Turn we to the second picture. Years have passed. We are standing on the same spot —before the same doorway. A pent-house roof has been added to it—and even the decay of that addition attests the march of time. The conscript, bronzed by the suns of Italy and Egypt, ripened from a soft youth into a stern, bearded man, rushes to meet his old mother, whose prayers for his preservation on the field of battle, nightly and daily poured forth, have prevailed. In the shadow of the doorway the youthful brother, now a full-grown man, is advancing to greet the wanderer. We miss the figure of the father. Sire and son will never meet again on this side of eternity. The old man is laid to rest with his fathers in the churchyard. In one of the boys in the foreground we can scarcely recognize the baby brother; but that thin figure by the cottage door, whose basket has dropped in the moment of surprise, and whose eyes are seeking to reconcile the features of the present with the smiles of the French fair. Louis Napoleon has made good use of the Gallic love of arms, and his throne may be said to rest on bayonets. It is an alarming fact that in France, in every twenty years, at least a million and a half of men are restored from the army to agricultural and other pursuits, a large proportion of whom are unfitted to resume their stations in civil life, from the idleness and vicious habits engendered by campaigning. M. Alletz says: "Look at the soldier just freed from service. He spends before his departure, in some coarse pleasures, the money that he has received from home to enable him to return. Reduced to pawn a portion of his garments to supply the deficiency thus created, he reaches his native place half-naked, drooping with fatigue and hunger. In a few days is exhausted the natural joy he feels at finding himself among his friends again. Accustomed to the excitement of danger, if he has been in the field, or to the vagabond indolence which he leads in great cities during a long peace, he soon feels a heavy and brutal *ennui*. Everything is strange and monotonous to him; the uniformity of life which he is compelled to lead wearies him, used as he is to perpetual change; the solitude of the village gives no scope to his loquacity; the necessity of work alarms his indolence; his newly acquired liberty embarrasses a character broken by discipline; he misses the public places of the cities; *ennui* makes him irritable and hard; he seeks out old companions of arms and idleness, gets drunk with them, quarrels, ruins or drives his family to despair; shortens, perhaps, the days of his mother; becomes an evil example to youth, excites the indignation of all respectable people, is a cause of affliction and dishonor to his family, and disturbs the repose of the magistrate. It is a sad thing to say, but it is too frequent to find old soldiers among the greatest criminals. Louvel, Fieschi, Alibaud, moreover, had been soldiers." M. Randot, also, says that the fifty thousand men who generally return per annum to civil life, find it difficult to compete with the workmen whose education has not been disturbed.



DEPARTURE OF THE CONSCRIPT.

memory of the past, is undoubtedly the conscript's sister. The villagers have heard the news and are rushing together to give a welcome to the soldier. The two pictures are suggestive of quite a little drama. The conscription, or enlistment of the inhabitants of a country capable of bearing arms, is distinguished from recruiting, or voluntary enlistment, and its name is derived from the ancient military system. Every Roman citizen was obliged to serve as a soldier from his 17th to his 45th year. According to the Roman law, four legions of infantry, each consisting of 6666 men, were annually levied. All citizens capable of bearing arms were compelled, under penalty of deprivation of fortune and liberty, to assemble in the Campus Martius, or near the capitol, and the consuls, seated in their curule chairs, assisted by the legionary tribunes, made their selections of men. In the beginning of the French revolution it was declared to be the duty and honor of every French citizen to serve in the French army. Every French citizen was born a soldier, and liable to serve from 16 to 40 years of age. The young men of the designated age assembled annually at appointed places, and the selection of the requisite number from each locality was made by lot. According to this system, no rank in society is exempt from the duty of defending the state, and it is not unusual to see young men of fortune and title serving in the ranks as private soldiers. Many such have made the campaigns of Algeria as Zouaves and Chasseurs d' Afrique. It is this feature in the composition of the French armies that rendered the French troops so superior to the English in the Crimea. The large infusion of educated and refined men gives the French troops a moral effectiveness which their allies want. Moreover, in the French army rank is not the prerogative of money and official favor. The humblest soldier in the ranks may, if he is brave and intelligent, become a marshal of France. In the English army, on the contrary, the private soldier knows that he can never aspire to the epaulette. He may shed his blood for the honor of his country and the glory of his chief, but his sword can never carve out advancement for himself. The French have from time immemorial been distinguished for their feats of arms and for their love of military glory. It was the boast of the ancestors of the present race of Frenchmen that, even if the arch of heaven were to sink, they would sustain it on their lance points. In theory, every man in France is born a soldier—and in fact, there is scarcely a man among the many millions of France, who has not, in the course of his life, experienced the thrill of military ardor. Even the women have been infected with this passion. In the wars of the old republic, General Dumourier had for his aides-de camp two of the most beautiful young women in all France. They were seen under the heaviest fire, rallying the faint-hearted and heading the heroic soldiers in the most desperate charges. In the civil wars of Paris, grisettes have fought and fallen beside their lovers; and an epaulette and spur go a great way in winning the



RETURN FROM THE WAR.



REV. JOHN O. CHOULES, D. D.

They generally go and inhabit towns, and, according to him, form an army always ready for insurrection. In civil war, therefore, it is against old soldiers that the young recruits have to fight. Fortunately we in our own land are exempt from these drawbacks to civilization. Our military system, admirable in theory, has been found to work perfectly well in practice. We believe that our regular troops all told, do not number 14,000 men. Considering the extent of country over which they are scattered, this force is, perhaps, too small; and yet the regular army should be reduced to the lowest possible figure. Our military strength lies in the character and number of our population. The uniformed volunteer militia of the United States, trained to arms, would, if simultaneously mustered into service, present an army able to compete successfully with the banded forces of all Europe. The military academy of West Point also affords an important element of strength. Nearly a hundred highly educated officers annually graduate at this establishment, and engage in different civil careers. Each of these graduates is fitted to assume the duties appertaining to the highest military rank; and their aggregate number is so great that, in the event of war, the largest army that we could bring into the field is sure to be officered in the best manner throughout.

REV. JOHN OVERTON CHOULES, D. D.

The accompanying engraving presents a good likeness of this distinguished Baptist clergyman, whose death at the age of about sixty, at the close of the past year, created so painful an impression wherever he was known. Dr. Choules was a native of England, but the greater part of his life was passed in this country, where, from his social habits and frequent journeyings, he was probably known to more individuals than any clergyman of his time. He was settled, at two different times, at Newport, R. I., and at Jamaica Plain, in this State In addition to his clerical duties, he was, at one period of his life, engaged in the education of youth. When Commodore Vanderbilt made his famous eastern pleasure trip in the North Star, commanded by Captain Asa Eldridge, Dr. Choules was one of the invited guests, and became the chaplain and historiographer of the expedition. The details of the tour were described in a work from his pen which met with an extensive sale. Among his other literary labors we may mention his editions of Neal's History of the Puritans, and Foster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth, but his parochial duties and love of society prevented his devotion of much time to the career of authorship. "The great characteristic of Dr. Choules was beneficence of heart." He could not endure the sight of suffering without an effort to alleviate it. He seemed to regard a person whom he had befriended as having a life-claim upon his services.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

LORD PALMERSTON.

This individual may be a "nice man for a small party," but he is by no means a nice man for a large party and a great nation. He seems to have a particular faculty for getting into scrapes, and a not very happy faculty of getting out of them. If he have not succeeded in involving Great Britain in a war with this country, it is no fault of his. He has wilfully misled the British press and public with regard to the relations between his government and ours, and all the bad blood that has been stirred up on the other side of the Atlantic has been his work. He asserted that Great Britain has offered an ample apology for Mr. Crampton's violation of our neutrality laws; whereas it has been proved, that instead of an ample apology, the British minister has been trying to justify the illegal acts of British agents in this country. On the Central American question the British public has been equally misinformed. They have been told that an offer of arbitration had been received by us, while all the time that offer was slumbering quietly in the pantaloons pocket of the British minister at Washington. But we believe the time has gone by when the British public could be completely hoodwinked and led by the nose. They are beginning to look into things, and the "Circumlocution Office," with its plans of "How not to do it," (see Dickens's "Little Dorrit") will be no longer allowed potential sway. The Do Nothings of Great Britain must give way to the Do Somethings, and an entirely new order of things be inaugurated.

THE HERO OF KARS.—General William Fenwick Williams, who so distinguished himself in the defence of Kars, is a son of the late Col. Thomas Williams, of the Royal Artillery, and was born in Annapolis, N. S., in the year 1800. He has four sisters living, three in the British Provinces and one in the United States. He is a handsome, gentlemanly man, and many of our citizens had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him during a visit he paid to Boston in 1835.

THE SANDWCH ISLANDS.—The native population of the Sandwich Islands is rapidly decreasing. This is almost always the case when the colored races are brought in contact with the white.

THE FAR WEST.—We number *twenty-two hundred subscribers* to our "Dollar Monthly Magazine," in *Iowa*, alone.

SPLINTERS.

.... The vitriol-throwers have again been at work in New York, and ladies complain of their ruined dresses.

.... The damage done by the breaking up of the ice at Cincinnati is now estimated at not less than $50,000.

.... Mr. Seth Yates, a resident of Providence, R. I., born in Newport, recently celebrated his one hundredth birth day.

.... The next fair of the U. S. Agricultural Society, to be held at Philadelphia, will eclipse all its predecessors.

.... The principal sport at the Florentine carnival this season, was the smashing of gentlemen's hats.

.... Over 100,000 dogs have lately been drowned in the Seine, at Paris, to avoid payment of the dog-tax.

.... A boy at Memphis, Tennessee, lately shot himself while fooling with a pistol. Boys, be careful.

.... There is a patriotic association in Philadelphia, called the "Snappers"—from snapping loaded pistols at their foes.

.... A gentleman wants to be elected mayor of a certain western city, "just to please his children."

.... One quarter of the children under ten, in New York city, are said to die of "hereditary inebriety."

.... Musicians and painters die earlier than any other professional men in Massachusetts, say the figures.

.... Chloroform used by surgeons of field hospitals, doubles the strength and advantages of the staff.

.... Ancient Nineveh was fifteen miles long and forty miles in circumference. Quite a village.

.... The Grand Duchess Helen is talked of for the presidency of the Academy of Science at St. Petersburg.

.... A young lady in France offers herself as the prize of a lottery—three hundred tickets, at a thousand francs each.

.... The Paris ladies wear mock jewelry—but like most every thing French, it is brilliant and deceptive.

.... Miss Laura Keene, at New York, has been singing "I know a bank." Does it discount notes?

.... Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell has concluded to settle in New York. Her husband followed her to her new residence.

.... Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne has been playing a farewell engagement on the Charleston stage.

.... The epicures in Paris have been luxuriating on horseflesh. We should say nay (neigh) to such luxury.

.... They are making brandy in France out of bituminous coal. Whole hodfuls are changed to alcohol.

.... A body of 500 Mormons with "kits, cats, sacks and wives," lately arrived at the Great Salt Lake.

.... Green peas have been selling in New York at five dollars a bushel—*rather* dear eating.

.... Why is the Crimean General Williams like a railway conductor? He's the hero of *Kars*.

.... A man in Greenbush believes in rotation of crops—one year he raises weeds—the next nothing.

GROWING OLD.

Most people have a horror of growing old, and particularly so in this age and this country, an age and a country of speed, where we leap from boyhood to manhood, from girlhood to maternity, where youth, glorious youth—not to say verdant youth—monopolizes all the avenues of fame and fortune, and gray hairs do not certainly command the respect which was accorded to them in the "good old times." Yet this terror of old age does not seem to produce any practical effect. We are all striving our best to grow old as soon as possible. In our pleasures and pursuits we take the very course which brings on old age certainly and prematurely. Many of our men are old men at forty—many of our women at thirty are in the same predicament.

And what do we do when this old age comes upon us? We resort to art to repair the ravages of time. Rouge and the dental art supply material losses. Pearl powder seeks to disguise sallowness. Hair dyes change the early silver into the sable hue of the raven's wing. Shanghai coats invest shrunken forms—French patent leathers add to the tortures of the gout. But these flimsy palliations are unavailing. Age stares at us from the mirror through the glaze of Spanish white and French rouge. A fashionable coat cannot conceal an enfeebled frame. We do not look as old men and old women ought to look. We as certainly do not look like young men and young women. We are phenomenal curiosities—walking specimens of art—advertisements—travelling cards of certain establishments—but we are unreal, unsatisfactory. We begin at the wrong point. We have not taken pains to prolong the period of vigor and health, and we pay the penalty of our want of social philosophy.

Then there is another class of persons who persist in growing old. They do not make it a business to keep young—they surrender, at the first summons, to the advances of age. A hale and hearty man of forty-five or fifty finds himself in a ball-room, and is solicited to dance. "Alas!" he replies, with a lugubrious air, "my dancing days are over." Or a friend urges the same individual to take an invigorating gallop on horseback. The same refusal. "My dear fellow, only consider—I'm nearly fifty—you can't expect me to mount a horse at *my* age." No—he wont make the effort. He will not dance, ride or walk. He must coddle himself over a hot stove—creep from his drawing-room to a carriage—give up study because memory is the prerogative of youth, and wilfully allow his faculties, physical and mental, to rust out; and the process of oxydation is very rapid when you surrender yourself to it and help along the process.

Now look at men who make it a business not to grow old. We have seen Wallack play a dashing young man at sixty, and those who saw him for the first time never suspected his age. Bouffe, the French actor, who is quite an old man, plays the boy to perfection. Madame Saqui, who was a contemporary of Napoleon the First, very lately ascended the tight rope from stage to gallery in a Parisian theatre, at the age of seventy. And we know a dancing-master, who is past sixty, and who exhibits all the agility of eighteen. The very best fencer we ever encountered was a French officer over seventy. Quite too many people take it for granted that at certain periods of their lives they must relinquish certain habitual exercises and amusements whether they have survived the capacity for pursuing them or not; and as the Frenchman said: "I will drown and nobody shall save me," so they will grow old and nobody can prevent it.

THE CASTLE OF SAN JUAN.—The castle of San Juan d' Ulloa, supposed to be the key to Vera Cruz, has met with many vicissitudes. The buccaneers, who were for many years the scourge of the Spanish Main, found it no formidable defence to the city. In the teeth of its guns the French landed under the reign of Louis Philippe, and its flag went down before the stars and stripes of the United States. Latterly, a political prisoner, named Saledo, confined within its wall, induced the garrison to revolt—summoned the town to surrender, and commenced firing on it. After an eight days' siege the castle surrendered, and the ringleaders of the revolt were shot.

JACK KETCH.—Whence comes this popular *sobriquet* for a hangman? It appears that the mayor of Tyburn, the place for capital punishment near London, was Richard Jaquith—the corruption of the name into Jack Ketch, and its application to the executioner, followed in course of time.

CHINESE REJOICING.—The Chinese new year comes in on the 5th of February, and the Chinese in San Francisco celebrated it with a lavish expenditure of fire-crackers, while the Chinese ladies, who were lookers-on, testified their delight by wildly capering in the balconies of their houses.

SPRING.—Somebody thought a month ago that spring had come "sartin sure," because he heard the robins whistling. That's nothing. We've heard and seen robins in mid-winter—living very comfortably in cedar swamps, and fat as bucks.

DRESS.—A national Dress Reform Association is called to meet at Syracuse in June next. Are we to have another influx of Bloomers? A fat old woman in spectacles and a Bloomer dress is a little too much for human optics to endure.

NATURALIZATION.—A woman in California claimed to have been naturalized because she had been married to a Yankee for more than two years.

QUERY.—Can a man be said to be inflated, when his wife has just blown him up?

THE LAST DAY ON THE PLAINS.

The fine engraving which occupies pages 216 and 217, of our present number, designed by Billings expressly for our paper, is one of his happiest efforts. It is a striking national picture, and one which may be relied upon for fidelity to truth. It represents a large camp of California emigrants, on their way to the diggings, and just arrived in the neighborhood of a pass of the Sierra Nevada, whose clear, cold summits form the horizon of the picture. The large mounted figure to the right, in the foreground, is the guide of the company. Armed to the teeth, with rifle, bowie knife and holster pistols, mounted on a noble horse, following the trail with the precision of an Indian, he is the man for the post he occupies. He is sounding the *reveille*, to recall stragglers and give notice that the hour for the march has arrived. Beside him stands a western hunter, with his dog and horse. To the left an emigrant family are finishing their breakfast. The father, seated on a trunk, with the rest of his "plunder," as they say out west, scattered around him, is petting and feeding one of his children. One of his boys, standing behind him, is displaying a prairie chicken he has just shot. The mother, with a younger child, is seated near the fire, over which the grandmother is hanging the pot. A buxom young girl, the unmarried daughter, stands beyond. A boy to the left insists upon the faithful watch-dog sharing his breakfast. In front, the head of a buffalo lying on the ground, shows on what luxurious fare the emigrants have been feasting.

Back of this family group are the heavy wagons—to which the oxen are already yoked and feeding out of their nose-baskets. By the side of the team is a weary man who has been on guard all night, as may be seen from his listless attitude as he leans upon his rifle. Following along this line of figures toward the right we come to a group of huntsmen and dogs. One of them is flaying a fine buck, and an Indian is superintending the operation. An old hunter is narrating to his comrades the incidents of the chase, illustrating it by reference to his trusty rifle. In the distance we see the van of the caravan already in motion, men, women and children flanking the heavy wains.

It is an interesting and dramatic picture, every group having, as it were, a little story of its own. Mr. John Andrew, the engraver, has fully seconded the designer's skill, and brought out all the points in the drawing. The picture is worthy of being framed and glazed. We have sold many duplicate copies of numbers of the Pictorial containing our large pictures to subscribers who have desired to preserve in this manner these admirable specimens of American art, which have been pronounced by the most competent judges fully equal to the best efforts of the London artists and wood engravers.

IMPORTANT.—On the opening of parliament, the queen wore her crown *on* her head. Punch thought it a hint in regard to her ladies' bonnets.

BENEFICENT.—The people of Cincinnati are benefactors of the human race. In Shakspearian phrase, they "lard the lean earth."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Ezra W. Cummings, of Newton Corner, to Miss Ellen A. Higgins; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. Charles A. Maynard to Mrs. Mary A. Farrar; by Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. George A. Davis to Miss Lucy J. Scribner; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Robert McIntyre to Miss Sarah A. Ellis; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Thomas A. Harrington to Miss Arabella McCarthy.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Anderson, Mr. Augustus H. Proctor, of Danvers, to Miss Dolly A. Nichols of Salem.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. John H. Blodgett to Miss Almira Meserve.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Jerome Bock, of Brighton, to Miss Susan B. Hill.—At Woburn, by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Benjamin P. Lovejoy, of Boston, to Miss Emma S. Carpenter.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. Augustus H. Kimball to Miss Martha J. Femby.—At Marblehead, Mr. Benjamin Swasey, of Salem, to Miss Nancy Hanson.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. Charles B. Jones to Miss Martha A. Butler.—At Ipswich, by Rev. Mr. Kimball, Frederick Wilcomb, Esq. to Miss Mary E. Donnells.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spaulding, S. T. Payson, Esq. to Miss Sarah L. Philbrick.—At Great Falls, N. H., Mr. Horace M. Ford, of Boston, to Miss Draxey Butler, of Sanford, Me.; Mr. Dennis Butler, of Boston, to Miss Frances F. Guptill, of Berwick, Me.

DEATHS.

In this city, Elizabeth G., wife of Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, 24; Winslow Wright, Esq., 74; Miss Sarah W. Hubbard, 26; Mr. David Lovejoy, 82; Mrs. Julia A. Taplin, 24; Mr. Thomas Flatley, 64; Mrs. Sarah Nightingale 72; Mrs. Mary Baker, 63.—At Charlestown, Mr. Edward T. Edmands, 43.—At Somerville, Mr. Frederick Pope, 41.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. Jonah B. Stratton, 65.—At Quincy, Mr. Ezra Walker, Jr., 25.—At Milton, Capt. Nathaniel Thomas, 79.—At Randolph, Miss Caroline F. Alden, 23.—At Salem, Capt. Joseph R. Winn, 71; Miss Mary Eliza Monarch, 28; Mrs. Julia A. Briggs, 23.—At Gloucester, Mr. William S. Rowe, 44.—At Haverhill, Mr. John T. George, 55; Mrs. Julia Thompson, 30; Mrs. Hannah Morse, 50.—At Newburyport, Mr. Walter Piper, 85; Mr. Alfred Pingry, 29.—At Marblehead, Mr. Jonathan B Snow, 73; Mr. Charles Townes, 26; Mrs. Margaret Thompson, 69.—At Beverly, Capt. Richard Wilkinson, 78.—At Lowell, Mrs. Temperance Thomas, 104; Mr. James Marsh, 25.—At West Boylston, Mr. Asa Rice, 64.—At Worcester, Mr. Zenas S. Freeman, 20.—At Pittsfield, John Taylor, Esq., of Newark, N J., 75; Mrs. Elizabeth Dunbar, 33; Mrs. Phebe Merry, 71.—At Nantucket, Mr. George Austin, 68.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Comfort Pierce, 55.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year		$3 00
4 subscribers, " "		10 00
10 " " "		20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO THE MARCH WIND.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

Peal on! lugubrious wind!
 Blow long, and deep, and loud!
 Thou whirl'st the dry leaves in a russet cloud,
Thou scattering, bold March wind!

Peal out an anthem more!
 Peal out a trumpet blast!
 Thou sway'st the bending trees and creaking masts—
Thou swallowest up the sea-breeze on the shore.

Ha! let me breathe thee now,
 O bold March wind, that sways the mighty trees—
That swallowest up the saline crisped breeze—
Bathe with a gust my brow!

Methought thou might'st all mildew chase away—
 All cobwebs from the brain's interior cell;
 Canst enter there, and tell
The labyrinth mazes of the mind's deep way?

O, I would die, March wind,
 And have thee chant a requiem o'er my grave!
 Peal forth an anthem—make the tree-tops wave,
And nature cadence mind.

Another gurgling gust, a trembling trill
 Arises slowly on my listening ear;
 Hearken! 'tis drawing near—
Crash! and the foremost tree has downward fell.

Ha! see its roots—long, sinuous, lean and fine—
 Have yet embraced a clump of sandy soil,
 All crushed and crumpled in their serpent coil;
The towering tree lies down the bank supine.

Was 't not a glorious blast? O fallen tree!
 Light, agile, springy thing!
 I, too, would fall in Spring,
And have the March wind play its chant o'er me.

Searcher of hearts—March wind!
 May no consumptive ever breathe of thee!
 Thou comest with wild poetry to me—
And yet the scent of death thou leav'st behind.

From childhood I have loved thee, bold March wind!
 And I will up on to the hill-top straight,
 To hear thee stride along with thundering gait—
Thy tracks made visible by the leaves we find:
Until another Spring—farewell, O bold March wind!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AMY'S VALENTINE.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"And no one has sent you a valentine, Miss Amy?—isn't it too bad?" The little speaker was examining the various valentines addressed to her two oldest sisters, who turned the costly trifles over carelessly, as if they were things of course, smiling complacently now and then at the exclamations of their little brothers and sisters. "O, see that lovely embroidered handkerchief sister Julia has got!"—"I'd rather have a ring like Amelia's—is it diamond, sister?"—"Look!—just look!—Julia has a ring in her's, too!" And so do the little group prattle on, as one after another of the elegant valentines was unfolded.

Unnoticed and apart from the family group stood a young girl listlessly turning over some new music. Her dark merino dress, with plain linen cuffs and collars, offered a striking contrast to the Misses Atwood's elegant attire; her hair, of a pale golden hue, was brushed smoothly over her ears, and twisted into a close knot at the back of her head, a style singularly unbecoming to her pale, languid countenance. A pretty face, that seemed once to have been—and might be again, if the bloom of happiness would ever revisit those wan cheeks, and its rays light up the violet eyes, now seldom brightened by pleasant emotions. Those mournful orbs became suddenly humid, as the child's thoughtless words smote on her ear; and releasing her dress from the little fingers that strove to detain her, Miss Amy fled to her room, and threw herself on the bed to indulge a hearty fit of weeping, mingled with sad and bitter reflections.

Why was she a stranger and a dependent in a house where pleasure was known to all save her? In the drawing-room gaiety reigned supreme; in the kitchen, the servants could occasionally enjoy a merry hour—but for her, the lonely governess, there was no companionship. She occupied an isolated position between the high and the low; even the artless endearments of her two youngest pupils were jealously discountenanced by the gay mama, who was too devoted to fashion to allow herself time to cultivate the acquaintance of her offspring till they were of age to be introduced into society.

It had not always been thus with Amy Barker. Remembrances of a happy past came to render the present yet more dreary. O, the beautiful home at Elm Grove, where she had sported away the years of childhood, the only object of parental idolatry, caressed and flattered by friends and dependents! How this day her thoughts dwelt on that sunny period—for Valentine's Day was also her birthday, and as such was wont to be welcomed with feasting and merriment. Ah, those were pleasant seasons!

Fondly cherished was the remembrance of one of those festivals—her ninth birthday; how vividly she could recall its every incident. The merry band of children collected within her pleasant home; the ceaseless chatter about valentines, in which they were as interested as maturer beaux and belles; the pretty missives ornamented by her mother for distribution among the group, the larger number of which found their way to the bright little queen of the fete. She had them all yet; they were treasured not alone as mementoes of that happy occasion, but as being partly the work of a mother's hand. But there was another valentine not less cherished, which had been the last offering of that day, though it was only a sheet of gilt-edged note-paper, with a delicate wreath of forget-me-nots traced around the lines written in a boyish hand. She had found it attached to a bouquet of choice flowers lying on her little table, when she went to be dressed for the dance that was to conclude the festivities; and her childish heart had throbbed at this mark of preference from the largest boy of the company—"handsome Walter Everett," as he was called by the embryo coquettes, who were "dying" to win his favor. How proudly she displayed that bouquet—how gaily danced with handsome Walter; yet how sad was the conclusion of the evening, when they parted for long years. Walter was going to a distant college, then to make the tour of Europe. And Amy cried herself to sleep that night, though it was a comfort to know that one of her curls was in Walter's possession as a priceless keepsake.

As the young governess lived over again that never-to-be-forgotten day, she rose from the couch on which she had despairingly fallen, and opening a box that contained her treasure, she took out the hoarded valentine, and with fondly lingering glances, repeated the words which were already engraven on her memory. "Silly stuff!" her father had once smilingly called the verses; yet, though Amy was generally fastidious with regard to poetry, she could find it in her heart often to read over the "silly stuff" without a thought of criticism.

"Little sprite, with laughter gay,
 Leave awhile thy sportive play;
 Amy, fairy child of mine,
 Thee I choose my Valentine.

"Other nine years will have rolled
 O'er those floating locks of gold
 Ere again thy form I'll see—
 Amy, shall I find thee free?
 Free, that my fond love may twine
 Round my chosen Valentine?"

Ah, what a change had been wrought in Amy's destiny since the night she first looked on that valentine. The gradual change in her father—but her thoughts could not dwell on *that*. Alas! how many fathers toy with the wine-serpent till it finally enwraps them, helpless victims, in its deadly coils; while their families, reared in comfort, ay, in luxury—sink into obscurity and want. Amy's gentle mother, heart-stricken and earth-weary, sank into a dreamless sleep; the father, too, passed away, and was laid in a nameless grave. Amy, the once petted and idolized Amy, was a poorly-paid, humble governess, far from the home of her childhood. Yet her present life might be enviable to what was yet in store for her; for Mrs. Atwood had chosen another governess, highly recommended by a particular friend, and this was Amy's last month in her present abode. She knew not where her lot was next to be cast. She had advertised for another situation without success. But a lady who sometimes visited Mrs. Atwood, and who, having accidentally become acquainted with her, professed a lively interest in her welfare, had told her not to take any further steps in the matter, for that she would procure for her a more desirable home than the one she was about leaving. But that was two weeks ago, and Amy had not seen Mrs. May since; perhaps she had forgotten her, though the suspicion seemed as ungrateful as unjust, for her sweet, friendly manner had often cheered Amy's drooping spirit.

A light rap at the door, the waiter appeared—"A valentine for Miss Amy." And Amy almost screamed as a bouquet, the exact counterpart of the one of "long ago," with a snowy missive attached was placed in her hands. There were the waxy camillas, half open white rosebuds, daphnas, with their roseate blush and delicious fragrance, with intermingled sprays of delicate clematis and lily bells. Amy drew a long, deep breath of delight, and, with fingers trembling with joyful agitation, opened the valentine, and saw traced in characters similar to those often studied with tearful eyes:

"Far away beyond the sea,
 Faithful proved my heart to thee,
 Amy fair—in days lang syne,
 Chosen for my Valentine.

"Now the nine long years have rolled
 O'er thy locks of floating gold,
 And thy early charms give place
 To the maiden's witching grace,
 Amy, do I find thee free?
 Hast thou kept thy heart for me?
 May I, as in days lang syne,
 Choose thee for my Valentine."

Amy was weeping again, but this time with happiness. Walter had not forgotten her—he was faithful still; it was *her* Walter whose name she had seen a few months since in the list of passengers just arrived in a ship from Havre—but O, could he see her now, would he recognize his early love? The pale, careworn, dispirited governess was not the blooming creature of whom he dreamed. Even by the floating locks of gold he could not recognize his Amy; for Mrs. Atwood disliked to see a governess wear her hair in curls—so the waving tresses had long been trained to lie in straight, smooth folds. For a moment these thoughts passed through Amy's mind, but she was too happy to indulge them. She could only think of Walter, and that this was her eighteenth birthday—the day to which she had ever looked forward with hopeful anticipation, but latterly with shrinking and grief.

Another tap at the door—"Mrs. May's carriage was at the door. Mrs. May was waiting in the parlor for Miss Amy." And for an explanation, a card, on which Mrs. May had written, "My dear Amy, make no delay," was placed in her hand. Amy mechanically threw on her bonnet and shawl, and taking the bouquet, and the little box containing her treasures, descended to the parlor.

"My friend, Mrs. May, has interested herself for you as she promised, Miss Barker," said Mrs. Atwood; but ere she could add more, Mrs. May said, pleasantly:

"I have come to run away with you, Amy, love. Is your trunk packed?"

"No, ma'am," returned Amy, who thought all this rather too sudden; "but I can have it ready in a few moments."

"Then I will wait. Will you trust your bouquet to my care in the meantime?"

Amy blushed, for the smiling question seemed to be uttered with a peculiar emphasis; then smiling at her foolish fancy, she ran up to her room, arranged her small wardrobe, and having hastily but affectionately bid farewell to her late pupils, and bowed to Mrs. Atwood, she entered the carriage with Mrs. May, and was soon driven to that lady's house.

As she passed through the hall, she observed that the drawing-room was being brilliantly lighted, as if for company; but to her timid inquiry her hostess replied, "No, they were not willing to have strangers present on *that* evening." And again that peculiar tone startled Amy. But how was her amazement increased when, after Mrs. May's waiting-maid had converted her smooth braids into the old familiar floating tresses, that looked in their soft lustre like spun gold, and she had donned her best dress, a light blue cashmere, very becoming to her delicate complexion, Mrs. May further adorned her with a collar of rich needlework, which she fastened with a pearl brooch, saying, with a kiss and a smile, that it was her birthday gift. How could Mrs. May have known about her birthday?—and why should she thus favor her? But without giving time for her conjectures or thanks, the lady led her young companion down stairs. A gentleman emerged from the drawing-room to meet them, to whom she said, "I will yield my fair guest to your care, Walter;" and with one glance at the manly face that still retained its familiar expression of old, Amy was folded to Walter Everett's heart. An hour after, when Mr. May entered the drawing-room, he found the lovers, with a not unfrequent selfishness in such pleasant conversation, that they were quite oblivious of every one but themselves.

"My patience, how long some people take to court!" he exclaimed, in his pleasant, hearty tones. "Walter, ask your aunt if I did not gain her consent, duly lay the case before pa and ma, and have everything settled, even to fixing on the important day, in less time than you have taken to ask your lady love to be yours."

Walter replied to his uncle's raillery in a similar jocose strain, and the mystery, which even during the hours' conversation had not been fully explained, was now clear. Mrs. May was Walter's aunt, and the confidant of his early passion. After his return to America, when all his inquiries for the Barkers proved fruitless, his aunt had accidentally discovered Amy, and by her contrivance he came to the city on that afternoon, and despatched the valentine to Amy to prepare her for the happiness in store.

It was a pleasant family circle that gathered round the elegantly spread table at Mr. May's that evening. The young ladies, whom Amy had several times seen, by their ready tact, relieved the embarrassment she would naturally feel under the circumstances; nor had she occasion for the bright blushes, that now, as of old, adorned her cheeks, save once at the conclusion of the repast, when Mr. May's love of a joke overcame his kindly consideration for his timid guest; and on one of his daughters addressing Walter as cousin, he cried out:

"Say cousin Walter, or we shall not know whether you mean him or cousin Amy."

After tea Mrs. May drew Amy one side to propose that, as Walter must leave the city early in the morning, as business of a pressing nature demanded his presence at home, they should be married immediately. Amy stood aghast at the idea, but Mrs. May so eloquently pleaded that she would not force poor Walter to part with her now for an indefinite time, after the long and anxious search he had already made for her, that she consented. At nine o'clock the clergyman arrived, and Amy, looking very sweetly in her simple robe of mull muslin, her luxuriant curls confined by a wreath of natural roses and myrtle, was united to Walter Everett, with the warm approval of the amiable family, who only regretted that they must so soon part with her.

The announcement of the marriage caused considerable surprise to Mrs. Atwood and the young ladies. They now felt rather chagrined at the reflection that they had treated the quondam governess as if she were a being of another species, and could wish that their deportment had been widely different to one now connected with the Mays. But then how were they to know that plain, unpresuming Amy Barker was destined to become the bride of the rich and aristocratic Walter Everett?

CULTURE OF THE LOCUST.

The Acacia, the pseudo-Acacia or Locust tree, grows in twenty years to a goodly size, perfuming with the fragrance of its flowers the atmosphere all around it, yielding great abundance of rich material to the honey bee for the manufacture of his precious nectar, fit food for gods and men. Its use in shipbuilding, for fence posts, as well as for manifold purposes in the arts and manufactures, is rendering it every year more valuable as an article of commerce; it always commands a high price in all sections of our country, and will grow well in almost all soils and situations. It is a highly ornamental tree, as well as in many ways useful and valuable. An acre of Locust of fifteen years' growth will bring from $800 to $1000; of twenty years' growth, $1500; of twenty-five or thirty years' growth, $3000, more or less, without the labor of cutting and carrying to a market; for the buyers will take it standing, and leave you the branches, which for firewood, will pay the interest on the cost of the land during the time the crop has been growing. The cost of planting and protection for the first few years, with the labor of proper trimming and pruning, is trifling indeed, compared with the ultimate profits.—*Westfield News Letter.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Dr. Leas, of Baltimore, has entered the Russian service as surgeon, with high pay and emoluments —— The Newport Mercury states that two geese were dug out of a snow drift in that town a few days since, which had been without food for *forty-two* days. They were very thin of flesh, but quite lively. —— Beavers are sold in the California market for food. The tail of the beaver has always been considered a rare delicacy by hunters. —— A new Protestant church has been formed among the Armenians of Baghchejok, in Turkey, and seventeen new converts have been added to the church in Aintab, and three to the church of Kills. In the latter place, there are Turks who are called, by other Turks, Protestant Mussulmans. They have not openly separated from the Mohammedans, but are known to have embraced Protestant views. —— Surprise parties are the most agreeable institutions of New England social life. —— There are eight manufactories of brooms in the town of Poland, Ohio, which turn out about 300 dozen per week, or 150,000 through the year. —— There are twenty-three circus companies in the United States, whose average expenses are about 8000 dollars a day. —— The House of Representatives of Georgia, by formal resolution, have declined to hold intercourse with Vermont, and instructed the governor accordingly. They will neither receive messages nor send them. —— The total number of hogs packed during the past season at Cincinnati, was 405,395—an increase over that of last year of 49,610. —— London, besides being the largest city in the world, aspires to the possession of the largest hotel in the universe, and to that end a company of bankers are about to erect a monster establishment on Trafalgar Square, to cost $5,000,000, on the "American plan." —— A bill has been introduced restoring the law of imprisonment for debt in Minnesota. —— An American ship recently ran into a Turkish nobleman's palace, at the waterside in Constantinople, and exposed his whole harem in very airy costumes. The Turks were shocked, and the ship captain was fined. —— A treaty of commerce and friendship between the United States and Chili is said to have been formed. —— Immigration continues to pour into Texas in a steady stream. A gentleman who recently returned from the western part of the State, says that he enumerated five thousand slaves on the road, together with long trains of wagons, and numerous families. —— The Providence Transcript states that passenger fares on the Providence and Worcester railroads have been raised ten per cent. —— The lawyers, by setting up the plea of insanity, saved Fyler, who murdered his wife in the interior of New York, from the gallows—and when they sue him for the $4000 which he agreed to pay them, he resists, and again pleads insanity. —— John P. Kennedy is engaged in writing a history of Maryland. —— Mr. E. Merriam, of Brooklyn Heights, writes to the New York Journal of Commerce to announce the death of a dog, who for some years had been in the habit of assisting him in making meteorological observations at night, by waking him every hour when the clock struck. —— A bill appropriating $15,000 to the military institute at Marietta has passed the senate of Georgia. —— M. de Saussure, of Geneva, a noted traveller, has lately succeeded in attaining the summit of the volcanic mountain Popocatapetl, the highest in Mexico, and which is 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. Owing to the climate, the ascent is stated to have been less difficult than that of Mount Blanc. ——It is stated that the sudden departure of Rachel from Cuba was occasioned by unfavorable intelligence respecting the health of one of her children. —— The Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry, have voted to hold a State Fair next fall, similar to those of three or four years ago. —— Salt is necessary to the health of horses, cattle, and sheep, and they should be supplied with it at regular stated intervals throughout all seasons of the year. —— It is stated that Russian journals will shortly be allowed to enter France, as before the war.

WILBOR'S COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.—This remarkable specific for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, and all consumptive symptoms, has reached very justly a wide popularity. The advantage of this combination over the simple cod liver oil is apparent to all medical men, and within the circle of our own immediate acquaintance we are constantly hearing of its prompt healing and curative qualities. It may be had of all respectable druggists in the United States of America.

MR. MACAULAY.—The Boston Transcript says that letters from Mr. Macaulay, recently received by his correspondents in that vicinity, mention that the state of his health has confined him to the house during most of the time this winter.

GIANTS IN THESE DAYS.—There is a family of nine persons in Bourbon county, Ky., whose united height is 70 feet, and whose aggregate weight is 2298 pounds. Martha, the belle of the family, could put an English grenadier in her apron pocket.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.—We are gratified to hear that this accomplished vocalist has been engaged by Mr. Paine to accompany his opera troupe in the place of Mme. Didiee, who returns to Europe.

NOISY CARRIER'S BOOK AND STATIONERY CO., No. 77 LONG WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Incorporated according to an act of the Legislature of California, January 1, 1855. CHARLES P. KIMBALL, President.—TRUSTEES—Charles P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibben, G. B. Haywood.—CHARLES GALACAR, Agent, New York. 3—8m

COURTEOUS.—The British shipping in the harbor of Norfolk, Va., displayed their colors in honor of Washington's birthday.

EGYPT.—The grain crop in Egypt will be short this year—the Nile being too lazy to rise, and refusing to leave its bed.

Wayside Gatherings.

The State House in Columbus, Ohio, has cost the sum of $1,583,886.

Corn meal should never be ground very fine. It injures the richness of it.

All the telegraph cables crossing the Mississippi River have been carried away by the breaking up of the ice.

Sir Charles Napier, the commander of the first Baltic fleet in the present war, is now a member of parliament.

"Authony's Nose," at the lower entrance of the "Highlands," on the Hudson River, is upwards of 1100 feet high.

The Michigan Southern Railroad Company propose erecting a magnificent depot at Chicago, which is to cost $100,000.

In Turkey, whenever a storekeeper is convicted of telling a lie, his house is at once painted black, to remain so for one month.

The Philadelphia Inquirer announces the receipt of $430, from numerous correspondents, to be distributed by the editor for the benefit of the poor.

Thomas Cubitt, the celebrated London builder, who began life as a bricklayer, died recently, worth over one million of pounds sterling—so the papers say.

It is said that the forthcoming statistics of Massachusetts will show that the shoe and leather manufactures of the State amount to the astonishing sum of $55,000,000.

Miss Caroline Chesebro, one of the most successful of our lady writers, is about issuing a new novel. The scene of the novel is laid in the humbler localities of New York.

Among their arboreal curiosities in California, they have a combined sugar maple and white oak, so closely grown into one stock, as almost to defy separate identification.

The Rhode Island House of Representatives has passed an act admitting, with certain restrictions, all parties in interests to testify in all courts of law, the same as other persons.

At the head of one of the graves in "Old St. Mary's," Maryland, there stands a cedar slab, which, as the inscription indicates, was placed there in 1717, and is still perfectly sound.

The existing war has already cost England $250,000,000, which is six times as much as the whole of the expenditure of the government for the same time for the purposes of peace.

An extensive bed of fossil salt has been discovered in Cache creek canon, Yolo county, which the State Journal says is sufficient in quantity to supply California for half a century.

One mile from Goldville, Ala., Tallaposa county, a stratum of quartz containing fine gold worth 98 1-2 at the mint, has been discovered. A company has been formed for working this mine.

The Chicago Times announces the arrival in that city of Mr. Price, from Green Bay, in a novel turn out. He drove the entire distance in a light sleigh drawn by a single dog, averaging thirty miles a day.

At East Berkshire, lately, a house in which a number of French people resided took fire, and two persons, a mother and daughter, perished in the flames, leaving an only daughter and sister to mourn her loss.

Bernard S. Taylor, of Ravenna, Ohio, committed suicide a few days ago by taking laudanum. The cause assigned is "disappointment in not being able to take a sleigh ride, which unsettled a sensitive mind."

Gov. Wickliffe, of Louisiana, has offered a reward of one thousand dollars for the apprehension and conviction of the persons who broke the ballot boxes at the Seventh and Ninth Precincts, in New Orleans, the night of the 5th of November, 1855.

Hon. W. C. Rives, President of the Virginia Historical Society, at the request of his associates, has engaged to prepare for publication a life of James Madison, one of Virginia's most distinguished sons, and one of America's greatest statesmen.

The Senate Committee on naval affairs has reported in favor of appropriating two millions of dollars, by way of commencing the construction of ten additional steam sloops of war propellers. It is believed that they will be ordered at the present session.

A witness in a liquor case at Manchester, N. H., lately, gave the following testimony: "Sal soda is ice and water, and some stuff squirted into it from a concern. Don't know whether it is intoxicating or not—it makes one feel good—feet lift easier."

The White Sulphur Springs in Virginia are for sale. The Richmond Whig says, that in the hands of a company, with abundant means to enlarge its accommodations to the constantly increasing demands of the public, it would prove a most valuable investment.

In 1668, in the election of a pope to succeed Clement the Fourth, the cardinals were for nearly three years unable to agree on the choice of a successor, and were on the point of breaking up, when the magistrates of Rome, by the advice of St. Benjamin, shut the gates of the city, locking up the cardinals until they agreed.

The patent fees to be paid to the United States are as follows: If a citizen of the United States, patent fee, $30; if a foreigner, who has "declared his intentions," etc., $30; if a subject of Great Britain, $500; all other foreigners, $300; on entering a caveat, $20; on entering an appeal, $25: on extending a patent, $40; for adding specification of additional improvement, $15.

M'lle Vestvali, the magnificent contralto, formerly of the Academy of Music, has made a great sensation in Mexico, as was expected. We learn that she has been induced, at the pressing solicitation of some of the first families of that city, to take the management of the Grand National Theatre, and has been liberally provided with the necessary funds to carry out the enterprise.

After the year 1700, the meeting-houses in New England were plain, wooden structures, in most cases, without steeples. The windows were glazed with a diamond-shaped glass, the walls unplastered, and the interior without any means of heating. Through the storms of winter the congregation shivered with cold during the public worship. The ministers wore large gowns and powdered wigs.

Roman Catholic papers say that the Spanish government pays the salaries of the clergy so irregularly, that in several dioceses many priests have applied to their bishops for permission to return to their families. The great majority of the Spanish press advocate, although with some restriction, the cause of religious liberty; and a Protestant paper—the first ever known in Spain—is about to be established in Madrid.

The Philadelphia Ledger, in speaking of the manufacture of watch-cases, which is carried on extensively in that city, says there are eleven firms engaged in the business, all of whom employ over three hundred hands, and turn out at least five hundred cases per week, at a cost of some $20,000, or more than $1,000,000 annually. The gold manufactured into cases weekly, will not amount to much less than $14,000, or over a half million of dollars annually.

Foreign Items.

The last of the docks of Sebastopol have been destroyed.

Alexander von Humboldt has been presented by the civic officials of Berlin "with the freedom of that city, illuminated, and contained in a silver box."

An order has lately been given to the dockyard at Cherbourg, to construct thirty large boats for landing troops, each of which is to carry a heavy gun of long range.

The Steam-Collier Association at Newcastle-on-Tyne offers a £500 prize to the discoverer of a means of effectually consuming smoke, with a due regard to the economy of fuel.

It is reported in Paris that the Polytechnic School is to be dissolved. Its studied silence on the day the Imperial Guard entered Paris is remarked upon as a most unpatriotic demonstration.

The Musée d'Artillerie, Paris, has just added to its collection the pocket-book of Prince Menschikoff, taken at the battle of the Alma, and one of the Jacobi infernal machines, fished up in the Baltic by the French sailors.

Richard Wagner's celebrated opera, "Tannhauser," has been produced at Berlin with the utmost success. It was got up with great splendor, under the direction of Dorn, the eminent kapelmeister. The prima donna was the composer's niece, Johanna Wagner; and the part of *Tannhauser* was performed by Formes.

A Paris letter says:—"Within these few days a very large number of arrests have been made in the provinces; and in and about Bordeaux, 15,000 men are talked of as being thrown into prison. The sectaries of the "Marianne" are, I believe, increasing fearfully in the lower classes, from the fact of the universal distress and want of food."

Sands of Gold.

.... Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.—*Thomas Fuller.*

.... Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolves.—*Owen Feltham.*

.... Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear.—*John Selden.*

.... Give a man a name for miraculous shrewdness and management, and you give him a host of friends.—*Bacon.*

.... A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is at best indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice.—*Goldsmith.*

.... Strength of mind is the triumph of reflection; it is an instinct superior to the passions, which calms while it governs them.—*Vauvenargues.*

.... The qualities of candor, fortitude, charity and generosity are not, in their own nature, virtues, unless impelled and directed by justice.—*Goldsmith.*

.... To talk, or to think like a child, is not always a proof of folly; it may sometimes push aside heavy griefs where the strength of wisdom fails.—*Landor.*

.... Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity; a combination of a passion which all endeavor to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest.—*Dr. Johnson.*

.... He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary.—*Landor.*

Joker's Budget.

What is the difference between an auction and sea sickness? One is a sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

"Keep your dog away from me!" said a dandy to a butcher boy. "Darn the dog, he's always after puppies," said the boy.

NOT WHO, BUT WHAT.—*Lady.*—And so you are married, eh? Who did you marry? *Forgetful Snob*—Well, I married forty thousand dollars; I forget her other name.

A young lady being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed:—"O, that splendid gold watch of his! Give me that—give me something to remember him by!"

The young ladies of Aurora, Ill., have passed the following resolution:—"Resolved, that if we, the young ladies of Aurora, don't get married this year, somebody will be to blame."

Irritating—after rolling all night in your berth at sea till you are miserably sick, to have a steward open your door in the morning, and ask you if you'll have a *fresh roll* for breakfast.

An Irishman, seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed, in the utmost surprise, "By the Saint of Dinis O Sligo! is it possible that coffin can be intended for any living crature?"

"That chap's behind the 'Times,'" as the Yankee said, when he saw the top of an old gentleman's head peeping over a spread copy of the London "Thunderer," or rather, "Blunderer," as it should now be called.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, lecturing in New York, astonished his audience by saying, "We eat gas, drink gas, tread on gas, and are gas!"—"Then it is a great shame," cried a calculating Yankee, "that gas is so dear."

The last time (says Rogers) I saw Hook, was in the lobby of Lord Canterbury's house after a large evening party there. He was walking up and down, singing with great gravity, to the astonishment of the footmen, "Shepherds, I have lost my *hat!*"

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



PALACE OF STOLZENFELS, ON THE RHINE.

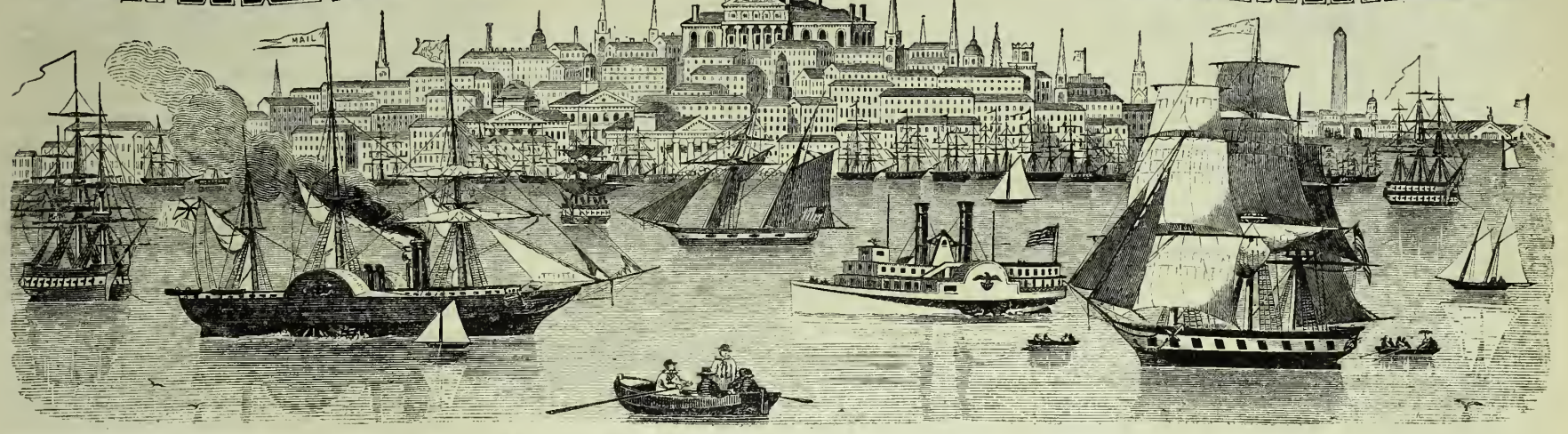
SCENES ON THE RHINE.

The first picture on this page is a view of one of the most interesting points on the beautiful Rhine—Stolzenfels. The famous castle is seen on the right. On the opposite bank, wood, village and mountain rise upon the eye in mingled beauty—while in the foreground, a religious procession with cross and garland winding its slow way along, adds to the effect of the picture. Stolzenfels is three miles above Coblentz. In the olden time it was the residence of the prelatical monarchs of the Rhine, but the French blew it to pieces and the city of Coblentz gave it to the King of Prussia, after having vainly tried to sell it for fifty or sixty dollars. Think of a feudal castle on the Rhine hanging fire at that price! The Prussian monarch restored it, fitted it up at great expense, and made it one of the most attractive features of the Rhine scenery. It was never seen to more advantage than on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit a few years since. It was a calm and lovely night, and the moon shone down with undimmed brilliancy on the noble Rhine. Soon after ten the church tower of St. John and the village of Niederlahnstein were illuminated; at the same time every window of the castle burst into light, and a prodigious flight of rockets roared up into the blue sky. At a given signal the village of Oberlahnstein was lighted up, and the castle of Rheneck responded with a splendid display of fireworks. The effect of these pyrotechnic splendors was enhanced by their reflection in the mirror-like surface of the river, which was so tranquil as to image every tree upon its banks, with every church spire, and to reproduce in clear outline the bold mountain range that belts the Rhine. The eyes of the King of Prussia's royal guest could never have rested on a more enchanting scene. Our second picture is a view of the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, with part of Coblentz on the same river. Directly in front of us rise on their steep base, itself a natural fortification, the walls of that fortress, "black with the miner's blast," to which Byron has consecrated some of the finest lines in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. A part of Coblentz appears on the right, with its pointed and moss-grown roofs and little loopholes of windows. A variety of craft are clustered on the water, the little Rhine steamers contrasting with those cumbrous structures which are peculiar to the navigation of this river. Coblentz lies on the left bank of the Rhine and the right of the Moselle. It received from the Romans the name of Confluentes, modernized into Cohlentz or Coblenz, from its being situated at the *confluence* of the two rivers. Its fortifications connect with the citadel of Ehrenbreitstein (the Broad Stone of Honor) on the opposite bank of the Rhine, and render Coblentz the bulwark of Germany and the Prussian dominions on the side of France. When Byron visited it, the fortress was partially ruined, but the King of Prussia has restored and strengthened its defences. Ehrenbreitstein is connected with Coblentz by a bridge of boats, and commands a glorious view of the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle and of the course of the Rhine from Stolzenfels to Ondernack. The fortifications of Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein are now considered impregnable. A hundred thousand men can be quartered in the works, while the citadel alone is capable of holding 14,000 men, with provisions for 8000 men for ten years. The great parade ground on the top of the rock is over huge cisterns capable of holding a three years' supply of water for the garrison, while a well excavated to the depth of four hundred feet in the solid rock, communicates with the Rhine. In its present condition no European nation at war with Prussia could undertake the cost of its reduction. Its history is full of romantic and chivalric incidents. Army after army, host upon host, have besieged it, and retired baffled from its frowning walls and precipitous heights.



EHRENBREITSTEIN AND COBLENTZ.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. X., No. 15.—WHOLE No. 249.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The accompanying portrait, drawn for us by Mr. Hill, from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, presents an excellent likeness of the young poet-artist, whose name heads this article, and who deservedly holds a high rank both in literature and art. Mr. Read was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, March 12, 1822. The death of his father caused a separation of the family, and at an early age young Read went to the western country. Here, at different times, he travelled very extensively, and obtained that familiarity with nature which enabled him in after years to re-produce her features in songs that have won the admiration of lovers of true poetry on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1839, we find him an art-student in the *atelier* of Clevenger the sculptor, at Cincinnati, where his fondness and aptitude for art were first developed. His earliest productions in painting, for that was the branch which his taste led him to cultivate, were full of the fairest promise, and attracted the attention of many connoisseurs in art, and procured him orders for portraits from many eminent men, among others the late President Harrison. Making his way to the Atlantic sea-board, with some specimens of his professional skill, after a few months' sojourn in New York, in 1841, he removed to Boston, and opened a studio in this city. His fine coloring and drawing of the head soon attracted attention to his pictures, and sitters whose patronage was indeed worth having, engaged his time and employed his pencil. Among the artists, whose favorable opinion and valuable counsel he secured, was Washington Allston, then drawing near the end of a life too early closed. An ideal head of "Genevieve," well remembered by our art-loving citizens, was one of the productions of this period, and here, in 1842, Read made his first attempts at poetical composition. They were short lyrics, and first published in the Boston Courier in 1843. He continued his contributions in 1844. Most of these pieces were afterwards collected in an edition of his poems published in this city in 1847, and are still popular favorites. Rarely has a poetical *débutant* shown such a mastery of the lyre. Mr. Read drew his earliest inspiration from familiar themes and incidents. Pastoral landscapes, little wayside dramas, the song of a street-singer, a summer shower, objects that the unthinking would pass by as trivialities, afforded him inspiration, and were transmuted into



T BUCHANAN READ.

music that still finds an echo in our hearts. In 1846, Mr. Read removed to Philadelphia, where he met with brilliant success, both as an artist and a poet. He painted a large number of persons during his stay in Philadelphia, which lasted till the year 1850, and he yet found time to write many exquisite poems. In 1850, he sailed for Europe, and passed some time both in Great Britain and on the continent. In England, his poems attracted great attention, the most eminent critical authorities according them a high rank among the literary productions of America. In 1852, Mr. Read returned to the United States, and passed the following winter in Cincinnati. In 1853, he a second time sailed for Europe, now accompanied by his family, and established himself in Florence, where he was surrounded by all that could render life agreeable—pleasant friends and associates, the noblest works of art, and a nature beautiful and full of inspiration. But this scene of felicity was suddenly changed for him in the summer of the last year. A prevailing epidemic, which swept off thousands of the inhabitants of Florence, proved fatal to his wife and daughter, and left him a mourner in a strange land. In his latest production, the "House by the Sea," we may trace certain influences of this sad domestic bereavement. We have allnded to his first publication. His subsequent ones were "Lays and Ballads," Philadelphia, 1848, an illustrated edition of poems in 1853, the "New Pastoral," 1855, written in Italy, and his recent work, "House by the Sea," also composed in Italy, at the Baths of Lucca. Mr. Read was fortunate in his publishers, Messrs. Parry & McMillan, liberal and appreciative men. He returned to this country at the close of the past year, and is now again on the eve of his departure for Florence. He has brought with him his picture of the "Lost Pleiad," which we have heard commended in the warmest terms by those whose opinion on matters of art is really worth having. The longest and most ambitious of Mr. Read's poetical performances, is the "New Pastoral," a poem in thirty-seven books, and written—like Thomson's "Seasons," to which it bears a slight resemblance in tone—in blank verse. Its scene lies in the loveliest rural regions of Pennsylvania, which, and the rustic life and fortunes of its simple-hearted inhabitants are depicted with exquisite grace and fidelity to nature. It has added greatly to his previously brilliant reputation.



CENTRAL VIEW IN JEFFERSON AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHITE HAND:

—OR,—

THE NATCHEZ' CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF LOUISIANA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

Rallying again for his purpose, Simon Lobois at length raised his eyes from the floor, and looking directly at Louise:

"It is strange," he said, "and I have often said so since. But I can see in it only the opportunity of pressing my claim to your heart and hand now with more hopes of success. I must ask you now if you will accept the heart and hand I offer you?"

"Simon Lobois, you know I cannot do it," uttered Louise, in a firm, frank tone.

"Mind, Louise! I ask you now kindly to be mine. I confess to you my deep, abiding love, and I assure you that my heart cannot withstand the shock of losing you. Since the moment on which I rescued you from the savages, I have cherished the fond hope as the very centre of my life. You will not blast my hopes now."

"Surely, my cousin, you cannot accuse me of blasting your hopes," returned Louise, still calm and collected. "After what I told you during our former conference, you should not have cherished any such hopes. Why, I shall more than ever think your head is turned. But I trust you are not now in earnest?"

"By the saints, I am, mademoiselle! and you shall find it so to your cost if you presume to foist ridicule upon me any more!"

"How?" uttered Louise, with a start. "Are you angry, monsieur?"

"I shall be if you do not keep your tongue within better bounds. By heavens, I am not to be trifled with now, for I am master here! So you had better bear that in mind."

"But, cousin mine, surely I cannot become your wife!"

"Beware, Louise! I ask you kindly now. I confess my love and I beg of you to accept it."

"A husband's love from you I never can accept, Simon."

"Think carefully ere you speak."

"But what mean you? I have thought carefully, and have equally as candidly told you that yours I can never be. Now, what more can you ask?"

"I shall *ask* but little more," returned Simon, through his set teeth. "I am now in a position to command!"

"Speak plainly, monsieur."

"Then, plainly—*you must be my wife!*"

"But I shall simply apply to the governor."

"That will help you none, for Perier is my friend, and has pledged me his assistance."

"But he will listen to the prayer of a helpless girl."

"Not when that prayer is prejudicial to the interest of his friend. He is anxious that all the marriageable females should be married as soon as possible. In short, my dear cousin, he has pledged me his word as a man, and as an officer, that you shall be my wife. Now what say you?"

"I should certainly say that he was a great scoundrel," returned Louise, regarding her companion with a fixed look.

"You are cool, mademoiselle!"

"Because I do not believe that you can be in earnest, monsieur."

"By the sacred hopes of my salvation, I *am* in earnest, Louise! and, moreover, you go not from this place until you are my wife! Do you understand that?"

"If—if—I thought you could mean it, Simon, I should begin to be alarmed," said the maiden, in a tone that would seem to indicate that she did not really credit the statement she had heard.

"I *do mean it!*" he replied, slowly and meaningly.

"Simon Lobois, look me in the eye, and assure me solemnly that you mean what you have said." Louise spoke this in an earnest, eager tone, with her hands clasped and half raised towards her dark cousin, and her lips firmly compressed.

It was some moments before Lobois replied. There was something in the deep blue eye that was fixed so earnestly upon him, and in the calm, earnest features that met his gaze, that moved him more than he had counted upon. But then he was not the man to break down now. He was not the man to give up the fruition of a hope that he had cherished with his very life for years. He was playing for a golden stake of immense value, and now that he held the leading hand, he meant to use it promptly, and without compromise of any kind.

"Louise St. Julien," he at length replied, "as sure as there is a heaven above, I mean just what I have said. You go not from this house until you are my wife! From this purpose I will not swerve, so help me fate!"

Louise gazed upon him a few moments in blank surprise. At first she seemed hardly willing to credit the evidence of her own senses. Next a strange light broke over her fair features, and in a peculiar tone she said:

"It was very strange that you should have been the one, of all others, to find me."

"Ah—how?"

"And that you should have found me just as you did."

"Louise—"

"Very strange that the Indians should have stopped just where they did."

"You are facetious, mademoiselle."

"It is a strange piece of business, monsieur. But then there is a wonderful providence in it, so that it is not so strange, after all."

"Mademoiselle, you may carry your badinage too far."

"*Badinage*, monsieur?"

"Ay—badinage. I do not like it. I perfectly understand now the drift of your flings, but I did not at first. You will be more circumspect in your language, or you may be corrected."

A quick flush passed over the girl's face, and her lip quivered. A moment the thought of spurning the wretch was present with her, but the thought, most probably, of her defenceless position kept her tongue under guard.

"Simon," she murmured, after a while of silence, "you will not be so cruel?"

"And is it cruel to want a beautiful girl, whom one loves, for a wife?"

"But what can you want with a wife who can never love you in return?"

"I'll teach you to love me."

"As well might you teach me to love the great crocodile I saw the soldiers playing with in the street this morning."

"Then, by heavens, I'll teach you to fear me!"

"You've done that already, monsieur."

"So much the better then; you'll mind me the quicker."

"But why—why should you do this thing?"

"I'll tell you," spoke Simon, turning with sudden emphasis upon the girl—for there was more emphasis in the movement than in the words. "There is no need that I should pretend to deceive you, nor could I, probably, if I tried. For many years I have had the charge of your father's books and business. You know he is wealthy—more wealthy than any other ten men in the colony. When he came here into this joy-forsaken wilderness, I came with him to help him. The thought came to me, as I beheld your mind expanding under my care, that at some future day I might possess your heart and hand, and thus the half of your father's fortune would be mine. So I strove to make you all I could, and the property I multiplied as fast as possible. The wealth has grown in bulk under my care, and now I am not ready to give all up. I am not willing to see the hopes of a lifetime blasted just from the mere whim of a capricious girl."

"But do you think my father will allow his property to fall into your hands when he knows that I married you from absolute compulsion?" asked the fair girl, earnestly.

"He cannot well help it. He cannot cut me off without cutting you off, too; and I know him too well to fear that he will spit out his venom on me, when by so doing he must inevitably reduce you to the same level."

"But he will demand a dissolution of the union between us."

"Ha! he cannot gain it if he does. I am prepared there, and I know the ground on which I stand. The king has empowered the company to frame domestic regulations to meet the wants of the colony, and they have already passed a resolution that every sane, sound girl, of seventeen years or upwards, shall marry, if proposal is made from a respectable source."

"Ay—but the payment of a hundred livres can remove the obligation."

"So it can. But no power can annul the marriage tie."

"Then mark me, Simon Lobois! I will bid my father that he let me live in penury and want, for, as your wife, my sorrow will have reached its climax; so you shall not thus gain the gold you covet."

"And mark *me*, Louise St. Julien! While your father withholds the half of his fortune from you, I will reduce you to such suffering as shall force me to bind you to prevent you from taking your own life to end your tortures! Now threaten on, for, by the host of angels, with the archangel at their head, I can threaten as well as you!"

A few moments of silence ensued, and then Simon said, in a softer tone:

"But let us drop this profitless confab. You will consider of this, and I know you will calmly settle down into a state of reasonable acquiescence. Now give me a direct answer. Will you become my wife without any further act of compulsion?"

"I should judge you had heard enough to know my mind."

"But I would know if I must compel you. Mind, now! My resolution is fixed. I have counted the cost, and am resolved upon the throw. When we return, you may tell your father, if you please, that I compelled you to become my wife, but I shall not care. He cannot take you from me after the holy church has bound you to me, and if he seeks otherwise to harm me, he will only heap suffering upon the head of his own child. Your father gave me permission to seek your hand."

"I do not believe it, Simon."

"I care not for your belief. That he told me so is true, and now I have sought you. Will you be my wife?"

"Never!"

"We shall see!"

And with this, the wretch strode from the apartment.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FOUL PLOTTER MAKES A MOST DECIDED MOVE.

It was nearly dark when Simon Lobois left his captive—for the fact could no longer be concealed that such Louise in truth was,—and the poor girl waited in vain for the coming of her supper. She waited until near ten o'clock, and then she retired without it. Some time during the night (she could not tell at what hour it was, for she knew not how long she had slept), she was startled from an uneasy, dreamy slumber by hearing a heavy tread in her room, and ere she could see what caused the noise, she was seized and lifted from the bed. Then she looked around, and found two stout, dark-faced men by her side.

"Come, sweet," uttered one of them, "hurry on your clothes as soon as possible, for we are in a hurry."

In a gasping voice, Louise asked what was wanted.

"Never mind—only get ready to follow us as soon as possible. We'll find better quarters than this for ye."

"But—"

"O—come—if ye don't choose to fix up, we'll take ye as ye are, for we're in a hurry."

Louise asked no more questions, but quickly putting on her gown and scarf, and drawing the latter over her head, she announced her readiness to accompany them. One of them took her by the arm, while the other, who held the lantern, went on in advance. They descended the stairs to the street, and having passed the distance of two squares, they stopped in front of a gloomy-looking building, with one small door on the street, but no window. This door was opened, and the girl led in. Straight on she went through a long narrow passage, a distance of over a hundred feet, and then she was stopped before a door not more than two feet wide, formed of three pieces of solid hewn timber bolted together with iron. This was opened, and Louise was pushed in, and the door closed upon her. She listened until she could hear the sound of her conductors' footsteps no more, and then she searched around for some place in which to lie down, or, at least, upon which she could sit down. At length she found a low pallet with some bedding upon it, and on this she rested.

She slept some, for she was astonished when she opened her eyes and found a stream of sunlight struggling into the place. She looked up and found that there was a small aperture near the top of the wall, about a foot square, but she could not look out from it, it being too high for her to reach. The room was small, with walls of hewn timber, and evidently built for a prison. Louise knew how easily money could hire official assistance in the colony, and hence she wondered not that Lobois had been able to obtain the use of this place.

The forenoon passed slowly away, and noon came. Hunger and thirst began to afflict the helpless prisoner, and the hands were oftener clasped in silent supplication. At length, towards the middle of the afternoon, the door of the cell was opened, and Simon Lobois entered.

"Simon," uttered the prisoner, "what means this?"

"Can you not guess?" was his calm reply.

"Do you mean this as a means of forcing me to marriage?"

"You've hit it."

Louise sank down upon the pallet, and clasped her hands.

"I cannot stand this," she said.

"Then become my wife."

"Is that the only alternative?"

"It is."

"And in no other way can I get clear of this place?"

"In no other."

"Bring me water."

"Will you be mine?"

"I will allow the marriage to be solemnized."

"And you will go before the priest and be legally married to me?"

"*I will!*"

Simon Lobois started with demoniac, selfish joy.

"You shall have food and water now!" he cried. "And you shall have a faithful, loving husband. O, Louise, you—"

"But I am famishing now, Simon."

Away flew the man, and in a short time he returned with some cold milk and bread. This was just the food for the poor girl, and she ate and drank greedily.

"You take it more calmly than I had expected, Louise," Simon said, as he gazed inquiringly into her calm, pale face.

"If I am calm, monsieur, it is not because I am happy. I find myself in your power, and I have assured myself that I am powerless to escape you. I have reflected and pondered deeply upon this, and now that my mind is made up, I am not the woman, or the girl, to make myself uselessly miserable. But, monsieur, you do not see my heart; you do not see the utter wreck you have made there. A deep, dark sorrow, such as the soul utterly crushed, and the heart all broken, can only know, is mine. If you can be happy in knowing the work you have thus wrought, I shall not envy you. *I* can look with hope to the life of the emancipated spirit; you know best whether *you* can do the same."

There was a deep, touching pathos in this speech that moved the hard-hearted man more than he dared acknowledge, even to himself, and he tried to banish the emotion.

"Pooh!" he uttered. "There is no need of your speaking so, for you shall be as happy as a princess. I will always love you—always be faithful."

A look of utter contempt stole over the fair girl's face as she gazed into the evil features of the bad man, for she knew how hollow all his pretensions were; and she knew now, too, what wicked means he had used to bring her within his power.

"Simon Lobois," she said, in a freezing tone, "spare me from your professions of love, for they only add to my misery. Now answer me a solemn question: *Where is my brother?*"

"Your brother?" Simon uttered, starting in spite of himself. "What should I know of him?"

"But do you *not* know of him?" she asked, looking him steadily in the eye.

"I do not." But he trembled while he spoke; he could not help it.

"But you know he was seized by the Indians on the same night that I was."

"How should I know?"

"Simon, it is strauge that you have never once asked me concerning the event of my abduction!"

"I—I—a—havo had enough to think of without that. My love for you has engrossed my every thought, aud claimed my whole attention."

"Then you know nothing of him?"

"I—I—why, how on earth should I?"

"Never mind. If you do not, then that is enough. Now, appoint the time for the wedding when you will."

"It shall be this very day."

"As you will. If it must be so, I care not for time. Henceforth all times are alike to me."

"Ay, sweet Louise, all of joy."

"Yes—such joy as the lost child feels in the deep wood; such joy as the poor orphan feels when she stands by the cold corse of her dead parents!"

"Nonsense! But come; you shall find better quarters than these."

So Simon Lobois led his promised bride forth from the prison-house back to the dwelling from whence she had been taken on the previous night, and then he went out to hunt up some more fitting garb for her to wear. He went to the governor, and there he succeeded in purchasing a suitable habit. It was a dress made after the fashion of the times, of pale blue silk with scarlet facings, and worked with silver lace and thread. It belonged originally to one of Perier's daughters, but she had never yet worn it, it having been made for her wedding-dress, and her lover dying on the eve of marriage.

The dress fitted Louise to a fault, and when thus prepared, she suffered herself to be led to the church, for Simon had determined that there should be no subsequent question about the legality of his marriage. When they entered the little, or, rather, the rude church, they found quite a number of people collected, and the aged priest was there in his robes.

The poor girl's head ached, and when she stood before the priest she trembled violently, and even Simon was startled when he saw how pale she looked.

"Go on," she whispered. "O, go on, and let me out from here, or I shall die!"

The priest commenced the ceremony, and Simon answered the questions distinctly. Then the holy man turned to the bride, and he asked her the usual questions. She looked up, and in a faint, forced voice, she replied:

"To the best of my abilities I will do all this!"

What more could human law require? Even Simon was surprised, for he had feared she would hesitate. But he knew not how sick and faint she was, and that she might have answered thus promptly in order to hasten the ceremony, for she wanted fresh air. She had not told him of the headache she had had all day, nor of the pains she had experienced since noon, for she would not complain of bodily pain while the spirit lay groaning in heavy, cankering chains.

But the ceremony was finished, and the nuptial tie had been formed, and the marriage was registered in the great parchment book of the clerk. The fee was paid, and then the bridegroom turned away.

"In heaven's name, my wife," cried Simon, as they reached the open air, "what is the matter? What is it that thus affects you?"

"O, I am sick—sick as death!" was the faint reply. "Hasten—hasten to our home, or I shall fail and sink by the wayside!"

Simon saw that his companion spoke the truth, and with quick steps he hurried on, sometimes bearing his bride in his arms, and anon helping her to walk. At length they reached their dwelling, and Loppa was at once sent for the physician. The old man came, and at a glance he saw that his patient had a relapse of her fever, and this time he shook his head as he remarked:

"We can't drive it off this time, Monsieur Lobois. It is firmly seated, and must have its run. But the lady has a sound constitution, so you need apprehend no danger. But she has not followed my directions, I am sure, or she would not thus have sunk. Has she had the nutritious food I ordered?"

Simon stammered out a reply to the effect that the negro woman might have neglected it.

"And has she not been allowed to overload her stomach recently?" resumed the physician. "She gives signs of it, and also of exposure."

He looked at Simon as he spoke, but that individual made no reply; only after a while he asked how long it would be before the lady would be well.

"That depends upon circumstances," replied the doctor. "She may be up in two weeks, but not before that time."

The physician dealt out his medicine, and having given directions for the care of his patient, he retired. Simon procured for his wife another attendant, so as to have two of them, and then he informed Louise that his business called him up the river.

"To the chateau?" asked she, faintly.

"Yes. I was in hopes that you would have accompanied me, but that is now impossible. However, I must go, though I shall return as soon as possible."

"And what will you tell my father?"

"Simply that you are my wife. Of course I shall explain how I rescued you from the savages, and how, in return, I claimed your hand. But I have prepared the best of care for you during my absence, and you shall not want for anything. The physician will be regular in his visits, and I hope to find you well when I return."

The invalid betrayed no sorrow at the departure of her husband, nor did she exhibit any extended signs of deep affection at his adieu. She closed her eyes as he spoke the parting word, nor did she open them again until old Loppa came and whispered in her ear that her husband was gone.

CHAPTER XV.

A STROKE UPON THE HEART, AND ONE UPON THE HEAD.

Up and down the wide walk in the garden paced Brion St. Julien and Goupart St. Denis. The old man was pale and wan, and his steps were short and tremulous. The silvery streaks seemed to have multiplied themselves upon his head, and surely many a deep line of care was added to his brow. St. Denis looked not so pale, nor was his step tremulous, but a sorrowful look was upon his face, and in his dark, rich brown eye dwelt a melancholy light, such as could only come from a bruised and bleeding heart. His hands were folded upon his bosom; his eyes bent upon the ground, while within his own stout arm was locked that of his companion.

"We can search no more," said the marquis, in a broken voice. "They must either have been slain, or else borne away off to the far homes of the Chickasaws."

"And do you think old Tony's report can be relied upon?" asked Goupart.

"Yes. He says he is sure, and if he feels so, then it is so."

"Then our only hope is in enlisting the whole French force in our behalf, for these Chickasaws are a powerful, warlike people, and not easily overcome."

"Ah, we cannot do that," returned the marquis, sadly. "The governor, Perier, is not a warm friend of mine. He had set his eyes upon this place before I bought it, and he meant to have gained it free of cost. He dares not show open hostility to me, but he would not help me."

"Then," said Goupart, "I will myself go in search, even though I disguise myself in the outer semblance of the red man."

But the marquis shook his head dubiously at this.

"No, no," he said. "You would only throw away your own life, and then I should be left all alone. I could not live, Goupart, if you, too, were gone."

This was spoken in a sad, but earnest tone, and the appeal touched the young man's heart.

"Alas!" he murmured, while the big tears gathered in his eyes, "what of life is left to either of us now! I had just seen the opening of life's promise—the budding of my soul's great hope—when this drear midnight came!"

For a while after this they walked on in silence. All search had been made that could be planned with reason, but in vain. Old Tony, who was quick of wit, and who had not forgotten the wild life of his youth, had followed the trail of the marauders a distance of forty miles, and there he lost it upon a branch of the Tickfah. This trail led in a south-easterly direction, so the bereaved ones had not a shadow of doubt that Louis and Louise had been taken to the distant homes of the Chickasaws.

And all was gloom and sorrow in the household. The servants and the slaves had wept freely over the sad loss, and the unhappy father knew that he had the sympathy of all.

The day was drawing near to its close, when one of the female domestics rushed into the sitting-room and announced that Simon Lobois was coming. Both the marquis and St. Denis started to their feet, and gazed upon each other earnestly.

"O," uttered the old man, "I wish I knew that Simon was innocent of all crime in this." The words were spoken with strong, sudden emotion, and showed that the speaker had been racked with dark doubts.

"I would not say that he is guilty of all this," returned Goupart; "but things rest most darkly against him. However, we can easily tell. His face is very apt to reveal the emotions of the inner man, and I feel assured he will betray himself. Let us wait and see if he inquires for the missing ones."

The marquis took a turn up and down the room to compose himself, and by the time he had done this, Simon's footstep sounded in the hall, and in a moment more he entered. He moved quickly up to St. Julien and caught him by the hand.

"Ah, my good, kind father," he uttered, "I have been detained longer than I expected. But I am happy to find you well."

Then the black-hearted man turned to Goupart, and with a stiff, formal bow, he said:

"Monsieur St. Denis, I hope you are well."

But the noble youth spoke not in reply. He could not. He detected in Simon's eye a look of triumph that was not to be mistaken, and from that moment his suspicions were all alive again.

"But I do not see Louis. Where is he?" asked Lobois, after he had taken a seat.

The marquis gazed fixedly into the speaker's eye, but he could detect nothing there out of the way.

"Louis is—is—gone!" the old man uttered.

"How? Have you not found him yet?"

"Then you knew he was gone?" said the marquis, with a quick glance of fear.

"Yes—I knew that both your children were gone from here."

"How?" the old man asked.

"Louise herself has told me the story," was the calm response.

Both the old man and the young started to their feet.

"*Louise!* Louise told you?" gasped Goupart.

"Yes, monsieur," returned Simon, gazing upon the youth with a look of malignant triumph. "I had the good fortune to rescue the loved damsel from the hands of the Indians."

At this juncture the marquis sank back to his seat, and Goupart followed his example.

"And where is she now?" the stricken parent asked, in a whisper.

"She is at New Orleans. I should have brought her with me, but the state of her health would not permit. She has a fever; but you need not fear, for I have left the best of care for her."

"But how—where—did you find her?"

"It was most strange," answered Simon, assuming a devout look. "While in New Orleans, I heard that a small party of Chickasaws were on their way towards Lake Pontchartrain with a white girl as a prisoner. It was a French runner—a half-breed, I think—who brought the intelligence. He said the party came from the north and west, and in a moment the fear struck me that it might be Louise. I knew, of course, that the red villains had been lurking about here; and, moreover, I knew of no other point from whence they could have brought such a prisoner, short of the fort at Natchez, and I was sure they had not ventured there. The fear became so firmly fixed that I resolved to set out; so I engaged the services of one who knew the region round about the lake, and having hired some men who belonged to a ship then lying in the river, I obtained two small boats and set out. We crossed the lake, and landed as near as we could to the opening of the trail that I had been informed the Indians were upon. We mounted the bank, and almost the first thing that met my eye was the form of an Indian pacing up and down by the side of an open space in the woods. It was night, but the moon shone brightly. I knocked the sentinel down, and in a moment the whole party were upon their feet. At a little distance I saw the form of a female asleep upon the ground, and I feared that if I fired she might be harmed, for most of the Indians had guns. I demanded that the prisoner should be given up to me, but I had to use some heavy threats before they would yield. At length, however, upon my promise that I would not cause them to be molested further, they gave the prisoner up, and you can imagine my deep joy when I knew that I had saved Louise St. Julien."

For some moments there was silence in the room. Goupart, who was very pale, but whose lips were firmly compressed, was the first to break it.

"How long ago was it that you found the lady?" he asked.

"About two weeks," was the reply.

"And has she been sick ever since?"

"No. I had meant to bring her with me, but she was taken down with a fever on the very day before I started."

"St. Julien," cried the youth, turning to the old man, "I will away at once and seek her, and as soon as she is able she shall be with you. I can reach New Orleans by the morning of the day after to-morrow if I set out to-night. Tony shall go out with me. By my soul, I'll not rest here another night!"

A satanic smile dwelt upon Simon's features as Goupart ceased speaking, and in a tone of the same nature, he said:

"You need not trouble yourself, Monsieur St. Denis. I assure you I should not have left Louise, had I not seen her in the care of those who will be faithful. She has her own servants to attend her."

"Her own servants!" uttered Goupart, changing color.

"Yes, monsieur."

"But Goupart had better go down, Simon, and come home with her," suggested the old man.

"Excuse me," answered Lobois, "if I object to that. Monsieur St Denis is not just the man—I allude only to circumstances, and not to his character as a man—that I should select as an escort for my wife!"

Goupart St. Denis started half up from his seat, and then sank back like a man who has received a shot through the heart. His face was deadly pale, and his hands were clutched upon his knees.

"Your *wi—i—ife!*" gasped the old man, starting up and taking a step towards his nephew.

"Yes, my dear father," Lobois replied. "I am the happy man. The sweet child has accepted me as her husband. And why should she not? She owed her very life to me, and in gratitude she rewarded me with her hand."

"But not yet, Simon! You are not married!"

"Most assuredly we are."

"No, no; that is impossible! Louise would never have done—"

"Hold, sir! We will have no argument about it. Here is the document that will satisfy you."

Thus speaking, Simon took a paper from his pocket, which he opened and handed to the marquis. It was a legal certificate—an attested copy of the record—bearing the seal and signature of the colonial clerk, and vouching for the legal marriage of Simon Lobois and Louise St. Julien. The old man read it, and then, with a deep groan, the paper fell from his hand. Quick as thought, Goupart picked it up. The hope had flashed upon his mind that the document might be a forgery; but as his eye rested upon it, the hope passed away, for he knew it was a legal transcript of the record. The paper dropped from his hand, too, and he sank back into his chair. The thing had come with a thunder-crash upon him, and for the moment he was unable to speak. But one look into the face of Lobois started his heart to life again.

"Why, really, gentlemen," said Simon, after he had picked the paper up, "one would think there was something surprising in a simple marriage. And you, sir," he added, turning to the marquis, "I should not suppose that you would wonder at this, especially seeing that you yourself gave me permission to seek Louise for my wife."

"I did not!" groaned the old man. "O, I never gave it!"

"By heavens, you did! You told me distinctly that I might ask Louise for her hand, and that if she consented, you should bid her follow her own choice."

"But that was after you had fairly hunted me down with questions—after I had refused to listen to you on the subject. But my child never freely gave her consent to this. She could not have

done so. O, Simon, yon have forced her to this! You have—" But the poor man's emotions were too powerful, and his speech failed him. A moment more he gazed into the villain's dark features, and then he bowed his head and bnrst into tears. He sobbed as though his noble heart would break.

"Ha, ha, ha! you didn't want me for a son-in-law, then," the sconndrel nttered, in a coarse tone; "for," he added, turning a defiant look upon Goupart, "yon meant, no doubt, to have had a more beautiful husband for her."

"You will be careful how you use your tongue in my presence," spoke Goupart, in a hushed tone, the very breathing of which told that there was a smothering volcano near at hand.

"Ho—ho, monsieur!" the fellow replied; "you hoped to stick your fingers into the old man's gold-pots, eh? I understand the reason of your coming here very well. But rest assured you wont handle the money through the daughter's pockets."

"Hush, Simou Lobois! I am moved now more deeply than I can bear, so be careful that you move me no more. It is enough that you have crushed this old man's heart, and overturned his life cup."

"Ho—ho! thou art wondrous sensitive, Monsieur St. Denis. You have lost the prize, eh? I suppose if *you* had married the daughter, 'twould have been all right. But you're a little behind the coach this time. However, if you remain here long enough, you shall see the bride."

"Villain!" gasped the marqnis, in a frantic tone. "O, would you had killed me ere you had done this thing!"

"But, heavens and earth, monsieur, what do you mean? If the girl chose to marry me, what can you object?"

"She did not choose so to do. O, she never consented to wed with such as you of her own free will."

"*Such as me!*" hissed Lobois. "And so you would spurn me now, eh? You have found a new flame in your dotage—have you? Monsieur St. Denis, I give you joy of the friend you have gained; but I can't give you up the wife. You did it well, but I'm afraid you'll have to work some other way for a living now, unless, indeed, monsieur le marquis may take pity enough on you to give you a few crowns just to find you in bread and salt until you can get your eyes upon some other heiress!"

This was spoken in a coarse, contemptuous, sneering manner, and during its delivery, Lobois had kept his eye fixed upon the youth with a look of fiendish exultation. Goupart was pale as death, and his hands were clenched.

"Simon Lobois," he whispered, "beware how you taunt!"

"O, don't swell up, boy!" retorted the nephew, in the same tannting tone.

A moment the proud youth gazed into the villain's face, and had he followed the impulse of his first emotion, he would have struck him to the floor; but with a mighty effort he quelled the temptation, and then turned to the marquis.

"My old friend," he said, "if you say so, I will take some of your servants, and at once set off and bring your poor child home, and from her lips we shall—"

"Stop!" cried Simon, with a strangely burning eye. "I have a little too much care for the honor of my wife to allow you to have the charge of her, sick as she is!"

Had ten thousand thunder-bolts at that moment crashed at his feet, Goupart St. Denis could not have moved more quickly. Not in all the language of all the world could words have been found more insulting. With one bound he was by the dastard's side, and on the next instant he dealt him a blow upon the face that felled him to the floor like a log.

"O, St. Julien, I could not help it! Forgive me!"

"By my soul, Goupart, I do not blame you!"

For some moments Lobois lay upon the floor like one dead, and the youth was beginning to fear that the blow might have been fatal, when the villain moved, and shortly afterwards he arose to his feet. He gazed a moment upon his enemy with a deadly look, and then, as he noticed that the blood was trickling down his face npon the floor, he turned towards the door.

"Goupart St. Denis, as sure as God lives, thou shalt answer for this!"

And thus speaking, the villain left the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DUEL.

That evening Brion St. Julien and Goupart conversed long and earnestly together. For some time the youth had entertained the thought of proceeding at once to New Orleans and seeking Louise, but finally he resolved to wait awhile, at least until he had had one more interview with Lobois.

"That Lobois was the cause of her being abducted I have no longer any doubt," said the marquis, after some remarks had been made npon the subject.

"How can there be a doubt?" returned Goupart. "His story of the rescue of the poor girl is too improbable for belief, unless he had some understanding with the Indians."

"But do yon not think that he found her as he says?" inquired the marqnis, earnestly.

"Of conrse I do. He fonnd her as he says; but, of conrse, the Indians nnderstood that he was to meet them there. He took her there, and he must have used some terrible power to make her marry him—if she has done so. But do you really think she is married?" This was asked in a tone of earnest, eager entreaty, and seemed to beg of the marquis to answer in the negative.

"Gonpart," replied the marquis, in a thoughtful mood, "I do not wish to raise hopes in your bosom, which may only be crushed. Bnt yet I will speak freely. Louise has ever been a dutiful child, and to me she has been as mild as a dove; yet I cannot think that anything short of escape from absolute shame would have induced her to marry with Simon Lobois. I think she would have died ere she would have done it."

"But," suggested Goupart, ready to make everything look dark as possible, yet anxious for grounds of hope, "sickness may have unnerved her. You know how the utter prostration of the physical system can sway the mind. He may have kept her while she was sick, crushed her down, and thus—"

"Stop—stop! O mercy, Goupart, a wild beast could not have done such a thing!"

"And what is there in the brute creation that can equal in horror the deeds of a wicked, malignant man? Alas! I fear 'tis too true. Louise is lost to me forever!"

"O, she must have had her brain turned!" soliloqnized the old man.

"But," said Goupart, starting with a new idea, "is Simon Lobois known at New Orleans?"

"Yes—well. He has done all my business there."

"But do you think the authorities there would have helped him in this?"

"The governor might, for Lobois has helped him several times."

"But," suggested the youth, "even now you can have the foul union broken off—have the forced marriage annulled."

"No," the marquis replied, shaking his head sadly. "You saw by that certificnte that Perier himself was one of the witnesses. No, Goupart,—I cannot do that. I might do it in France, but not here. And then—"

"Speak on."

"She is already—*his!*"

Goupart uttered a deep groan and sank back, and shortly afterwards they separated for the night.

St. Denis went to his chamber, and went to his bed; but he could not sleep. He lay with his hands clasped over his brow, and ever and anon deep, painful groans would break from his lips. His grief was deeper than he could tell, even in his wildest prayers, and his hopes were all gone. The thing had come upon him with a doubly crusbing force, for it had found his soul already bowed down beneath the weight of fear. He could have known that Louise had died, for then he might have wept awhile, and then calmly knelt down and prayed. But now even that sad and melancholy boon was denied him. Like the frantic mother who stands and sees the eagle perched upon the cliff with her shrieking infant, stood the youth with respect to his beloved. But, at length, when the first hours after midnight had come, Goupart sank into a dull, dreamy slumber, and his pains were for awhile only the phantoms of sleep.

While Goupart thus lay pondering upon his terrible misfortune, Simon Lobois was not alone. He was in the chamber he usually occupied, and with him was a black slave named Peter. He was a middle-aged man—Simon's especial servant, and the only one in the whole household who had any sympathy for the dark nephew. Lobois had purchased him in New Orleans, and though he had done so only as the marquis's agent, yet Peter looked upon the former as his master. And, moreover, Simon had paid him various sums of money to serve him.

"Now, Peter," said Simon, after some other conversation had passed, "have you watched the affair between Goupart and the marquis, as I bade you?"

"Yes, mas'r; me watch 'um well, an' me hear all. Me foun' de hole you tole me of in de floor ober de ole mas'r's library, an' me hab watch 'nm ebery time I's got a chance."

"And what have you found?"

Peter went on and told a long story he had heard about letting Simon go, and about Goupart taking his place.

"*And*," uttered the negro, with a sparkling eye as he gave a sort of flourishing emphasis to the conjunction, "me's heard one oder ting, berry sartin'. One time dey feared young mas'r an' missus 'd nebber cum back, an' ole mas'r's gwine to gib Goupart all his whole fortin'. By golly! he'll hab heaps o' money, eh?"

"Did he say the whole, Peter?"

"He did sartin, mas'r. An' he's planned to gib 'im haff of it now. O, I tell ye, mas'r Goupart got mitey big hold onto ole mas'r's pocket, an' onto ole mas'r's lub, too. Dey's togedder all de time. Yah—guess ole mas'r don't s'pect he'll want you no more."

Shortly after this the negro was dismissed, and Lobois retired.

It was late in the morning when Simon Lobois made his appearance. He had had his breakfast served in his own room, and for some time he had been engaged in bathing his face. And that face looked badly. The blow had been received under the right eye, and not only were both eyes draped in deep mourning, but quite a wound was visible where the knuckles had touched. The nephew noticed how the slaves regarded him, and he could detect plainly the peculiar satisfaction they experienced in seeing him thus abased. But this only served to make his ire more deadly, and call up deeper curses in his soul against the man who had struck him, and who, he feared, stood between himself and a portion of his coveted wealth.

He walked on to the sitting-room, and he found the marquis and Goupart there.

"Monsieur St. Denis," he said, in a low, icy tone, "I would speak with you."

In an instant the yonng man tnrned and followed him. Lobois led the way to the garden, and there he stopped and turned.

"Monsieur St. Denis," he spoke, while his eyes flashed and his thin lip trembled, "last night you did what no living man has ever done before. You struck me in the face. Ere I leave this place, the stricken man must be past remembrance of his shame, or the striker mnst be not among the living! You understand!"

Now Goupart was not in a frame of mind to endnre mnch, or to argue much on moral points. His heart was aching from a horrid wound, and his sonl was tortnred by a fearfnl power; and before him was the serpent who had done it all—ay, who had done more!—who had torn loved children trom a doting parent—snndered the brother and sister, and made mad ruin of the life of a defenceless girl. The yonng man's eyes did not flash like his enemy's, but they burned with a deep, calm fire, such as utter disgust and abomination add to fierce hate.

"I think I understand," was St. Denis's reply.

"I taught you your first lessons in the sword exercise, and yon were a proficient when I last saw yon handle the blade. Will yon now choose that weapon?"

"Yes."

"Then get it, and join me at once."

Goupart turned away and went to his room. He took down his sword, and buckled the belt about him. Then he drew the blade, and for a moment he gazed upon it. It had once been an uncle's weapon—the well-tried companion of General St. Denis, a bold and true knight. It was of Spanish make, and never yet had it failed in the hour of need. There was another sword in the room—a lighter one—a Damascns blade, and of exquisite finish, and one, too, with which the youth had always played. But it had been his father's sword, and he would not use it now. After he had returned the blade to its scabbard, he stopped a moment to reflect. Then he moved to the table, where an ink-horn stood, and tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he hurriedly wrote as follows:

"Monsieur le Marquis,—You are my friend, and you know the few friends I have on earth. If I fall to-day, you will know why, and I know yon will not blame me. You will see Louise. Tell her we shall meet—"

The youth stopped and started up, and his hand trembled.

"If I fall thus, shall we meet *there?*" he murmured to himself. "O, God will pardon the deed. He knows the deep provocation—the burning shame that blights this house! Pardon, O God of mercy, and receive my soul to thyself!"

Then he stooped once more, and wrote:

"—in that world where love knows no night. Pray for me. God bless you for your kindness to me. Don't forget to pray for me often. St. Denis."

This the yonth folded and directed to Brion St. Jnlien, and wiping a single tear from his cheek, he hurried down to the hall, and from thence to the garden, where he found Simon waiting for him.

"Now follow me," said Lobois; and thus speaking, he led the way around the house towards the barn, and thence out through the postern to the foot of the hill beyond, where grew a thick clump of hickory trees.

"Now, Gonpart St. Denis, are you ready?" asked Simon, at the same time drawing his sword.

"In one moment," returned the youth, also drawing his own weapon, but lowering its point upon the gronnd. "Ere we—"

He was stopped short in his speech, for at that moment the marquis came rushing out from the court, and soon reached the spot where they stood.

"Simon," he gasped, white with fear, "what means this? Put up your sword."

"Brion St. Julien," quickly retorted the mad nephew, "stand back! You saw what passed last night—did you not?"

"But that was the result of hot passion. You tannted him most bitterly, Simon; you insulted him most shamefully, and he knew not what he did. O, let this thing stop!"

"Stop? By the heavens above me, and the sacred memory of those who dwell there, you might as well try to stop yonder mighty river from flowing to its mouth! Yon say I gave him provocation. Did he not give me provocation?"

"Yes—yes. It was all folly—all eager, hot, mad haste. O, give over this thing! Simon, I command yon!"

"Brion St. Julien, look upon this mark on my face! Were the man who did that my own brother, he should stand before my sword. So now stand back. There shall be a death to wipe this out. If I fall, 'twill die with me; if he falls, the atonement is complete."

"Good Sir Brion," spoke Goupart, at this point, "let the conflict go on. Life to me now is not worth the price I would pay for it by refusal. Let it go on."

"But—my child—my son, if yon are gone—"

"You'll have me left," interrupted Simon,—"me, who of right belongs here. Now are you ready, Monsieur St. Denis?"

The youth turned an imploring look upon the marquis, and as the old man fell back, he replied:

"Now I must ask the question I was abont to ask ere onr friend came to interrupt ns. Simon Lobois, yon may fall in this encounter, and before I cross your sword, I would pray you to tell, if you know, where Louis St. Julien is."

"How?" hissed Simon. "Wonld ye heap more insult npon me?"

"I ask bnt a simple qnestion."

"Ay—and that question means a foul suspicion. I know nothing of him."

"Then come on!"

And on the next instant the swords were crossed.

[To be continued.]

Neutrality is no favorite with Providence, for we are so formed that it is scarcely possible for us to stand neuter in our hearts, although we may deem it prudent to appear so in our actions.—*Thomas Fuller.*

HON. MILLARD FILLMORE,

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



HON. MILLARD FILLMORE

The accompanying portrait will readily be recognized as a correct likeness of Hon. Millard Fillmore, who became President of the United States by the unexpected death of President Taylor, in 1850, and who was recently nominated by the national convention of the American party as their candidate for the presidency, in conjunction with Andrew J. Donelson, vice-presidential candidate. Mr. Fillmore was born at Summer Hill, Cayuga county, New York, January 7, 1800. His father, Nathaniel Fillmore, a descendant of a respectable English family, was, and we believe still is, a farmer, in very humble circumstances. Millard's early education was a very imperfect one; and it having been deemed expedient that he should learn a trade, he was apprenticed to a wool-dealer in Livingston county, with whom he remained four years. While diligently working at his trade, he embraced every opportunity of mental culture that presented itself, reading and studying good books with great assiduity. The late Judge Wood, of Cayuga county, a man of wealth and an eminent lawyer, having noticed the ambition, perseverance and probity of young Fillmore, offered to receive him as a student in his office and to defray his expenses while he was qualifying himself for the bar. Mr. Fillmore, then nineteen, eagerly and gratefully embraced the opportunity afforded him, and commenced the study of the law with ardor. A portion of this time, however, he devoted to teaching school, in order to lessen his pecuniary obligations to Judge Wood. In 1821 he removed to Erie county, where he continued his legal studies in the city of Buffalo. In 1822 he was admitted to the common pleas, and commenced the practice of the law at Aurora. In 1827 he was admitted as an attorney, and in 1829 as counsellor in the Supreme Court. In 1830 he removed to Buffalo. Three years previously he was married to Miss Amanda Powers, a daughter of the late Rev. Lemuel Powers, by whom he has a son and daughter. In 1829 Mr. Fillmore was elected a member of the State Assembly from Erie county, and thus commenced his political career. The whig party, of which he was a member, being then in a minority, he had little opportunity to distinguish himself. In 1832 he was elected to Congress, and took his seat in 1833. At the conclusion of his term of office he resumed the practice of his profession, but was again sent to Washington, and took his seat in the House in 1837. He was re-elected to the 26th and 27th Congresses, and distinguished himself by his ability and attention to business. After the expiration of the 27th Congress he declined re-election, and gave himself up to his profession, in which he enjoyed a good reputation and a lucrative practice. In 1844 he was the whig nominee for the office of governor of New York, but was defeated by the opposing candidate. Three years afterwards, however, he was chosen comptroller of the State by a large majority. In 1848 he was the vice-president candidate of the whig party, and elected to that office. In March, 1849, having resigned the comptrollership, he entered on the duties of his office, and became president of the United States in the following July, by the death of General Taylor. The events of his administration are too recent to require recapitulation. Soon after retiring from the highest office in the republic, Mr. Fillmore sailed for Europe, to fulfil a long-cherished desire of travelling in the old world. He has made a very extensive tour in Great Britain and on the continent, receiving everywhere the tokens of respect which are always shown to one who has filled the American presidential chair, and to which his personal worth as a gentleman entitle him. Mr. Fillmore's career is another proof of the practical operation of our political system, which throws open all the avenues of honor to every citizen of the State, without restriction. It also shows that self-reliance and industry can readily surmount the obstacles of fortune, and supply the want of early advantages. Mr. Fillmore is the first in the field of the presidential candidates of this year. As soon as the action of the other parties is made known, we shall present portraits of their nominees, accompanied by unbiased biographical sketches. A few months will decide the question who will be the next President of the United States—a few months of intense action and anxiety to all who mingle in the political fray. The violent excitement attending a presidential election—the conventions, caucusses, meetings of committees, processions, addresses, inflammatory harangues, campaign papers, banners, torch-light cavalcades, etc., apparently agitate and convulse the entire country. So desperate are the exertions of antagonistic parties, such large masses are enlisted on one and the other side, that a foreigner would imagine the country on the eve of a revolution, and that the defeat of either party would be productive of civil war. Whereas, in the days of the most frenzied excitement, as we all know, the defeated party acquiesces in the will of the majority, and the wheels of government continue to roll smoothly on.

CITY OF ROTTERDAM.

The engraving below presents a picturesque view of the quaint, old city of Rotterdam, as it lies upon the north bank of the Maas. To an American eye, accustomed to the trim, neat, fresh appearance of our young cities, there is something odd in the quaint architecture and peculiar appearance of this old-world place. Nothing more un-American can be well conceived than the mass of cumbrous buildings before our eyes, and the slumberous air that broods over the city and the river. Yet there is business without noise and confusion, and in the high quality of cleanliness, the cities of Holland do not yield the palm to the very primmest of New England towns. Rotterdam is the second commercial city of Holland. It is about twenty-four miles from the sea, and is more advantageously situated than Amsterdam, from its being nearest the sea. The canals which intersect it are deep enough to admit of the largest vessels coming up to the quays and warehouses of the merchants. The city is built in the form of a triangle, the base of which extends along the bank of the Maas. The commerce of Rotterdam, during the last twenty years, has increased more rapidly than that of any town in Holland. The exports and imports are similar to those of Amsterdam. The white Zealand wheat shipped here is of a peculiarly fine quality, and it is the best market for madder and geneva. Its ready access to the sea gives Rotterdam a great advantage as a port; and, since the separation from Belgium, it has been rapidly increasing in wealth and population, at the expense of its rival—Antwerp. Its commerce now chiefly depends on its connection with Batavia, and that trade at present employs about eighty of the finest merchant ships in the world, of the burthen of from 500 to 1000 tons. They are admirably equipped, and make the voyage to and from India in nine months on an average. An increasing trade is carried on in sugar, coffee and spices. The West India trade, formerly carried on with Surinam, is almost extinct. The trade in provisions is very great; much corn is brought down the Rhine from the interior of Germany; and, from the upper parts, contiguous to that river, a vast supply of timber for ship-building is conveyed. The town is not fortified, but surrounded by a moat; and along the Maas are many fine quays, with stately houses, and long lines of trees. Besides the great church of St. Laurence, there are many churches and chapels. The Stadthuis, or Town Hall, is a large new building, with a composite portico. The statue of Erasmus, and the house in which he was born, in the Brede Kerkstraat, are also in this city. The Schieland palace, occupied in 1811 by Napoleon and Maria Louisa, is, perhaps, the finest of the public edifices. The custom-house and the former East India house on the Boomptjes present nothing remarkable. The church of St. Laurence, the principal religious edifice, and formerly the Roman Catholic cathedral, is a large Gothic brick building, with a lofty square tower, and dates as far back as 1412; but nearly all its ancient ornaments were swept away at the Reformation. In it are the monuments of the celebrated Dutch admirals, De Witt, Kortnaer and Brakel, each of which has an appropriate inscription. It has also a splendid organ, said to be superior in size to the great organ of Haarlem, generally considered the largest in Europe. This is 150 feet in height, mounted upon a colonnade about 50 feet in elevation, and has, according to Barrow, 5500 pipes, the largest being 32 feet in height, and 16 inches in diameter. Rotterdam has a society of arts and experimental philosophy, founded in 1767, a branch of the society of fine arts, a college, a Latin school, many superior and intermediate and poor schools, in which about 8000 children are instructed, and various private academies.



CITY OF ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SNOW FLAKES.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

Feathery flakes are falling gently,
O'er the cold and frozen ground,
With so fairy-like a motion,
Scarcely can we hear a sound.

Welcome, welcome, fleecy snow-flakes,
To the chilled and barren earth;
Spread around a glistening carpet,
Where the loveliest flowers have birth.

Shelter them when winter reigneth,
Guard them from his freezing hold;
White-winged snow-flakes sent to teach us
Of the heavenly Shepherd's fold.

Where the blessings fall like snow-flakes,
Noiseless in their swift descent,
Warming hearts chilled by misfortune—
Hope with sun-rays sweetly blent.

Mortal life hath oft cold winters,
Ofttimes blessings come disguised,
But a glorious spring awaits us,
In the city of the skies.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SWEET ANNE OF ANTWERP.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

Toward the close of the sixteenth century, Antwerp was the emporium of a vast ocean traffic and the depot of an equally extensive inland trade. To this mart flocked the denizens of every land, who mingled their gay and frequently grotesque garbs with the brilliant mantles of the hereditary Spaniard and the sombre doublets of the native Dutch. It may thus be imagined that Antwerp was by far the wealthiest city of the Netherlands, and from its at once open and central position, the hot-bed of treason against the sovereign, Philip II. of Spain, and the nucleus of all the radicalism of that era.

Passing from the *Plaza del Mer*, the exchange and the ancient Arch of Freedom (for the Brabantois, while they inclined to be a loyal people, were most phlegmatic and stern in maintaining their rights), you came at that time, after a succession of strait, narrow streets, upon a large square, planted with fine but few shade trees, on one side of which was the hall where sat day and night the "Council of Blood," and on the other loomed in its massive proportions, the old cathedral, with its glorious altar pieces and sculpture within. Beyond the cathedral and in the shadow of it, separated only by a narrow alley overhung by Dutch pear trees, arose an ancient and lofty dwelling-house, the residence of the wealthiest banker of Antwerp, and thus, perhaps, of the world.

In the rear, whose paved court, daily for many hours, resounded to cheery and dismal sounds of all descriptions, was the spacious banking office, but on the front, the staring white shutters were always closed, and the great hall door never opened unless when, on the Sabbath, the apparition of a liveried footman assisted the rotund banker to his heavy and luxuriant coach, and when on week days it meekly unclosed, and little Anne of Antwerp stole gently forth to mass, with her quaint missal clasped in her dainty hand. On such times, from beneath a snowy, close-fitting cap fashioned after the style worn by the Queen of Scots at that period—her fair hair parted on a polished forehead, flowed rather in shining waves than curls, over the white kerchief pinned squarely with a large gold brooch across her bosom, and her downcast eyes seldom looked askance at the gallants who doffed their plumed caps as they stepped aside, while she glided the few steps from door to door, and stole in at the low postern of the cathedral.

Most constant at matins in the choir, whose eyes rested longer on the slight kneeling figure of the unconscious maiden below, was Philip de Marnix, Lord of St. Aldegonde, who, in spite of rank and wealth, was yet only a distant worshipper of sweet Anne of Antwerp. On high state days, when the banker took his daughter abroad with him in the open coach, her little cap and modest dress exchanged for rustling silks and webs of gossamer lace, veiling her beauty, St. Aldegonde on his prancing horse was always foremost on the course, and when beckoned by the banker to discuss some weighty, low-voiced matter, as he frequently was, his haughty stateliness afforded only a low bow to the silent daughter. Thus time slipped by till the Netherlands were gathering their strength to contend with their Spanish master, and men looked darkly at each other, not knowing where next would fall the keen axe of the "Council of Blood;" and if by chance the former gay Philip of St. Aldegonde was seen upon the street, his trembling acquaintances crossed over and left him free sway over an empty walk, for his name was mixed up with treason, and they whispered that Montigny, Egmont and the Nassaus supplied the place of boon companions. But not even the regent herself suspected the wealthiest banker of Antwerp, who still dealt on the exchange and rolled in his gorgeous chariot.

Affairs were in this state, when, one night, three men sat round a table in conclave in a luxurious apartment in the banker's house. Now and then from his counting-room the banker walked slowly in, and at such times the voices waxed louder, the eyes of the councillors sparkled somewhat brighter, and the little guard, in her white linen cap, who sat without the door on the last step of a broad staircase, trembled and whispered an earnest prayer to herself, for Anne of Antwerp was also entangled in treason. These men were William of Orange, at that time thought to be disaffected and in Germany, Florence de Montmorency and Philip de Marnix. The latter sat with arms folded before him on the table, listening to the slow demonstration of Orange, and curbing with noble calmness, the eager chafing of Montmorency.

"To the devil with thy hither and yons!" at last cried Montmorency, starting to his feet and pacing the room in a passion. "Will I lie in a ditch that my throat may be cut, while thou art figuring here and ciphering there—crawling on thy snail's pace?"

"But can we do aught, friend," suggested Orange, in a slow voice, "till we see clearly about us, till we have our ingots piled in the vaults below, and our men drilled and paid?"

"And why art thou not drilling and paying? Here *are* thy ingots!"

"But not enough of them," interposed Orange.

"There are enough for the onset, and he is a poor tool who, having the reins in his hand, drives not on and conquers! What is thy device, St. Aldegonde, but *'Repos ailleurs?'* Wilt thou rest here and hereafter, too? Up man, for our liberties, and if thou canst not tear the crown from this villain's head, earn in dying a crown for thyself in heaven!"

The blood rose to St. Aldegonde's cheek at the taunt, but compressing his lips he remained a moment silent in stern self-control.

"Thou knowest, Montigny," he answered then, calmly, "that I am in the work as deeply as thou; and that a sentence of death or banishment hangs over my head, waiting but for me to cut the thread. If we start on these expeditions, it is done, and what good I might do the cause in the end, frustrated. It is better to advance slowly and surely, and at last fall on our enemy and sweep away resistance."

His kindling eye had arrested Montigny, who could but acknowledge the truth of the words, although with a new burst of angry thought, he exclaimed:

"And what will ye do with my summons? If ye begin the contest straightway, I am safe—I can join you; but if ye delay, I must off to the court of Spain, and there be detained all through the struggle, and a pitiful deal of help to the cause will that be! Here is the letter," and from beneath his doublet he produced the royal missive. "'Our much beloved subject and dear friend,'" he read, "'with these presents we request thine immediate attendance at our court of Madrid, for, apart from the affairs concerning which our loved subjects in the Netherlands have deputized thee, thou wilt transact for us a matter to be confided to no ear but thine!' Bah! an unlooked-for trust! Know I not what that meaneth? This is its translation—'I suspect thee of treason, and will keep thee here till I prove it, and the matter for thine ear alone is the sharpening of a broad-axe!' That is what my royal despatch meaneth."

"That can scarcely be," said Orange, "for Egmont—"

"Egmont!" cried Montigny, wheeling round, "he is never twice on the same ground. Now, a faithful child of the church, to-morrow, a dealer in rank heresy."

"Egmont," said the Prince of Orange, "if he is changeable, is at least sincere; he, it is well known, is concerned in this matter, and till he is arrested, do not believe, Montigny, that thou art suspected."

St. Aldegonde looked up with eagle glances. "The order for the arrest of Egmont," said he, in a low, impressive voice, "is already filled out and signed. I myself saw it and warned him, and if he be not here ere I finish my sentence," and he laid his watch on the table before him, "the chains, that only loosen with death, will be clanking upon him!"

As if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, Montigny stood breathless and silent, while Orange, roused into vehemence, poured curses through his teeth. At this moment, Anne of Antwerp opened the door, and a tall man in elegant attire, but pale and weary-looking, stood before them; it was Egmont.

"Safe! Safe, by Jove!" shouted St. Aldegonde, springing to his feet and thrusting the stranger into his own seat.

"And the warrant?" cried the others, in a breath.

"Here!" was the only answer Egmont vouchsafed, as he held forth the parchment over the flame of a candle, and saw it slowly fall away in ashes.

"And thou hast received my warning?" asked St. Aldegonde.

"Ay—and boldly secured the document. Dogged all over the city, I have but just slipped the hound, and here am I, where, if he track me, *ye* are hardly safe!"

"And what next?" cried Montigny.

"If the life of Egmont and the contingent safety of Hoorne are of value," replied St. Aldegonde, "thy desperate measures must be adopted—armor to the teeth, war to the death!"

"True! true!" said the Prince of Orange.

"There is no other recourse," said St. Aldegonde, sadly.

"Nevertheless it perilleth our cause!" replied Egmont.

"But if thou diest, and Montigny obeyeth the summons, that cause is as good as lost," answered St. Aldegonde. "But it is all contingency, and one bold stroke may astonish all that Spanish world to silence and submission."

"Well then," said the Prince of Orange, in his precise, slow gravity, as he looked over the maps beside him, "every hour is worth a million guilders. With sunrise ye all know what is to be done. Thou, prince (turning to Egmont), wilt return as before to court; believe me, at present the matter will not be followed up. Montigny will await the event of news from my brother; if it is success, then he joins us openly; if failure, then let him dissemble, and go forward on his Spanish journey. It is a bold cast, but bear a bold brow!"

"There is but one man whom I fear," said Egmont: "if he behold me among ye, or knoweth of our league, death to us, disgrace to our cause. It is Vargas!"

They all sat in easy postures round the table, when the voice of St. Aldegonde broke the silence in the refrain of an old Dutch war-song. The words of their native tongue roused all their souls to a fire that sparkled in their eyes, and a force that gave melody to each voice. Suddenly, ere they had ceased, they were aware of the sweet voice of little Anne of Antwerp chanting the evening *Benedicite*, a preconcerted signal of danger in the rear. The front square, then, was safe, and thither they rapidly made their way. Standing one moment at the base of the monument in the square, they wrung each others' hands. From behind the monument peered forth the glistening eyes of a dark, crafty face. It was Vargas! Thus they parted on their different ways. St. Aldegonde to plotting and battle—Orange to his German court—Egmont to the scaffold—and Florence de Montmorency to die in the prisons of Spain. Back in the mansion of the banker, where the men of the law were already knocking for entrance, sweet Anne of Antwerp still chanted the last verses of the Benedicite with unfaltering voice. * * *

A year's time flew on all too quickly for the patriots. Egmont now indeed arrested, languished within the castle of Ghent. The expeditions of Coqueville and Hoogstraten were utterly defeated, and the people turned their eager eyes toward the Prince of Orange and his brothers for aid, while Philip of St. Aldegonde, heard of here and there, seen by none, was yet as firmly trusted in for the coming struggle, as if his very name insured success.

The occasion of the semi-annual fair at Antwerp had called the inhabitants of half the country round into the swarming city; booths of fresh greenery were everywhere erected through the public streets and squares, and myriad stalls groaned beneath loads of tempting wares, luscious fruits and vegetables with the dew still on their curling green leaves. The cool morning winds, rolling in across the sea from the harbor bristling with masts, deepened the color on the cheeks of many a black-eyed Dutch maiden, but called none to those of the fair Anne of Antwerp, who stole round demurely, and with basket on her arm went marketing throughout the crowded streets, whither her father had sent her with a message for the patriots, if any such she chanced to see. Many months no smile had been seen on her face; but yet, as if with a species of sunny presence, she melted a path through the noisy thoroughfares where many a stout man could hardly have wedged his way, and called a benignant smile to the lips of the hearty hucksterwomen, as speedily followed by a brief "God bless her!" Once delayed for a moment by some obstacle, a familiar face dazzled her vision, and a familiar voice uttered in her ear—"third stall, Place of the Regent." The face was a smiling one, but so quickly come and gone that she turned to look for it, ere she could call to mind the Prince of Orange. Hardly had she bethought herself of the suspicion she might excite, and resumed her walk, when another voice whispered, "What said the patriot to pretty Anne?"—while a face of a different character, full of rancorous passions and with dark, glistening eyes, flashed across her path. It was instantly lost, leaving her in an attitude of quiet and unfeigned wonder.

Hovering back on her sight it came again, having surveyed her surprise. 'Perchance," was the murmur now, "I was a fool to think pretty Anne knew aught of treason and patriots, but be that as it may, Vargas watcheth thee, little maid!" And again it was gone.

An hour's leisure walk through many winding ways brought her at last upon the Place of the Regent, whither the first voice had directed her. Walking modestly along the way, buying here a bundle of rare roots with the crisp green tops still on them, and there a bunch of bursting grapes to lay in contrast beside them, she came at last on the third stall, which she had several times repassed. Behind here, her eyes assiduously bent on her knitting, and only now and then lifted from beneath their shaggy brows, with a shrewd lookout across her wares, sat a great, gaunt market-woman, in a flowered chintz gown, and a high Dutch cap with a flapping border. One could scarcely have conjectured rouge to have formed a portion of the ruddy bloom of country health on her cheeks, nor have suspected any design in the streaks of snuff that overlay her upper lip, and her black hair strewn with gray was parted on her forehead and neatly brushed beneath her cap, from the lappets of which the second link of some great, gold ear-rings projected, and laid the rest of their prodigious length upon her shoulders. Anne stopped, and daintily touched an orange from among the piles of fruit, with the tip of her forefinger.

"Are these Spanish oranges?" she asked, fixing a steady glance on the market-woman, who, looking up, returned the glance with interest.

"Not Spanish they!" replied she, with a broad smile, "nor yet grown on the heights of Parma. They were plucked on the low-lands of the colonies. And ripe oranges they are, as any have ever been in the dark room of the banker's house!"

Putting her hand in the basket, Anne drew thence a folded parchment and extended it across to the market woman, but barely had the hand of the latter touched it, than a third hand, a dark, lean hand, clutched nervously between and snatched the parchment. The market-woman sprung over the stall and grasping the thief by the throat, shook him till his teeth rattled in his head.

"Help! help!" she cried. "A rogue robs a poor woman!" while little Anne of Antwerp, stooping as if to fasten her shoe-latchet, snatched the parchment from the villain's hand.

Meantime a crowd of the citizens had collected around, and the market-woman, having thrown the slippery Vargas to the ground, was vigorously drubbing him with closed fists; but writhing up like an eel, in her grasp, the man sprung up and tore cap, ear-rings and hair from his opponent's head. In an instant the close, curly hair, the vigorous, energetic form, the noble features of the proscribed and sentenced Prince of Orange, still keeping

his hold of Vargas, was exposed to the citizens' view. A moment a breathless silence prevailed, then a low, whispered "The Prince! the Burgrave!" stole up.

"Ay," replied the discomfited market-woman, raising one hand with a salute, "William of Orange, at your service!"

And a peal like thunder, as the citizens took up the cry, "Orange-Nassau, our prince!" shook the square and its ancient buildings, while falling pell-mell on the luckless Vargas, they bore him off with hoots and shouts and blows, scarcely daring to do any more serious violence to the emissary of the hated Alva.

Looking around him with a gracious smile, the prince took up the spoils Vargas had torn from his head, and quickly metamorphosed again into a market-woman as the police appeared upon the square, received the parchment from Anne's hand, stepped behind the booth, and stooping as if to pick something from the ground, immediately disappeared and was seen no more that day. Taking her basket on her arm, little Anne went on her way. She did not notice as she gained the large market-place, that all the people had fallen back with doffed caps, leaving her alone in the centre, till she heard the thunder of a small body of cavalry, riding down with the Duke of Alva at their head. Several stray cavaliers rode along more leisurely, and one, the last, appearing from a narrow alley, struck spurs to his horse and leaving his gayer companions behind, joined the large number around the duke. Whichever way Anne should fly there was equal danger from the riders, and she stood still, trusting they would turn aside and save her; and so they seemed about to do, when Alva and his staff, wheeling their steeds, suddenly checked them and surrounded her with a hollow circle of cavaliers. Looking up in a troubled, timid way, she again met the eyes of Vargas escaped from his punishers, and the truth flashed on her that she was about to be informally arrested for high treason. As she encountered the sarcastic smile of Alva, her own pretty lip curled with contempt, and the steady calmness habitual to her, returning, clothed her like a statue in folds of graceful, motionless ease.

"Well, well, little dove," at last cried Alva, with a laugh, "and thou playest at pecking men's eyes out? Hast heard an old wife's tale that such birds peck on the gibbet, eh? Thou'rt a little body for so big a bunch of treason. The rack and thou, I fear me, will be good friends. See to her, some one of ye!" he cried, turning to his followers. "Take her before ye, while we ride onward!" and Vargas leaped instantly to the ground. "Nay, not thou, Vargas!" he said, "give her in charge of some other."

"Here is a sooth nest for so shy a bird," cried the knight who rode up from the alley and joined them last, while extending his arms as he bent down, the heavy black plume of his cap mingled with his long hair, blew forward, overshadowing his countenance.

Vargas looked to Alva, who nodded lightly, saying: "Ay, one as well as another; ye are all ready enough!" and Vargas, seizing the slender waist, swung her into the saddle of the knight.

"Forward, sir knight, in the front rank with me!" continued Alva. "We scarcely hoped to take such booty in the first of our little canter to-day. And now to the castle of the Three Towers, where our dainty prisoner may consider her ways!"

Suffering Anne to lie across his saddle, without attention to her personal comfort, taking care only lest she should slip from him, the knight obeyed and took the third station on his left hand, while Vargas led off his horse in another direction, and with a waving of the duke's hand, the party rode slowly on, for the steeds of most, tired of prancing all day in the city, were jaded and spiritless; and more wearied than any, with downward head and loose bridle, cantered nervelessly along the steed of the knight who held the prisoner. Although still about a stone's throw distant, they were approaching the east gate, open for the entrance of the country folk, through which could be seen the long heath, the arm of the sea with its bridge, and the wood beyond.

"Thou hast not much regard for our little traitor's ease," said Alva, bending forward to address the knight. "If thou breakest her back now, the rich confession we hope for will be lost. Lift her somewhat."

The knight did so, whispering: "Cling to me closely, and fear not!"

"Ha!" cried Alva, bending forward once more, as if he saw a face he was uncertain of, and would see it again, "is it not—I thought it Garcilasso! Ha! what is this? Close the gates!"

Before the words were finished, plunging the rowels deep into the heavy flanks, and drawing tight the bridle, swift as the arrow shot from the bow, the knight with his burden darted from the company, clattered down the steep, stony street, flashed through the gates with fifty bullets whistling round him, turned lightly in his saddle, waving his plumed cap with the grace of St. Aldegonde, and cried loudly, "*Repos ailleurs*," as he galloped along the plain. Obedient to the duke's first order, the gates clanged behind him, and when, after an angry delay, they were opened, St. Aldegonde, on a steed now all spirit and fire, had crossed the heath and bridge, and was fast disappearing within the wood.

Having picked a slow way for a few miles through the forest, little Anne clinging to him for support, and her face hidden on his arm, St. Aldegonde at last turned into an obscure bridle-path, and thus in about an hour, came upon the open country. Dashing along for several leagues, neither spoke, and the shadows of evening were falling, when gently lifting the face on his arm, he perceived that, utterly weary with various suppressed emotions, she was sleeping. The linen cap had been torn from her head by the rude grasp of Vargas, and wrapping her from the damp in his short cloak, he laid the head tenderly on his shoulder, and still rode on. At last he entered the court of a ruined fortress, and sounding a low note on the horn hanging there, that, waking Anne from her sleep, re-echoed among all the vaults and arches, he dismounted and placed her on her feet.

"Where am I? where am I?" she cried, in bewilderment.

St. Aldegonde, taking her hands, re-assured her. In a short time, a torch appeared on the balcony above, and winding slowly down the narrow corridor, a woman of a sharp countenance, shading the torch with one hand, peered forth into the night.

"Haste, let Hanz bring the gray," shouted St. Aldegonde.

"Ah, ha! whom have we here?" cried the woman. "Is it thou? And what dainty luggage is that across thine arm?"

"Haste, Gretchen! we are in danger!"

"First answer me, or thou shalt not have the gray, to-night. Answer me!" she cried, with a vehement persistency that proclaimed her the harmless housekeeper of the patriot's rendezvous, whose cunning insanity disarmed all suspicion. "Ah, well," she said in a moment, half turning away, "the gray can stay in his stable! Who is it?" she added, looking over her shoulder, as if giving him a last chance.

"It is my wife!" said St. Aldegonde, with a great rush at his heart, as he felt the thrill and tremble of the little figure by him.

"No doubt! no doubt!" replied the woman. "She is a pretty lady! a pretty lady!" And so saying, and nodding her head repeatedly, she vanished, and in a few moments a servant appeared with the gray, and led away the animal that had served so well.

"Whither rideth my lord now?" asked Anne timidly.

"Forward to the hill and village of Heyligerlee, my lady," replied St. Aldegonde, in a somewhat satiric manner at her formality.

"And I?" asked Anne, again.

"Thou goest with me," he answered tenderly, and repenting of his former address.

"I must go back to Antwerp—to my father," said Anne, turning away. "I must not go with thee."

"Dost thou desire it? Wishest thou to go with me?"

Anne answered nothing.

"Thy father hath long since transferred his property to the free realm across the water. He also hath escaped this day a sudden death, and awaits thee at Heyligerlee."

He mounted, and taking her by the hands raised her lightly to the saddle. Folding her closely to him, he was gathering the reins in his hand, when suddenly appearing again, burdened with a large military cloak, the crazy woman exclaimed, "Here! here! thou hast wrapped thine own round thy wife and must take this thyself!" And standing on tiptoe, she flung it upon his shoulders.

Anne timidly raised her hand and fastened the clasp, and in a moment they were once more dashing along the highway. With the first pale streak of sunrise, Anne nestled by her father's side in the camp, while her rescuer received congratulations at the success of his daring, and listened to the plans for the fortification.

"Now rest thee for the space of two hours," they cried, leaving the tent, "and thou wilt be fresher for a day's hot work." St. Aldegonde was also striding haughtily away, when little Anne sprung forward and kneeled at his feet.

"Thou hast saved me from disgrace and temptation, from torture and death!" she murmured. "All my life could not repay thee. I have nothing but my prayers for thee."

"Pray then, sweet Anne," said Philip, bending and looking straight into her beautiful eyes, "pray thou that the one hope of my heart and life may be granted me!" And he left her.

The sun lay full on the plain and hill, throwing shadows that half hid the numbers of the patriots (who appeared, in their well-purposed disorder, like a small band of ill-disciplined outlaws in a finely entrenched position), and lighting up the bold infantry and dashing horsemen of the Spanish army, who advanced across the plain, full of contempt for their silent foe, and eager for the contest. Desirous of deciding the affair, they were angrily accusing their commander, Count Aremberg, of treachery and cowardice, and stinging him on with goading satire to give battle against his judgment and to his ruin. At last, spreading into broad sheets of living mail, the royal troops drove on, and the crash of the meeting armies shook the ground like an earthquake. Swathed in smoke and drowned in volleying thunder, nothing for a long time could be seen of the commanders, except by their immediate attendants, but in any rolling away of the sulphurous clouds, was seen the flashing battle-axe of St. Aldegonde, swinging among the thickest of the Spaniards.

A momentary cessation of the artillery and opening of the smoke directed all eyes to the centre, where St. Aldegonde stood in his stirrups, and showering down, single-handed, mighty blows on the hosts about him, but a wall of Spanish infantry at this moment separated him from his followers, and taking him without a wound, and never delaying to bind his arms, they bore him off the field, and left him in charge with three strong *bravos* in the tent of Count Aremberg. Long hours passed on, and chafing at this end of all his glory, St. Aldegonde still stood in the tent of his conqueror, watched by two soldiers at the raised curtain, and more strongly by one who was the devoted body-servant of Aremberg. At last the calmness of his old philosophy curbed him, and with a prayerful heart he determined to take all things as they came. Suddenly a voice without the tent, and appearing to come from a ditch, cried, "*Mueran los Flamencos!*" and a head and shoulders, quickly followed by a little scarlet-clad body, clambered up the side and came gaily towards the tent, bearing a canteen and glasses, and singing a blithe carol in perfect Spanish.

"So, ye lazy dogs!" she cried, merrily, "here ye sit napping it, while better men waste their lives in battle! What do ye here?"

"Do? Enough, I trow," answered one, gruffly. "Here are we set to watch a lay that brings us neither profit nor credit. What's in thy flask, merry maid?"

"A draught too fine for sleepy souls like ye. Who is your prisoner?"

"Philip de Marnix! the tiger!"

"St. Aldegonde? Bah! And it takes three men to guard St. Aldegonde! Ye need refreshment! Take it, prithee!" And she poured them out, several times, brimming glasses.

"Ah, but he fought well!" said one.

"I hope, for his credit, he did," answered the girl. "I suppose even *ye*, if thus put to it, with death whichever way ye went, would have bestirred yourselves a bit!"

"Many a brave Spaniard bit the dust beneath him!"

"Maurice?" cried the girl, "did he slay Maurice?"

"Troth! I know not who Maurice is!"

"Ah, true, he is not of thy company. No more am I, but I saw ye thirsty villains lying here, and so clomb across the ditch, that ye might drink my health."

All this while she had been plying them with strong wine, and now, looking within the tent again, she said to the body-servant who kept more immediate guard over St. Aldegonde:

"And thou? By'r lady, drinkest not?"

"If I do, thou must bring it me!" was the response.

"Fie! thou'rt livelier than thy mates even. I hope thy wife—thou hast a wife?—giveth thee tether enough abroad, for thou hast none at home, I see, or thou would'st not suffer a lass to wait on thee. Here! Guzzle!"

"It is fine wine!" cried one of the two at the tent door.

"Thinkest so?" returned she. "There is a cask of it down behind the ditch yonder. I will stand guard for ye while ye roll it hither. It hath the brand on it. Fine wine indeed, and not such as ye wretches get every day!"

"Go not!" cried the body-servant to the others, as they started. "By heaven—stay!"

But the men were already running down to the ditch. Suddenly a great cry went up from the raging melee. "Aremberg is slain!"

"Ah, yes!" said the girl. "Did I tell thee Aremberg was slain? What matters it? There are braver left, and no longer shall we bold children of Spain be mastered by a Flemish knight."

The body-servant sprung to his feet—"Wretch!" he cried, "is it true? have I tasted fine wine and my master dead upon the field?" And like a wounded deer he bounded from the tent, while the others beholding him and thinking their prisoner escaped, dropped the cask and started in full pursuit after him.

"Now! now is thy time!" said the girl to St. Aldegonde. "Across the ditch, behind the Vosque, and a horse awaits thee. Back! back to the battle!"

She tore off the dark locks beneath her cap and plume, and seized his hand. Heavens! was it little Anne of Antwerp who had thus repaid her debt? A bitter feeling as though he had been defrauded of a right, stole over him even while he availed himself of the opportunity, yet with sunset the battle of Heyligerlee was won, and little Anne, in her former garb was unbuckling the armor from the brave old banker, while St. Aldegonde with folded arms stood looking gloomily down.

"I must wed thee, dear, "to some one," said her father, jokingly. "'Twere wrong to waste thy sweetness on this old self longer."

Laying her soft cheek close to his, she whispered that all her life her dear father was her charge, and seemed, despite her size, to be defending him from danger, and caring for him through the world. St. Aldegonde saw her no more that night, and on the next morning, the ship, whose white sails puffed over the blue bay, bore, sad and quiet, Anne and her father to the English shore.

Four years slid slowly by, and the Netherlands, victorious, were almost dictating their own terms to the would-be inflexible King of Spain. Four years in the colonies had wrought most glorious and wonderful changes, yet in England had evolved but little new. Still sweet Anne of Antwerp went on her round of household duties gently and noiselessly, and though the blush of health sat on her cheek, yet it was so overshadowed by the veil of some secret sorrow, that nothing but the faintest tinge of rose proclaimed its presence. True, her father had been peacefully dead for a year and upwards, but she was young, and such griefs resolve themselves rather into tender memories, than dwell in permanent and poignant suffering; and night and morning her prayers to Heaven alone told of her sadness.

Far out at sea, from her chamber window one balmy night, she had casually noticed a flitting sail, and when in the morning, a splendid galley lay moored near shore, bearing certain famous arms on its prow, with the device, "*Repos ailleurs*," her heart beat fearfully, and the prayer she had often prayed for strength she prayed again more fervently, before she descended into the court-yard, to greet the noble strangers. It was evening again, ere, busy with ceremonies and with her other guests, she had addressed a word to St. Aldegonde; but now, suddenly coming where he sat alone on a balcony, she would have retreated had he not risen and taken her hand. A silence ensued.

"I have not yet congratulated my lord," at last she said, in a clear voice, "on the freedom of our native land."

"It is perhaps unnecessary," was the reply, "since he wisheth other and faster bonds! Sweet Anne, my love," and he gathered her to his heart, "do I worship thee in vain?"

With her face on his breast, little Anne uttered no word.

"Anne, what said I when mad Gretchen asked who wert thou?"

"Thou saidst," she slowly replied, freeing herself, and standing blushing before him, "'She is my wife.'"

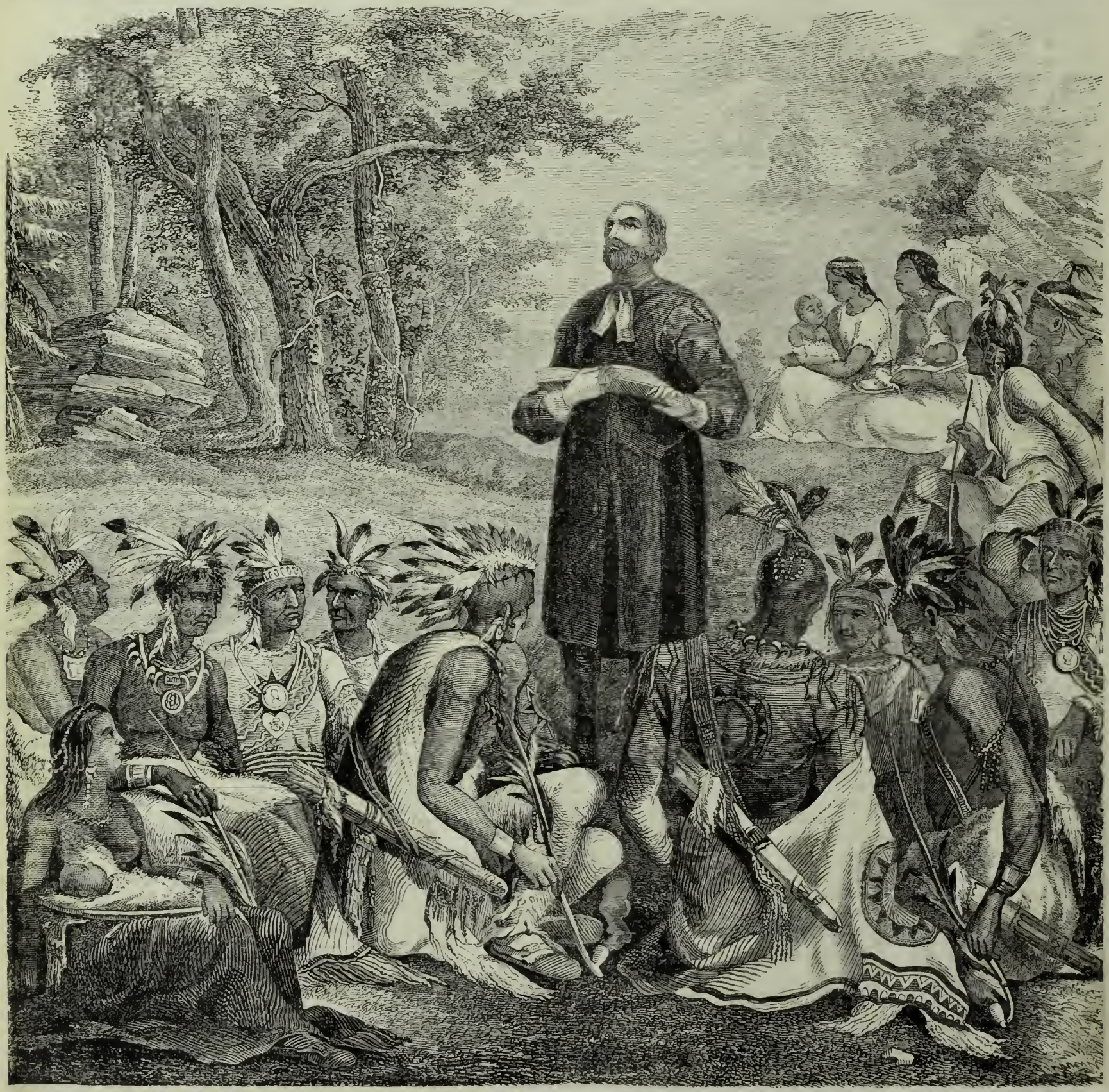
"And to-morrow, sweet love of mine, if one asked me thus, and I must needs speak truth, what might I say?"

This time the face drooped till all the fine waves of hair hung about it, ere she answered—"She is my wife."

A day passed, and the galley weighing anchor, spread all its snowy sails for Antwerp, well freighted with noble hearts and with precious store of wealth. Dipping down its golden beak among blue waves, it sailed gaily on, for it bore the Lord and Lady of St. Aldegonde.

JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

The engraving on this page is from an original design made for us by an artist who has often enriched the Pictorial with his elaborate illustrations. It carries us far back in the past—to that period when John Eliot, the "Apostle of New England" (Bancroft terms him the "morning star of missionary enterprise"), having, with incredible labor—a labor that threw the patient toil of the Benedictines far into the shade,—mastered the strange tongue of the native inhabitants of Massachusetts, first began to address them as a friend, a brother and a teacher. He stands in the midst of an attentive group, his Indian Bible in his hand, commenting on the word of life. No cathedral arch rises over him—no cunning-wrought shaft rears its graceful proportions beside him; but the vault of heaven bends above—the forest lifts its columns into view, and the greensward takes the place of tesselated pavement in the broad field sanctified by the primitive worship of the apostle and his disciples. A strange congregation indeed!—warriors and hunters—the wise old men of the tribe, and the young braves, with their dusky mates and their dark-hued infants tended in no English fashion, but with a gentleness no English mother could find fault with. The garb of the preacher contrasts with the wild costume of his Indian congregation, with their plumes and wampum belts, their rude ornaments, their leggings, moccasins and beads. The whole scene is fraught with the deepest interest. The countenances of the Indians, though grave and impressive, are still not without some variety of expression. You trace in their individual faces, doubt, inquiry, confidence, hope, faith; but in all, respect and docility. John Eliot was a remarkable man, "whose benevolence almost amounted to the inspiration of genius," says Bancroft. He was born in England, in 1604, and received a finished education in the University of Cambridge. After pursuing the occupation of a teacher in his native country, he came to Massachusetts in the year 1631, and became the minister of Roxbury. The spiritual and physical condition of the natives from the earliest period of the English settlement had occupied the anxious thoughts of leading men among the colonists. To shed light upon the darkness of their souls, to rescue them from the thrall of superstition and ignorance, to give them, in place of the precarious subsistence afforded by the chase, the certain and reliable resources of agriculture, was the object of the true philanthropists among the Puritans. The benevolence of heart which John Eliot possessed, early enlisted him in this noble cause, and the field of action presented within the limits of the English plantations was one well suited to inspire him with a high and holy ambition. There were nearly twenty tribes within the limits of the English settlements. Eliot commenced his laborious task in 1646. The first step was to acquire the Indian language—a task from which a less resolute scholar might have shrunk appalled. The difficulty may be appreciated when, from a single specimen of their tongue, the Indian word *Nammatchechodtantamoonganunnonash* signifying in English no more than *our lusts*. The longest and harshest compound words of German are musical brevities compared with the dissonant and protracted words of this dialect. Yet Eliot patiently pursued his linguistic labors, writing at the end of his grammar of the Indian tongue, "Prayers and pains through faith in Christ will do anything." He next accomplished the Herculean task of translating the whole Bible into the Indian language. This work was printed at Cambridge in 1664, less than half a century after the landing at Plymouth, and the first Bible ever printed in America. Eliot now went among the natives, preaching the gospel and teaching the arts of civilized life. He did not neglect the body while ministering to the soul. He was the first Protestant missionary who preached to the North American aborigines. He was exposed to every hardship and suffering—to the rigors of climate, to exigencies which tried his zeal and courage to the utmost; but he never faltered, and accomplished his task nobly and successfully. He found time, amidst his journeyings and teachings, to perform a vast amount of literary labor—his printed works forming a voluminous collection. He was a man of great independence of character, and of some eccentricity both of habit and theological opinion, circumstances which, on more than one occasion, disturbed the relations between himself and the theologians of his colony. Among his peculiar notions, he entertained the opinion that the Indians were descended from the Jews, a view which he explained and defended in a pamphlet published in 1660. In politics, he was a decided democrat. Hutchinson says that in 1660, the governor and council of Massachusetts pronounced the Christian Commonwealth, of which Eliot was the author, to be "full of seditious principles and notions in relation to all established governments in the Christian world, especially against the government established in their native country." Upon consultation with the elders, a formal censure was deferred, in order to give the heretical republican an opportunity for recantation. Eliot accordingly drew up a paper which was deemed satisfactory, and ordered by the general court to be posted up in the principal towns throughout the colony. In it the apostle says that "such expressions as do manifestly scandalize the government of England by king, lords and commons, are anti-christian, and that all form of civil government, deduced from Scripture, is of God, and to be subjected to for conscience' sake; and whatever is in the whole epistle or book inconsistent herewith, he does, at once, most cordially disown." Notwithstanding the severity of his labors, Eliot attained the age of 86, dying in 1690. The ardor and zeal of Eliot, of Mayhew, and of others who followed in their footsteps, were crowned with the happiest success. In 1660, there were ten towns of Indians in Massachusetts converted to the Christian religion. In 1695, there were no less than 3000 adult converts in the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. At Cambridge, an Indian became a bachelor of arts. The Christian Indians, though twenty times more numerous than the whites in their immediate vicinity, preserved an immutable friendship with Massachusetts. Bancroft does full justice to the subject of our sketch. He says:—"Foremost among these early missionaries—the morning star of missionary enterprises—was John Eliot, whose benevolence almost amounted to the inspiration of genius."



JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

HENRY HUDSON.

The scene depicted upon this page, an original design drawn for us by the same artist who has illustrated the labors of Eliot on the preceding page, is one of unusual interest—the discovery by that daring navigator, Henry Hudson, of the glorious river that bears his name. We behold the bounteous and beautiful stream, lovelier than the storied Rhine, winding its way among the Highlands, indenting the bold and wooded shores in deep bays, or gleaming in its broad openings in the unclouded light of day. Hudson's ship—a quaint and cumbrous craft compared with the vessels of to-day—with its high stern towering out of the water, lies at anchor. Hudson himself, in the dress of the last century, followed by some of his crew of Dutch and English, is conferring with a group of Indians, whose savage and picturesque costume and arms contrast strangely with the dress and equipments of the Europeans. On the right is an Indian canoe containing two chieftains, one of whom is examining a string of beads, just presented by the leader of the pale aces. A squaw, with her pappoose beside her, is engaged in contemplating a foreign trinket. The whole group of figures is characteristic and expressive, and the picture brings the past most vividly before us. At a period when the fever of Eastern traffic had stimulated the maritime nations of Europe to fruitless endeavors to discover a northwest passage to Asia, a company of London merchants subscribed the necessary capital for a resolute attempt at the solution of the great problem. They selected Henry Hudson as the leader of the expedition. Embarked in a small vessel, with a crew of only ten men and a boy besides himself, he sailed from London in 1607. He coasted the shores of Greenland, and reached the 80th parallel of north latitude, a point to which no previous navigator had penetrated. He visited Spitzbergen, and was contemplating further explorations, when the accumulating masses of ice compelled him to return home. Undaunted by the failure of his attempt, he boldly set sail in the following year, lured by the hope of reaching Asia through the icy seas which divide Spitzbergen from Nova Zembla. During this second voyage, he landed at Nova Zembla, but could proceed no further to the eastward. Returning to London, yet full of hope and resolution, he endeavored to impart his spirit to his employers, but they could not be induced to make further advances, and the bold navigator soon found that it was hopeless to look for aid from England. He accordingly passed over to Holland, and offered his services to the Dutch East India Company. The Amsterdam directors, chiefly through the influence of Balthazar Moucheron, were induced to fit out a small vessel; and, accordingly, Hudson, accompanied by his son, set sail in the Crescent, or Half-Moon, April 4, 1609. Encountering masses of ice in the direction of Nova Zembla, Hudson turned his prow to the west, and finally, after skirting the north-eastern shore of America, anchored at the mouth of the Penobscot. Continuing his voyage in the track of Gosnold, he made Cape Cod, which he named New Holland, believing himself, erroneously, to be the first discoverer of that promontory. He continued his coasting voyage as far as Virginia, when he altered his course again for the north, and discovered and sounded Delaware Bay. September 3, 1609, he anchored within Sandy Hook, and was visited by many of the natives collected by the strange visitor, with his winged bark. On the 11th of September he passed through the gateway of the Narrows, and admired, as hundreds of thousands have since done, the glorious features of the bay that expanded on his vision. Hudson devoted ten days to the exploration of the river, sounded his way above the Highlands, and sailed as far as the city of Hudson, while one of his boats ascended the river as far as Albany. He frequently went on shore and held intercourse with the Algonquins, while he was also visited by a deputation of the Mohawks. "On the fourth day of October," says Bancroft, "about the season of the return of John Smith to England, he set sail for Europe, leaving once more to its solitude the land that his imagination, anticipating the future, describes as the 'most beautiful' in the world." Yet the imagination of Hudson, vivid as it was, could never have pictured the change which two centuries and a half have produced in the scenes he visited. He beheld the lordly river he discovered and named, rolling its silver waters past mountains and forests which the vagrant foot of the savage trod in pursuit of game, but which hardly gave a token of the presence of man. Here and there the blue smoke of an Indian camp rose from the pine wood and was absorbed into the sunny atmosphere. Now and then the surface of the river was ruffled by the swift passage of an Indian canoe—but it left no further trace than the wing of the wheeling swallow. In solitary grandeur the Kaatskills, then without a name, reared their bold profile against the sky. The kingfisher, watching for his prey, hardly took wing at the presence of the strangers. Lord of the upper air, the eagle, destined for the emblem bird of a nation then unborn, soared aloft on his broad pinions, gazing down upon a wilderness of wood and water. Hudson left the river he was never to see again, at that period of the year when nature puts on her carnival attire. The early frosts had wrought a magic pic



HENRY HUDSON DESCENDING THE HUDSON RIVER.

ture which finds no parallel in the old world. Purple and green, orange, vermilion and gold, woven into a rich mosaic, clothed the forests of the river side and were mirrored in all their glorious beauty in the glancing wave beneath. And over a pathway of mosaic the Half-Moon glided down on her homeward voyage, to carry to the eastern world the tidings of her discovery. The same skies look down on the same waters—but how changed is the scene. Lordly cities, the homes of civilization, with its arts and luxuries and comforts, line the waters of the Hudson. White sails, the messengers of trade and commerce, stream through the Highlands. From a hundred steamboat funnels the smoke that indicates a revolutionary system of navigation, streams out on the breeze; while along an iron pathway by the river side, thunders a mechanical monster, the appearance of which, in the 17th century, would have been deemed the triumph of the black art, and the horrible proof that to the evil one had been given the mastery over the destinies of man. So wonderfully rapid has been the ascendency of art and civilization over the domain of nature.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY ANGELS.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

More faintly gleams the waning light,
Along the western land,
And, like a sower, comes the Night,
With shadows in her hand.
O, once the maiden Night was wont
To woo me to her arms,
And o'er my wounded spirit pour
The healing of her charms;

To lay her pale hand tenderly
Upon my pillowed head,
And the sweet light of blessed dreams
Around my heart to shed;
To hush her breath, and gently hang
Sweet silence o'er my rest—
Watching me as a mother would
The infant on her breast.

But now, she passes slowly by,
Nor brings me dreams nor sleep,
But only breathes a low, sad sigh,
And sometimes seems to weep.
But always by her side there come
Three phantom forms of air—
Two, with soft curling locks of light,
And one, with midnight hair.

And each upon her bosom wears
A dial of the hours,
That fell while yet my way of life
Was overgrown with flowers.
And so I live them o'er and o'er,
And watch them circle on
As erst they did, when from my heart
The worshipped were not gone.

The calm eyes of the Angel Three
Seem charming me from sleep;
I gaze into their beaming depths,
And then—I turn and weep.
I fain would reach and clasp them close—
Yet down 'twixt them and me,
I hear the waning surges toss,
In death's unfathomed sea.

And so I look upon the flower
That slumbers by my side,
To see how like the living is,
Unto the three that died.
My soul is drowned in agony—
In watchful, wakeful prayer;
Sleep stands far off, and drowsily
Binds up her flowing hair.

And Night goes slowly, slowly by,
With silence on her lip—
Reluctant, from their leash of stars,
To let the moments slip.
The nights of then, the nights of now,
Like light and darkness are;
Those, folded full of golden beams—
These, without guiding star.

ERNEST LINWOOD.

"Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
But the sweetest song is the last he sings."

In the volume entitled "Ernest Linwood," just issued by John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, we have the dying song of the elegant and gifted Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Mournfully sweet, like the sigh of an Æolian lyre, yet deep and oracular as the voice of many waters, it seems to have been poured forth while her soul floated down to the ocean of rest. On almost every page, we can trace the shadow of the death-angel, who bore her away when her song was ended. Mysterious gleams from beneath the uplifting veil of spirit land startle us as we read. The book is a broadcast farewell—a lingering hand-grasp from one we loved. If we mistake not, its most impressive passages are revelations of the inner life of the writer—wonderfully vivid and absorbing, because wonderfully real.

We will not attempt to follow out, in this notice, the thread of an inimitable tale; in so doing, we should only anticipate scenes and events, which come, with beautiful linkings and fine effect, before the eye of the reader. We would not rob the book of half its charm.

Sweet Gabriella Lynn will tell her own story. Warm tears will spring into bright eyes, as they look upon the dream-child—the impassioned school-girl—standing beneath the "beetling brows" of the powerful preceptor, to hear sentence pronounced upon her first written dream of poetry. The panting of that heart, when the taunting criticism fell—the sudden spring—the snatching of the manuscript—the flight into the woods—the passionate outburst upon the green turf—the blessed ministrations of a gentle, sad-eyed mother—will carry the heart back to the shadows of school-days and the rich sunlight of home.

We linger over the exquisite picture of the child Gabriella, peering with deep eyes into the mist that surrounded her, and vainly seek with her to fathom the mystery of life. We look with her and the pitying angels upon the classic face of her dead mother, Rosalie, and wonder at the mystery of death. We follow her to the end—for she is the one silver thread always visible; every scene is a reality, and each succeeding scene more real, more luminous than the last. The writer seems to gather power and inspiration as she advances, pouring out her life, like the dying swan, in strains of painful sweetness. Very sad and significant is the testimony she has left us of the mockery of a life toil for fame. Read it, all ye who seek for happiness in a chaplet of laurels.

To touch the electric wire, and feel the bolt scathing one's own brain; to speak, and hear the dreary echo of one's voice return through the desert waste; to enter the temple, and find nothing but ruins and desolation; to lay a sacrifice on the altar, and see no fire from heaven descend in token of acceptance; to stand the priestess of a lonely shrine, uttering oracles to the unheeding wind—is not such, too often, the doom of those who have looked to fame as their heritage?

The characters in this book are drawn with masterly skill. Each has an individuality and a relative importance, without which the story would be incomplete. No unnatural, diabolical agent drags its slimy length along its pages, but we are held spell-bound by the delineations of a fault, and the natural consequences of a fault, which develops itself at every turn in life. "Ernest Linwood"—the lordly intellect—the peerless in beauty and manhood—whose "eyes with a thousand meanings," gaze into our very souls, is made the temple of the unhallowed passion of jealousy. Its purple light, at intervals, towers above every noble element of nature, but, with the gentle Gabriella, we always pity—always forgive, and he is at last lifted, by sorrowful lessons and earnest prayers, from his inglorious thraldom.

Margaret Melville, or "Meg the Dauntless," is a lifelike, genuine character—the rarest spice of the tale, though she does come in always at *unseasonable* hours. We like her, notwithstanding her hoydenish eccentricities. What she says of the modern passion for mysticism, will answer for a description of herself.

"It is the fashion; the paroxysm; German literature, German taste, and German transcendentalism; I have tried them all, but they will not do for me. I must have sunshine and open air. I must see where I am going, and what I am doing. I abhor mysticism as I do deceit."

The religious tone of this work is its crown and halo. The graces of the true Christian are beautifully marked in the character of Mrs. Linwood, and recognition of an overruling Power, is everywhere apparent. Of an earthly love, unsanctified by the great Source of Love, Gabriella feelingly says:

"Woe to her, who, forgetting this heavenly union, bathes her heart in the earthly stream, without seeking the living spring, whence it flows; who worships the fire-ray that falls upon the altar, without giving glory to Him from whom it descended. The stream will become a stagnant pool, exhaling pestilence and death; the fire-ray will kindle a devouring flame, destroying the altar with the gift, and the heart a *burning bush*, that will blaze forever without consuming."

Her description of Niagara, in its brevity, suggestiveness and intensity, surpasses anything we have seen:

"The grandest of Creation's mysteries, whose deep and thundering voice is repeating day after day, night after night—'forever and ever,' and whose majestic motion, rushing onward, plunging downward, never pausing, never resting, is emblematic of the sublime march of Deity, from everlasting to everlasting—from eternity to eternity!"

Let those, who are accustomed to give voice and wings to scandalous gossip, hiding beneath the broad garments of an irresponsible "They Say,"—let such find in the book, "Ernest Linwood," their unmasked and hideous faces.

"They say! Who are they? Who are the cowled monks, the hooded friars, who glide with shrouded faces in the procession of life, muttering in an unknown tongue words of mysterious import? Who are they? The midnight assassins of reputation, who lurk in the by-ways of society, with dagger-tongues sharpened by invention and envenomed by malice, to draw the blood of innocence, and, hyena-like, banquet on the dead. Who are they? They are a multitude no man can number, black-stoled familiars of the inquisition of Slander, searching for victims in every city, town, and village, wherever the heart of humanity throbs, or the ashes of mortality find rest. Give me the bold brigand, who thunders along the highways with flashing weapon, that cuts the sunbeams as well as the shades. Give me the pirate, who unfurls the black flag, and shows the plank which your doomed feet must tread; but save me from the They-sayers of society, whose knives are hidden in a velvet sheath, whose bridge of death is woven of flowers; and who spread, with invisible poison, even the spotless whiteness of the winding-sheet."

The closing passage in this volume is a distinct prophecy, fulfilled, alas! before the delicate hand-tracings had passed into print. May we not believe that the spirit of this noble woman floats on the pathway of her last gift-jewel to earth, rejoicing in the pure light it radiates, and breathing in every beam a blessing and a prayer.—*New York Mirror.*

A LOW VOICE IN WOMAN.

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may still have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure, and yet if she lack a low, sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates genuine refinement. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband! How sweetly such cadences float through the sick chamber; and around the dying bed, with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul!—*Ladies' Repository.*

PARISIAN LOTTERIES.

Previous to the suppression of lotteries in Paris, great numbers of Frenchmen were ruined every year by the unhappy passion for investments in lottery tickets. Sometimes when it was difficult to procure customers, the lottery manufacturers would resort to base but ingenious tricks for the purpose of selling their tickets. Among the most attractive kind of lotteries were those in which German castles were offered as the principal prizes; and when in the announcement of a chateau lottery, it was stated that its possession gave to the owner a right to the title of prince or duke, it was too fascinating a bait for waiters or hackney coachmen to resist, and away would go their last twenty francs. The following is a specimen of some of the most magnificent lottery humbugs of modern times:

"A banker, more or less German, announced the lottery of a magnificent estate, bearing a fantastic name, and worth 10,000,000 francs, *at least*. The tickets were at twenty francs, and divided into series complicated enough to baffle the wits of a mathematician. Each of the numberless advertisements put forth by the contrivers of that splendid affair, concluded with the words '*Qu'on se le dise*,' printed in large type. A great deal was, indeed, said, and a vast deal too much. All old women who had anything in their purses were thrown into excitement. To win a chateau and its dependencies for twenty francs—what an admirable prospect! Besides, according to the assurance of the banker beyond the Rhine, one was certain of winning a prize of some sort or other. Were it but a few trees, a buckwheat field, or a hen-coop, one was sure of recovering one's stake. The twenty-franc pieces, therefore, showered down from all quarters. The door-keepers and cabriolet drivers were the first victims. That interesting class of the Parisian population rushed foremost into the German lottery. The female cooks soon followed; then the petty *rentiers* of the Marais, next clerks with 1200 francs a year, and so on till seven or eight millions of francs crossed the Rhine. Two millions worth of tickets remained to be sold, but to gratify the impatience of the players, the banker had the lottery drawn on the day notified, without any postponement, and the tickets that turned up, happened through a providential chance, to belong all of them to the series of tickets unsold. The result was, that the famous chateau continued in the hands of the speculators, along with the aforesaid seven or eight millions. This was renewed until the French government took notice of it, and put an end to the much too protracted fun of the German banker."

The drawing of a lottery in which another German estate was the prize, was announced to take place in the month of September, 1835. What hopes were kindled and what dreams of fortune and bliss were formed: Suddenly a newspaper announced that the lottery had been drawn, and that number 97 of a certain series had won the prize. It happened that a petty actor at the "Varieties Theatre" possessed the ticket. He read the paragraph in the newspaper and was delirious with joy. He told all his acquaintances that he was a prince and a millionaire, and invited them to visit him at his castle. He resigned his situation at the theatre and hired a post-chaise with which to visit his domain and vassals. The very next morning the newspaper that intoxicated him with such sweet delusions, declared that he had been ill-informed, and the revulsion of the poor fellow's feeling was such that he became insane and was taken to a mad-house. He subsequently recovered his sanity, but could not regain his situation at the theatre, and was obliged to sell chemical matches in the streets of Paris for a livelihood!—*Portfolio.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OCEAN. By P. H. GOSSE. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1856. 12mo.

A very excellent work, well calculated to secure the object for which it was written, namely, to interest young readers in the wonders of the deep, and to lead them to associate habitual thoughts of God with the phenomena of nature. The engravings are numerous and fairly executed. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have published "A Te Mio suolo ligure," a romance from Mercadante, and "La Danza," a Neapolitan taventalla with words. "Home," for the piano, and the "Groves of Blarney," a popular song.

PARISIAN SIGHTS AND FRENCH PRINCIPLES SEEN THROUGH AMERICAN SPECTACLES. Second Series. By JAMES JACKSON JARVIS. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 277.

The first series of Mr. Jarvis's book had a great run, and is undoubtedly one of the best books extant on modern Paris. In this volume he has taken up a variety of new topics, and described and discussed them with great vivacity, humor and force. There is not an unreadable line in the whole book. For sale by Redding & Co.

LIFE IN BRAZIL: or, *A Journey to the Land of the Cocoa and the Palm.* By THOMAS EWBANK. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 8vo. pp. 469.

Mr. Thomas Ewbank has here given us a minute account of everything that could interest the most studious or inquisitive person in the wonderful country he describes. It is a vivid picture of tropical life, while the appendix gives a full account of the famous Brazilian antiquities. There are one hundred well executed illustrative engravings. For sale by Redding & Co.

HISTORY OF HERNANDO CORTES. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 18mo. pp. 348.

An admirable biography of the great Spanish *conquistador*, written in Abbott's peculiar and brilliant style, and particularly adapted for young persons. No more interesting subject could have been selected. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 467.

Mrs. Southworth is one of the most popular and prolific of our lady writers. Repeated editions of her works have been called for, and the novel before us has enjoyed extraordinary success.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. By EDWARD ROTH. Boston: Alex. Moore & Brother. 1856. 12mo. pp. 546.

This biography presents a favorable view of its subject; but it is written with spirit, and embraces many documents worthy of preservation, and now first collected in a convenient form. We advise our readers, after perusing this work, to procure a copy of Victor Hugo's "Napoleon the Little," and then they will have the "bane and the antidote" both before them. Victor Hugo's pamphlet, by the way, is the most powerful philippic ever penned.

LIFE OF SCHAMYL, and Narrative of the Circassian War of Independence against Russia. By J. MILTON MACHIE. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 300.

Little is known respecting the great Circassian chieftain, Schamyl, beyond what may be gathered from newspaper paragraphs; and this book, which presents a vivid sketch of the Eastern hero, whose career is a romance, will be eagerly sought for by the public. It is well written, and supplies all the desired information.

THE LOST HUNTER. A Tale of Early Times. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 462.

An interesting plot, dramatic incidents, characters well conceived and executed, picturesque sketches of American scenery, and a satisfactory denouement, are the elements of success which this new novel unites. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE CAROLE ORPHANS: or, *Lights and Shadows of Southern Life.* By JAMES S. PEACOCKE. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 365.

A story in which the interest hinges on the mixed blood of the heroines. It is very dramatic in passages, and full of hair-breadth escapes, etc. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co

WOMAN'S FAITH. A Tale of Southern Life. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 310.

A very well written story, in which the heroine's character is drawn with much power. We should think the book would prove popular.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE.

BY ESTHER B. STRATTON.

Love! love! 'tis a magic word!
Where'er 'tis spoken, where'er 'tis heard;
The air seems glad that its hush is stirred!
'Tis the bliss of man, the praise of bird!
Love! love! 'tis a magic word!

Love! love! how it thrills our hearts,
With its strange, enchanting, winning arts—
Weaves the web for a thousand thoughts,
And the holiest charm of life imparts!
Love! love, what a heaven for hearts!

Love! love! what a holy glow!
What a blessed boon for the earth to know!
What a star for joy, what a balm for woe;
What a happy heart where its waters flow!
Love! love! what a heaven below!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CARRIED BY STORM.

BY SYLVANUS CONN, JR.

Solomon Badger was forty-five years old, and yet Solomon Badger had never been married. Solomon Badger was a wealthy man; at least, independent—and Solomon Badger was the only person who had access to S. B.'s purse. But Solomon was not a miser, nor was he "crusty;" on the contrary, Solomon Badger was a generous, good, kind-hearted man, and no one loved good company better than he. Do not think from this that he sought riotous companions, and spent his money in merry-making at large; far from it. He was a moral man, Solomon was; and he was a member of several societies for the promotion of moral reform among the people. And more than this, Solomon Badger was a good-looking man. The rich brown hair that clustered about his temples was his own, and nature colored it for him. The rose upon his full, plump cheeks was of nature's painting, too; and those pure white teeth were paid for only in the pain of having sundry old stumps picked out when he was a boy, so these might grow. O, Solomon was a whole man. There was no deception in him.

"Solomon Badger, why *don't you* get married?" This question was asked by Jack Hornby, who was Solomon's own cousin. He was a young man; or, perhaps creeping on towards the middle age—being five-and thirty. He was a jolly, free-and-ready fellow, well off in the affairs of the world, and also well off in domestic affairs. He said that domestic affairs were not of this world. He would have it that they must be of heaven, or else of— He would stop there, shake his head, and point downward. He had a wife and four children.

"Go 'long, Jack," returned Solomon.

"But answer me. Why don't yon?"

"Because I *wont*—that's why."

"Don't you remember, Solomon, that you promised not long since, to tell me why you never had taken a wife?"

"Pooh! That was only to get rid of you at the time."

"I know better than that, Sol. Now tell me. If you love me, tell me. If you would return my friendship, tell me."

Solomon Badger, hung down his head, and finally he said:

"Well, if ye must know, why—I made a vow—I took a solemn oath—that I'd never ask another woman to become my wife."

"Then you have made proposals?"

"None of your business."

"Ah, but I know you have. You have at some time made proposals and been rejected, and it made you mad. But you're calmer and cooler now. You want a wife—one who will love and care for you—who will minister to your wants in sickness and—"

"But I aint never sick."

"In health," continued Jack, without noticing the interruption. "You want such a wife, and I know where she is."

"Where?"

"Kate Standish."

"Why don't you say *Widow* Standish?"

"Well, *Widow* Standish, then."

"And d'ye s'pose I'm going poking around after widows?"

"But she can hardly be looked upon as a widow, Solomon. You know her husband has been dead fifteen years. She only lived with him two years. She has refused many offers for her hand."

"And she'd refuse mine."

"Don't be too sure of that. Those whom she has refused have been men in whose character she could put no confidence. I know her well. She is a noble, generous, virtuous, true-hearted woman, and would love you with her whole soul."

"Bah!"

Now it was only Solomon Badger's voice that said this. He did not say it; for Jack had marked well how his dark eye had sparkled, and how his lids had drooped, while he was speaking of the widow. The fact was, Jack knew his bachelor cousin better than that cousin knew himself. Jack knew that Solomon wanted a companion—that he wanted some one to love him—that he was gradually becoming misanthropic, and cold, and nervous.

"Solomon, go and see the widow at once."

"Get out! I wont! Go and see her yourself, and see how yon like it."

"Were I not already a married man, young as I am, I should be tempted."

"Should you, though, Jack?"

"I should."

"Well, I aint."

Jack Hornby shook his head, and laughed, and shortly afterwards he took his leave.

On his way home he stopped at Kate Standish's. The widow was just forty; short, plump, and rosy; with a handsome face, dimpled cheeks, and smiles always at home, chasing each other from the dimples to the eyes. Jack was very intimate with her, for she was an own cousin to his wife, though of this latter fact Solomon Badger knew nothing. He remained with her some time, and was very earnest in his remarks. At first the widow refused to listen; hut he kept on. Then she tried to dispute him; hut he would not be disputed. He *knew*. Finally she not only listened, but her tremulousness and blushing told that she had received the impression.

"Promise me," said Jack, as he arose to go.

"O, Jack, I cannot—"

"But you must. I tell you your happiness and his are both at stake. Promise." * * * * *

On the next day, in the afternoon, Solomon Badger sat alone in his library. He was in a large rocking-chair, and his feet were on the table; and so he had been for an hour.

"Drat the widow!"

That was the sum and substance—the summing up—the report of his hour's pondering. But those three words were not spoken with the decision of a judge on the bench. Far from it. They were spoken as speaks one who handles a very knotty subject, and finally disposes of it in a huff. And, as if to prove what I have said, he went immediately at work over the same thoughts again. And thus he was engaged when the door-bell rang.

"A woman, sur-r-r, as wants to see ye's, sur-r-r," reported the red-headed domestic.

"Show her in," said Solomon, immediately taking down his feet, and piling up some books that lay scattered about on the table and floor.

It was the widow—Kate Standish—who entered.

"Ah—ahem—madam—a—I wish you a good morning, madam—a very good morning."

"And I wish you a good *evening*, sir," returned the handsome widow, smiling.

"Ah—yes, yes—I've been—a—ahem—hem—deeply—I might say, *very* deeply, buried in a book, and I had hardly time to realize what were the real facts about me when you were announced."

"Then you enjoy reading," said the widow, throwing back her shawl.

"O, yes—very much."

"What book is it that you find particularly interesting now, Mr. Badger? Anything new, sir? I like to know the character of new works."

"Ah—no—it's not a new work—it is a very old work," replied Solomon, picking up the first book that came in his way—"a book that I prize very highly."

"Might I ask the title?"

"O, certainly," returned Solomon, opening to the title-page. "'*Webster's Abridged Common School*—' Ah, no; that's not—where is that book? Ah, this is the one. '*Census Re*—' No—"

Now it so happened that Solomon Badger had been preparing a statistical article for an editorial friend of his, and all the books about him were simply such as he had taken from the library for that purpose.

"Census Returns, is it, sir?" said the widow, with a smile.

"Yes, madam," answered Solomon, into whose mind a brilliant idea had popped, "I was reading the accounts of the number of deaths, idiots, crazy folks, and so on; and the reflections thus called up—painful reflections, I might say—had completely captured my mind. It is terrible to think of—terrible!"

"It is a dark and gloomy picture of humanity, truly," rejoined the widow, sympathizingly.

"O, dreadful!" groaned Solomon.

"Especially crazy folks," said the widow, in a solemn tone, but with a twinkle of the eye that rather detracted from her solemnity.

"And idiots," added Solomon, mechanically.

"And *so on*," suggested the visitor, very soberly.

"Yes, yes—very true," replied the host, honestly; for his mind was so busy with something else that he realized not what she said.

After this a silence of some moments ensued, during which the widow gazed upon the various pictures upon the wall, while Solomon gazed steadily upon the floor, and no doubt felt very uneasy. But the lady broke the silence.

"Mr. Badger, I have called to see you upon a particular subject. I have taken the liberty of doing so, because I believed you were my friend."

"Of course I am, madam——ah, was not that some one entering at the front door?"

"I heard nothing, sir."

Solomon waited a few moments, and then resumed:

"I hope I am a friend to all who think my friendship worth the keeping, madam."

"O, I thank you, sir. It's very kind in you. I shall not forget it, sir; and I hope I may some day be able to repay—" here the widow stopped. The sun, that had been hidden behind the foliage of one of the great horse-chestnuts in the yard, now sank below it, and the beams fell full upon her face—so she moved her chair out of the way. It happened that she was thus brought nearer to her host; but of course that was merely accidental—"you, sir; for true friends are not very plenty now. Ah, few realize the worth of a true and faithful friend—one who can be the same in sickness and health, and in prosperity and adversity."

She gazed frankly, confidingly, up into his face as she spoke, and he trembled perceptibly. She did most surely look handsome, ay, lovely and beautiful. That fond, imploring expression went clear way down to Solomon's heart. However, he kept up his courage, and said:

"Very true."

"And I hope," the widow resumed, "that you will speak now only for my good."

"You may trust me, madam." Solomon had braced himself firmly.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Nathan Humpton, sir?"

"Partially so, madam."

"And, sir—you will pardon me for the liberty I take; but believe me, sir, you were the only person to whom I could come, and in whose judgment I could confide. Do you think him a man calculated to—to—make a good husband?"

"Why—really, ma'am—you've—a—rather—"

"O, sir, *do* answer me as you think the truth demands. Do let a regard for my welfare take precedence. I ask yon not to expose the faults of your friend—I ask you only to speak for—"

"He's no friend of mine, ma'am," uttered he, fairly choking.

"Ah then you will be more free to answer me. I would know, sir, what you think of him."

"Why, ma'am, to tell you the truth, he is a dev—ah, a—very—good for nothing—man."

"You will excuse me, sir; but I hope you are not prejudiced."

"*Prejudiced*, ma'am? No, ma'am. He's a drunkard, ma'am—a gambler, ma'am—a—a—ah—dishonest man, ma'am!"

"Is it possible?"

"It is very possible, ma'am. I bought him off cheap—hired him never to come near me again—lent him fifty dollars. That's what he sold himself to me for, ma'am."

"Alas!" the widow murmured, bowing her head, and covering her face with her hands, "I am sorry he is such a man, but I am glad I know it. However," she continued, looking up through eyes that were moist with emotion, "I can only live on as I have done, and the love that I could bestow upon a faithful husband I must keep still locked up, while I busy myself in doing all the good I can to those about me. I had hoped that I should not pass on into the evening of life all alone—companionless! I had fondly hoped that the strong love of my heart might find some object that could return its ardor, and find a resting-place from the toils and cares of life upon my bosom. O, I could live happy with something to love and care for beside myself—something to break in upon this selfishness that long years of loneliness begets. But it is passed. Forgive me, sir—"

She arose as she spoke, and would have turned away. That emotion was not assumed. She did really love the man before her, truly and well.

"Hold on—stop. Let me say one word, ma—a—one word."

She turned her eyes upon him, and there were tears in them.

"By the immortal piper, ma—a—ah—I—a—*we*, aye—*we*, wont be selfish. What's the use. Say—by thunder, ma'am! excuse me—pardon, ma'am—don't you suppose you could love me? There, aint that flat?"

"Love you, Solomon? O, I could hold yon to my heart through the long, long years to come, and *never*, never cease to love you truly and well."

"*Could* you?"

"God knows I can."

"And will you do it?"

"Yes, while I live."

"Then—O, what a fool I've been. You've been loving me."

"I have, Solomon."

But she did not look up as she gave this answer, for her head was pillowed upon Solomon Badger's bosom, and his stout arms were wound tightly about her. At this moment the door was opened, and Jack Hornby entered.

"Hallo!" he cried, "what's this?"

"Get out, you young scamp!" cried Solomon.

"What, captured, Sol? Ha, ha, ha! fairly carried by storm! Oho-ho-ho-he-e-e!"

"There's no storm here, you young villain. Don't you see how the sun shines?"

"Ho, Solomon, caught at last."

"Ay, caught in a seventh heaven—and in the same net with an angel."

"Caught, Solomon, captured! carried by storm. Ha, ha, ha, fairly *carried by storm!*"

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for nearly fifteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its own sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother, or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest paper in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

MAJOR THOMAS HARRISON.

The accompanying portrait of the late Major Thomas Harrison was drawn for us from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case; and will be recognized as a correct likeness. Major Harrison was a native of this city, where he was extensively known in business and social circles, and where he had very many attached friends. But he was still more extensively known as one of the most gallant officers of the war of 1812. They are fast passing away from our midst; death is calling the muster-roll, and as one by one their names are pronounced, they march through the dark portals which echo to no returning footstep. It is our duty, therefore, to keep green the memory of those heroic men, who, in the hour of their country's danger, promptly responded to her call, and upheld the memory of our flag. When the war of 1812 broke out, it found Thomas Harrison a young man full of patriotic ardor, and he promptly tendered his services to the government. He received a captain's commission in the regular infantry. At that time, party spirit ran high, and here, as is well known, a very strong opposition to the war manifested itself. It required a good deal of nerve to stem the tide of opposition, but young Harrison went to work recruiting with courage and a determination to succeed. A patriotic gentleman of Boston advanced Captain Harrison some of the sinews of war, so that he might have an unanswerable argument ready for those who endeavored to discourage enlistment by asserting that the government were unable or neglected to pay their troops. Accordingly he set up his flag and beat up for recruits in State Street, covering his drum-head with specie, by way of showing that the government was amply able to redeem its promises. But it needed not this inducement to bring men to his colors. It was enough for the brave young men of that day to know that their country was engaged in war with a foreign power, and required stout hands and hearts to serve her needs. Captain Harrison found no difficulty in raising a full company with which he marched to the Canadian frontier. We believe that he raised two companies of infantry, at two several times, while he remained in the service. Captain Harrison had all the qualities for an efficient company officer. He was brave as steel. In fact, as with General Putnam, the sensation of fear was utterly unknown to him Then he was a good disciplinarian, a good tactician, frank and genial in his manner, warm-hearted, robust, active and cheerful, and willing to share all the hardships of his command. His soldiers regarded him with equal affection and respect. The hardships of our army in the opening of the war of 1812, were very severe. In the midst of a Canadian winter, Major Harrison told us he had no tent to shelter his head, and a bed of hemlock boughs spread on the snow, was an unusual luxury, and gratefully appreciated when it could be obtained. Notwithstanding every disadvantage and privation, Captain Harrison succeeded in preserving his command in a high state of health and effectiveness. Their arms and equipments were always in perfect order—their discipline was admirable, and their military proficiency, after a few weeks' drill, particularly noticeable. Captain Harrison's connection with the army ceased soon after the bloody affair of Chippewa. In that battle his command suffered severely. They went into action ninety-six strong, and came out of it with a loss of eighty men killed, wounded and missing. "It was short and sharp work," said a sergeant who was under fire on that day. Captain Harrison was wounded early in the action. As he was advancing, he was struck by a musket-shot in the right foot, but paid no attention to the hurt, and continued cheering and leading his men into the fire. A short time afterwards, his right leg was shattered by a grape-shot. He was not aware of the extent of his injury at first—he felt no sense of pain, only a sort of numbness, and changing his sword into his left hand, he stooped to chafe his leg. But directly afterwards he tottered and fell. Some of his soldiers wanted to carry him to the rear. "No—no," he answered, "go on, my boys—I can take care of myself." And he did. He unwound his sash and tied it tightly above his wound; then, by means of his sword grip, he twisted the bandage so tightly as entirely to staunch the effusion of blood from the severed artery.



MAJOR THOMAS HARRISON.

No surgeon could have done it better. Without losing his senses for a moment, he sat up and took note of the current of the battle that was raging before him, as if he had been merely an unconcerned and uninjured spectator. General Scott, riding across the field, reined up his war-horse beside our wounded friend. "Harrison," said he, very feelingly, "I am sorry to see you in this condition, and I would stay by you if my duty did not call me away." He waved an adieu, gave his horse the spur and rode off—the most splendid military figure, Major Harrison told us, his eyes ever beheld. The day after the battle, Captain Harrison's leg was amputated; he recovered rapidly, and in due time an artificial limb supplied, to a great extent, his loss. If we are not mistaken, he was in the saddle within a month after. He was handsomely mentioned in the despatches of the commanding general, and was brevetted major for his distinguished services. He now resigned his commission, and was for the remainder of his life employed in the civil service of his country. For many years he was a clerk in one of the bureaux at Washington, and in 1843, accepted the appointment of inspector in the Boston custom house, which office he retained till his death, performing his fair share of duty. Those who fancy that an inspectorship is a nice, easy berth for an old soldier are very much mistaken in their conception of its duties. It is an office of responsibility, requiring good business capacity, involving a large amount of in-door and out-door work, and exposure to all weathers. To be posted on a wharf in mid-winter, day after day, from morning till night, with the thermometer below zero, superintending the discharge of cargoes, checking out every article and writing passes for goods with freezing fingers, is not a very enviable employment. The ardor of many a patriot who has burned to be enrolled among the civil officers of the government, has been sensibly cooled by an actual experience of the delights of the service, and by realizing that the same amount of labor would be better compensated in almost any other line of life. The subordinate servants of republics are not the favored individuals which the world at large believes them to be; and yet they are envied and traduced, and regarded as a privileged class. We merely mention these facts, parenthetically, to show that our old friend was not especially petted by the government in whose service he had suffered mutilation in his youth. Towards the latter part of his life, Major Harrison suffered much from inflammatory rheumatism, which occasionally prevented the discharge of his official duties. But he had an iron constitution and a cheerful temper, and he would rally and re-appear among his friends, apparently as vigorous as ever. Repeated attacks, however, undermined his constitution, and at the close of the last year he died, after a period of very severe suffering, which he bore with the spirit of a man and the resignation of a Christian. Major Harrison was very happy in his domestic relations. He was twice married. His second wife, an amiable and accomplished lady, survives to mourn him. Major Harrison was universally beloved. No one could see him without liking him, or know him without loving him. He was the life of a social circle. His feelings were as fresh as a boy's. He was fitted to enjoy and did enjoy life heartily. He took an interest in everything that was going on, and warmly appreciated all that is worthiest of appreciation in music, art, good society and noble characters. The heaviest affliction of his life was the loss of his only son, a fine young man, a midshipman in the navy, who died a few years since at Macao, on the eve of his return home. The last honors paid to our friend showed how highly he was appreciated in this community. A funeral escort of four military companies, and a large body of his associates and friends attended his remains to the grave, where a soldier's requiem pealed in the farewell volley fired over the cold clay that held in life the soul of valor, manliness, kindness and generosity.

SCENE ON A MISSISSIPPI COTTON PLANTATION.

The spirited sketch, herewith given, was drawn expressly for us from the actual scene, by Mr. Hill, whose graceful pencil is familiar to our readers. Pressing cotton, the subject of our picture, is one of the most interesting of the various stages of preparation of cotton for the market. After it is carefully picked and harvested, it has to be pressed into bales before it is ready to brave the perils of fire and flood on the bosom of the yellow Mississippi. The cotton press, as shown in our illustration, is supported by a heavy frame of timber, and is about nine feet in depth. Into this, the light, fleecy substance is poured, and the capstan bar being set to work, it is gradually compressed to the required size, the cords are fastened round the bale, and it leaps out ready for transportation. In our sketch, a party is busily filling the press, and two stout hands are removing the bales under the direction of the overseer. But the life and soul of the party is at the capstan, in the person of the lively darky engaged in extravagant imitations of the overseer, and jeers at the expense of the solemn figure next to him. This mercurial "cullud pusson," a fair specimen of his light-hearted race, by his jokes and high spirits, almost doubles the motive power at the bars. Though apparently solely occupied with attempts upon the facial muscles of his fellow-servants, yet at the exact moment, he will turn a somerset, kick the shins of his next neighbors, like a playful donkey, and run round with the bars, the loudest in singing the monotonous but not unmusical chant by which the blacks accompany their labor. Cotton, as we all know, or ought to know, is the soft vegetable down which is contained in the seed-vessels, and envelops the seeds of the cotton plant. The plant is an annual, and attains a considerable height. The leaves are of a bright green color, marbled with brownish veins, and each divided into five lobes. The flowers have only one petal in five segments, with a short tube, and are of a pale yellow color, with five red spots at the bottom. The cotton pods are of somewhat triangular shape, and have each three cells. These, when ripe, burst open and disclose the snow-white or yellowish contents, in the midst of which are contained the seeds.



COTTON PRESSING IN LOUISIANA

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

LIVING TOO FAST.

We have often alluded to the furious speed with which we Americans live; and in our very last issue dwelt at some length on the topic—a subject on which the press ought continually to sound the alarm, until the public is awakened to a sense of the evil. But in the meanwhile, as misery loves company, it may be a dismal sort of consolation to know that other people are affected with the same troubles of the same sort. "You have a poor crop of potatoes this year," said a gentleman to a farmer. "Yaas," was the reply, "but my opposite neighbor is a darned sight wuss off than I be—that's some comfort." Seriously, however, for it *is* a serious matter, our French neighbors over the water appear to be suffering from the consequences of violating the natural laws of health. The manner in which over-exertion, excessive labor, unbridled ambition, the thirst of gold, cerebral activity pushed to painful limits, and excesses of all kinds, particularly the immoderate use of tobacco, manifest their effects is, in a fatal disorder, which is termed the softening of the brain, but which is, in a scientific point of view, a general paralysis. The symptoms are hardly perceptible; the victim is felled as by a stroke of lightning. One morning he awakes—his body has lost its elasticity and spring, his mind is confused, he is carried to a madhouse, and only leaves its guarded walls again for his last home. This disorder was probably that by which Count D'Orsay died—many eminent men of France have been affected by it. Louis Napoleon lives in fear of it, for he has lived fast in every way, and now looks forward to receive his punishment. The French and the Yankees resemble each other in many respects, and particularly in the rapidity of their career; but while the Yankees have plenty to eat, the French are half fed. However, to balance the account, our French friends have a fund of spirits to bear them up, which cannot be said of the Yankees. Our advice to both peoples is to live a little slower.

Our large Engravings.—By placing the large series of national pictures, which we are publishing in the Pictorial, in a neat gilt frame, our subscribers can furnish their rooms with an attractive and highly ornamental set of pictures.

Gloucester, Mass.—This thrifty and pleasant town will send *three hundred* fishing vessels to sea this spring. In case of a war with Europe, Gloucester would furnish for our navy two thousand first class seamen.

Monumental.—Brackett the sculptor is engaged on a colossal statue in marble, to be placed over the remains of the late Hosea Ballou, now resting in Mount Auburn.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Bright, the great English orator, lately complimented Longfellow's Hiawatha at Tennyson's expense.

.... The bridge over the Hudson River is to be 200 feet wide. No fast trotting allowed, however.

.... Col. Thompson lately sold a collection of fine landscapes by Gerry at remunerative prices.

.... Mlle. Gabrielle De La Motte has an unprecedented success in teaching music to young ladies in classes.

.... Thirty-six quadrillions, and some hundreds of thousands of millions of people have been born since the creation.

.... Edward Everett's address on Washington has been brilliantly successful wherever it has been delivered.

.... The Maryland lotteries have been suppressed by law. Lotteries used to be sanctioned by our own general court.

.... Flour has declined—but few people will decline flour at the present prices. Reduction is popular.

.... Many of the British soldiers in the Crimea received Inkermann decorations who never saw Inkermann.

.... Two reporters of this city have lately been promoted each to the dignity of "A Gustus Pease."

.... A French paper informs us that the speaker of our national house of representatives is a "cullud pusson."

.... When Sydney Smith was advised to "walk on an empty stomach!" he inquired, "whose stomach?"

.... Mr. Burton, a lieutenant in the Bombay service, succeeded in entering the tomb of Mahomet disguised as a Turk.

.... Adelaide Phillips, who supplies the place of Didiée in opera, has been successful in Philadelphia.

.... Mrs. Partington calls one branch of our legislature the "House of Reprehensibles." Just like the old lady.

.... Mr. J. Taggart, of Roxbury, has invented a suspension railroad for street travel.

.... Hard soap applied to newly-pruned grape vines stops the bleeding, says the New England Farmer.

.... The steam frigate Merrimac performs admirably both under steam and canvass. She's a beauty.

.... The Emperor Faustin I. is trying his runaway officers for high treason and cowardice.

.... A Paris editor was lately sentenced to three months imprisonment for shouting "Long live liberty!"

.... Gen. Wm. H. Sumner has offered conditionally a lot of land for the East Boston Library Association.

.... A New England spring with the "mahommedan," 7 degrees below "zebra," is certainly an-ice spring.

"HOPE ON—HOPE EVER."

There is no motto like this for one's guidance through life. Storms, shadows and darkness may and must assail our pathway, but the star of hope is always beaming, if we only will but see it, "white as a white sail on a dusky sea." Mr. Mark Tapley, in Martin Chuzzlewit, was always "jolly," under the most afflictive circumstances. For a person determined to make the best of everything, there are a variety of proverbial encouragements which never come amiss. "It's a long lane that has no turning"—"Fortune's wheel is ever revolving"—"bad luck this time, better next," are golden legends for the poor and struggling.

When the storm of the revolution first broke over France, the higher classes sunk at first in utter despair; but in a short time they "got used to it," and used to play at "guillotine" in the Temple, in preparation for their final exit from the scaffold. Now if ladies and gentlemen can keep up their spirits under the certainty of a speedy decapitation, certainly those afflicted with the minor miseries of human life may well imitate Mark Tapley, and resolve to be "jolly" under their various trials.

There are some people who never will make an effort to raise their spirits. They seem born under a cloud; their hemisphere is always in shadow; they are always in what is vulgarly called a "peck of trouble." Remark to one of these croakers that the weather is very pleasant, he will tell you that we shall have to pay for it to-morrow. If a piece of good fortune befall him, he is sure it can't last. It's just his luck to have things turn over the moment he begins to felicitate himself upon his happiness. These are the sort of people who never have gazelles to glad them with their dark black eyes, but when they come to know them and love them well, they are sure to die; who never have a piece of toast particularly good and wide, that falls not on the sanded floor and always on the buttered side. Their favorite strain is:

"All that's fair must fade,
The fairest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest."

Other people meet with losses in gazelles and other live stock, without despairing of success in their little menageries; but if one of these croakers loses a single gazelle he gives up the business in despair. For him, instead of there being "no such word as fail," there seems to be no other word in the dictionary! Hope does not exist in his vocabulary.

Messrs. Smith's Melodeons.—We have for some time been intending to call attention to the admirable melodeons manufactured by Messrs. S. D. & H. W. Smith, 417 Washington Street. They have made a speciality of this manufacture, and turn out instruments remarkable for their richness and purity of tone, durability and finish. The extensive patronage and reputation they enjoy furnish the best commentary on their skill. The melodeon is an instrument of recent invention, and combining many of the peculiarities of the pianoforte and organ, with portability and cheapness, is now very extensively used—particularly by small churches whose means do not permit the purchase of more costly instruments of music. The Messrs. Smith send out no instrument that does not prove reliable and satisfactory.

Mrs. Barrow.—Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case have taken an admirable full length photograph of this distinguished artiste, as she appeared in the character of "Minchaha," at the Boston Theatre, which is to be used for modelling the figure-head of Donald McKay's new ship, named after Longfellow's heroine. The compliment is a deserved one. The manner in which Mrs. Barrow recites Hiawatha's wooing throws a new light on the conception of the poet.

The Price of a Watch.—During the war of 1812, a sailor went into a watchmaker's in Washington Street, and handing him a small lever watch, asked what it would cost to repair it. He was told the repairs would cost more than the original. "Then, heave ahead, old fellow," said the sailor. "I gave an English chap a knock over the figure-head for the ticker, and if you'll fix it up ship-shape, I'll give you a couple of knocks, and square the account!"

Olympia.—This play, adapted rather than translated from the French, by A. W. Thaxter, Jr., associate editor of the Evening Gazette, and first produced at the Boston Theatre on the occasion of Mrs. Barrow's benefit, has proved a complete success. It is admirably written, and full of telling points. The production of a play like this is quite an event in Athenian circles.

The Capitol at Washington.—Our next number will contain one of our large size pictures, drawn in Mr. Billings's best style, and representing the national capitol with all the additions and improvements complete, forming a splendid and valuable picture, well worthy of preservation.

Conclusive Evidence.—A young woman brought up before the Police Court for misdemeanor, was asked for some proof of her respectability. In her defence, she said she was acquainted with "all the lawyers," and was instantly committed for six months.

Curran's Wit.—A gentleman met Curran, while an invalid, limping along the street. "Ah," said he, "you walk slow."—"Yes," replied Curran, "but I'm going fast."

Long Paper.—A gentleman in this city drew a bill at so long a date, that it took his friend, the acceptor, six whole weeks to endorse it.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

On the first page of this present number will be found a fine view of Jefferson Avenue, one of the finest streets in the city of Detroit, as seen from the Campus Martius, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill, with the daguerreotype-like fidelity for which his city sketches are remarkable. Jefferson Avenue is well paved, and has noble stone sidewalks, and the principal public buildings are located upon it. All who have visited Detroit recently will recognize the various familiar points in this picture. The hotel on which the flag is hoisted is the "Mansion House," which vies with the National in being considered as the most popular hotel in the city. On the left of the picture will be noticed a correct representation of the City Hall and Market. The name of the city is a French word signifying straight, and is descriptive of its locality on the west bank of Detroit River. There is a noble harbor here, with sufficient depth of water to float the largest ships. The city is favorably located for commerce, while its position in the great channel of emigration enhances its importance. It has lake, river and canal communication with the principal countries of trade. A large number of steam and sailing vessels are constantly plying between Detroit and Buffalo. By means of the Great Western Railroad, it has been brought within one day's travel of the Atlantic seaboard. There is a vast travel over the Michigan Central Railroad, which extends across Lake Michigan and connects with another road leading to Chicago. Several plank roads radiate from the city to the interior. The business of the city is prodigious. The annual exports, coastwise, amount to above $4,000,000, and the imports to more than $15,000,000. There is a considerable trade with Canada, and the tonnage of the port is very large. Various lucrative branches of manufactures are carried on within the city. The plan of Detroit is somewhat peculiar. That portion contiguous to the river is laid out rectangularly, and extends back 1200 feet from the shore; further beyond, the space is divided into triangular sections by a number of avenues which converge to an open area called the Great Circus. The Woodward Avenue is a fine broad thoroughfare, which crosses Jefferson Avenue at right angles. Among the public buildings are the old State House, which embraces an extensive view, the Bank of Michigan, the Custom House and Marine Hospital. Public education is liberally provided for, and there are several charitable institutions. The newspapers which hail from Detroit are well edited and handsomely printed. The whole city is lighted with gas, and the water which is obtained from the Detroit River is of the purest quality. It is a place of great interest, and a fine example of the rapid growth of American cities.

Worthy of Remembrance.—Let no stranger visit Boston without a call at the daguerreotype and photographic rooms of Masury, Silsbee & Case, No. 299 1-2 Washington Street. It is to this house that we are largely indebted for the "originals" of many fine likenesses which we give from time to time in these columns.

Getting High.—A western man lately took lodgings at the Astor, and was escorted at night by the waiter to the top of the building; he turned to his guide, and said: "Look here, stranger, if you intend to call me at six in the morning, you'd better do it now, as it will be about that time afore I can get down again."

M. D.—The eccentric Dr. Borax was applied to by a poor woman to prescribe for a slight wound. "Put on a cataplasm!" said the doctor. "But, doctor dear, it's for a child!"—"O, then use a kittenplasm," was the answer.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. John P. Wild, to Miss Elizabeth A. Clayton, of Farmington, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. George M. Clark to Miss Elizabeth Burns; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Horatio J. Richards to Miss Grace Johnson; by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. John S. Powell to Miss Lucy W. Rowe.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Fairchild, Mr. Moses Gile to Miss Julia S. Austin.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hutchins, Mr. George W. Hobbs to Miss Helen M. Pratt, of South Weymouth.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Ware, Mr. Daniel L. Demmon, of Somerville, to Miss Susan F. J. Kimball.—At Lexington, by Rev. Mr. Staples, Mr. Benjamin Locke to Miss Mary H. Skelton.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Ezra Harlow to Miss Katie Covington.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. James S. Matthews, of Worcester, to Miss Ellen P. Sargent.—At South Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. Michael L. Cushing to Miss Josephine Kimball, of South Scituate.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Eldredge, Mr. Jeremiah Humes, of Providence, to Miss Deborah Knapp.—At Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Zadoc C. Patterson to Miss Sarah E. Brown.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. Thomas E. Brown to Miss Mary A. Potter.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Bruce, Mr. Clark J. Bullock to Miss Fanny F. Hathaway.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Nicholas Halloran, 39; Mr. Adam Collins, 23; Mr. James S. Pollard, 35; Miss Susan Childs; Mr. Benjamin Brown, 58; Miss Charlotte C. Eldredge, 18; Mrs. Mary Hemenway, 78; Widow Martha Damon, of Wayland, 88; Widow Sarah Thaxter, 69; Widow Mary Ulman, 76; Miss Maria Augusta Granger; Mr. Seth H. Mason, 37; Mrs. Ellen A. Tomlinson, 29; Mr. Michael Healy, 53; Mr. William T. Clark, printer, 32; Mrs. Lovice A., wife of Mr. Berlah Loomis, 84.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Mary Newhall, 80.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Jane M. Thayer, 49.—At Waltham, Mrs. Adeline A. Heard, 21.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. C. D. Maynard, 64.—At Brookline, Mrs. Emily S. Edmond, 28.—At Dorchester, Widow Ann Bird, 85.—At Hingham, Mr. Samuel Beal, 47.—At Essex, Mr. Parker Burnham, 92.—At Salem, Miss Susan Babbidge, 75; Miss Eliza C. Bridges, 30.—At South Danvers, Mr. Gilbert W. Churchill, 20.—At Andover, Mrs. Fannie E., wife of Mr. D. H. Atwood, and daughter of Dea. Jacob Dascomb, 27.—At Gloucester, Mr. Nathaniel Woodbury, 85.—At Westfield, Mr. Azariah Mosely, 90.—At Taunton, Mr. Granville Knapp, 89.—At Worcester Miss Polly Kennedy, 87.—At New Bedford, Capt. Asa Dillingham, 79; Mr. James Thomas Howland, 23.—At Belchertown, Mr. Reuben White, 94.—At New Haven, Mr. Roger Sherman, son of Hon. Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, 88.

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year..... $3 00
4 subscribers, " " 10 00
10 " " " 20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of Ballou's Pictorial, and one copy of The Flag of our Union, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every Saturday, by M. M. BALLOU, Boston.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MINERVA TO ——.

BY FRANK FREEQUILL.

Toil on—toil on—my favorite son—
I would not have thee cease;
O stoop not thou till victories won
Shall grant thee proud release.
My ægis round thy breast I've thrown,
My olive twines thy brow;
On to the goal—press thou, my son—
I'll not forsake thee now.

On to the goal—toil on—toil on—
Mine are no vulgar shrines;
In halls of justice early won,
My wreath thy brow entwines;
But I have dazzling glories bright,
Now sparkling for thy brow,
And magic dreams from realms of light
Would seize thee even now.

Toil on, toil on—search out the pearls
Lost on time's heaving sea;
Pick up those withered flowers, and twine
Anew that wreath for me.
Fetch out thy hopes—fetch out thy faith—
Lay them on life's best shrine;
Then on—dash on—not even death
Can meet my gifts divine.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

BY ELLEN EUSTACE.

"And now for a story of the brave old feudal times!" said Marion, as we sat together one evening at twilight.

"O, no—a fairy tale!" cried romance-loving Helen, whose thoughts and footsteps were sadly given to wander from the "beaten track." "Think how charming it would be, in this prosaic life of ours, if, at every vivid hope or fancy, a brilliant little being with gossamer wings should alight on the nearest twig or flower, and waving a tiny wand, exclaim, in most strictly approved fairy language, 'Young and beautiful maiden, thy wishes are all known to me; and soon, through my magic power, shall they be happily realized!'"

"Of course," exclaimed Fanny, "Helen would *not* answer, 'O, lovely and gracious fairy, reveal to me, if thou canst, how a certain absent youth is now occupied, and whether he is still constant to her who will cherish his image forever!'"

"O, would that I *did* know—that I could only see him for one moment, and read his true thoughts!" murmured the blushing girl.

"A dangerous wish, my dear Ellen," said I. "I will tell you a legend that may lead you to retract such a desire, and rest contented without seeking to know the future, shrouded perhaps in mercy from our gaze. I will introduce you at once to Lady Edith, the heroine, as sad and alone she sat in her turret chamber.

"The Lady Edith was an orphan. She remembered not a mother's kind caresses, and was but a child when her father took up arms under his king, Henry the Second, against France, and died bravely on the battle-field. Her uncle, the Baron Hugh Lacy, assumed the guardianship of the young girl at her father's death; but he had lived long alone and unwedded, and he cared not to be vexed, as he confessed, by a maiden's follies and fancies. So the fair damsel inhabited a fine old castle, with only the retainers of her father's time, and her own attendants. Among these was one loved by the Lady Edith, and with whom she shared her own advantages. Rose Bertram was as a sister rather than a handmaid to the lovely Edith.

"As years sped on, the wealth and beauty of the fair heiress attracted many suitors to the castle, but they rode away again, with only a cold refusal to keep them company, so that some fierce knights thought of storming the citadel, and bearing away the lady by force; but her modesty and innocent helplessness formed an all-sufficient shield for her safety and protection.

"At last came the hour when the Lady Edith was constrained, like all her sex, to bow to love's power; and in a brave knight, Sir Hubert de Courcy, she recognized her heart's lord. At the time of our story, the lovers had plighted their troth, and Sir Herbert, parting from his lady, set sail for Palestine, to follow the fortunes of his master and king, Richard, Cœur de Lion.

"In the presence of Sir Hubert de Courcy, the affection of Edith was shaded by a degree of reserve that characterized the damsels of those times. But beneath this calm exterior her heart throbbed with undying attachment; and as months passed, and no tidings of the absent knight reached her from Palestine, her spirits sunk, and her eyes soon became dimmed with watching and weeping.

"One day, after having finished her morning occupations, oppressed by her sad forebodings, Lady Edith retired to a grotto shaded from the sun by fragrant screens of foliage, and cooled by the clear waters of a sparkling fountain. Here she had bid Sir Hubert a last adieu; the scene recalled vividly all her regrets and disappointed hopes, and she exclaimed, aloud:

"'How long a time has lingered on since we parted, and no tidings have yet come to me! Perhaps at this very moment, harassed by long marches, or fainting under the ardor of the sun, he lies helpless and dying, without succor. While I am here, reposing in ease under the shade of our favorite retreat, to what perils may he not be exposed! But I dare not think—'

"And the Lady Edith, overcome by the torturings of her own imagination, wept bitterly for a few moments. But again giving expression to the sad visions that haunted her, she cried:

"'O, that I could behold him but for one moment!—read his heart and his thoughts!—learn from hour to hour how he was employed, and if he were free from suffering and danger! Why has it not been given us to know all that interests the object of our love? This gift is due to my tenderness, my grief, and my tears!'

"As she uttered these words, a slight noise at the side of the grotto alarmed her. Turning her eyes she beheld a little figure, bright and beaming as the creation of a dream, hardly a foot in height, but of symmetry so perfect as to form a miniature of loveliness. Her features were regular, and her smile full of sweetness. Golden locks floated over her shoulders, and a lily white robe fell to feet bare and fair as marble. Surprised at this sudden apparition, the maiden would have flown, but was restrained by an irresistible power. She glanced timidly at the little being before her, who advanced with grace, and said:

"'Let not my presence alarm thee, fair Edith. Thy innocence and goodness of heart are pledges that thou canst have nothing to fear from me; no evil power could injure a soul so pure and true as thine. By the queen of the fairies was I appointed at thy birth, to watch over and guard thy happiness; to avert any injury that my limited power might save thee from; but suffering and sorrow I cannot overcome—they must shadow at times the path of every earthly being! Thou art now afflicted,' she continued, 'with thy first and greatest grief. I have read all thy regrets and desires; they are pure and natural. Thy lover, it is true, must encounter many dangers, but it is in the path to glory. His career is brilliant, yet in the midst of the honor that surrounds him, he is saddened by thoughts of his separation from thee! May this knowledge relieve the inquietude of thy soul, and lead thee to subdue the regrets I have witnessed with sorrow!'

"Gratefully acknowledging the happiness the kind fairy had conferred, the maiden strove to seem satisfied; but her speaking eyes betrayed that her soul longed for more direct intelligence of her absent knight. This the fairy perceived, and answered:

"'Thou hast spoken truthfully, fair Edith, but why repress the expression of thy deeper feelings. These shall be gratified! In this mirror shalt thou read, whenever thou desirest, the situation and thoughts of Sir Hubert de Courcy during his absence! Take it, then, and twice during the day, with an interval of an hour between, shalt thou behold the image of thy loved one, and know that which occupies him at the moment thou art gazing.'

"Edith hastened to accept the proffered gift, and with tears of joy thanked the good being who had given her so much happiness. The fairy then resumed:

"'Thou wilt carefully cherish and guard my boon; mayst thou not find it a fatal error! But I leave thee to experience the happiness or misery the gift may impart. And if, at some future time, thou shouldst wish to be ignorant of the knowledge it bestows, return to this spot, dip the mirror in this fountain, and I shall be here to answer.' At these words the fairy disappeared.

"Gradually recovering from the surprise and delight this supernatural presence had caused, Edith returned to the castle, and hastened to summon Rose to her side, that together they might test the magic power of the fairy's gift. Rose listened with wonder and incredulity to her mistress's account of her mysterious visitor, and the precious treasure she had bestowed; but casting her eyes toward the mirror, on which Edith was already gazing in an ecstacy of delight, she beheld there the refutation of all her doubts. In all the glory of his knighthood and martial bearing, Sir Hubert de Courcy stood before them! A coat of linked mail, with plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, protected his noble form. The bars of his helmet were unclosed; and as he stood at the door of his tent, for it was the matin hour, the upraised eye and moving lips betrayed that he was at his morning orisons.

"At the conclusion of his prayer, the knight disappeared for a moment within his tent, and returned wearing a surcoat of cloth, which Edith had herself embroidered. This he wore, like all the warriors of the Holy Land, to exclude the burning rays of the sun from his burnished armor. She saw him then gaze reverently down upon his mantle, lift it to his lips, and she knew she was at that moment in his thoughts, when a mist spread over all the scene, and the mirror reflected only her own lovely face.

"An hour with its tedious moments must now pass before the faithful glass could again be consulted. With Edith no other idea was present; and her heart was filled with wonder as she remembered the fairy's fears and expectations that the gift might be returned to her. 'How could she imagine,' the maiden cried, 'that I would ever willingly relinquish such happiness! I shall live only for the joy it imparts, and every hour will be dark to me, when this bright surface reflects not his image!'

"When the time again came for the vision of Sir Hubert to be visible, the Lady Edith sat bending eagerly over the mirror, while her companion knelt by her side to share the happiness of her mistress. But what horror chills their veins as they gaze on the scene before them!

"On an elevated mound, surrounded by the warriors of the crusades from many different nations, a flag-staff is planted, from which waves a banner whereon is emblazoned the eagle of Austria. Low on the earth lies the English standard, as if just torn from its station, and its position usurped by the one now floating above. A kingly form, half clad, and hastily armed, rushes through the ranks, and seizing the standard, uproots it from the earth, hurls the Austrian flag to the ground, and tramples upon it! A gigantic Hungarian warrior is seen to start hastily forward, to avenge the insult. He aims a blow at the daring monarch that would have been fatal, had not Sir Hubert de Courcy, who stood near, fearing for the unguarded state of his leader, rushed between them, and received the full force of the assault. For a moment he stands upright, then staggers a few steps, and sinks seemingly lifeless to the earth!

"Edith could bear no more. She sank fainting into the arms of her attendant, who bewailed with loud exclamations the possession of a gift which could bring so much misery by its sad revelations. When her lady recovered, it was only to revive the knowledge that she must live through the hours of the night in all the fearful uncertainty that the vision had occasioned. Was her lover slain? Had she parted with him forever? Already did the maiden begin to repent of the fatal curiosity that had brought such cruel satisfaction.

"With the first rays of the morning light the mirror was placed before the Lady Edith, while Rose tremblingly watched the result. But despair is now chased away by joy and gratitude! Rising slowly from his couch, although still pale and enfeebled, Sir Hubert appeared to the eyes of the damsels. His page seemed to have attired him with much care and attention, as if for a coming interview. His dark locks and curling beard were arranged with precision and elegance, and the arm that was wounded in the affray was suspended in a silken scarf of gorgeous eastern hues.

"Again all fades away before the entranced gaze of the maiden, who, sinking on her knees, poured out her soul in grateful thanksgiving and prayer. Thus passes the interval, the moments flying swiftly, until the surface of the mirror once more pictured forth the events then transpiring in a far distant land.

"How magnificent the scene that now shone before the astonished beholders! A pavilion of purple silk, looped with cords and tassels of gold, occupied all the space. Oriental carpets covered the floor, rich cushions of tapestry were disposed around, while the top of the pavilion was concealed by sky-blue silk, to resemble the firmament, and studded with a moon and stars of solid silver! Amid this gorgeous scene a fair woman of transcendent loveliness, but of such delicate and diminutive proportions as to seem hardly more than a child, reclined on a pile of velvet cushions. A profusion of light hair fell over her exquisitely shaped shoulders, and her deep blue eyes sparkled with the light of pleasure and expectation. A robe of sea-green silk enhanced the delicacy of her pure and roseate complexion; rich jewels encircled her waist, and sparkled on her arms, while a veil of gossamer texture, embroidered with silver, depended from her locks of gold, and fell around her like a glittering mist.

"What relation, however, could this fairy like vision have to the fate of Sir Hubert de Courcy? Already the heart of the Lady Edith was torn by a pang of jealousy, when a curtain was drawn aside at the end of the tent, and she saw her lover enter! Slowly and languidly he approached the lovely being who was evidently expecting him, and knelt at her feet. With much emotion she extended a little hand, soft and delicate as a snow-flake, which the knight tenderly pressed to his lips! Then rising, she took from her own neck a sparkling cross, suspended to a chain of exquisite workmanship, and threw it over the shoulders of Sir Hubert de Courcy as he knelt before her!

"Overcome by jealousy and despair, Edith closed her eyes to shut out the detested sight, and acting on the resolution of the moment, nerved by proudest pride and outraged affection, hurried with swift steps to the grotto. There, dipping the fatal mirror, which she held, in the waters of the fountain, the fairy once more appeared, and thus addressed her:

"'And am I so soon summoned to take back the gift, fair Edith, that thou so eagerly craved? I anticipated this return of it, but in how short a time has its revelations brought sorrow and disappointment! Poor maiden! I read in thy pallid cheeks and downcast eye all the grief and misery my cruel kindness has inflicted. But despair not! Although at this dark moment all seems so sad and hopeless, believe me there are happier hours in the future.'

"As the fairy disappeared after uttering these words, the Lady Edith slowly left the grotto, and returned to her turret chamber with a sad and heavy heart. Although the fortitude and resolution that nerved her would not allow her to yield entirely to the dark presentiment that threatened her fate, yet hours of anguish would come that seemed almost unendurable.

"Many months thus passed in alternate courage and despair, for Edith remembered the fairy's hopeful words, and awaited with a trembling heart the events of the future.

"One happy day there came a troubadour to the castle, bearing a missive from Palestine, in the well-known characters of Sir Hubert de Courcy! Therein, all the mystery was explained! So sudden a transition from the saddest doubts to certain happiness, was almost overwhelming; but joy kills not, and Edith hailed with rapture the tidings that restored all her confidence in the honor and affection of her loyal knight

"The letter, which described all that had transpired in the absence of Sir Hubert de Courcy, explained the circumstance of the affray that the maidens had witnessed. The wound that had seemed to Edith so fatal in its consequences, was aimed against the life of Sir Hubert's noble monarch, Richard, Cœur de Lion, who had impetuously rushed from his tent to quell an insurrection among his followers.

"Next followed a vivid description of the brilliant scene that had caused such jealous fears. The bright and beautiful creature, who had summoned the knight to her presence, to express her gratitude for the the salvation of Richard's life, was the lovely Berengaria, England's queen, whose praises were sung by every troubadour throughout Christendom.

"Thus all was happily explained, and when Sir Hubert returned in due time from the Holy Land, high in the favor of his king, and wearing laurels of stainless honor, and the Lady Edith plighted to him her nuptial vows, she remembered, with humility, the forbidden knowledge she had dared to crave, and gratefully thanked the All-wise Being, who veils in mystery those events which we can neither alter nor avert."

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The Hudson River Railroad Company have discontinued all their trains on Sunday. —— Mayor Wood is carrying out his last proclamation. One of the second ward police had his pay suspended for three days, for permitting a highway robbery on his beat without effecting an arrest. —— A bed of cannel coal has been discovered near Salem, Iowa. —— It is estimated that the value of the metalliferous productions of England for the past year was nearly thirty-three millions sterling, namely:—Coals at pits, £23,000,000; iron ore, £3,000,000; copper ore, £1,800,000; lead ore, £1,500,000; tin ore, £700,000; silver ore, £200,000; zinc ore, £15,000; salts, earths, sulphur, building stones, etc., the sum of £3,000,000. —— Fat pork is employed on some of the Ohio railroads, for lubricating axles. —— The Scientific American says that a pencil which would give a clear, black stroke, and inscribe indelible characters upon paper so as to supply the place of pen and ink, would be a fortune for the inventor. It has no doubt such an invention will yet be made. —— The State of Maine owns about 2,000,000 acres of wild lands. —— Leavenworth City, in Kanzas, contains 307 buildings, of which 76 are business houses. One firm sold last year $60,000 worth of dry goods. —— An effort is being made to procure a grand organ to be placed in the Music Hall. —— A Wall Street banker lately gave $3500 as a donation to the Pease mission at the Five Points, New York. His wife on the same day gave $500. —— Advices from the Teneriffe Islands state that the winter there has been terrible —— A bed of fine porcelain clay has recently been found under a stratum of brick clay, on the land of the Rev. Mr. Gayley, near Wilmington, Delaware, within a mile of tide water. —— The Ohio institution for the deaf and dumb has 148 pupils under instruction. —— An exchange says, that in 1797, the Delaware was ice bound for several miles below the city, and horses attached to sleighs were driven on the ice from Trenton, N. J., to Philadelphia. —— There are fourteen schools among the Seneca Indians, in New York. —— An old and much respected colored woman, familiarly known as Old Aunt Nannie, died January 30, near Powhatan Court House, Va. She died at the advanced age of 127 years; such a case of longevity is scarcely on record. She was much respected for piety by all who knew her; and was the mother of eighteen children, all of whom died at an old age. —— The citizens of Buffalo talk of tunnelling the Niagara River near their city. —— A correspondent of the Wilmington (N. C.) Commercial, writing from Washington, March 4, says:—"By this morning's package of German newspapers, published in my birthplace, I find a positive statement that Robert Schuyler lives in the little town of Brugge, in the principality of Rudolstadt, Germany." —— A California sea-serpent has been seen by the crew of the schooner Mary Taylor, lately arrived at San Francisco, when off Point Reyes. —— A line of telegraph, with a sub-marine crossing at Cairo, will soon be established between Cairo and Hickman, Kentucky. This line will be a connecting link, securing northern and southern telegraphic communication. —— In 24 of the 41 counties of California, there are 70 flour mills, 251 saw mills, and 49 quartz mills. —— The Wisconsin game law went into effect on the 1st of February—a fine of $5 for every quail and prairie chicken found on a man's premises. —— A large French company is preparing to mine for copper near Lake Superior. —— The number of aliens arrived at New York this year to February 27, was 4238; since to March 5, 273; to corresponding date in 1855, 14,458. —— Gold has been found in the copper ore of the Lake Superior mines. —— The chairman of the navy committee, in the senate, has recommended the establishment of a grade of admirals in our navy. But whom shall we make admirals of? —— The foreign and domestic debt of the State of Alabama is about $5,000,000. —— The United States steamer Merrimac has fulfilled the expectations of her builders, and the Charlestown Navy Yard may glory in the fact. —— There were in the courts of special sessions, in New York State, in 1855, 6774 convictions. —— Mr. O. W. Clafflin, of Hopkinton, slaughtered lately a hog raised and fattened by him, which was twenty months old, and weighed 707 pounds. —— The late Samuel Rogers's recipe for long life was "Temperance, the bath and flesh brush, and *don't fret*." —— Ohio marriages are now called "limited partnerships," in consequence of the pliancy of the Buckeye divorce bill.

A GOOD HINT.—We Americans, who are addicted to overfeeding and over-dosing, ought always to bear in mind an anecdote current among the Orientals. It is said that a king of Persia sent to a tribe of Bedouins one Mustapha, a very celebrated physician, who inquired, on his arrival amongst them, how they lived. "We never eat till we are hungry, and then not to repletion," was the answer. "I may retire then," said the doctor, "I see I have no business here."

A NEW BUILDING MATERIAL.—Artificial sand-stone is the name of a new and very valuable building material, now rapidly taking the place of the brick, stone and wood heretofore in use, in several of the Western States. Its cheapness, durability and beauty are its chief recommendation. We learn that measures are being taken to introduce it into New England.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY.—Mr. J. L. Sibley, formerly Dr. Harris's assistant, has received the appointment of librarian, in connexion with Mr. Ezra Abbott, now Dr. Folsom's assistant at the Athæneum.

INEBRIATE ASYLUM.—The ministers in and around New York have shown their confidence in this excellent enterprise, by subscribing ten dollars each in its aid.

Wayside Gatherings.

The experiment with the coal burning engine on the Easton Railroad has been successful.

The loss to Philadelphia by the suspension of navigation by ice is estimated at millions of dollars.

Major Ben: Perley Poore has been appointed by Gov. Gardner a member of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture.

A Russian agent has contracted with a manufacturer in Worcester, Massachusetts, for several thousand rifles.

All the telegraph cables crossing the Mississippi River, have been carried away by the breaking up of the ice.

The distance between New York and Halifax, as laid down for steamships, is 670 miles. The distance by sea between Boston and Halifax is about 530 miles.

The New Haven Journal records the death of Roger Sherman, in his 88th year, son of Hon. Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The Indian troubles in Oregon and Washington Territories continue, and there is a prospect that they will not be quelled, until a regular army is sent among them.

It is mentioned as a singular fact that ship timber is being sent from New York to the eastward to build vessels, many of which will be hereafter owned and employed in that city.

The number of American seamen in 1855 was 9686, of whom 9386 were native born and 300 naturalized. Of this number, Massachusetts furnished 4501, Maine 1303, and New York 885.

The annual fortification bill, pending in the United States Senate, provides appropriations of $10,000 for Fort Winthrop, Governor's Island, Boston harbor; and $20,000 for Fort Warren.

It is reported that George W. Matsell, the New York chief of police, intends to resign, and open a hotel for summer resort at Elizabethport, in partnership with two "stars" belonging to his staff.

There are thirty-two steamships now plying between this country and Europe. Only eighteen years ago the London Times thought the idea of attempting to navigate the Atlantic by steam absurd.

The Taunton Gazette says that a wild duck, weighing two and a half pounds, dashed himself through the thick glass of the Sandy Point Light, on Prudence Island, lately, and furnished the keeper with a fine Sunday dinner.

The citizens of Watertown, New York, are making an effort to raise funds to put up suitable buildings for the accommodation of the exhibitors and visitors at the State Fair, which is to take place in that town in October next.

It is stated that within three months some twenty persons have lost their lives in San Francisco, by falling through holes in the street planking. Three passengers of the steamer Sonora, who landed in the night, were lost in this way.

Drunkenness, so common in cold countries, is a rare vice with the Greeks; they are great drinkers, but water-drinkers. They would have scruples about passing by a fountain without drinking at it, but if they enter a tavern, it is to chat.

Miss Heron, at Cincinnati, was attacked by an insane actor as she was leaving her dressing-room for the stage, a few nights since, and came near being killed. She was rescued, and the actor, who had become insane through spirit-rappings, arrested.

Our present version of Holy Writ is materially the same as that of King James's translators, with the exception of natural changes in orthography and the correction of typographical errors. Since 1611, several revisions have been made for the latter purpose.

Dr. Jackson ascertained the altitude of Mount Kataden to be 5300 feet, or a little more than one mile perpendicular elevation above the level of the sea. It is the highest point in the State of Maine, and the most abrupt granite mountain in New England.

It is stated in Hunt's Magazine, on the authority of E. G. Watkins, that "of one hundred and eleven millions of travellers, in 1854, on English railways, only twelve were killed by accidents beyond their control. These millions travelled fifteen miles each."

The Baton Rouge Advocate is informed by sugar-planters from different portions of the State, that the growing crop of cane has suffered material injury from the unusual severity of the winter, and there is every reason to apprehend another short crop of sugar.

Paris has but one church to about 2400 inhabitants. Brooklyn, L. I., has a church to every 1000. Therefore, ought not the Brooklyn people to be 2.40 times as good as the Parisians?—and therefore, judging them by their chances, are they not worse? "A question to be asked."

At a recent trial in Paris, between a steel-pen dealer of that city and Messrs. Hinks & Wells, the manufacturers, of Birmingham, it was stated that in the whole world there are but fourteen manufactories of steel pens; and that nine of them are at Birmingham, four at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and one at Paris.

The New Jersey Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church numbers 160 clergymen with families, who, as reported at the last session, received an annual salary of $391; and 28 single clergymen, who received an average of $167. This, of course, is independent of house rent and perquisites of all kinds.

A Methodist Episcopal church—the first erected in the Sandwich Islands—was recently dedicated in Honolulu. The land was given by Mr. J. T. Waterhouse, and there is but a small debt now remaining on the building. The Methodists, though somewhat late on the ground, are making already very rapid progress.

The following is an advertisement which appeared in a Paris journal:—"The parents of a young lady aged twenty, handsome, well educated, and possessing an income of four thousand three hundred francs per annum, *but affected with St. Vitus dance*, offer to unite her to a doctor, from forty to forty-five years old, who will pay her incessant attention."

Two civil engineers, of the name of Turner, of London and Dublin, have issued a preliminary prospectus of a submarine railway between England and France, from Dover to Cape Griznez. They state that they are engaged in making models and plans, which will develop their views, and explain the details for the performance of this important work.

Capt. Bell, the wrecker, is constructing a novel apparatus, in New York, for raising ships. It consists of two large timber tanks, shaped like a boot-jack, to receive the ends of a sunken vessel between them. They will be first sunk by filling with water, and attached to the vessel to be raised, after which the water will be exhausted, thus securing a lifting power.

A correspondent of the Litchfield (Conn.) Enquirer says that a Mrs. Hurlburt, living with her son near the base of Canaan Mountain, found a wild cat in her barn, lately. He was making free with the chickens; she called a neighbor, who came and shot the animal, and Mrs. H. received the bounty of $5, provided by law to encourage the destruction of such animals.

Foreign Items.

There has been a military riot at Sunderland, England, and several of the soldiers were badly beaten by the citizens.

The New Prussian Gazette announces from St. Petersburg, that after peace has been proclaimed, the Czar will proceed to Moscow to be crowned.

The Emperor of the French intends to entertain the plenipotentiaries to the Congress with a grand review in the Champ de Mars of from 100,000 to 140,000 troops.

A letter from Hamburg says that the three bureaux used in recruiting for the English foreign legion have been closed, and that thirty-nine persons who had been engaged have been expelled as foreigners.

Letters from St. Petersburg state that the re-establishment of the episcopal sees, which had been promised to the pope by the Czar Nicholas, has not yet received the sanction of the Emperor Alexander.

Pius IX. has presented to the Queen of Spain a prayer-book, said to have belonged to St. Catherine of Sienna, in return for the presents by her Catholic Majesty—the "Prodigal Son" and the "Marriage of St. Catherine," of Murillo.

The Imperial Court of Paris has affirmed the judgment of the civil tribunal of the Seine, deciding that Mrs. Ridgway, an American lady, is entitled as heiress to one-third of the estate of the late Duchess de Plaisance. Mrs. Ridgway's share will amount to about $230,000.

The master of the Rolls is said to have actually appointed a female clerk in the state-paper office! It is rather remarkable, that while rules are established excluding male clerks above a certain age from entering the public service, the new clerk is a married lady with four children.

Sands of Gold.

.... Justice may be defined as that virtue which impels us to give every person what is his due.—*Goldsmith.*

.... A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.—*Thomas Fuller.*

.... No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance.—*Dr. Johnson.*

.... True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law.—*Goldsmith.*

.... A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain.—*Dr. Johnson.*

.... Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. O, 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.—*Thomas Fuller.*

.... Our infinite obligations to God do not fill our hearts half as much as a petty uneasiness of our own; nor His infinite perfections as much as our smallest wants.—*Hannah More.*

.... To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of scholars.—*Bacon.*

.... Affectation is the seeming of constraint and of falsehood; fidelity is only a respect for our engagements; infidelity a degradation; perfidy, an open and criminal infidelity.—*Vaurenargues.*

.... Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—*Bacon.*

.... Constancy is a reasonable firmness in our sentiments; stubbornness, an unreasonable firmness; modesty, a consciousness of the deformity of vice, and of the contempt which follows it.—*Vauvenargues.*

Joker's Budget.

The sieve through which the man strained every nerve is for sale at less than first cost.

Law is like prussic acid—a dangerous remedy, and the smallest dose is generally sufficient.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the maid said to her lover, when his face was buried in beard and whiskers.

A prodigy reading in the paper that Mdlle. Didee had "a voice of two *registers*," expressed his opinion that she ought to sing with great warmth.

It has been discovered that the respectable and world-renowned monarch, Old King Cole, was a descendant of Anthracite, and that his jolly old soul was nothing but shoe leather.

An Irish witness was recently asked what he knew of the prisoner's character for truth and veracity. "Why, troth, since iver I've known her, she's kept the house clane and dacent."

Rev. E. H. Chapin is a wit as well as a divine and a lecturer. On being asked what his object was in lecturing so extensively, he replied that he lectured for F-A-M-E, which is the short for *fifty and my expenses.*

"Any game hereabouts?" said a newly arrived to a Texan. "Guess so," said the Lone Star, "and plenty of 'em—we have bluff, poker, euchre, all-fours and monte, and jist as many others as you'll like to play."

Mrs. Rogers was very indignant on hearing that the Russians had taken *flight*—at the same time she observed that it must have been an outlandish sort of place at best, for *she* couldn't find it anywhere on the map.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber,	one year	$2 00
4 subscribers,	" "	7 00
10 "	" "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

JAPANESE SKETCHES.

We present on this page the portraits of a Japanese lady and gentleman, and a view of Nagasaki and Bay, Japan. They are from authentic sources, and will be followed, at no long interval, by a series of sketches from the pencil of an officer of the United States Expedition, illustrating the domestic life and manners of the strange people with whom we are beginning to hold commercial intercourse. Previous to this expedition, our knowledge of the Japanese was derived chiefly from the Dutch, who, at the period of their greatest commercial prosperity, succeeded in carrying their flag into some of the ports of the empire, and have since retained their footing in spite of the peculiar jealousy of the Japanese government. What the Dutch have been able to accomplish,



A JAPANESE GENTLEMAN.

Yankee ingenuity and perseverance can certainly command; and though the Japanese government have endeavored to evade the provisions of Perry's treaty, still we have no doubt that all, and more than all the advantages expected from that treaty will be secured. The first of our engravings shows a Japanese gentleman of high rank, very plainly dressed, with his head shaved in the orthodox manner. It is the custom of the country to shave the beard and top of the head; and they omit this only in misfortune —as when, for instance, a member of their family dies, when they are sick or imprisoned. The second engraving delineates a noble Japanese lady, probably a belle of the empire. The features, while having the same angular insertion of the eyes, characteristic also of the Chinese, are not unpleasing. Little peculiarity of costume is observable in this case, unless perhaps in the head gear; and the cumbrous ornament inserted in the hair is by no means so ridiculous, even to our eyes, as the head-dresses of the French ladies of the last century. Our third engraving presents us a view of Nagasaki, with its noble bay. This is the principal commercial city of Japan, and is situated in the southwest side of the island of Kioo-Sioo, containing about 70,000 inhabitants, including 6000 priests. The houses, which we observe on the left, are built of clay and wood, coated with cement, have verandahs and Venetian blinds, with oiled paper in the sashes instead of glass, and present a very neat appearance. They are uniformly one story in height. The chief edifices are, the palace of the governor, the residences of the grandees, the Dutch and Chinese factories, the arsenal, several theatres, and upwards of sixty temples enclosed by gardens. There are also numerous tea-houses, which form a pleasant resort for the population. The little island of Dezima, appropriated to the Dutch, shown in front, is strongly fortified, and commands the harbor, which is about seven miles long and twelve broad. Prior to the late treaty concluded by our government, this was the only port of Japan open to foreign traders. The Dutch imports into Nagasaki, consisting chiefly of sugar, Netherland broadcloths and cotton goods, sandal wood, Buffalo hides, ivory, cloves, tin, Bengal piece goods and other manufactured wares, amounted to about $150,000 annually; and for these they receive in return, camphor, drugs, toys, silks, etc., to the amount of about $200,000. Siebold, a learned German connected with the Dutch factory at Dezima, in his famous work on Japan and the Japanese, is enthusiastic in his description of the port of Nagasaki, and we condense a portion of his account of it. The foreground is adorned with hills tinted with the freshest verdure, while far, far away in the distance rise the irregular peaks of the deep blue mountains. The dark shadows of projecting rocks break here and there on the serene mirror of the sea, and the steep walls of rock which fortify the surrounding shores, flash with many hues in the rays of the rising sun. The mountains are covered with a luxurious vegetation, which varies according to the elevation; and the groups of dwellings of glittering whiteness, amid which we discern numerous temples rising amid groups of cedars, and the innumerable buildings, which give a life to the bay and strand, form a glorious spectacle. We were astonished to learn that the fair white houses, which we had supposed to be the dwellings of rich individuals, were really nothing but storehouses coated with shell lime to render them fire-proof. Innumerable vessels and fishing barks give the bay a lively aspect. The bay becomes more animated as we approach the town, and offers the most delightful variety of objects. How inviting are the shores and their cheerful dwellings! What fruitful hills!—what majestic temple-groves! How picturesque those green mountain-tops, with their volcanic formation! How luxuriantly do those evergreen oaks and laurels clothe the declivity! What activity—what industry does nature thus turned, as it were, by the hand of man, proclaim!—as witness those precipitous walls of rock, at whose feet cornfields and cabbage-gardens are won in terraces from the steep; witness the coast, where Cyclopean bulwarks set bounds to the arbitrary caprice of a hostile element. Already we behold the houses of Dezima; we can even distinguish their green windows. When the Japanese government first began to entertain jealousy and dislike of foreigners, the first measure taken, at the instigation of those feelings, was so to situate them that they could be conveniently watched. For this purpose, the Europeans and their commerce were restricted to the two ports of Nagasaki and Firato, at which last place the Dutch factory was then established. The next step was to confine the Portuguese more closely still; with this view was their abode projected, and the island of Dezima directed to be built from the bottom of the sea. The emperor's pleasure being asked as to the form of the future island, he unfolded the ever actively employed fan; and accordingly in the shape of a fan, without the sticks upon which the fan is mounted, was the island constructed. When the Portuguese were finally expelled, the Dutch were transferred from Firato to their prison-house. Dezima is about 600 feet in length by 240 across, and is situated a few yards distant from the shore, close upon which stands the town of Nagasaki. The island and town are connected by a stone bridge, but a high wall prevents the dwellers in either from seeing those in the other. The view of the bay, teeming with life and bustle, seems indeed to be open to the inmates of the factory, secluded as they are; but the view is a distant one only, no Japanese boat being permitted to approach the island within a



A JAPANESE LADY.

certain prescribed distance marked by a stockade. The dwellings in Dezima are not given to the residents by government, nor even the use of the ground whereon to erect them. The houses appear to have been built by Nagasaki citizens upon speculation, and the Dutch pay for them an exorbitant rent fixed by authority; they are, however, permitted to fit them up in their own taste, and either to procure furniture in the European style from Java, or to have it made under their direction by Japanese mechanics. Almost every house in Nagasaki has its garden; the height of the street front, and even the number of the windows, are determined by sumptuary laws. The gardens, however diminutive, are laid out with rocks, waterfalls and trees, and each contains a chapel or oratory. After passing the town, the scenery beyond is described as being of the most romantic and picturesque character.



CITY AND BAY OF NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1856. | $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X., No. 16.—WHOLE No. 250.

STATE OF ILLINOIS.

The accompanying design by Billings is an emblematical picture of the State of Illinois. The State arms contain simply our national eagle and shield, with the motto, "State sovereignty—national union." The wheat sheaves and plough are typical of the agricultural character of the State. On the right of the picture, a party of Frenchmen, attired in the costume of the 17th century, is advancing to meet a chief of the Illinois tribe with his followers. The band of the French leader are armed with heavy harquebusses. One of them bears aloft the standard of France, with the golden lilies of the Bourbon. In the group of foreigners we note a Catholic priest with cross and rosary. The rude arms of the Indians, their war clubs and spears, contrast with the more perfect appointment of their visitors. The chief is proffering the calumet of peace, and his tobacco-bearer just behind him is furnished with a plentiful supply of the vile weed. The whole scene is strikingly picturesque. Illinois was partially settled as early as 1673. In this year, a party of Frenchmen, from Canada, accompanied M. De Lasalle in his second exploration of the country, and founded the villages of Kaskaskia and Cahokia. One hundred years afterwards, the Illinois country was ceded to the French by the English. In 1778, Gen. Clarke, with a body of Virginia troops, reduced all the fortified places, and in the same year a county called Illinois was organized by the legislature. Virginia, though claiming the country, ceded it to the United States. After forming a part of the northwest territory, it received a separate organization in 1800, in conjunction with, and under the name of Indiana. In 1809, a division took place, and Indiana and Illinois became separate territories, and were subsequently admitted into the Union as States —the former in 1816, and the latter in 1818. The State derives its name from its great central river, the Illinois. Its area comprises about 55,400 square miles, of which the greater part is well adapted to agriculture. Education is liberally provided for by the State, and there are several colleges and academies within its borders. There are no lofty mountains or dense forests in Illinois, and the land is extremely fertile. Indian corn is one of its staple productions. The facilities of water communication are abundant; the Mississippi and Ohio are on the west and on the east, and besides the Illinois, there are important rivers, such as Rock River, the Wabash, Kaskaskia, etc. Lead, copper, iron, lime and salt are abundant; and bituminous coal is found in exhaustless veins in some parts of the State. The canal uniting the Illinois and Lake Michigan is a stupendous work, and cost $8,000,000. The railroad system is also producing great results. Manufactures of various kinds have been introduced, and are in a flourishing condition. The climate resembles that of Ohio and Michigan; the winters are mild, and the summers and autumns delightful. The most numerous sect of religionists are the Methodists, and the Baptists and Presbyterians are next in number. Various denominations are largely represented; ten per cent. of the population are professors of religion. The State debt amounts to about sixteen millions; total of taxable property, in 1850, was $137,818,079. The yearly sum expended for education is about $100,000; besides the State fund, the county and township funds are $3,373,096. An institute for the deaf and dumb is located at Jacksonville, the annual expenses of which are about $19,000. A geological survey of the State, under the authority of the government, was commenced in 1851, when Mr. J. G. Norwood was appointed State geologist. The internal resources of this State are exhaustless, and are every year more fully developed.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHITE HAND:

—OR,—

THE NATCHEZ' CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF LOUISIANA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

Now Simon Lobois had been accounted one of the best sword-players in Marne, and he came to the conflict as though he were sure of an easy victory; but at the third pass he was undeceived. He had not thought much of Goupart's physical strength, for he felt sure that a slight degree of skill would counterbalance that.

"Don't expose your breast again, or you'll tempt me to take advantage of it," coolly remarked the youth, as he absolutely waited a moment for his antagonist to recover his point.

Simon Lobois turned pale in a moment, for he now knew that he had met with a superior, even in fencing skill. He was a coward at heart, and he fairly trembled. Goupart saw it in an instant, and for the moment he was astonished. But then he remembered how Simon used to tremble at the whiz of a pistol-ball, and he wondered no more. Almost did he pity the poor wretch. Straight, powerful and tall he stood, with his broad chest expanded, while before him fairly cowered the diminutive form of the villain.

"Ah, Simon, I've taught the sword-art since you left me in France! Take care! Poor wretch, I gave you credit for more skill, and for more courage."

In all probability, the villain believed that Goupart meant to kill him if he could. That belief begot a feeling of despair, and that last taunt fired him. Like the cornered rat, he set-to now with all the energy of a dying man, and for a few moments St. Denis had to look sharp; but it was only for a few moments. Simon made a point-blank thrust from a left guard, and with a quick movement to the right, Goupart brought a downward stroke with all his available force, only meaning to break his antagonist's sword, or strike it from his grasp, and thus end the conflict without bloodshed. But Simon had thrust his arm further forward than Goupart had calculated, and the blow fell upon the sword-hand, the guard receiving part of the force, thus causing a slanting stroke. With a quick cry of pain, Simon dropped his weapon and started back.

"Don't strike me now!" he cried.

"Fear not," replied Goupart. "I never strike a defenceless man. But are you satisfied?"

"Yes—yes! But that was a cowardly stroke."

"No—no, Lobois. As God is my judge, I meant not to strike you then; I only meant to knock your sword down. But you know you have been at my mercy thrice."

"It was your own fault that you did not take advantage of it. I should have killed you had I been able, and I think you would have done the same."

"No!" cried the marquis; "you know better than that, Simon; for you know he could have killed you had he wished. I saw his opportunity, and so did you, and I saw you turn pale."

But the wounded man made no further reply. His hand pained him now, and he held it out towards the marquis with a beseeching look. The old man examined it, and found that a bad gash was cut from the roots of the thumb to the wrist, on the back of the hand, but none of the bones were harmed Had not the guard of the sword received the weight of the blow, the hand would have been severed wholly off, for the stout iron guard was found cut nearly in twain!

And thus ended the duel. Goupart was surprised at the easy victory he had won, while Simon was surprised at the incredible skill his antagonist had displayed. And the marquis was thankful—deeply thankful—for the result, so far as mere life and death were concerned.

And so, for the while, that darkest affliction was forgotten; but after Simon's wound had been properly dressed, it came back again, and the duel became only as a passing cloud that was soon lost in the deeper cause of grief. The excitement was gone, and the soul remembered now to weep over the loss of its loved ones.

For several days Simon Lobois remained in his chamber, not showing himself at all, save to Peter, who waited upon him; and when he became able to go out, he seemed to take especial pains not to be seen by the uncle and his guest. As might be expected he cherished a bitter hatred towards Goupart, but yet he had a deep consolation in the remembrance of the heart-blow he had inflicted upon the youth. He knew Goupart's sensitive nature, and he knew how deep and abiding were his affections, and knowing this, he knew how keen must be the anguish of the disappointed lover. But his feelings may be best known by a remark he made to his attendant touching that subject.

It was on the fifth day after the duel, and Goupart passed the open door of the invalid's apartment.

"By the white saints, Mas'r Simon!" uttered Peter, after the youth had gone down the stairs, "I should tink you'd allers hab herry hot anger for dat man."

"Why so, Peter?" returned the other, faintly smiling at the quaint earnestness of the slave.

"Why, 'cause he's beat yer body so. By de life ob me, I should tink you'd kill 'im."

"Ah, Peter, I have a keener revenge than that," returned Simon, with a demoniac sparkle of the eye,—"a keener revenge than any physical punishment could inflict. St. Denis has one of those sentimental hearts that easily give themselves up to love, and pine away in neglect. He possesses to an unusual degree that softness of soul which takes the impression of a pretty face most deeply, and when such ones love, they give themselves right up, body and soul, to the passion. Thus did he—does he—love Louise, and more still—she had promised to be his. But, you see, I have taken the prize from him. I have not only made love to the pretty girl, but she is really my wife, and Goupart knows it. O, you do not know—it is beyond your power to imagine—the exquisite torture of his soul under this blow. And, Peter, I have yet another blow for him more severe still. O, tell me not of revenge! Never man had more choice revenge than I. Were St. Denis sick, I'd nurse him, so that his mind might be wholly alive when I bring the damsel home. O, then shall come his most bitter anguish—when he sees the object of his love face to face—when he takes her hand and hears her sweet voice, and knows she is another's. Then my revenge shall be complete!"

Even the ignorant slave shuddered at this, for in his crude mind there were some touches of sympathy, and he had some faint idea of love. But he said nothing—he only grinned, as though he thought it something amusing.

And during all this time that Simon remained in his room, Goupart St. Denis was much alone, wandering about in the woods. Of course he had given up the idea of going for Louise. If she was married to Lobois—and that she was he had no doubt,—then the companionship he would necessarily have with her under such circumstances could only make him more miserable, and, perhaps, add new pangs to her grief.

At the end of eight days, Simon set out on his return to New Orleans. He did not see St. Denis, for the youth had purposely withdrawn himself.

"You will bring my child home?" said the old man, in a broken, forced tone.

"Of course I shall, and I trust you will receive her kindly."

"Kindly? Alas, poor Louise! She will have need enough of kindness."

"What mean you now, sir?" uttered Simon, angrily.

"Nothing—nothing," groaned the marquis, covering his face with his hands. "Only, let me see her once more. *You* will be kind to her, Simon?"

"Of course I shall be. How could I be otherwise?"

The old man gazed up into his nephew's face, but he made no reply; and when, a few moments later, that nephew had taken his departure, he bowed his head and wept.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PLOT FOR EXTERMINATION.

While the things just narrated were transpiring at the chateau, and at the distant metropolis, how fared White Hand and his dusky princess? Let us go back and see.

Gradually White Hand became used to the primitive fashions of the Natchez, and though he had many hours of sorrow and grief, yet he showed only content to the warriors. But to his wife he was not so reserved of his true feelings. She sympathized with him in his sadness, and she even went so far as to assure him that if the honorable opportunity ever offered itself for his escape to his own people, she should not oppose his wishes.

The village of the White Apple was the chief village of the Natchez, and was located upon one of the most beautiful and fertile sections in the whole great valley. It was about six miles distant from the Mississippi River, and was watered by a tributary stream which murmured along upon the edge of the village. There were seventy buildings in the place, one of which was the temple, and one the prison, while the rest were all dwellings. There were nearly a hundred true and faithful warriors, besides many youths who had not yet been admitted to the council.

Early one morning, the Great Sun received an invitation to visit the settlement of the white men, and taking with him an escort of his trusty warriors, he set out. It was past noon when he returned, and his brow was clouded, and his stout frame shaken by a powerful emotion. His first movement was to send for White Hand. The youth went, and found the Great Sun alone with Stung Serpent.

"White Hand," he said, overcoming all outward signs of his deep emotions, "you must fast and pray. The hour is dark, and evil comes upon us. The white man's heart is hard, and his soul is base. You remember your pledge. Will you pray?"

"I will," answered White Hand. And he was then dismissed.

As soon as the youth was gone, the Great Sun started up from his seat and leaped down. His brow grew dark again, and his hands were clenched.

"Stung Serpent," he said, "go and summon our council at once. Summon only the wise men and the tried warriors, for we want no women nor children now. Bid them attend me here."

Stung Serpent asked no questions, but with quick movements, he called up the men who were fit for deep counsel, and soon they were all collected in the place of council. They knew that something important had happened, for never were they thus called together, save on occasions of emergency.

"Warriors of the Natchez, listen!" commenced the Great Sun, speaking calmly and slowly, but with fearful emphasis. "You know how the white men have abused us—how they have trampled upon us, and how they have proved recreant to every trust we have reposed in them. But you do not yet know the most wicked thing of all. The white chief has demanded the beautiful village of the White Apple! Ay—he says the great chief in the big village away towards the salt water has demanded it. I told him he could not mean it, but he only laughed at me. I told him we had lived here in peace ever since we settled upon the banks of the mighty river—that our temple was here, and that here, in the quiet vale, we had laid away the bodies of our departed friends. And even at this he scoffed, and swore he would possess our village. His eye has seen our beautiful home, and his cupidity wants it. The white chief would turn it into a great plantation, for he knows the soil is good. His plow he will plunge into the graves of our fathers, while we are driven from the home of our childhood. I have spoken now only the simple truth; to you I leave the advice."

As the Great Sun sat down, a low murmur ran around the room, and angry gestures marked the movements of the dark warriors. Stung Serpent started to his feet, and in a moment all was silent. The towering chieftain gazed around with a flashing eye, and when he spoke, his voice was like low thunder.

"Let the souls of the Natchez be firm now, and let the hearts of her warriors be strong!" were his first words. "The white man came to us, and we gave him a home. He asked us for land, and out of our abundance we gave him much. He asked us for friendship, and we gave him our whole hearts. But how has he repaid us for all our kindness? Where now is our peace?—where our honor? Where now is the safety of our daughters and the virtue of our wives? The white man calls the Indian a secret foe. Why is it so? Because the pale faces are not to be trusted; because they smile when they strike us with the knife, and because they speak fair when they cheat us. But see—what were we ere these intruders came? Who then molested us, or circumscribed our hunting-grounds? It hath been told by one of our wise men that the destruction of the Natchez should come from the hand of the white man. Is that saying wonderful in prophecy? No. A woman could read it in the events of the past year. Like a rising flood, the foul strangers come upon us. We, in the justness of our heritage, possess the fairest lands of the great valley. But the pale-faced stranger sees the beauty of our homes, and he would have them for himself. As sure as the daylight follows the rising of the sun, so shall total annihilation follow to us if the trail of the white man be not checked. Do you realize the thing he would now do? Do you know the insult that has come upon every warrior of the Natchez? He would have the village of the White Apple—the home of our fathers and the place of their sepulchre! And he threatens us with force if we give not our home up freely. O, warriors of the Natchez, where are your trophies of the past?—where the signals of your hundred brave victories? Look around; look to your homes, to your sacred temple, and to the graves of your ancestors. Will you give all up? I can read your answers in your looks as well as in your words. Once more, and I am done. Let the white men be exterminated! Let them be swept from our land at once and forever!"

So spoke Stung Serpent, and as he resumed his seat, a hundred voices pronounced a deep amen! Then others spoke, and all went for the extermination of the whites. The council was held until near midnight, and when it was adjourned, it had been resolved that messengers should be sent to all the tribes of the Yazoos, the Chickasaws, and the Choctaws, and to the others near Lake Pontchartrain, and that thus a day should be set when all should rise at once and butcher every white man in the country.

On the next day, messengers came from Chopart, the commander of the French fort, to learn what the Natchez had agreed upon. They were informed that they had not yet been able to agree upon a place to which to move, and the Great Sun asked two months in which to prepare, promising, meantime, to pay a new tribute of corn to the French. This message was conveyed to Chopart, and he agreed to the terms, fondly believing that in another spring his people should share the rich land spoils of this fairest Natchez village.

And now the work went on slowly but surely. Word was sent to every tribe, and all were solemnly pledged. The day was fixed upon which the fatal blow was to be struck; and that there should be no mistake, a bundle of sticks was prepared for each village, corresponding in number to the days that must elapse before the death-stroke. These bundles were placed in their respective temples, and each day the chief was to go in and take one stick away. And when they were all gone—on the day that saw the last stick removed—the avengers were to strike.

From the shores of the Mexican Gulf to the Yazoo, and from the waters of the Tombecbee to the Sabine, every warrior was armed for the occasion, and eagerly waiting the coming of the fatal moment. The whites were watched at every step, and each red man had his victim marked. Slowly, one by one, as each succeeding sun rolled over, those fatal sticks were removed, and Chopart only waited patiently for his rich prize.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A STRATAGEM.

One of the wives of the Great Sun was called "*Bras Pique*," or *Pricked Arm*, from the many strange devices which she had marked upon her arms. She was now an old woman, and she had a son in the Natchez council; and it was generally known, too, that that son had a French father. At all events, Pricked Arm loved the French, because of this quondam lover, and she failed not to serve them on every occasion when she could. She saw these secret meetings of the warriors, and her suspicions were aroused. She knew of the demand that had been made for the village of the White Apple, and she knew that these meetings of the council were touching that matter. She noticed the fierce looks of the men, their angry gestures, and their vengeful glances towards the French fort, and she feared that some calamity was to befall her white friends. She tried in vain to hear something by watching and listening, and at length she resolved to apply to her

son. For that purpose she led him away into the forest, and there commenced the work.

With a crafty tongue she moved the youth's sympathies, and then she began to unfold the plot, as it had grown up in her suspicion, watching her son's face sharply to judge by the expression there if she hit the truth. And she knew she did. Yet the brave boy resisted for a long while. In his soul he detested the act of betraying his people, but he could not hold out against the wiles of his mother. She knew his every point of character, and with subtle adroitness she plied him until unconsciously he had let slip the whole secret. Even when he had by piecemeal revealed it, he could not possibly tell how it had been done, nor did she let her countenance show how much she had really discovered.

When Pricked Arm returned to the village, she had made up her mind to save the French if possible, not only at Natchez,* but at all other points; and to this end she must not only put Chopart on his guard, but she must cause the Natchez to give a premature alarm, and thus the whites in other sections would take warning, for she dared not attempt to convey intelligence to other stations for fear of being detected by her own people. Her first movement was to make her way to the temple, but she could not gain access there, no woman ever being allowed within the sacred building. Two nights in succession she skulked about the place, but the warriors within, who watched the holy fire, were too vigilant for her. In this extremity she thought of White Hand, and late one night she went to him and called him out.

"White Hand," she said, when they had reached the very tree under which the Great Sun had once before spoken with the youth, "have you the courage of a warrior?"

"I have the courage of a man," he replied, in astonishment, for the old woman's brows were knit, and her features expressive of deep fear, which the youth could see, even by the dim starlight, as her face was brought close to his own.

"Then can you keep an oath?"

"If it may be kept with honor."

"The oath which I require may, but I will not ask it of you, for your own safety will hold you. Know, then, that there is a plot on foot for the massacre—for the entire extermination—of every white man, woman and child in the country. And mark me—this plot is deep and well founded, and it moves on to its consummation as surely as the now absent sun moves on towards the morning."

"All—every one?" uttered White Hand, in alarm.

"Yes. Every tribe has the signal, and the one fatal day is set. It is to be on the day when our people pay their tribute of corn. Every white man is marked, and unless something be done to thwart the red men, the terrible blow must fall!"

Louis clasped his hands, for his thoughts were of his father, and of his sister, and of his friend St. Denis.

"Can there be no stop to this?" he asked.

"Yes—if you have courage."

"Then put me to it."

"Listen. I can warn the people at Natchez, but that will not save the others. In the temple there is a bundle of cypress sticks. They are hung by two thongs of bear-skin back of the altar. In that bundle there are as many sticks as there are days between now and the fatal blow; could we remove seven of those sticks, the Natchez would make a premature attack. The people at the fort would be prepared. In other places down the river, and on the great salt lake, the red men will mistrust nothing, and while they wait eagerly for the passing of the next seven days, the alarm can be spread. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," returned White Hand.

"And will you do it?"

"I will try, even to the death."

"Good. But let it be soon."

By different paths the two returned to the village, Pricked Arm retiring to her own dwelling, while the youth spent some time in walking thoughtfully about the great square. When he at length entered his own dwelling, he found his wife asleep, but he did not join her. He spent some time in walking up and down the place, and his face betrayed the deep anxiety that moved within him. He had marked the stern, angry looks of the stout warriors, and he had noticed their frequent councils, but he did not dream that such a dreadful plan had occupied their thoughts. He fancied they were, at most, only planning some means for self-defence. But now the truth was apparent. His father was in danger—all his countrymen were in danger. He knew that the French had done wrong—that they deserved punishment, and that the people who had dared to invade France as the whites had invaded Louisiana, would have been exterminated in a single day. But yet he could not calmly see his countrymen coolly butchered, much less his own kindred.

Thus he was walking up and down the apartment, when his wife awoke and looked for him.

"White Hand," she said, sitting up in the bed, "why walk you thus when the night is waning?"

"I was thinking of my home, Coqualla."

The princess arose and approached her husband.

"And thou art sad," she murmured, looking up into his face.

"Yes, Coqualla—very sad. I would go into the temple and pray."

"Then why go you not in?"

"Because I cannot gain admittance there. I am not a warrior, and none but warriors are admitted there."

"But thou art by marriage a Little Sun of the Natchez, and as such, thou canst demand admission there, and none shall dare refuse thee. Take thy offering of walnut wood and go. Say to the guardians there, 'I come as a Sun of the Natchez, and I would pray to the Great Spirit. Accept my offering, and open to me the way.' They will not dare refuse thee."

As Coqualla spoke, she went to the fire-place, and from the wood there piled up she selected ten sticks of walnut, from which she removed the bark. It was a religious law, given by the first Great Sun, that only walnut wood should be used for the sacred fire of the temple, and that the bark must be carefully removed before it was carried in. And it was a custom, also for those warriors, who visited the temple for the purpose of asking any favor of the Great Spirit, to take with them an offering of the holy fuel, some of which must be burning while they prayed.

White Hand took the wood in his arm and went to the temple, and when he reached the door, he demanded admission as a Little Sun of the Natchez, and after some questions, he was admitted. He carried his offering to the altar, and one of the priests placed some of it upon the fire.

The temple was about fifty feet square, with a floor of hardened clay, and the altar was directly in the centre. This altar was built upon a foundation of stone, nicely cemented with clay, with a top of fine white sand. It was about five feet high, and had originally been without protection of any kind, the fire being simply built upon the top of this square surface, and the smoke allowed to escape through a large hole in the roof. But this did not work well. The fire often refused to burn, and the rain and snow beat in from overhead. The ingenuity of the wise men was taxed for a remedy, and a rude chimney was the result.

After White Hand had deposited his offering, his next movement was to step towards the back part of the temple and kneel down. The warrior-priest whose turn it was now to watch, stood and gazed upon the youth for awhile, and then turned his attention to his fire. Still kneeling, White Hand looked about him, and close to him, against the wall, he saw the bundle of cypress sticks. Seven of the watchers slept, and only one was awake. Slowly the youth worked his way to the wall, still on his knees. The sticks hung loosely in the thongs; he could reach them where he was. He cast his eyes towards the watcher, and that individual was poking up the fire. Quickly the youth raised his hand and counted out seven sticks. His heart beat quick, but he thought of his father, and his nerves were strong. Silently he withdrew the fatal time-tellers, and hid them behind him. The watcher still worked upon the fire. With a quick movement, White Hand placed the ends of the sticks in his bosom, and forced them down within the clothing until they lay along his side, reaching from the arm-pit to the knee. Then he arose, and having walked about a few moments with as careless an air as he could assume, he left the temple.

Once outside, the youth's heart beat fearfully, and his limbs shook. It was no trivial thing he had done, and his nerves had been strung to the utmost. But he stopped not to linger by the temple. With quick steps he sought his dwelling, and having hidden the sticks among his clothing, he retired. On the following morning, Pricked Arm was early at his lodge. Coqualla had gone out to gather some early flowers, for she knew her companion loved them.

"White Hand, have you thought upon the subject we spoke of last night?" the old woman asked, as soon as she had assured herself that no one else was present.

"Ay, good mother, deeply."

"But you must work, my son, for the evil hour is drawing nigh."

White Hand gazed around, and then he went to the huge bear skin that covered his seat, and from beneath it he took the seven cypress twigs. Pricked Arm caught them in her hand, and in a moment more she thrust them into the fire.

"My noble son," she uttered, embracing the youth fervently, "you have made me your friend forever. I may serve you for this. When did you do it?"

"Last night."

"And no one saw you?"

"No. I carried my offering of walnut wood, and demanded admission, as the husband of the princess, to offer up my prayers to the Great Spirit. And I did not speak falsely, for I did pray, and I prayed with both heart and hand. Only one man watched. I knelt close by the place where the sticks hung, and took seven of them out easily and hid them."

Shortly after this Coqualla returned, and the old woman left. After breakfast, Stung Serpent came in, as was his wont. He lighted his pipe, and after smoking for some time in silence, he looked up. His brow was clouded, and his countenance wore a sad, moody expression.

"White Hand," he said, "are the French a very forbearing people in their own country?"

The youth imagined he saw the old chief's drift, and after a moment's thought, he replied:

"Not under wrong, my father."

"I thought not. But when they are wronged, what do they do?"

"That depends upon the nature of their wrong."

"But suppose another people should come upon their soil, seize the homes of their subjects, steal their cattle, rob them of their rights, and desecrate their temples?"

"Then the French would drive them off," answered the youth, quickly.

"And they would drive them off with the sword and gun, eh?"

"Yes."

"And put all to death they could find?"

"No, my father,—only such as held out in resistance."

"But have not the French put whole great villages *to the sword*, as they call it, and murdered all?"

With a shudder, the youth answered in the affirmative.

Stung Serpent gazed sharply into White Hand's face, but he could see no mark of suspicion there. He smoked away awhile longer in silence, and then he arose and left.

"What does he mean?" asked Coqualla, after her father had gone.

"I do not know, unless he desires to know how much consistency my people have," returned White Hand.

"I fear our warriors meditate some revenge upon the whites. But you need not fear, dearest one, for no harm shall come to you."

As the bright-eyed princess thus spoke, she threw her arms about her husband's neck. He kissed her, but he dared not whisper the terrible thing he knew—not but that he would trust her, but he had sworn that he would not.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST STICK IS GONE!

Chopart was a bold, reckless man, and cruel and avaricious. He had commenced his career as commander at the Natchez fort by cruelty to his own men, but one or two grave complaints made to Governor Perier had come nigh causing his removal, and he let the whites be in peace, but expended his wrath upon the poor Indians. He was now much elated, for he was sure that the beautiful village of the White Apple would soon be his, and he meant to pocket much money in the transaction. One day he sat in his rude house, with some of his attendants about him, when a soldier demanded admittance.

"How now, sirrah?" he demanded, as the man entered.

"I have come with a warning," the soldier replied.

"Ha!—a warning? Speak out."

"An old woman passed my post this morning, monsieur, and she bade me tell the French to be on their guard, for danger threatened them."

"And from whom?"

"From the Indians. They will rise and butcher us all."

"Have you spoken of this before?"

"I have not."

"Then, by the mass, you shall not tell it to others!" cried Chopart, in anger. "Have you not seen enough of this idle fear? What ho!—without there!"

At this call, two soldiers entered, who usually stood in the passage to obey the commander's call.

"Take this fellow and lock him up in the prison," he ordered. "By the holy cross, we'd soon have the red rats down upon us if they knew we lived in fear! They dare not offer us harm. Away with him!"

And for conveying this intelligence, the poor man was cast into a strong dungeon, and there kept for several days, with his feet in the stocks.

But this was not the only note of warning Chopart had. Four days afterwards, a soldier came to him and informed him that the Indians surely meditated the destruction of the fort, and of all its white inhabitants.

"And whence gain you this precious information?" cried the commander.

"An old Natchez woman stopped me to-day, and asked me if the French were all blind, for surely, she said, destruction was aimed at them. She bade me tell you to strengthen your fort, and keep a watch upon the Indians."

"Out, fool!" exclaimed Chopart, angrily. "The old hag only thinks to frighten us. She thinks that by exciting our fears she can frighten us into giving up our plan of taking their village of the White Apple. What! would ye show to the Indians that we feared them? Away with such idle foolery!"

And Chopart resolved that in no way would he betray the least fear of the red men, for he believed that, like the wild beast, a look of fear would arouse them, while calm assurance would surely keep them at bay.

We can see in these efforts to excite the fears of Chopart the work of Pricked Arm. She had imagined that a single word of warning would be sufficient, but she was surprised when she found that even this second appeal produced no result. Two days after this she went to the fort again, and again did she send the word of warning to the commander, but with the same result as before. No notice was taken of her repeated warnings, but, on the contrary, the commander seemed determined to give more confidence to the red men than ever before. He wildly imagined that thus he should convince them that he had no fears of their deceiving them—that his own confidence of power would awe them.

Pricked Arm was astounded at the infatuation of the French commander, and as a last resort, she went to Chopart's lieutenant, a man named Mace, who, she imagined, would have some influence with his superior. But even this proved abortive. She told Mace that destruction would surely fall upon them if they did not take some means to keep the Indians away from the fort. But on the very next day, Chopart invited all the Indians to a banquet, and pledged his friendship to them anew.

With a feeling of utter consternation, Pricked Arm returned to her lodge. Like all of her people, she was superstitious, and she believed now that the Great Spirit willed that the Indians should conquer, and that the white men's God had forsaken them. One evening she sought White Hand's dwelling, for she had a faint idea working through her mind that the French youth might have some influence in all this. She knew that he had been originally doomed to death to go and intercede face to face with the white man's God, but she had never yet fully known why he was spared. She found White Hand alone. He gazed eagerly into her face, for he was anxious to know how her work progressed.

*The French settlement was called Rosalie when first founded, but it afterwards went by the name of Natchez. It was where the city of Natchez now stands.

"White Hand," she said, speaking abruptly, "why were you spared from death when you first came here?"

"That I might marry Coqualla," replied the youth.

"But was there nothing else?" asked the old woman, looking him sharply in the face.

"Why, yes," returned White Hand, speaking with some diffidence, for the real reason seemed so foolish and ridiculous to him that he almost feared he should be laughed at for speaking of it.

"And what was that?"

"Why, I promised to pray to the white man's God that none of the wickedness of the French might succeed, and also to tell him how basely the red men had been wronged by the invaders; for I was of that people, and they supposed that I should have some influence with my Supreme Father."

"That's it!" the aged princess groaned, with her hands folded across her bosom.

"How?" asked the youth, in surprise.

"I knew that the Great Spirit had a hand in this work. The fort at Natchez is doomed past all hope!"

"No—not doomed!"

"It is. The last stick will be removed to-morrow, and then the blow must fall!"

"To-morrow?"

"No—the blow falls on the day after. The fatal sticks mark the intervening days."

"And must all fall?—all—all?"

"All at Natchez, but not elsewhere, for the others wait yet another week, and ere that time the whites will be warned. But what noise is that? Hark! There are shouts of welcome."

They both started for the door, where they were met by Stung Serpent, who caught the youth by the arm and forced him into the house again.

"White Hand," he said, speaking quickly and sternly, "remember your oath, for your salvation may now depend upon it. The white men have come to carouse in the White Apple. Beware that you do not forget yourself! Shall we trust you? Mind—all is well with you if you are faithful!"

"Fear not, my father," spoke the youth, unable to repress the trembling that seized his limbs.

"You will not expose yourself?"

"I will not."

"Then you may conduct Coqualla to the revelry. And mark you, boy,—you shall see to-night what sots these men are!"

Stung Serpent turned away as he thus spoke, and in a few moments more Coqualla entered. Her eyes were all afire with animation.

"I was foolish to think there could be any danger," she said, as she drew her arm within her husband's embrace. "The white man has come as a brother, and all is joy. Come, sweet love, and let us join in the festivities. But what sought my father? He looked troubled."

"O, he only came to assure himself that I wouldn't break my pledge."

"And you will not?"

"Of course not."

It was a calm, warm night, and in the centre of the great square were built two fires of pitch-wood to serve as torches, and here the white men and the red were gathered in social confab and amusement. There were over a hundred white men there, and at their head was Chopart himself. Louis recognized him at once as a brutal man whom he had once seen at New Orleans flogging an Indian girl. Most of the whites were decent-looking men; but before the night had passed away, White Hand shrank away to his lodge, and as he laid his aching head upon his pillow, he drew Coqualla close to him, and in a sinking tone he murmured:

"Alas! I am ashamed of my own people. With all their advantages of birth and education—with the enlightenment of ages as their heritage, they are but savages still!"

The next day found some dozen of the Frenchmen still at the Indian village, having been so drunk as to be unable to get home. But the Great Sun himself, with a few of his warriors, accompanied them to the town, and there the dark monarch promised Chopart that, in consideration of his kindness in allowing them to remain so long in their village, they would bring more than the quantity of corn promised.

"On the morrow," he said, "we will come with our tribute of corn, double what we promised, and on the next day we shall leave the village of the White Apple."

"But stay," cried Chopart. "By my soul, we will have one more carousal ere we part. This night you shall bring your warriors here, and we'll cheer our souls."

"Our white brother speaks kindly," returned the Great Sun; "but will he not be wroth at the rudeness of my people?"

"No. Bring them, and we'll pledge eternal friendship."

"Thy red brother will come."

"And his braves with him?"

"It shall be so."

And that night saw the scene of carousal changed to Natchez. The Great Sun was there, but not an Indian drank to excess, while the whites were uproarous in the extreme.

"Here's to eternal friendship!" cried Chopart, raising his glass towards the Great Sun.

"I accept the pledge. Thou wilt have White Apple!"

A sober man, in his common senses, might have detected a strange meaning in the tone of the red chieftain as he uttered those words, but the Frenchman noticed nothing. The floor was flooded with spirit, but Chopart noticed it not. Glass after glass of the enervating wine and maddening brandy was emptied stealthily down by the red men, for they were determined to have cool heads in the morning. But the French drank deeply.

And there they sat—the doomer and the doomed! And they pledged eternal friendship! The white man had planned to rob the red man of his birthright—to drive him from his home, profane his temple, and plow up his fathers' graves! The red man had planned to keep his home, to maintain sacred his temple, to guard well his fathers' graves, and that this should be done, the invader was to be swept away! It was a strange pledge, but the white man was the first to offer it.

It was after midnight when they separated, and the stars lighted the Natchez to their homes. When they reached their village, the Great Sun, in company with his chiefs and nobles, went to the temple, and entered. They approached the place where the sticks had hung, but there were none there now. The leathern thongs hung against the wall, but there was nothing in them.

"Chiefs, nobles and warriors of the once powerful Natchez, may not this be the eve of our re-awakening? The day is past—the morn cometh! Shall not the Natchez once more stand at the head of nations? To-morrow we open the path, and henceforth from that time let our enemies beware! The Great Spirit is with us, while the white man's God has forsaken him. What shall we fear? Sleep now, but sleep not too soundly nor too long. Let the sun find us ready to bid him welcome—so shall we do honor to the parent of our great first king!"

Thus spoke the Great Sun, and as he closed, he moved slowly towards the door, and his chiefs followed him; and ere long afterwards, the village of the White Apple was wrapped in silence; but there were two there who slept not. White Hand still prayed that the coming death-blow might not extend to his father, and the wish kept sleep from his eyes. And he who watched the sacred fire now felt his duty doubly binding, and sleep came not to him, as he still kept up his tireless vigils.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MASSACRE.

At an early hour, the Great Sun and Stung Serpent were astir, and when the first rays of the morning sun darted into the beautiful vale, they rested upon all the warriors of the Natchez there assembled. Such as had pistols carefully loaded them, and hid them away with their hunting-knives in their bosoms. Their tomahawks were sharpened and slung to their belts, and all took their guns. Then each man of the common class went and got his bag of corn, and having set it down, they commenced their war dance. But they made not such hideous noise as usual—only enough to propitiate the Great Spirit, and make him acquainted with their intent.

It was well in the morning when they set out, and by the middle of the forenoon they reached Natchez. They entered the place dancing and singing, and straightway carried their corn to the fort. Then the red men began to separate—some this way and some that. Every house had one or more visitors, according to the number of people in it. Some begged for milk, some for rum; some asked to buy powder and shot, for which they promised to pay in corn at some future day. A richly-stored barge lay at the pier, which had come up the day before, and on board this a number of Indians crowded. Into the fort they crept by different ways, presenting themselves wherever there was a white man, until at length they were distributed wherever there was a blow to be struck. Even those dwellings which were furthest from the fort—some a mile distant—had the red man beneath their roofs, and yet the infatuated Chopart dreamed not of danger, so blinded was he in his recklessness.

At length a sort of solemn stillness reigned over the devoted town, as though the death-angel had hushed all hearts. But hark! What is that horrid yell that comes from the fort—a yell that makes the very blood freeze, and causes the hair to stand on end? What are those fearful cries—those maniac shouts—and those despairing groans?

* * * * *

Governor Perier, in his despatch to the king concerning this massacre, after describing how the Indians had made their way to all the houses, and leisurely picked their men, each warrior carefully selecting his victim, relates the event as follows:

"Such being the disposition of the Indians, and the hour having come, the general assassination of the French took so little time that the execution of the deed and the preceding signals were almost one and the same thing. One single discharge closed the whole affair, with the exception of the house of La Loire des Ursins, in which there were eight men who defended themselves with desperation. They made the house good against the Indians during the whole day. Six of them were killed, and when night came the remaining two escaped. When the attack began, La Loire des Ursins happened to be on horseback, and being cut off from his house by the intervening foes, he fought to death, and killed four Indians. The people who were shut up in his house had already killed eight. Thus it cost the Natchez only twelve men to destroy *two hundred and fifty* of ours, through the fault of the commanding officer, who alone deserved the fate which was shared by his unfortunate companions. It was easy for him, with the arms and the forces he had, to inflict on our enemies a severer blow than the one we have received, and which has brought this colony to within two inches of utter destruction!"

And yet Chopart suffered the most of all. "He had the grief of surviving all his countrymen," says Gayarre, "and such was the horror and contempt the Natchez had for him, that death inflicted by the hands of a warrior was thought too honorable for the French thief. None of that class condescended to lay a hand upon him, and the lowest among the *stinking*, or plebeians, was sent for, who beat him to death with a club, in his own garden, whither he had fled."

Some half dozen Frenchmen escaped, as by a miracle, this general massacre, and made their way to New Orleans in safety. The women and children of the whites were mostly saved to be kept as prisoners, and the reader can judge whether their fate would not have been more merciful had they fallen with their husbands and fathers.

Of course the Natchez supposed that all the whites in the country were now dead. Not one of them dreamed that they had been deceived into striking a week too early. So they caroused in the town all night, and on the next morning they started for their village. They had spared two men whom they retained as prisoners, and who escaped from them after having served them some weeks. One was a wagoner, named Mayeux, who was kept to transport the goods of the French to the Indian village; and the other was a tailor named Lebeau, whose services they wanted in fashioning the French garments to their own use.

On the next morning, White Hand was startled by the return of the Natchez. He went out, but his heart sickened at the scene he was destined to witness. Two hundred and fifty human heads—

But we will not write the scenes that followed. Those who know the Indian character can imagine the horrid orgies they might hold when fired with revenge, flushed with victory, and maddened with rum! Even the historian, who deals only with stubborn facts, lays down his pen in silent horror when he finds himself in the midst of Lebeau's narrative of what he saw in the Indian village, and bids his readers spare him the recital.

White Hand crept back to his lodge, and Coqualla found him there pale and faint. She bathed his temples and brow, and after a while he revived, but he dared not venture out.

"Alas, my companion!" murmured the princess, "they make horrid pomp over their victory, but it has cost them dear, though they realize it not now. My people are now blind, but they shall awake to sense and sight and know that the best man of them all is gone!"

"Coqualla?" uttered the youth, starting up. It was a mere interrogative.

"My father is wounded, even unto death." And as the maiden thus spoke, she bowed her head, and the big tears trickled down between her fingers.

"When? How?" asked White Hand, forgetting for the moment the deep terror of his own soul in the grief of his companion.

"He received a bullet in his bosom yesterday. But he sent me for you. Come."

White Hand arose and followed Coqualla from the lodge. In the centre of the great square, before the temple, there was a fire kindled, but the youth dared not look towards it. He knew its terrible purpose, and with quickened steps he hurried, stopping his ears with his fingers to shut out the sounds that fell upon his ears. But fortunately he had not far to go. When he entered Stung Serpent's dwelling, he found the women there crying and yelling in despair.

Upon his bed of bear-skins lay Stung Serpent, breathing heavily, and ever and anon raising his head to listen to the sounds that came from the square. His dark eyes were sunken, and much of their fire was gone, yet every time a shout, or a groan, more loud than the others, fell upon his ear, the old fire came back and dwelt for a moment in the restless orbs. When his eyes rested upon White Hand, he beckoned the youth forward, at the same time bidding the others stand back.

"Sit thee down by my side," he said, "for I have much to say to thee."

Quickly the youth sat down, for he hoped he should now know some things that were only his at present by suspicion.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

EAST INDIAN SKETCHES.

On the next page we present a series of sketches on the road, in India, of a highly interesting character, and affording a pleasant contrast to the manner of doing things on this side of the water. The first engraving represents the mail carts used in the northwest of India—a sort of boxes on wheels, on top of which sits the driver, brandishing his chahook or whip, while his companion is engaged in blowing his horn, as much for the purpose of scaring the horse to the top of his speed as to give notice of his arrival at the post-house. Between the two they contrive to make very good time. The horses are changed every six miles, and as they are driven at full gallop, are enabled to average ten miles an hour, including stoppages. This was the rate of speed on our turnpikes in the good old days of coaching. The second engraving shows the mode of military transportation used in India. On the left is an elephant heavily laden. The Mahout, who is seen smoking his pipe on the summit of the huge elephant, usually guides the animal with an iron prong, while the driver, who walks near his head, incites him with words and blows. The gait of some elephants is easy—of others, fatiguing; they differ in this as much as horses. When he is driven, his step is so long and quick that a horseman must trot to keep pace with him; but he soon relaxes in his exertion, and could not probably travel more than twenty-four miles in the course of a day. When much heated and covered with dust, he sprinkles himself from time to time with water, which he seemingly carries in his trunk for the purpose. An ordinary elephant costs one thousand rupees, and his keep is about forty rupees a month; however, the quantity of food which he consumes depends upon his size; he receives twice as many seers of flour (a seer is two pounds) as he measures feet in height, besides leaves, corn and hay. In India, where the ground is covered with ditches and holes, this remarkable animal is found most serviceable, for it seems to be an impossibility that an elephant should fall. On the right of the picture is a train of camels. Each camel usually carries immense trunks, above which is placed the *charpoy*, or bed, while the smaller articles are stowed in and around it as they best can be. The soldiers in the middle of the picture are seapoys, or natives in the British service. The third picture portrays a native hack cab, in which a *baboo*, or writer, is going to the *kutchery* (office). The India cab is a clumsy affair—has no springs, and is at such an angle that a jolt sometimes sends the occupant flying into the region of the driver's head. How the latter maintains his equilibrium in the position in which he is perched, is a perfect mystery.



MAIL-CART IN THE NORTHWEST OF INDIA



MODE OF MILITARY TRANSPORTATION IN INDIA



A NATIVE INDIAN HACK CAB.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

BY WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

Look down, fair Moon! thou art our queen,
Bright robed in light, and crowned with sheen!
They say your beams are coldly bright;
That gleams no kindness in your light;
But O, for me, what joy I see,
In thy fair face, O queen of night!

My gallant steed! how brave we go,
So swiftly on the frozen snow;
A gleaming track before I see,
The icy path on which we flee;
Away! away! like glancing rays;
The night, the night, for you and me—

The fields are white; the trees are bare;
There's coldness in the midnight air;
There's none abroad upon the world,
There's none abroad but night and cold,
And thou and I, as swift we fly;
Our hearts are warm, our spirits bold.

At dread midnight, on German plain,
The peasant sees a spectre train;
And trembles at the fearful sight,
As sweeps along the goblin flight;
As swift as they we speed away—
We are the gemi of the night.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HARMLESS FLIRTATION.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

Nothing *would* sober her—everybody said that! Such a wild, untamable girl—such an eyesore to staid, proper people, and such a perfection of beautiful girlhood to sturdy John Raymond, probably never was before and never will be again, as was the belle of our village—little Fanny Gleeson! How she came to be a belle is more than I can tell at this distance from the years of which I write. There were dozens of girls handsomer, and more elegant, and every way more capable of carrying out the character, than herself; but while they were contesting for the supremacy, and opposing her claims to that distinction, she was singing and daneing herself into the hearts of those from whose decision alone the crown of belleship could come. Nobody could call her handsome, and yet, when she opened those great gray eyes of hers, it was an impossibility to pass them by without wishing for a second look. When she laughed, there was such a clustering of dimples, and such a string of pearls visible through the warm, full lips, and such a tossing of soft, brown ringlets, that only a pair of very jealous orbs could detect the slightest fault in her fat little face. In vain the women said she lacked repose; that her figure was too full; her color too fresh; her manners too rude. Even grave, dignified John Raymond sometimes wished her a trifle more womanly.

If he took occasion to tell her so, she would listen to him very demurely, with her head, the while, tucked up into the soft, white curve that appeared between his whiskers and his immaculate neck-tie, her eyes looking roguishly up through a veil of curls, and her plump little hand tracing out the phrenological bumps upon his ample forehead; finding him really serious about it, she would promise better things, and actually meaning them, glide about the house quietly and demurely for a half hour or more; but the sight of Uncle Preston's "big sled," bound for the mill with a freight of rollicking boys and romping girls, would melt away her resolution and John Raymond's advice together, while she revenged herself on the half hour of quietness by a sliding spree more boisterous than ever. There was no making anything of her, and the old people were right in predicting nothing would sober her! Her father, good, easy, contented man, and her mother, from whom it was more than hinted she had inherited her wild, winsome ways, would say: "Let her alone—she'll sober down in time,"—but the time seemed far distant.

Seventeen years had kissed her brow, and what were her accomplishments? She could rake more hay in an hour than any other boy—*girl* I mean, could in ten! She could ride "Brown Bess" whom no other woman could mount, challenge the whole village to a contest, canter through the cart road in the forest, leap fences, logs, brooks and whatever came in her way, and by the time her companions were fairly in their saddles, come back to them with a face so fresh and old Bess so blown, that it was next to an impossibility for us timid ones not to break the commandment which says, "thou shalt not envy." And steady John Raymond! O, he gave a troubled look as she darted out into the sunshine, sat under the porch till her return, and instead of scolding her, as he fully intended, opened his arms for her to spring off the horse into. And so passed the time till Fanny was eighteen, and the season of her marriage approached.

Fanny sat and read!

"I shall be with you almost as soon as my letter. I want to see that serious-faced John Raymond whom you tell me is so soon to be my cousin. You are afraid of him, hey? Think you will never be steady enough for him, hey? Why, Fanny, dear, if you can't go to the mountain, make the mountain come to you! Why, I'd bring him to terms in no time! I'd hide his books, and whittle with his razors (he shaves himself, don't he?) and laugh when he wanted to be quiet, and make him altogether so miserable that he would *have* to fall into my line, for the sake of peace. But I'm coming, dear, and I'll help you out.

"Yours in fun or frolic, Sybil."

Fanny folded her hands over the letter and thought! It had been years since she had seen Cousin Sybil, and she remembered her as most faultlessly beautiful. Brought up in the very hot-bed of fashion, elegant in the extreme, and so full of fascination that poor Fanny, for the first time in her life, began to fear for her power over her lover.

"He *must* like her," she thought. "He must admire her, and she is *such* a flirt!" The secret was out. Fanny remembered, among other qualities of her cousin, that indomitable spirit of flirtation which craved the most constant food for its consumption, and needed no spirit pen to write her what the effect would be over her impassive lover. John Raymond! Doctor John, as he was called, being our village Esculapius, was an honest, earnest worker, without the slightest touch of romance. He accepted the world as it came, for the better or worse. No opposition urged him a step out of his beaten path, and no ambition could arouse the latent energy in the large blue eye, which was the chiefest, nay, only charm of an otherwise plain face. But how could that plain face ever make itself acknowledged, when backed by the handsomest fortune of all "Down East?" How could we measure the qualities which would have been glaringly conspicuous in a poor man, when there was no such thing as measuring the length of his purse? Not we! simple country people as we were, we knew the deference due to wealth, and were as ready to bow down to a golden idol if it came in our way, as if our education had been finished in the hot-bed of city life: and so, the faster the acres accumulated to Dr. John's farm, the more charms we found to be added to his person! Innumerable were the traps laid by scheming mamas and carriage-idolizing daughters, but he only kept his way, jogging around the angles of life, and laughing in his sleeve at the open-work of some of his besiegers.

Their own arts failed, of course, and it was astonishing how very mercenary the disappointed ones voted Fanny when it was learned that she was the recipient of the doctor's smiles. Even she could never tell how it all happened, or how it came about that she was engaged to him. But there it was. He had dandled her in his arms, had seen her grow up from infancy to beautiful girlhood, and now anticipated the time when she should be the star of his home, as she was the star of his affection. Until now, Fanny had looked upon him as a good, kind sort of a protector, whom, as she had got to come to it sometime, she might as well marry as any one else; but the thought of loving him in the passionate way that romances lay out for such material, never entered her mind till now—till the thought of her beautiful cousin, so bewitching, so altogether irresistible, and the knowledge of her own inability to cope with her in attraction, opened her eyes to the fact that Doctor John was rather more necessary to her happiness than she chose to let the world know. While Fanny was still ruminating, and not over pleasantly, the burly figure of Doctor John crossed between her and the sunshine, and stood before her. Never had he looked so noble, so manly! Never had the keen gray eyes flashed out such proud intelligence, and never had Fanny felt so deeply and truly in love with him.

"They have come," said he; while a perplexed expression shaded his face, which Fanny thought added to its manliness.

"Who? what? how did *you* find it out?"

"Why, your mother told me first, and I don't know where your ears were that you didn't hear the carriage. Now I suppose we shall be drenched with sentimentality. Don't let her infect *you*, Fanny, for heaven's sake, if not for mine!"

Take care, Doctor John! Don't be too sanguine of your *own* constancy! There is a bright, sweet face beaming through the tangled vines above your head, and a pair of delicate little ears drinking in every word you are saying! Take care! If there was ever determination in a pair of eyes, those brilliant ones looking so roguish now, are thoroughly imbued with it. A scattering of leaves from the aforesaid vines caused the pair to look up, but the face had disappeared, and a bird darting from the branches was excuse enough for the rustling shower!

"They are a disgrace to womanhood—these vapid, silly nonentities," Doctor John went on, while the bright face, so rapidly withdrawn, again peered down through the interstices of the honeysuckle, "these doll-baby faces, that think they have nothing to do but to look pretty and sentimental, to make all mankind their slaves!"

"But Cousin Sybil is something more than pretty—she is very intelligent, I can assure you; and there are hundreds of men, real men, like you, Doctor John, who have proposed to her, and who would like to marry her if she only would settle down! O, you *must* like her, if it is only for my sake!"

And Doctor John promised! kind Doctor John—very kind—especially to himself; and when the day had worn out in welcomes and congratulations, Doctor John came in with the candles, and condescended to take that soft white hand in his, and to look down into those shy, girlish eyes, and to make himself altogether quite a commonplace and interesting individual, occasionally glancing over to Fanny for commendation, and asking with his eyes if he was not throwing himself away with a most martyr-like resignation upon her little chit of a pretty cousin. As the evening advanced, conversation took a more bulky tone. Literature, history, science, the classics—all were discussed—Sybil taking a most prominent part; pouring out a fund of the most valuable knowledge, dealing grandly and scientifically with the most profound subjects, and occasionally setting even Doctor John right in some name or date which had escaped his erudite brain. Sybil was clever, in the fullest sense of the word. A keen intellect had taught her that men looked beyond the surface for the qualifications of her sex; and fond as she was of admiration, she knew better than to leave a single stone unturned which could avail her in her search of a handsome settlement.

If Doctor John despised her as a silly flirt of a girl, he perfectly hated her in her capacity of a learned woman! What right had she, whose waist he could crush at a single clasp, to set herself up as a classical scholar, and even correct him—Doctor John—whom no one even dreamed of being on an equality with before?

"A walking encyclopedia," he said to Fanny the next day, a *woman* dictionary, 'an impertinent, egotistic' little flirt. Don't ask me to like her. Another evening like the last would be the death of me!"

"Do you ride?" echoed a soft, musical voice by his side.

Doctor John forgot his dignity enough to give a great start.

"Ride? why—yes—I—ride, of course I do; but I fear, miss, that our horses are too strong for your guidance." And he glanced contemptuously at the small hands and delicate wrists which seemed only made for a fairy's use.

"I should like to try them, though. I'm not a very good rider, and then again I'm not much of a coward, unless my horse is very unruly."

"Such a modest, humble appeal!" whispered Fanny, imploringly, in her lover's ear. "For *my* sake!"

"Well, for *your* sake, be it, Fanny." But there was a flash of gratified pride in the gray eyes, which portended a little happiness for his own sake.

How elegant she looked in her riding-dress—that beautiful Sybil! And as she stood there in the fading sunlight, drawing on a pair of tiny gloves and glancing sideways with a deferential motion to where Doctor John stood, Fanny could not quite repress the thought that, even then, she had better let matters take their own way, and not urge her lover too much into the company of her bewitching cousin.

"Why, what kind of grooming do you call that, Fanny?" she said, with a comical smile, as she pointed to the head of old Bess, whose mane had been braided into a band!

Compressing her whip under her elbow, she proceeded with the air of a jockey to investigate the horse to whom she intended to entrust her neck for the next hour or two.

"You will find her a little fresh at starting, I'm afraid," said Doctor John, as he altered the bit at her suggestion, to give her a tighter rein.

Fanny watched the operation with enthusiasm. If there was one thing better than another that she could do, it was riding, and to find Sybil, so *petite*, and so refined, versed in stable talk, was more than she bargained for. There being no horse in the stable she would condescend to ride except Brown Bess, Doctor John had the little equestrienne all to himself, never dreaming of the tears that lay under the eyelids of his betrothed as the two horses disappeared in the distance. For a while the riders ambled along in silence, Doctor John dividing his glances between the superb management of Brown Bess and the fairy figure so gracefully sitting in the saddle. The exercise of the ride had sent a glow to her cheek and a sparkle to her eye, against the fascination of which her companion had to steel his heart with redoubled coldness. He could not help seeing that her figure was the very model of poetic beauty; that the foot just peeping out from under the riding-habit was scarcely the breadth of his palm; the soft hair laying in a natural wave over the whitest of foreheads was of the deepest auburn; the smiling rosebud of a mouth was almost as surrounded by dimples as was that of his betrothed one; and the eyes, so round, full and earnest, were of most beautiful hazel, and her whole manner was a supplication to him, and an appeal that he would try to think more favorably of her than he had as yet done. Take care, Doctor John! Don't let that stern, unwavering heart of yours escape your control at the bidding of a "silly, sentimental flirt of a girl,"—your own words, remember.

Sybil reined up under the shadow of a grove that skirted the highway, and sat gazing out upon the sunset, that was filling the earth with golden glory. Flowers sent up their perfume, and the last song of the birds was dying away in fleeting echoes! Far away in the distance came the hum of a little waterfall, which Sybil knew was sending up its spray and wreathing rainbows in its mist, though her eyes might never contemplate its gorgeous beauty.

"I don't like it," at length exclaimed the Sybil of the hour. "I don't like it! It is too placid; too ethereal for my comprehension. I should never be reconciled to this monotony."

"And what would you have, Miss May?"

"Storms—wildness—*strength!* Strength in either man or the elements." And her bright glance took in, as if unconsciously, the whole circumference of his massive frame—catching his eye, her cheek flushed, and the dark eyelashes blended like a fringe with its superb loveliness. "Too tame—too tame! Look far away, far as you can see; where the huge masses of rock rising by the river seem piled against the sunset clouds! How massive! how strong to bear! how picturesque in its very strength! There is that within me which fiercely wars with the calm phases of nature!"

Sybil sat half reclining on the pommel of her saddle, looking abstractedly upon the landscape, seemingly unconscious of the furtive glances ever and anon shot over to her from the eyes of her companion. Sybil was the first to break the silence. Bursting into a light laugh, she exclaimed:

"How strange I must look, staring out into that vague darkness! But I have grown so sick of the light. You would scarcely think, at my age, that experience could have shown me its falseness!"

"*You!*" No wonder Doctor John smiled.

"You smile! I do not blame you. What can *you* know of life? *You!* Living here in quiet stillness; where friendship is something more than profession; where love begins and ends in

the *heart*, instead of the *pocket;* when you do not need to analyze the smile that greets you, fearing to find it only a glossing for scorn! To think I should have spent years trying to love, and now—now—I must walk! I am losing control of my feelings. Forget all I have said."

And flinging the reins to her surprised companion, she slid to the ground and was soon lost to sight within the forest that skirted the river. Such a comical face as she left behind her in charge of the horses! *Forget*—that was just the thing to make him remember. What could she mean? A tear lay shining on the pommel of her saddle, which he had stealthily watched as it trickled down over her cheek. Sybil knew how to affect sensibility, and although the tear hadn't come from quite so great a distance as her heart, it looked very bewitching, shining there in the sunlight. Doctor John was only a man—a very sturdy, sensible and excellent specimen of the sex, but still quite susceptible to the flattery of being loved, and when the conquest was over such an exquisite, fascinating and beautiful fairy as was Sybil May, he may be forgiven for the few extra beats which were troubling his heart. Sybil had puzzled him, and that was one step in her favor, but if he could have heard the amused laugh which exploded from the lips of his enchantress when out of sight and sound, even he would begin to think he had something to learn before his education in heart matters was complete. A little scream broke up his reverie, and Sybil, making a cane of her riding-whip, came hobbling along up the hill.

"It was nothing—only a slight sprain—it would soon be well again."

And Doctor John's heart was moved to pity by the sight of her pain. Didn't he thank his lucky stars that he was a doctor? Invested with a legal right to take that soft little foot in his palm, and to satisfy himself and its owner that there were no bones displaced? What a tremor he was in, to be sure! Why, he had been our village surgeon ever since he was old enough to practise; noted for the strength of his nerves and the calmness of his brain—and here he was, shivering and trembling over that small foot, as if the foot had been bared for amputation instead of being admired! How slowly and carefully he took her home! How tenderly he lifted her from the horse and carried her into the house, her soft eyes beaming on him all the while such a glowing, loving thankfulness! Fanny met them at the door with open-eyed wonder; nor until Sybil was cosily nestled up among the sofa pillows could Dr. John find time for the required explanation.

"How kind of you," exclaimed Fanny, placing her arms around his neck as she had always been accustomed to do.

Doctor John shook her off with a quick, snappish expression, saying:

"Don't do that, Fanny, before people. It looks so stupid."

This was the beginning of weeks of devotion, wherein Doctor John exerted himself to the utmost to please his fastidious little enslaver. In fact, it had become one of those incomprehensible flirtations, which society—especially society in a country village—think they have a right to frown down. At all the parties, at all the rides, at home, abroad—there was no moving Doctor John from the side of Sybil. From the first, Fanny comprehended how it would end. From the time she saw the fatal smiles creeping to her cousin's face, and knew that her mind was made up to conquer, it never occurred to her that aught she could do, would prevent the estrangement so surely foreshadowed. Day by day, and hour by hour, she had seen the only man she ever loved grow cold and repellant to her. She had seen the caresses, the smiles and the affection bestowed upon one, whose only object was to triumph over another heart, and even the knowledge that his punishment would surely come, could not take from her the bitter sting of jealousy, from whose pangs she was so cruelly suffering. She was too proud to let her parents know of her grief, and they, being accustomed to look upon Doctor John as a husband for Fanny, never thought of such a thing as change. Great indeed was their surprise and indignation when they learned that the lovable little Sybil, as they had thought her, had supplanted Fanny, but they were wise enough to let things take their course.

She had watched her recreant lover all one long evening, herself unseen, as he hung rapturously upon every word which fell from her rival's lips. She had crept out among the vines which shadowed the seat by the window, so numbed with grief that only the murmur of their voices touched upon her ear. It was enough for her to know that herself and her lover were so utterly apart that henceforth he was to be no portion of her destiny. Her soul rebelled against it. There was no pride to come to her aid; she had loved and had lost—the very worst of life's disasters could have no woe like that! There was a faint silence, a rustle of silks, a trembling of the sleeping honeysuckles. They were parting for the night. For a moment Doctor John stood in the full moonlight looking down into the face before him. Fanny had risen with them and could not help but feel the force of that worshipping gaze.

"To think that I could ever have disliked *you*, Sybil!" The voice of the doctor trembled as he spoke. "Do you know, Sybil, the first evening you came here, I was quite indignant at the intrusion—quite determined to find you everything silly and sentimental?"

"*And now?*"

"O, *now!* It seems as if I had lived years since then."

Fanny could see the lips tremble with emotion.

"Do you know," continued Sybil, "that I sometimes feel as if I had done a wrong to Fanny?"

The doctor's eyes expanded.

"Fanny never loved me, Sybil. You see, yourself, how calmly, coolly—almost insolently, she resigns her claim. I should have liked a little more feeling!"

Poor Fanny! quivering there in the shadow—every pulse in her heart throbbing to breaking, listening to words which are burning their way to her brain.

"I should like to have felt that she regretted me at least; but it is better so. I have often thought that her undemonstrative affection would fail to satisfy the deep craving for exclusive love which I now, more than ever, feel."

Fainter and fainter grew the consciousness of Fanny, and while the words were yet on his lips, she lost her hold upon the vines and tumbled headlong into her cousin's arms. Springing from them as if their clasp was fatal, she exclaimed:

"Don't touch me—*don't!* Go away, both of you—go, I say!"

Was that the undemonstrative Fanny, whose impassiveness Doctor John has so recently bewailed? Standing in the moonlight, both arms extended to repulse them, she appeared a young lioness, suddenly deprived of her prey. How those eyes did blaze out in their impotent wrath!

"Don't think I was watching you—don't think I care the weight of a straw about either of you. I happened here by the arbor—the warmth of the evening I suppose sent me sleeping into your arms. Don't misconstrue my motive, either of you. Don't *you*, Doctor John, above all things. Why, there is not a man in the village I do not hold in greater respect; that I would not rather marry; that I do not think more deserving of affection than *you!* To think that you should shift and turn about with every wind that blows! Why, I would quicker marry the weather-cock on father's barn than such a turn-coat. There, go—*do* go, for heaven's sake!"

The whitest snow could not have been whiter than Doctor John's face. He obeyed her, however, without a word, and left the rival cousins to their own companionship.

"You silly girl!"

Fanny turned her white face full upon her cousin.

"You silly girl! Do you think your lover cares for me beyond the whim of the moment? Don't answer me yet. Do you think the affection of a few months' duration, can efface the love of years?"

"He was all I had! You knew it, and yet you could not spare just that one heart that would lose all its value when won! Do you think I don't see how it worries you now to keep up the farce of affection? Do you think I don't know that even now you are meditating how to eat yourself out of the net your own hands have spread? Do you think I can't see that you despise him for the very weakness that you have wiled him into? It was cruel of you. We were so happy!"

And Fanny let the tears flow that she had tried so hard to repress.

"And may be again!"

"Never! Do you think I would take a heart back second-hand, that had once belonged to me? Not I, indeed. I am miserable enough, as it is."

"*You* miserable! ha, ha, ha. Excuse me for laughing at you. Now, Fanny, let us understand each other for a moment. You are a very fortunate, enviable girl, and because you have never in your lifetime had the slightest trouble, you think there never was so deep a woe as the one you suffer now. You say truly: I *am* tired of Doctor John! Don't open your eyes so wide; I dare say you wonder at my taste. He is a very clever, good sort of a man—he is a little out of his element now, but we will make that all right again. I have scattered his wits for him a little—that's all. As for his heart, I have the best of reasons to know that it has never strayed from you. There now—you needn't muss my collar!"—Fanny had her by this time in a regular bear's hug—"I overheard him, the evening of my arrival, making his comments on my humble self; as you are aware, they were anything but complimentary, and I resolved to punish him. I've a plot, though, if you'll assist me, for I see you are not quite so indifferent as you assured us you were a while ago. I'm going to be married! Funny, isn't it? Well—I am every day expecting my lover on from Boston. Now all you have to do is to allow him to pay you the most exclusive attention, which I will put him up to, and if Doctor John don't come back to you with tears in his eyes, and his heart in his mouth—why, then—marry *my* 'bright particular,' that's all!"

I was not surprised, though Doctor John and the rest of the villagers were, to see Fanny emerge from her retirement (for she had long ago given up hoyden manners), and sparkle out the most brilliant gem of the village. During three months that Doctor John and Sybil were engaged in their flirtation, she had confined herself to her books and her practice, and now, although she neither sang so well nor played so artistically as her cousin, she gave more pleasure and gained more applause.

Sybil's lover had arrived, and, true to their plot, was Fanny's devoted admirer on all occasions. At first Doctor John only opened his eyes a little, and took no further notice. Very soon, however, he became uneasy and abstracted, paying the poor compliment to Sybil of scarcely hearing what she said, and finally he grew so morose and sarcastic, that even Sybil's good nature gave way to his moodiness, and he was left to make the best of his disappointment.

If Fanny had been the belle of the village in her days of wildness, she was now doubly so! Go where she would, suitor after suitor pressed forward for her hand. How superb she was! The flush on her lips and cheeks was just warm enough to give her an animated expression, and the dimples standing sentinel around her pearly teeth, clustered thicker than ever. Doctor John was getting furious; the more so, as every one was pouring into his ear tales of her engagement to the young Bostonian. His visits to her father's house were as frequent as ever, but as the old people said, "let things take their own way," there was no interference to aid or retard him on their part. Parties were made in families where parties were never made before, for the express purpose of bringing out the beautiful Fanny Gleeson.

Rides were projected and picnics formed, until our little village became notorious for its fun loving and fun-giving propensities. It would take too much time to follow them through all the windings of the next few months. The climax came when it was least expected. There had been a party picnicking in the forest, when a storm arose which threatened at least a good wetting to the party. Some hurried home at their swiftest pace, but the more knowing ones sought shelter under the heavy branches. More than usually sombre, Doctor John had taken his station in advance of the party, and stood listlessly watching the play of the lightning.

Presently there came a large drop of rain, then a succession of drops, and then the storm burst upon them in all its fury. How fearful it was! No one anticipated such a tumult of the elements. The very trees seemed covered with flame, while the lightnings leaped from cloud to cloud, like some avenging spirit seeking its victim. Finally, as if all the elements had conspired to end the scene, there came a sudden and a blinding flash of light, followed by a crash of terrific power—another and another—and when at length the tumult was past—there! held to his heart, as if he would keep her there forever, was beautiful Fanny Gleeson in the arms of sturdy John Raymond.

It was a solemn betrothal, made in the hour of peril and celebrated by the revel of the elements! Whether any suspicion of the plot which had been played out by Sybil and Fanny, ever crossed his mind, I do not know. He certainly smiled very queerly when he discovered Sybil as snugly sheltered from the storm by the arms of the handsome stranger. At all events, Sybil from that hour forswore what she called even harmless flirtation, and Fanny has made up her mind that hearts like Doctor John's are worth bargaining for, even if there is a flaw in them.

THE SITE OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Those who imagine that Peter chose that site without consideration, or because he had derived his only ideas of a city from Amsterdam, with which, during his residence there, he had become familiar—form a too narrow estimate of that coarse but vigorous genius. His ambition rose far beyond the country of which he found himself the master, and far beyond the day in which he expected to live. He placed before himself a map of the world; he observed that Europe, Asia and America converge toward the north pole, and that Russia, situated on the point where their meridians meet, appeared to be their destined mistress. He formed the purpose of turning this assumed intention of the Creator into a fact: by successive conquests, to give to his people the possession of three worlds, and by the opening of rivers, canals and caravans, to form the remotest regions into a single state. With such an idea before him, the position of St. Petersburg was well chosen, although for the purposes of ordinary life nothing could well be worse. There they tremble upon a great subterranean scaffolding, "ready to sink into the marsh, like a stage ghost through a trap-door," with a climate so destructive to buildings that the glittering exterior which we have just surveyed has to be renewed every summer at enormous cost, with a neighborhood so difficult of drainage, that no food can be raised without incredible labor, and in the forests of which the wolves still prowl: and above all, with the possibility suspended over them of a complete submergence beneath the surrounding waters; for whenever it happens that a powerful west wind shall blow during the fortnight that witnesses the breaking up of the ice, the tide of the Gulf of Finland will meet the tide of Lake Ladoga, and, rising together, they will roll over the city, no part of which is fifteen feet above the ordinary level, which with its palaces, monuments and temples, together with the 400,000 souls which constitute its population, will experience a fate not less terrible than that of Herculaneum and Pompeii.—*New York Dispatch.*

A FALL STORY.

Vernon was the person who invented the story about the lady being pulverized in India by a *coup de soleil*. When he was dining there with a Hindoo, one of his host's wives was suddenly reduced to ashes; upon which the Hindoo rang the bell, and said to the attendant who answered it, "Bring fresh glasses, and sweep up your mistress." Another of his stories was this. He happened to be shooting hyenas near Carthage, when he stumbled and fell down an abyss of many fathoms' depth. He was surprised, however, to find himself unhurt, for he lighted as if on a feather bed. Presently he perceived that he was gently moved upwards, and having by degrees reached the mouth of the abyss, he again stood safe on *terra firma*. He had fallen upon an immense mass of bats, which, disturbed from their slumbers, had risen out of the abyss, and brought him up with them.—*Rogers's Table Talk.*

DRESS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A writer in "Putnam," says of the time of Washington: "Clothing was very expensive; and though made a matter of more consequence than now, as marking the distinctions of rank, still so sedulously maintained, it was often difficult for persons of pretension to keep up the outward appearance of gentility. For this reason, all apparel was preserved with much care. I have seen specimens of mending, piecing and darning, in garments belonging to good old families, which would have commanded a premium from some of our modern industrial societies. The raiment purchased for a young woman's bridal, was worn by her in old age; and young girls of the household were glad to assume the faded relics of a grandmother's wardrobe. Rich dresses, in those days, were considered of sufficient importance to be mentioned in wills, and left, as an inheritance, to relatives or friends."

THE WORST ENEMY.

Every animal has his enemies. The land tortoise has two enemies—man, and the boa constrictor. The natural defence of the tortoise is to draw himself up in his shell, and remain quiet. In this state, the tiger, however famished, can do nothing with him, for the shell is too strong for the stroke of his paw. Man, however, takes him home and roasts him; and the boa constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, as the court of chancery does a large estate.—*Waterton's Travels.*



NATIONAL



CAPITOL.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ANGELINE.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

She passed from earth the sweetest flower,
Among the village fair,
And none but felt the gentle power
That Angie wielded there.
O send ye forth, my harpstrings now,
A wail in every line;
And deck, ye sombre flowers, the brow
Of sleeping Angeline.

Lo, mingling with the zephyr's sigh,
There came these words of gloom,
We fear that Angie soon must die,
And sleep within the tomb;
For dire disease her life-blood warm
Is turning now to ice,
And soon she'll roam an angel form,
Mid flowers of paradise.

They stood around her bedside there,
Fond parents in their grief,
A brother loved and sisters fair,
But none could give relief.
At length the dying lips unclose,
The sealed eyes ope with pain,
And ere she seeks her long repose,
Sweet Angie speaks again.

"I know, dear ones, that I must die;
This messenger of dread
Shall bid me soon in the churchyard lie,
Among the early dead.
But do not weep, for O, 'tis best,
This blow our Father sends;
I go to dwell among the blest,
In joy that never ends.

"I would that I could clasp the hand
Of my brothers far away;
That they might join our little band,
While yet the moments stay.
It cannot be, for shadows dim
Are stealing o'er my eye;
I know I soon shall be with Him,
For angel forms are nigh."

She ceased, and casting all around,
One lingering look of love,
Her spirit burst the chords that bound,
And winged its flight above.
And thus sweet Angie passed away,
Like a flower at morning born,
That blooms on earth but a fleeting day,
Nor sees the morrow's dawn.

Ye stricken ones, who linger still
This side the blissful shore,
Your Angie, free from every ill,
Will never sorrow more.
Then let me sweep a cheerful strain,
Across this harp of mine,
And bid you hope in heaven again
To meet sweet Angeline.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BRIDE OF BAGDAD.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

Of course everybody knows there is a famous old city somewhere called Bagdad, the scene of marvellous transactions in Arabian and Persian literature. But to waste a page on its early history, or attempt defining its latitude or longitude, would be ridiculous. With these introductory remarks, which will answer all the purposes of a more elaborate preamble to what may follow, the reader will at once be introduced to the Bride of Bagdad.

Adelanac, the stern Pasha of Bagdad, sat smoking on his crimson divan at the close of a sultry day, reflecting upon the insecurity of political condition, and the high cost at which he had won his way to be military governor of the territory, in whose capital the vast multitude of human beings had no greater ambition than to win his favor, or cut their ruler's throat, as circumstances might determine. The silken curtain that concealed the beautiful tenants of the harem was slowly turned aside, and the richest gem in the possession of the proud pasha glided quietly into the presence of her liege lord.

In the Orient, those favored by the Prophet are exceedingly blessed. Power, beauty and riches are the three steps which reach from earth to the paradise of Mahomed. The pasha had them all; but instead of being as happy as he imagined every one must be—sustained by such strong pillars—a knit brow, a deep, thoughtful expression, and a perpetual vigilance of two intensely black eyes, very clearly announced to a host of slavish attendants, that Adelanac was quite as miserable as some of the people, whose wants were fewer, but quite as cogent as those of his highness, the arbitrary Pasha of Bagdad.

"What brings you thus unasked from the apartment within?" demanded Adelanac, throwing down a magnificent amber mouthpiece as the lovely Mourana, the last and fourth wife, completing the complement of matrimonial blessings allowed by the book of wisdom, clasped her white arms round the iron neck of the pasha.

Heaven is bountiful, but man prevents his blessings, and often discovers a mistake due to his own rashness, which he would gladly have charged upon others. With the vigor of a lion suddenly roused from his lair, the pasha thrust her rudely back. Mourana, however, mild as the moonbeams, in a voice both soft and sweet, begged but a single word in his ear. Relaxing that rigidity of muscle, which is the index of anger, the bride was permitted to draw near again.

"Great and good as you are," said Mourana, "I am wholly unworthy of your protection and caresses."

"What can make you so?" eagerly inquired Adelanac.

"Why should I conceal the passion that burns in this heart for another?"

"Another!" in a boisterous rage shouted the man of might, who had broken his pipe, "another!" and he looked like a brazen monument of jealousy. He would have severed the poor creature's head from her body in a twinkling, had not the other three wives at that instant peeped through the door, all in a row.

The shout from a rabble, accompanied by a rising cloud of dust put in motion by an army of living feet at the gate of the palace, was sufficient to drive the timid gazelles to their inner retreat—beyond the prying eyes of any not legally authorized by the laws of the harem to view the abode of houris.

An abuse of political power generally reacts unfavorably for the oppressor. A despot may sustain his authority through life by the most unscrupulous exhibitions of tyranny; but the pleasures secured at the expense of human misery are unsatisfactory, unstable in character, and never to be considered worth possessing. Adelanac ground the poor between two millstones—himself one, and his master, the sultan, the other. Consequently everybody in Bagdad both feared and hated the pasha. But he cared nothing for that. Money, power, and the monopoly of all the beauties sold in the bazaar, was the ambition of Adelanac.

Mourana was a native of Georgia, that land of mountain freedom and female charms, which travellers describe with a vividness that excites a romantic desire to know more of the domestic condition of a people whose commerce is in children, and whose greatest wealth is derived from the sale of women.

Although denied the exercise of their affections, early developed, the Circassian girls cannot repress the prompting of the heart with more success than in more favored countries. Even the sylphide Mourana held many a stealthy interview with the Prince Tomali, a mere youth, whose home was on the side of a lofty, almost inaccessible peak, with a father whose will was supreme over the semi-wild race, which by inheritance was his conceded right. Mourana's father, scarcely less distinguished, was the nearest neighbor. The children thus formed an early intimacy, which was gradually ripening as the moons waned from one season to another.

Love shows itself in the snow-drifts of the north as vigorously as in the spice groves of India, or beneath the silken drapery of a royal residence. They loved each other; but destiny obliged the prince to join in the defence of the fortresses of Georgia, about the unhappy period that a marauding party succeeded in carrying off the sweet Mourana.

Long stories are unfashionable in this age of economy in time, and consequently the incidents that transpired from the period when the fair captive was taken, must be left to the imagination. That there was weeping and wailing in the parental domicil, no one would think of questioning. How the prince met the loss may be gathered from the chain of after events.

When marketable, in the full bloom of fascinating youthfulness, a broker, who followed the profession of buying and selling Gour slaves, as Christian children are called, put half a dozen old dames in motion to trumpet the fame of his new gem. They were faithful to the trust; even the ears of Adelanac were ravished with the description they gave of the transcendent accomplishments and bewitching graces of his Georgian specimen. In short, the little girl was purchased, and added to the list of choice pearls in the casket of the pasha of Damascus.

It is customary in Mahomedan countries, for men of position to make some show of progress to outsiders, when a new wife has been procured, although no one is gratified even with a distant sight of the subject which calls for the demonstration. Envy is a trait found in Mussulman character, which the fortunate love to excite in others, by way of heightening their own enjoyments.

Mourana made up the legal complement of four helpmeets. But her affections, young as she was when first purchased, were not developed, nor had she partialities beyond that class of feelings peculiar to childhood on being petted. However, six years had run their sands from that day to the one on which our story commences, when she stood in the full pride of eastern womanhood—very beautiful in figure, and commanding in every line of facial expression.

We spoke of the rabble, and the rising dust which a rabble raises. Tomali was a bold, generous and determined chief. He had taken his inheritance into his own keeping on the death of a father from whom was derived a fearless spirit.

Not content, as his ancestors had been, with simply being the chief up in the cliffs of Georgian rocks, where the eagles nurtured their young, he indulged a romantic aspiration for larger possessions, and increased political consideration. Moved by that ruthless ambition which animates conquerors, Tomali gathered all the forces within his jurisdiction, descended from the mountains, and pitched their tents for the first time on the plains.

Like Gengis Khan, and hundreds of others whose names had reached his ears through tradition, Tomali gathered new forces as he marched through the country. In a word, the entrance into Asia Minor, and his advance finally into Syria, was a feat scarcely paralleled in the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under the historian. He finally saw in the distance the walls of the renowned city of Bagdad. What treasures he gathered in his victorious route to the confines of Persia, and what marks he left of his generosity to the poor and unfortunate, belongs to the domain of unwritten history.

Halting at a safe distance to observe, without endangering unnecessarily the lives of his fatigued troops, Tomali was not long in making up his mind how to proceed. Bagdad not only claimed to be the seat of learning, the theatre in which the renowned Alraschid had reigned in glory, but it was a pearl of itself, on account of its immense commercial resources.

While resting and preparing alternately for the conquest of the city, a mufti—grave, and full of wisdom—bowed himself to the ground in his presence.

"Blest of the Prophet," said the holy santon, "my master, Adelanac, is a sultan fierce as the whirlwind—terrible as death!"

"Well," observed Tomali, "I shall give him a speedy opportunity of trying his strength!"

"But," continued the bowing mufti, "he would not spill blood willingly, nor put out eyes as clear as thine—"

"Put out my eyes! Really," coolly remarked Tomali, "before he makes the attempt, he must have them nearer!"

"Have a care," exclaimed the mufti, "when roused, the earthquake stands in fear!"

"I understand," said Tomali, "that your master has but recently added to his jewels a pearl from Georgia."

"It may be true, great stranger prince—he takes, and no man dares to interfere."

"Yes, I dare, if he hath that which is unlawful. And if I go myself to the palace, the examination will be thorough."

The mufti was astonished at the presumption of the stranger chief. However, he carried back to the people an account of the interview; he dared not utter the sentiment he felt—that the pasha had no common enemy at the gate.

Tomali approached in martial array; the cavalry was magnificent in its appointments, and the prancing horses seemed conscious that their riders were inspired with a desire for new exploits. The dust was rising in clouds, like the vapor from a still lake in the morning sun, when the commotion of the populace reached the wing of the palace occupied by the ladies.

The fair occupants of the harem had caught the alarm without, and from the closely latticed windows saw the volumes of floating sand, and occasionally the tips of the glittering spears of Tomali's active force. They neither knew who they were, nor from whence they came; but they had an instinctive dread, as the masses had throughout the city, of any unusual demonstrations from any source. If by any circumstance the pasha was affected in his official relations, they would, of course, become immediate sufferers; as the winner in those despotic regions takes the stakes, as a miser clutches gold, without an apology.

At that particular juncture, alarmed as they all were in the harem, Mourana went to her lordly husband almost unconsciously, and, woman-like, thought the safest way of securing her own safety, should a storm be gathering over the pasha, was to rouse his jealousy—which she did very effectually by simply stating the truth respecting an early attachment in the home of her adoration.

Adelanac had but just thrown down the amber pipe, and heard a sentence from the idol of his eyes, when the shouts of men, the neighing of horses, the shrill tones of the bugle, and an assault upon the palace, follow each other in rapid succession. Bars gave way, the doors flew open, and in an instant more the stalwart troops had obtained complete possession of the pasha's residence. One of the first acts on becoming master of the ancient Bagdad, was to examine the harem of the fallen pasha. Shocked by the rudeness of the marauding soldiery, and still more horror-stricken at the thought of being immediately transferred to the tent of the conqueror, the four wives concealed themselves as best they could. Escape, however, was impossible; and they saw nothing before them but misery or death. Tomali raised the veils of each in succession, in passing through the apartment. Mourana recognized his features, and swooned away unconsciously, overcome with the intensity of suppressed joy. Speedy efforts were resorted to by her companions to bring her back to consciousness. On opening her flashing eyes, the noble face of Tomali—for he was gazing at a wonder of loveliness—sent the blood coursing with increased momentum through its rounds. "Tomali! Tomali!" screamed Mourana, throwing her white arms round his neck, as she would have greeted a brother, and again swooning, quite astonished the Georgian chief. By degrees Mourana became calm and self-possessed.

"Come to me, prince! Come and sit by the side of the little fairy of the cliff!"

"Ah," exclaimed Tomali, "you are either the returned spirit of Mourana, or a guardian angel who watched over her childhood, and know of the early vows we made!"

Explanations soon followed—a happier couple never sat together upon a divan. He recounted to her the changes that had taken place since she was abducted; the melancholy that preyed upon his spirit at her loss, and the resolves he had taken to be revenged on all mankind for the cruelty of the act. She in turn narrated the quickly told tale of her woes, showing that uncommon beauty is a misfortune, inasmuch as woman cannot resist the mandates of power in a despotic government, nor the eloquence of men when the heart is touched.

Adelanac was brought into the presence of Tomali and Mourana. His teeth gnashed with madness and infuriated rage at the sight. "Which would you prefer," asked the victor, "Bagdad and be pasha, yielding up Mourana, or keeping her, lose all else?" He preferred Bagdad and power. "I prefer," said Tomali, "my first love to all the kingdoms of the earth."

"Bring in a Greek priest, for we are Christians," exclaimed the hero. In an hour more they twain were one flesh. As the troops were departing, escorting the happy Georgians, Adelanac watched the slow retreat. "By Allah, I am miserable! What are my three wives who remain? Nothing. What is life without a bride in Bagdad?"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BY HENRY WARD.

Not of that bird of song I sing,
Whose music wakes the genial spring,
And fills the ear of night with strains
That sweetly warble o'er the plains;
But, of a maiden of the vale,
The lovely "Florence Nightingale!"

Her home was in an Eden bower,
Where many a blooming tree, and flower,
And trellised vine, adorned the spot,—
For hers was aye a high born lot.
Her girlhood days were bright and clear,
With wealth and friends her hours to cheer;
And books of learned lore, and lays
Of tuneful bards of other days;
And light through many an ancient grove
Her fawnlike steps would often rove,
In meditation deep and high,—
For hers was like an angel's eye.
If sickness in the poor man's cot
Brought woe upon his humble lot,
Her steps were first to fleetly glide,
Close by the prostrate sufferer's side;
Her hands were first the draught to pour,
That might to health the sick restore;
Her gentle voice, like music's power,
Revived the patient, as a shower
Of sweetly falling summer rain
Revives the scorched and withered plain:
Through England's every hill and dale,
There's none like Florence Nightingale!

Grim, frowning war called forth to arms
Brave men, who left their shops and farms
To seek Crimea's distant strand,
Against the Russian hosts to stand.
Gaunt famine stared them in the face;
And, locked in winter's cold embrace,
Their manly forms, o'erpowered by frost,
In restless agony were tost;
While from Sebastopol's strong tower
Came looming forth an iron shower
Of whizzing balls and bursting shells,
As if from fierce volcanic hells,
Rank after rank, with thundering sound,
Fast strewing o'er the frozen ground.
But lo! a woman's form was there,
To save the wretched from despair;
The cordial to their lips she pressed,
With matchless skill their wounds she dressed;
Soothed all their pains, allayed their fears,
And wiped away the hard-wrung tears:
No courage could with hers compare,
That ever martial legions bear.
Who was that maid, with watching pale?
'Twas lovely Florence Nightingale!

Her deeds shall live in every clime!
Her praise he sung by bards sublime;
Long as the love of goodness reigns,
In hearts that grieve for human pains,—
With pity melt for human woe,—
That gladly would relief bestow;
Nor, through eternity, shall fail
The love for Florence Nightingale!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

A BEAUTIFUL opera-hood lay upon the sofa in Mrs. Atwell's back parlor—Lizzie Blair particularly admired it; there was something about the pattern so unique and becoming; she would have one exactly like it, but where should she find it? Let us go with her in search of the one who knit it.

Down in a neat alley, in a brick tenement, which was the abode of Charles Gates the blacksmith, up two flights of stairs, the centre of which was covered with a narrow strip of hemp carpeting, upon which few soiled feet had ever walked, as you tapped at the door which led to the front room, you would be answered by the appearance of Mrs. Carnes, who knit opera-hoods for a living. No abject poverty met your eye—the furniture was timeworn but tidy, the stove was well polished, the curtains at the window were white, and the old-fashioned sofa was just covered with a piece of coarse patch, that wore such a rural aspect, the ground being green and the boughs brown, upon which hundreds of little birds were perched, that we were carried back in our fancy to just such a spot of natural beauty that we left a few months ago, so that for the moment we forgot our errand, which was to purchase a hood. Mrs. Carnes wore a subdued and dignified air; there was something about her that bespoke of "better days," and her conversation soon evinced an intelligence such as we were unprepared to find before we entered the apartment. We had supposed she was a widow, but as she opened her closet door, we espied a white hat upon the upper shelf. A pair of newly knit socks were pressed and hung over the chair by the stove. We took courage, and rejoiced that she had a fellow-helper in the midst of honest toils to sweeten the rough aspect of a poverty that shrank from observation—for Mrs. Carnes uttered no word of complaint—she made no apologies for laboring—she made no allusion to any history of the heart, although the deep furrows, and the careworn look, and the emaciated hands, plainly spoke for her what she did not utter.

Our young friend Lizzie soon began to inquire the price of four hoods—the cash price, she said, ought to be less than if she sold them and was obliged to take her pay from the store. We were sorry Lizzie thus haggled with the poor woman; she was well able to pay any price demanded, and we were certain there were no deceptive appearances around us. Mrs. Carnes thought two dollars was the lowest estimate she could name—by calculation it would thus give her four shillings only for the knitting, and to work all the time she could find a whole day and evening for a shilling, did not seem an unreasonable compensation. But with all the part we took for Mrs. Carnes, Lizzie succeeded in purchasing her four hoods for two shillings apiece. Delighted with her purchase, she called, upon her return, on several of her friends, who were as delighted with the pattern, and all determined to invest two shillings at once for such a purchase.

Let us look in upon Mrs. Carnes after Lizzie had gone. Her landlord was her next visitor. The rent for her room had been due a week. He was a man who demanded punctuality in payment.

"I should have been able to meet your full demand this morning," replied Mrs. Carnes, "but my work has not yielded me so much as I anticipated; I have just sold four hoods for only a trifle above what the material cost, and therefore I find myself lacking just two shillings of your due—would you allow me to add this to my next week's rent? It may be that I can secure a better customer, or find a little more time to defray the entire amount next Saturday."

"Mrs. Carnes, my rule is, prompt pay and no running over accounts—I have seen the evil of waiting on tenants' promises. Your apartments here would command two shillings per week more than I now receive; but as you are an old tenant, I am willing to let you remain, provided you continue prompt as formerly in discharging obligations. How is Carnes, your husband? Does he drink as badly as ever? Don't he earn anything but what he spends in liquor? if so, my advice is, get divorced; never keep hold of an incumbrance, Mrs. Carnes, that don't yield a good per cent. You see if you were alone it would take only half as much to live. A bad husband, ma'am, is a bad investment—that's my motto; now for the two shillings of arrearages. Here's a bit of paper whereon to write the receipt; but stop—it's a note directed to yourself—never has been opened—contains money—a fairy gift—a godsend, just to help out your rent—take it and read it."

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I leave you all the contents of my purse, and regret it does not contain more. As the young lady has deprived you of a fair equivalent for your labor, take these two dollars in lieu of what she has withheld; and may God bless you!"

Mrs. Carnes quivered with joy; she returned thanks to the Great Giver of all in an ejaculatory petition. She paid her landlord, and went to work with a lighter heart.

There was soon a great rush for the "opera-hoods—"they were so cheap and so tasteful," but Mrs. Carnes could not afford them upon Lizzie Blair's terms—it was less than she obtained at the wholesale price from the storekeeper, and as the article could not be obtained with so pretty a finish elsewhere, most of the ladies came to her terms at once.

In order to meet the storekeeper's demand and to supply her own customers, there were no leisure moments left for Mrs. Carnes. Early and late she was found at her knitting—at midnight, when all the lamps in the street were extinguished, and all busy feet had ceased to tread the pavement, and even the bright moon had shaded herself in a fleecy cloud, a little taper was still burning near the cold ashes of the stove, and hands stiffened by exposure to former toil were plying the task, while a listening ear was trying to catch the footfall of him who might return maddened by excess, or weakened by the outward and inward conflict that his reprobate life occasioned him. It is just midnight; the clock strikes one. What a knell! its vibration goes to the very heart of that lonely workwoman; she finds amidst her reflections that she has insensibly accomplished her task; still she sits; her fingers are still, but sleep comes not; she is still a patient watcher, and as she meditates in her dreamy solitude, a bright hope sometimes flashes across her. She believes the benediction of Heaven rests upon the trusting soul; she is not too weary to pray; she is not too forlorn to intercede for the erring one who is wandering in the paths of transgression; she is not so heart-stricken as to forget that He who causes us to pass through dark passages, can illumine the soul so that light may come out of gloom; and while she thus pleads, so intense has become her supplication, that she hears not the stealthy footstep that gently opens the door that stands ajar to welcome in the husband of her brighter days, and it is not till a kiss is impressed upon that aching brow, that she recognizes his approach.

The pleadings of friends, the power of remorse, the change of outward condition, the hand of poverty, and the cold look of neglect, all had been withstood, but the intense emotions which that wife's prayer had awakened could not be smothered; they burst through the fumes of liquor, the madness of sacrificing the last cent at the gaming-table, the jovial shouts of boon companions, the solitary return to the home he had forfeited, and a new impulse to return to himself came over his wasted nature. He made promises, he took pledges, he vowed a surrender of all that had cheated, blinded, and made of him a despicable slave of appetite, and his suffering wife only hoped—she dared not trust to such weakness—she only knew that all things were possible.

A large pile of hoods lay finished upon Mrs. Carnes's work-table—the boy delegated by the storekeeper to take them stood at the door, and thrust a note into Mrs. Carnes's hand. It ran thus:

"MRS. CARNES,—With the execution of this work I shall have no need of your future services. I understand that you are supplying the market with the articles you furnish me at a far less rate than I can sell them. A young lady boastingly exhibited to me last evening the purchase of a single one for two shillings less than is my wholesale price. I do not choose to employ those who undersell me for the sake of realizing the ready cash. The goods that you have taken from me have always been sold you at a small profit, in return. I had hoped a sense of honor would have prevented you from wishing to monopolize a trade for which I [illegible] securing 'a run,' thereby affording you employment that I am compelled from this time to withdraw. SEYMOUR & Co."

If Mrs. Carnes had not already been cheered by a hope that her husband would return to the ways of industry and temperance, to have had this last resource taken from her thus unexpectedly, she would have sunk beneath the shock; but we rarely find that the trusting heart becomes wholly despairing—some prop is left us—Heaven smiles in mercy, and we are sustained.

But what had she done? Was her honor rightfully impeached? Had she not a right to furnish these products of her labor to others? Nothing was ever said by which such restriction was laid upon her. She had accomplished more labor than was then called for—had she not a right to dispose of it? Mrs. Carnes did not understand the laws of trade as did her employer, and had he stipulated his terms in the beginning as now, she was the last person who would have transgressed any honorable principle. The boastful, miserly Lizzie had thus done a wrong to herself by withholding a fair price for her hood; then she had inflicted another upon the workwoman by holding up her trade as a precedent upon which they could be supplied, and last of all, she had unwittingly joked the very person who employed Mrs. Carnes upon her cheap purchase; this had so incensed him as to cause him to withhold further employment. We thus see the train of evils that a miserly spirit and a thoughtless demeanor inflicts upon its possessor.

Mrs. Carnes was thrown out of employment, and this made a fresh appeal to the stout frame of him who should have ever been her protector to keep his earnest resolves for amendment. Joseph Carnes went to work all the more readily that he so pitied the distress of his wife. The joy that his return to healthful activity awakened, cheered him yet more in his labors; he resisted temptation by keeping aloof from his old companions, and associating only with such mechanics as were industrious and frugal, so that the landlord who so harshly pleaded with Mrs. Carnes for a divorce, "really thought her husband would again make something of a man," and now they were doing so well he felt he must add a little drawback by nearly doubling his amount of rent. This, however, only opened the way for removal to a better tenement, the first quarter of which was cheerfully paid by Lizzie's friend who left the note upon the table; while, as a trifling compensation for the reckless manner in which she deprived Mrs. Carnes of her livelihood, Lizzie bestowed her new year's contribution upon Mrs. Carnes, adding, "if I did an evil, good has certainly resulted therefrom; for who knows but by my agency your husband is reclaimed?" Still her motive would not justify the act, and we still adhere to the sound old maxim, "we should never do evil for the good which may follow."

We frequently look in upon Mr. and Mrs. Carnes. He labors constantly, and her toil is unremitted still; she is profitably engaged upon nice needlework, and we really think those deep furrows are wearing out of her face, as with a tranquil look she assures me she believes she was never so happy before, only she rejoices with trembling.

A reclaimed husband! whose fire blazes so brightly, whose wife performs her task so lightly, whose prayers are so earnest that he may not be led into temptation! In that parlor there is a set of new furniture—it cost not half as much as the small diamond ring that adorns many a fair maiden's finger; yet no drawing-room that contains the choicest specimens of foreign fabric has such pleasing associations connected with it as the humble parlor of Joseph Carnes, who sits reading the parable of the prodigal son, while his wife quickens the pace of her needle that she may wipe the moisture from her eyes.

SUBTERRANEAN FISH.

Fish, notwithstanding they have the ocean all to themselves, are frequently found making subterranean explorations. In the low lands of the Mississippi valley, near the coast, there are "quaking prairies," where cattle are pastured, and where you may fancy yourself far inland, yet if you pierce anywhere through the turf to the depth of two feet, you will find sea-fish swimming about, which, through subterranean watery channels have made their way from the Gulf in search of food. We hear of eyeless fish in the dark recesses of the Mammoth Cave, which proves that they accommodate themselves to their circumstances—where eyes are useless they dispense with them! Fish have also been brought up from great depths through Artesian wells. At San Jose, Cal., fish were taken from an Artesian well, resembling bass, though very small. They probably come from subterranean lakes.—*Christian Freeman.*

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

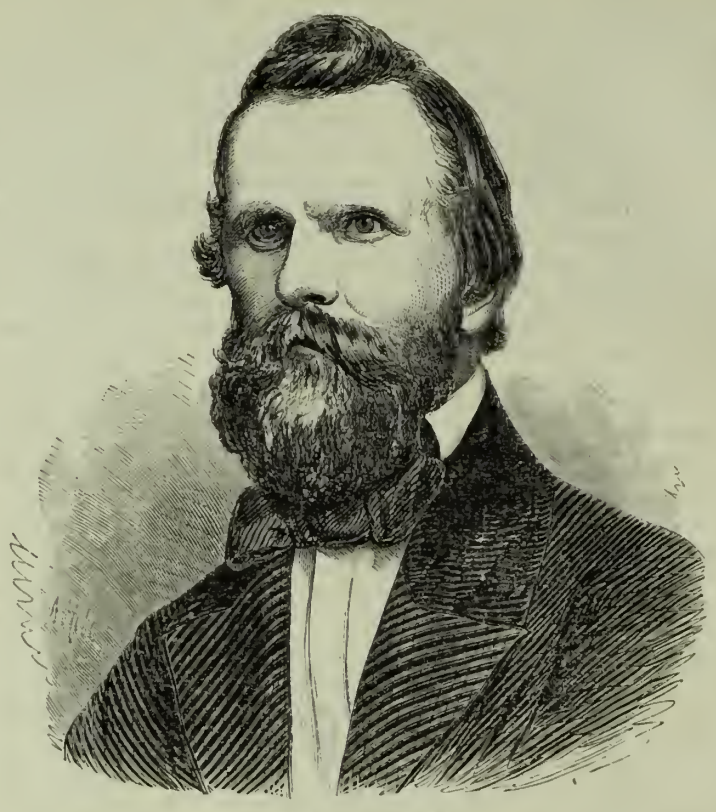
No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

HAMMATT BILLINGS.

The accompanying portrait of this eminent artist was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill, from a daguerreotype by Messrs. Whipple & Black, of this city. We have so often enriched our columns with the productions of Mr. Billings's pencil, that our subscribers will naturally feel gratified at the opportunity of forming an idea of his personal appearance. He has the true artist-look—and a stranger could hardly glance at his keen and penetrating eyes without deciding at once upon his profession. He has a highly intellectual head and expression. The "Pictorial" has contained some of his best and largest drawings—a fine specimen of which, the view of the National Capitol, adorns our present number. The "Battle of New Orleans," the "Deck of the Constitution," the "Battles of Chapultepec and Buena Vista," and the large sleighing scene, are felicitous examples of his versatility, grace and breadth of handling. For more than sixteen years Mr. Billings has exercised the profession of a designer, and during all that time his pencil has been in constant demand. For a portion of this period he was also engaged as an architect, and the church in Bedford Street, opposite the High School, so much admired for its exquisite simplicity, symmetry and proportion, is from one of his designs. As a designer on wood he is without a rival in this country, and only one English artist, Gilbert, can compare with him. We do not mean by this that there are not artists who cultivate specialities, who might not surpass Mr. Billings in their particular lines, such as heads, marine drawings, or architecture, but we know of no one who draws so many things so well. He is always at home, whatever be the subject on which he is called to exercise his pencil. He has illustrated a great many books, and always acceptably. He has studied nature and art in all their various manifestations, and is well versed in natural history, antiquities, history, the botany of various countries, in everything in short, which can be made of service in his profession. Perhaps his forte is in the drawing and grouping of the human figure. All his figures have a naturalness and correctness on whatever scale they are drawn, and whether combined in small or large groups, they are always effective. His purely ideal compositions show a delicate fancy that would raise him to the highest rank as an artist, if he chose to add color to drawing. Nothing can exceed the mingled precision and freedom of his drawings on the wood. The effect is always good, and there is just enough of detail to convey his idea perfectly to an engraver of taste and feeling. The facility with which Mr. Billings executes these beautiful works is truly remarkable. He will dash off a design in two or three hours, which would cost an ordinary draughtsman as many days' labor. He rarely, if ever, makes a sketch of his works on paper, but sits down to the prepared block and makes his drawing as rapidly and correctly as if he were tracing a design instead of originating it. He conceives his design so clearly and distinctly in his mind that he actually sees it in the wood before him. His wonderful clearness of conception is his distinguishing characteristic. His faculties have been so carefully trained that without the aid of lines and compasses, he can reduce a drawing to any scale by the aid of the eye alone. This facility, however, is the result, we suppose, of long practice, aided by natural aptitude. Mr. Billings's design for the colossal monument at Plymouth shows true genius.



HAMMATT BILLINGS.

PRIZE MEDAL OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

At the great Parisian "Exposition Universelle," just closed, two medals were awarded to the Hamilton Woolen Company, for printed de laines and cashmeres, and to the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, for tickings, denims, cotton flannels, drillings and sheetings manufactured by them. As the manufacture of de laines has hitherto been a French speciality, it is no little triumph for an American corporation to compete successfully in Paris with the printed fabrics of the country. The astonishment of the French manufacturers was very great when they learned that the American fabrics were sold at a less price per yard than it cost them to print their goods. We are indebted to Messrs. Gardner Brewer & Co., for the loan of these medals, from which the drawings were made for the engravings on this page. They are very beautifully executed. The face has a correct profile likeness of Napoleon III., while the obverse contains the imperial arms of France in the centre, surrounded by those of twenty nations, among which the American arms occupy a conspicuous and honorable position. The American exhibitors came off triumphantly at Paris as at London. It is true, that in the fine arts, and in purely ornamental works, they made but an insignificant figure—and this might have been expected. These arts are the result of centuries of luxury and civilization, and can only exist in perfection where the finest models are to be obtained. But in those branches of mechanics and manufactures which have utility for their basis, the United States took the lead, and more medals were awarded to American exhibitors, in proportion to their numbers, than to those of any other nation. Thus, both in France and in England, the true genius of our country has at last been manifested and recognized.



PRIZE MEDAL.



PRIZE MEDAL.

THE PLANTER'S HOME.

The southern scene shown in the accompanying engraving is from a design drawn for us by Mr. Hill from nature. The sketch was made in Alabama, and is so accurate that the owner of the estate will readily recognize the engraving, though, as the subject is a private residence, we do not feel at liberty to mention names. The house is pretty and unpretending—the piazza and galleries giving it an airy look suggestive of the "sunny South." The group of ebony farm-servants collected together with the baskets of cotton they have just brought in from the fields, serves to localize the scene. On the right is a group of saddle-horses which have borne some of the planter's friends on a visit to his hospitable mansion. There is no feature of southern life that more agreeably strikes a traveller, even if he be a foreigner and not particularly partial to our country, than the frankness and boundless hospitality of the southern country gentlemen and their families. Such a thing as coldness and reserve are utterly unknown there, and the name of stranger, instead of exciting suspicion and distrust, is a title to consideration and attention. No one can fully appreciate what "keeping open house" means, until he has travelled in the South. The wayfarer is never at loss for a shelter in any of the Southern States. In many of them, in the rural districts, such things as hotels and taverns are unknown. You find yourself a welcome guest wherever you may chance to draw rein, for southern hospitality embraces all men in its generous circle. The servants seem to share the disposition of their masters and mistresses, and vie with each other in ministering to the wants of the guests. And if such be the treatment of mere strangers—how delightful must be the tone of society among intimates and friends. In some favored regions of the old world we are saddened with the reflection that "all save the spirit of man is divine," but in our favored southern land we find that the sunshine of the skies has awakened a similar warmth and brightness in the hearts of its people. The hospitality to which we have referred above, is one of the results of that feeling of independence so universal among rural landholders. "The man who stands upon his own soil," says Edward Everett, "who feels by the laws of the land in which he lives—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation moves in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. The favorite tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadows. He still hears the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents are laid, and where he shall repose. These feelings flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart—life-springs of a fresh, healthy and generous character."



A SOUTHERN PLANTER'S HOME IN ALABAMA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

The contents of this favorite weekly paper—which is of the mammoth size—is *entirely original*. Its circulation far exceeds that of any other miscellaneous journal in the United States.

CONTENTS OF THIS WEEK'S NUMBER.

ELVIE, THE FOUNDLING: or, The Homicide of Hazlehurst. A Tale by MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.
THE ODALISQUE; or, The Carcanet of Pearls—A story by M. V. ST. LEON.
THE LOVER'S LEAP—A tale by MAURICE SILINOSBY.
LOVE AND PRIDE: or, The Bellows-Mender of Lyons. The original plot of Bulwer's celebrated Play of "The Lady of Lyons." Translated from the French, by WILLIAM C. FOSTER.
MOUSAN THE MISER—an Eastern story, by DR. J. V. C. SMITH.
THE MERCHANT'S APPRENTICE: or, No Salary the First Year. By SILVANUS COBB, JR.
Editorials, News, Poetry, Wit and Humor, and Miscellaneous Reading. Comprising *forty columns* of fresh and original matter.

For sale at all of the Periodical Depots for five cents per copy, or $2 per annum.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher.*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

FIGHTING BY MEASURE.—The usual place of resort for Dublin duellists was called the "Fifteen Acres." An Irish attorney, in penning a challenge, thought, most likely, that he was drawing a lease, and invited his antagonist to meet him at the "place called 'Fifteen Acres,' *be the same more or less.*"

CATS AND MEN.—We are informed by the Post, that some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and will hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is forgotten. We regard this as a libel on pussy, however.

EQUINE MORTALITY.—More than a thousand deaths above the average mortality, have occurred among the horses of New York, since January, owing to the hard travel in the streets. Peace to their *manes!* They must be decidedly horsetile to the city government.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.—This favorite of Boston has been winning a harvest of operatic laurels in New York; she deserves them well.

FOXY.—The Misses Fox are said to have realized a fortune by their spiritual rapping demonstrations.

SPLINTERS.

.... When the new English 23,000 ton steamer makes her first voyage safely, we will "tell it to the marines."

.... A French company is going into Lake Superior copper mining—putting their oars into our ores.

.... Tie a tight bandage round the leg above the knee and you will stop the cramp. *Ne quid melius.*

.... The affair of Col. Garland is still the talk at New Orleans. He came very near effecting his escape.

.... Peculation is becoming one of the most fashionable sins of the day—for fashion controls both crime and dress.

.... Braham, the singer, was named Abraham, and sunk the Jew by dropping the A.

.... The legislative council of Canada has authorized an act to allow money lenders any rate of interest.

.... Some rogues lately made an illegal entry at the U. S. custom-house at Apalachicola—but got no booty.

.... The army in the Crimea have subscribed more than $20,000 to the Nightingale fund—very liberal of them.

.... Last winter they had races on snow-shoes in Canada. We began to think snow-shoes were a "fixed fact."

.... Professor Morse has withdrawn his name from the list of projectors of the Transatlantic Telegraph Company.

.... The women's rights movement has reached England—the women having petitioned for a change of property laws.

.... The late Marshal Paskiewitch had received more military decorations than any other man in Europe.

.... Faustin I. uses the Napoleonic style. He says: "Haytiens! be calm! your emperor watches over you!"

.... A member of the British parliament lately "supposed they had read that popular romance, Macaulay's History."

.... Alexander Dumas's palace of Monte Christo is now occupied by a dashing and prodigal actress.

.... A lady or a man in woman's clothes on Long Island lately attempted to shoot a tax collector.

.... The first Christian Sikh clergyman has just been ordained in British India—Rev. Daoud Singh.

.... It is said that the lightning cannot injure a railroad train while there is a conductor on board.

.... Jenny Lind lately sung to an orchestral accompaniment of six hundred performers—a nice little band.

.... The English go to the opera to sleep, the French to talk, the Germans to dream, and Americans to listen.

.... Miss Bremer has been getting up another story. She will end by living in the garret, perhaps.

.... Women should never whistle, throw stones at cows, run foot-races, or climb garden fences.

LIFE INSURANCE.

Were a merchant to despatch a ship laden with a valuable cargo on a foreign voyage, without effecting an insurance on her freight, he would be regarded as ignorant of the first principles of business. Yet there are many chances in favor of the ship's arriving safely at her destined port. A shipwreck may or may not happen; and a merchant who has a fleet afloat may, without any challenge of his judgment, confide the safety of all to the doctrine of chance. But it is different with human lives. Death is the lot of all; and we know not at what hour the dread messenger will serve his summons. If, therefore, any means is presented by which men may guard those who are dependent on them from poverty and destitution, in the event of death, it would seem to be the bounden duty of all to embrace it. This means is afforded by the life insurance companies, and is one of the blessings of modern civilization.

The advantages offered by the insurance of lives address themselves to a large portion of the community, embracing not only those of humble means, but those who are comparatively in affluent circumstances. The poor man, by laying aside a small portion of his earnings—so small as not to be felt even—may, in the event of his death, secure to his industrious family an amount of property in ready cash, which he could not attain by any other method. More than this, the consciousness of having provided for those who are dearer to him than life, will give a vigor to his exertions, and an elasticity to his spirits, which will far more than offset any pecuniary exertion that the payment of the premium may exact.

But it is not only the poor who are favorably affected by this method of providing against the chances of death. Take the case of a young man embarked in business, whose family is in the enjoyment of every comfort, and who, for that very reason, would feel more severely a reverse of fortune than those born to poverty. Such a man would not assuredly miss the diversion from his capital of that portion of his income which would insure his life for a generous amount! In view of the acknowledged fact that not 97 per cent. of those embarked in mercantile affairs attain a competence, is it not incumbent on the merchant and trader to secure for his family a sum of money sufficient to place them above want, and which will be paid to them immediately, in the event of death, free from all delays and contingencies? Experience has proved that the commencement of a life insurance, is the commencement of a fortune; the moral influence exerted by the act stimulates the insurer to that amount of enlightened exertion which rarely fails to command success.

A life insurance, if beneficial to the friendless, is equally so to those who have friends willing to aid them in starting in life, but requiring that security for their advances which a life insurance policy affords. Pages might be written, and columns of facts adduced, to substantiate our position in logic and figures, but the theory and the practical effect of the system are thoroughly understood, as is shown by the number of insurance companies in existence in this country. Among those most deserving of confidence, is the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, of Pittsfield, Mass., of which Ex-Governor Briggs is president. This company has a guaranteed capital of $100,000, one half of which was paid in when they commenced operations, a board of officers and directors composed of the most reliable men, and is conducted on the mutual system. We have had occasion lately to examine the statistics of their operations, and have no hesitation in declaring our perfect confidence in the stability, fairness and promptness of the company. Their records afford satisfactory proof of what we have advanced, and we know of no office worthier of the attention of those who have made up their minds as to the propriety of insuring their lives. The Boston office is at No. 8 Webster Bank Building, and Frederick J. Foss is agent for Boston and vicinity.

HOLT'S PATENT HAND-STAMP.—We have been shown this exceedingly convenient machine, which is made of all sizes, for stamping business cards, seals, etc. It is portable and simple in its construction, and performs its work as neatly as a printing-press. It is self-inking, and will print two hundred impressions without renewing the ink. It is the best contrivance of the kind we have ever seen.

THE CROPS OF 1855.—The total value of the vegetable products, and of the animals raised in this country, during the last year, amounted to $2,707,000,000; and the next year, if Providence favors us, the yield will be largely increased. Well may farmers and graziers hold up their heads.

CONVERSATION.—The art of conversation—for it is an art—is not sufficiently cultivated in this country. Lively conversation triumphs over even deformity in the speaker. Curran said of the homely Madame de Stael, that she had the "power of talking herself into a beauty."

STEAM VERSUS MUSCLE.—The laborers on the wharves of our city are violently opposed to steam-machinery for discharging cargoes of vessels.

ISAAC C. PRAY.—This gentleman, well known as an editor and author, in Boston, is now prompter and actor at Laura Keene's "Varieties," in New York.

A WONDER.—The emperor of Austria is about to pardon political offenders of 1848. Can Austria be so generous?

CATTLE.—There are $8,000,000 worth of cattle in Indiana—so that every one can take a horn there.

UNITED STATES CAPITOL, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

We present, on pages 248 and 249 of the present number, the magnificent view of the Capitol at Washington, which we promised in our last issue, and we hesitate not to ask our readers whether it does not fulfil our pledges. It is from the pencil of Mr. Billings, and has that broad artistic effect which he knows so well how to impart to his designs. He has brought before us the capitol as it will appear when the new extensions are entirely completed—a noble structure, worthy in the purity of its material, white marble, the chasteness of its design and its grandeur, to be the seat of the legislature of this great republic. It was fitting that the capitol should grow with our growth, strengthen with our strength, and be enriched with our wealth.

Our magnificent picture, which framed and glazed, will be an ornament to any American drawing-room, conveys, of course, a clearer idea of the building, than any dry description can give. The extension of the capitol consists of two wing buildings placed at the north and south ends of the old structure, at the distance of forty-four feet from it, with connecting corridors. Each building is 142 feet 8 inches front from north to south, by 238 feet 10 inches deep from east to west, exclusive of the porticoes and steps. The corridors consist of passages from the centre building to the wings with outside colonnades, the entire width of each corridor being 56 feet 8 inches. The whole extent of the buildings from north to south will be 751 feet 4 inches; and the greatest width from east to west, 324 feet—the area of ground covered being more than three and a half acres. A very conspicuous feature in the picture is the great dome which adds so much to the effect of the pile of architecture. This is of iron and is quite a triumph of art. The architect of the capitol is Thomas U. Walter, who has given proof of the highest ability in the execution of his work.

ENGLISH FOGS.—The fogs of England have at all times been the complaint of foreigners. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, when some one who was going to Spain waited on him to know if he had any commands, replied: "Only my compliments to the sun, whom I have not seen since I came to England." Carracioli, the Neapolitan minister, used to say the only ripe fruit he had ever seen in England was roasted apples, and he told George II. he preferred the moon of Naples to the sun of England.

GRAND EXHIBITION.—The exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association to be held in Faneuil and Quincy Halls, from the 10th to the 27th of September in the coming autumn, bids fair, from present appearances, to eclipse all the preceding exhibitions.

BUSINESS.—The spring business has opened with great activity—the stagnation caused by the severity of the past winter having given place to redoubled energy and enterprise, now that the channels of intercommunication are re-opened.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Dr. William H. M. Howard to Mrs. Jane Waterford, both of Bradford, Vt.; by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. William Alexander Norris to Mrs. Martha Gardner; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Knowles Sparrow to Miss Harriet E. Dodge; by Rev. Mr. Stickney, Mr. John Hammond to Mrs. Mary Ann Hickey; by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. Albert F. Hall to Miss Kate Baldwin: by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. Rufus Brown to Miss Elizabeth B. Burnham.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. Fox Dinsmore, of Bartlett, N. H., to Miss Maria Williams.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Anderson, Mr. George C. Dunning, of Charlestown, to Miss Eleanor McDonald.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Richard G. Tucker to Miss Hannah Griffith, of Marblehead.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Cravens, Mr. William H. Doe to Miss Pamelia Hanson.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. John P. Boyd to Miss Deborah Bowen.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Kimball, Mr. John Oldham, of Kingston, to Miss Margaret Bearce.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Faunce, Mr. John Gunn to Miss Jane P. Hays.—At Oakham, by Rev. Mr. Kimball, Mr. George Ash to Miss Martha S. Wilber.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. James Duly to Miss Cynthia Sargent.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Maltby Mr. Charles A. Mouroe to Miss Candis E. Palmer.

DEATHS.

In this city, Major Samuel Lynes, 68; Mr. Horace Kezar, 22; Miss Catherine C. Cullinan, 25; Mr. George Lovejoy, 57; Mrs. Sarah Todd, 22; Mrs. Eliza, widow of the late Mr. William Dehon; Miss Martha Harrison, 62; Mr. John V. Low, 66; Mrs. Mary Ann Farrell, 60; Miss Mary Talbot, 20; Mr. Edwin Strong, 24.—At Charlestown, Paul Willard, Esq., 65; Mr. Jacob Pearson, 65.—At Roxbury, Isaac Davis, Esq., 87; Mr. Reziah Robinson, 67; Mr. William N. Hudson, 53.—At Watertown, Mrs. Mary W. Derby, 53; Mrs. Harriet A., wife of Rev Samuel H. Riddel, 47.—At Medford, Mrs. Louisa H. Eells, 42.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Eunice Shepard, 60.—At Lexington, Mr. Edward Harris, 75.—At Salem, Mr. Samuel R. Blaisdell, 47; Mrs. Mary Andrews, 81; Mr. George Augustus Southward, 29; Mr. George Hodges, 56; Mrs. Hannah Stimpson, 44.—At Plymouth, Mr. Reuben Peterson, 74.—At Quincy, Mr. Zebadiah Williams, 83.—At Lynn, Widow Sarah Collins, 68; Mr. Nehemiah Hudson, 42.—At Newburyport, Miss Elizabeth S. Adams, 23.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Mary Rowley, 81.—At Woburn, Mr. Samuel Wilson, 36.—At East Walpole, Mr. Nathaniel Polleys, 70; Mrs. Hannah G. Ellis, 75.—At Fall River, Mr. Israel Smith, 84.—At Madrid, Me., Mr. Joel Pelton, a revolutionary pensioner, 103.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN ASPIRATION.

BY HEBBARD.

Lead on, lead on, O thought, nor pause
 Wherever thought can climb or bound,
There surely cannot be the cause
 Of half the ill that here is found;
Each wind that passes seems to sigh
 A requiem o'er some hope that's flown,
Each flower that blooms, speaks to my eye
 Of sweets less lasting than their own;
Then on, lead on, O weary thought,
 Up from this world exulting soar,
Till thou hast found the long, long sought,
 A realm where storms are known no more.

Speed on, speed on—"through endless space"—
 In this cold world, for thee, no more
Is found a fitting resting-place—
 That dream, poor, foolish thought, is o'er!
On—till in that bright land afar,
 Where false ones never enter in,
Where all the blood-washed spirits are,
 And those who've never dreamed of sin—
The idol of this heart you've met,
 Then, trembling in the holiest prayer,
O tell her how she's worshipped yet,
 And how I long to meet her there!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LADY'S VIGIL.

BY EVA MILFORD.

It was a raw, chilly, uncomfortable evening in November; the air had been all day filled with a cold mist, which, as night drew in, changed to a sullen, steady rain. Mrs. Lincoln stirred the soft coal fire, threw on another lump, and then going to the window, murmured: "I wonder why William don't come home." Just then the door leading from the kitchen opened, and a tidy-looking girl, putting in her head, addressed her mistress:

"Mrs. Lincoln, there is a beggar man and his boy in the kitchen; will you step out and see them?"

"Certainly," answered the kind lady, hastening out. "Not even a dog ought to be out to-night, much less ill-clad and ill-fed human beings."

Murmuring the latter part of this sentence to herself, Mrs. Lincoln entered her comfortable kitchen, and cast a compassionate but scrutinizing glance at the two beggars, who still stood near the door. Her quick eye soon discerned, in spite of the tattered and insufficient clothing, marks of refinement and embarrassment, which convinced her they were not of that class of *professional* and brazen beggars, for whom it is so hard to feel sympathy.

"Good evening; sit down by the fire, old man," said she, kindly. "You look quite wet and cold."

"Yes, ma'am," said the father; "my poor boy and I am indeed wet and cold, hungry and homeless, but till this moment we have never begged." And a tremor in the old man's voice put the stamp of truth upon what he had said.

"Well," answered the young lady, cheerily, "we can soon remedy some of these misfortunes; and I am very glad if this is your first experiment in asking help, that you gave me the opportunity of relieving you. Come, Hannah," continued she, "pile on more wood to the fire, and bring the cold meat and bread, and the pie which was cut at dinner-time. I see that you have made some tea; you can pour that out for the little boy and his father, and make some more for us."

Hannah bustled about, and in a short time had prepared a comfortable meal, to which she invited the old man to sit down, which, after a look of thanks to his kind hostess, he willingly did.

Just as Mrs. Lincoln was trying to frame a question which might lead the old man to speak of the causes which had so reduced him, the front door opened, then closed with a bang, and the sound of masculine footsteps was to be heard in the entry.

"Ah, 'tis William!" said the lady, moving towards the door opening from the kitchen to the hall; but before she reached it, it was thrown back, and the master of the house entered with a dripping umbrella in his hand.

"Here, Hannah," said he, "take this umbrella and put it in the sink, or carry it out in the woodhouse. Good evening, Mary," continued he, turning to his wife. "What are you doing out here? The parlor is unlighted, and you know I always like to see a lamp there when I come home."

"I know, dear," said the wife, gently, and not noticing his fretful and complaining tone. "I was just going to light the solar-lamp, when this poor man came in, and I was telling Hannah about some supper for him and his little boy."

"Beggars, eh?" said Mr. Lincoln, sharply, and turning to the old man, who had risen, and now stood with his head meekly bowed down. "Well, sit down, old man, and finish your supper, and then be off. I can't harbor tramps here over night!"

"Certainly, sir," answered the old man, promptly. "I will go as soon as this poor child is rested and warm; but it goes very hard, sir, to be called a beggar and a tramp, when until this evening I have never asked for crumb or shelter. But I will go."

"Wait until I speak to you again," said Mrs. Lincoln, softly, as she followed her husband to the parlor.

"Come, Mary," said the latter, crossly, as she entered, "if you are not too much taken up with that impudent old beggar out there, I wish you would come and give me some tea."

"Certainly, dear," answered Mary, sweetly, but very sadly.

She poured out the tea and handed it to her husband; then brought a pair of slippers, which had been warming by the fire, and placed them beside him, saying:

"Your boots look wet, William—will you not take them off? And here is your dressing-gown by the fire."

"Thank you, Mary," said Mr. Lincoln, accepting the offered comforts, and speaking more kindly.

His wife waited a moment in hopes that he would make some remark which would lead to the subject of which her mind was full; but finding that her husband was relapsing into a gloomy reverie, she said, in an anxious and gentle voice:

"Those poor people in the kitchen, William—you will not turn them out in such a storm as it is to-night, will you? Hark to the dash of the rain!"

"Rain, or no rain, Mary," answered Mr. Lincoln, angrily, "I am not going to have my house laid open to a couple of thieves—yes, and marauders, and houseburners, for aught I know! I tell you, I wouldn't go to bed and leave them here for twenty dollars!"

"But William, dear," rejoined the wife, timidly, "if I should sit up all night in this room, with the kitchen door ajar, there could be no danger; and I am very willing to do that."

The husband stared a moment incredulously at his gentle wife, and then answered, impatiently:

"O, well, if you have set your heart upon their staying, I suppose nothing will make you easy but just that; so sit up, if you choose. But if you make yourself sick by it, don't ask me to pity you; and if they carry off any of your spoons and forks, don't ask me to buy more."

"Certainly, not, William; the consequences be upon my own head," returned the wife, quite relieved at being allowed to sit up.

Perceiving that her husband had finished his tea, Mrs. Lincoln rose, and going into the kitchen, found the old man standing by the door with his tattered hat in his hand, apparently merely waiting to thank his hostess before leaving the house.

"Stop!—will you tell me what to call you?" said Mary, with a sweet smile. "It is rather awkward not to know the name of the person to whom you are talking."

"My name, kind lady, is Ackerman—Henry Ackerman. I left Germany with my father and mother many years ago, and since then I have been trying to make room for myself in this great country, where we were told work was so plenty and well paid, and food so cheap, that any one who would use his hands might have enough and to spare. I was brought up a clockmaker, and for some time I got enough to do at that to support my wife and this boy, who is the only child God gave us. But then my wife got a bad fever, and no one but me to nurse her, and after many weeks the good God took her to himself, where she will never be cold or hungry—"

The old man's voice was lost in sobs, and his sympathizing auditor wept silently. In a few moments, however, he resumed:

"The day my Trudchen was buried, I took to my bed and was sick for weeks; so long that all my little savings were gone, and I should have died of want had not a kind neighbor helped me—and she a widow, too. Then when I got better I was so anxious to work and get money to pay poor Grettel, that I was thrown back and had another fever worse than the first. When I got well at last, they did not want me at the place where I had worked last; and for five years I have been going about getting little jobs here and there till a week ago, when I was forced to sell my tools to keep from starving, and for two days and nights before I entered this house we had been without food. Heaven will reward you, kind lady, for the goodness you have shown to me; and the poor beggar man will never pray to the Father of both rich and poor without calling down blessings on your head!"

With these words the old man was about to open the door, when Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed, in tremulous terms:

"Stop, Mr. Ackerman, you must not leave us to-night! My husband has changed his mind, and desired me to tell you that you was quite welcome to a bed on the floor here in the kitchen, if you would like it."

The beggar hesitated. It was easy to perceive that his first strong impulse was to decline; but gazing a moment at the pale and exhausted face of the boy, who had stood motionless by his father's side during this conversation, he replied:

"For poor Franz's sake, dear lady, I will accept your husband's offer, for I do not dare expose the poor child to what I would not mind for myself."

Mrs. Lincoln gave some directions to Hannah for the old man's lodging, and then returning to the parlor, lay down upon the sofa; and telling her husband gaily that she was going to take a nap to prepare for watching, she requested him to wake her when he was going to bed. Mr. Lincoln gruffly assented without looking up from his newspaper, and in five minutes the young woman, lulled by a clear conscience and the sweet consciousness of well-doing, was sound asleep. About eleven she was awakened by her husband's voice, and springing up, she exclaimed:

"Well, dear, are you going to bed?"

"Yes, and I think you had better come, too. Go and call Hannah, and let her sit up the rest of the night; or else turn out the gaberlunzies, and let them finish their nap on the piazza!"

"William! How can you, dear husband, so wrong your own kind heart as to talk so?"

Mr. Lincoln left the room without speaking, and his wife, opening the kitchen door softly, listened for a moment until she perceived by the low, steady breathing that both her guests were sound asleep. Then leaving the door ajar, she drew her low chair near the grate, and taking a book, prepared to spend the night as pleasantly as circumstances would allow.

Hour after hour passed slowly on. At three, Mrs. Lincoln laid down her book and took her sewing. This occupied her for another hour; then she began to walk the room, quietly listening at intervals to the low breathing in the next room; then she looked from the window into the dark night, until at last as day began to dawn, she sat down by the fire and began to *think*. She heard the little mantel-clock ring out half-past five, and then her thoughts began to grow very hazy and vague, until at last they changed to dreams. Her light and uneasy slumber was however dissipated by the tinkling of the little clock as it struck six, and starting up with the feeling of a sentinel found asleep at his post, she went to the door and listened. She heard no longer the low breathing, and after listening a moment, she opened the door and looked out. The room was empty, and the bolt of the outer door drawn back. Turning into the parlor again, her eye was caught by a slip of paper laid conspicuously upon her work-box; taking it up, she read, in a clear, good hand, "'The blessing of those ready to perish' rest upon your head, lady, now and forever!"

Mrs. Lincoln still stood looking at the sentence and thinking of the writer, when the door was opened, and her husband entering quickly came up to her, and folding his arms about her, kissed her more than once, exclaiming, as he did so:

"O, Mary, forgive me, if you can! I know I am a brute, and you are an angel, and I don't deserve you at all! How like a fiend I behaved to you and those poor people last night! But the truth is, I heard very bad news yesterday of the stock in which I have invested almost everything we have; and one of my clerks was very impudent, and I dismissed him, although I shall never be able to get another to suit me as well, and so altogether—you know, little wife, just how savage I felt—"

Mary's arms were around her husband's neck, and a soft impediment stopped all further confessions; for no good wife likes to hear her husband humiliate himself, even though what he says may be strictly true. * * * * *

It was again a chill, wet November evening, when Mrs. Lincoln drew aside the curtain and glanced wistfully from the window; but over the fair, sweet face and girlish figure which we first saw peeped out into the night, have passed the storms and trials of twenty years—yes, twenty years of toil, and suffering, and widowhood; and few could have recognized in the pale, calm face closely folded in the widow's cap, the fair, delicate, rosy features of the young wife of twenty years ago.

"It is surely time," sighed the widow, glancing at the plain wooden clock, which stood in the place occupied by the gay *pendule* in her home of long ago.

As the watcher turned again to the window, the rattle of heavy wheels was heard, and in a moment a stagecoach drew up before the garden gate of the widow's humble home. The driver jumped down and opened the door, when out sprang a tall, handsome young man, who immediately turned to offer his hand to a slender, elegant looking girl, whose cheeks and eyes seemed to indicate that the attention was not unwelcome. But her mother stood at the door, and with one hasty pressure of the hand, and whispered "To-morrow," the fair girl left him to re-enter the coach at his leisure, while she flew up the little path and was clasped to her mother's heart.

"Who was that young gentleman who helped you out of the coach, my darling?" said the mother, some hours afterward. "I noticed that you shook hands with you."

"Wait one moment, dear mama." And the happy girl danced away to her little trunk, which was still standing by the door, where the driver had placed it. After searching for a moment, Alice pulled out a letter, and placing it in her mother's hand, ran up stairs, as she said, to see if her chamber "looked natural."

Mrs. Lincoln with some surprise opened the letter and read:

"Do you remember, Mrs. Lincoln, a wet, cold night, now twenty years ago, how kindly and sweetly you extended the hand of charity to a starving man and his starving child?—how you fed and warmed them, and then, rather than that they should be thrust forth into the pitiless night, you spent a long weary night in solitary watching. That man was my father; that boy, myself.

"I was then, to be sure, very young—but eight years old, indeed—yet every circumstance of that evening remains indelibly fixed in my mind. Nor could I have well forgotten them, if my own memory had proved less strong; for during the few remaining years of my father's life, he never failed to mingle your name with those of his best loved ones, in his morning and evening prayer. After that evening we continued poor—very poor; but we never begged again. My father sought and found employment as a day laborer, and by privation and labor he earned the bread we ate; or, when he was unable to do this, we could do without—he never begged again.

"After his death, I was taken into the family of Mr. Richard Morley, who is, as perhaps you know, the partner of your brother. Mr. and Mrs. Morley had no children; and after a little while they formally adopted me, and have ever been to me as true and kind as the parents whom I have lost could have been. I was sent to school, and then taken into the counting-room of Morley & Gray, where I still am, with hopes of soon becoming a junior member of the firm. There is naturally an intimacy between the families of your brother and his partner, and this happy circumstance was the means of my introduction to your sweet Alice—may I not say, *my* sweet Alice, for the dear girl has already confessed that I am dear to her. From what she has told me of your former house, and of you, dear madam, I am sure that I am addressing that benefactress for whom my evening prayers were taught to ascend—to be called your son will be only second in the scale of happiness to the title of Alice's husband.

"To-morrow, dear mother—forgive me, if I am premature, but the heart gushing with joy is not easily restrained—to-morrow I will call upon you and deliver a letter from your brother, containing, as he informed me, every argument which he could use in my favor; but I could not resist telling you first of this secret link between us, which is a secret to all the world beside, excepting our gentle Alice.

"I remain yours, with the profoundest gratitude and esteem,

"FRANZ ACKERMAN MORLEY."

What need to add more! Who that has loved, loves, or hopes to love, but foresees that the offer of Franz was warmly accepted by Alice's mother?—that they were soon married, and that Mrs. Lincoln took up her abode with them?

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The French minister at Washington, M. De Sartiges, has withdrawn almost entirely from society, because ladies object to his smoking at their receptions! —— A few Sundays ago, at Boonsborough, Md., a clergyman informed all his congregation who had been engaged in dancing, that they could consider themselves dismissed from church privileges, and also from the Sabbath school. —— It has been ascertained, that in ten of the oldest States of the Union, there is on deposit upwards of $40,000,000 of surplus earnings of Irish labor. —— In the west of Scotland, Mr. John Ferguson, of Cairnbrook, near Irvine, lately died, leaving £1,250,000 to be employed, with the exception of a few thousands to his relatives and friends, and some other few to the local charities of Irvine, in promoting education and religion over the western countries. —— Slow poisoning has been prevalent lately in Europe. It has existed in this country for years—ever since air-tight school-rooms were invented. —— The city of Jeddo, in Japan, where 100,000 houses and 30,000 lives have been destroyed by an earthquake, is the residence of the military emperor, has a population of 1,500,000, and is the seat of learning in the empire. Its imperial library contains 150,000 volumes. —— Time conquers all except jokes—jokes are immortal. Capital or shocking, they survive the most studied speeches of orators, the profoundest of statesmen. —— A young chemist of Cuba, named Peyronnet, has discovered a process of making wine from the juices of the orange and pineapple, as delightful in flavor and equal in quality as champagne. He has already made contracts for a large exportation of this article to Europe. —— Campbell says that the word "daisy," is a thousand times pronounced without adverting to the beauty of its etymology—the eye of day. —— Contemporaneous with the breaking up of the Fourierite establishment, the "North American Phalanx," we have intelligence of the dissolution of the socialist colony, of Berne, Switzerland, founded by Burke the socialist. The trial has been sufficient to prove the worthlessness of the social system. —— The Virginia legislature has appropriated the sum of $10,000 to the monument in Independence Square, Philadelphia. —— The Newark Daily Advertiser states that the prospects in New Jersey of a large yield of fruit, were never better than at the present time. The buds are generally uninjured, and the lingering cold weather will prevent them swelling until the season is too far advanced to have them suffer from high winds or frosts. —— A repentant individual has returned to the Etna Insurance Company, of Hartford, $2750 which he obtained from it by means of a fraudulent claim some ten years ago. —— A meeting was recently held at Cincinnati, to take into consideration the propriety of establishing a mortuary near that city, where bodies of deceased persons could be deposited until they manifested unmistakable signs of death—thus preventing the possibility of interment before death. —— Hon. William Parmalee, mayor of Albany, died lately at that place. The deceased was a lawyer by profession, and had filled the office of judge for several years. —— The cholera continues to prevail in the island of Porto Rico; the villages of Camuy and Quebradillas had been desolated by the disease, and it had likewise crept into the town of Aguadrilla, in spite of all precautionary measures. —— The Kentucky legislature, which recently adjourned, previously passed a law making all the cities and towns of the State responsible to the owners of property destroyed by mobs. —— In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles. —— As a leap year party, consisting of nine couples, were crossing the river, lately, from Rushville to Beardstown, Illinois, in a sleigh, the sleigh sunk near the centre of the river, and all were lost.

A HARD WORKER.—There is a certain down east editor, who is not only his own compositor, pressman and d—l, but keeps a tavern, is village schoolmaster, captain in the militia, mends his own boots and shoes, makes patent pills, peddles essence and tin ware two days in the week, and always reads sermons on the Sabbath when the minister happens to be missing. In addition to this, he has a wife and sixteen children.

LIEUT. HUNTER.—Lieut. Charles G. Hunter, so well known for his "Alvarado" affair, died lately in the hospital at New York of a disease contracted during the Mexican war. He had the honor of the navy at heart, though his bravery was marred by rashness and impetuosity. He leaves a wife and daughter, now residing in Spain. His last moments were soothed, and the last sad honors paid to his remains, by Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian.

GENERAL UTILITY.—A western editor advertises for a good practical printer, who would take charge of the mechanical department of a printing office, read proof, make selections, scribble a paragraph when necessary, rock the cradle, hoe the corn, dig potatoes, take care of the cow and horse, and drive the gals to meeting and singing-school—compensation small, and partly paid in worn-out typo.

ROSATI.—This is the name of a famous French dancer, who is winning as many laurels at Paris as Fanny Ellsler did. Her *grand pas* (grand step) turns the heads of all the amateurs. An American friend of ours writes:

> "I love my own relations, yet I'd rather
> See her *grand pas* than see my own grandfather."

A FRENCHMAN'S NOTION.—A Frenchman in England said the reason why there were more tories than whigs there, was "dat in all de young schools in de environs dey profess to be school for *prepare-a-tory*; not von can I see for *prepare-a-whig!*".

Wayside Gatherings.

The Legislature of Virginia has passed bills creating four new counties, to be severally called Wise, Calhoun, Roane and Tucker.

A man has been walking for a wager in New Orleans. He walked 388 half miles in 388 half hours, on a bet of $1500.

The Virginia Senate has passed the bill accepting of Lewis W. Washington the grant of the birthplace of George Washington.

Under the provisions of the new revenue law of Tennessee, a year tax of ten cents is to be levied on every hundred dollars' worth of real and personal estate.

John Stowell of Shutesbury raised a common garden cabbage the past season, which weighed thirty-five pounds when trimmed ready for boiling.

The superintendent of the Reform School at Westboro' states that no more boys can be received at that institution for the present, it being now overrun by the disobedient juveniles of the State.

It is stated that Hon. J. G. Palfrey will soon sail for England, to prosecute researches among original papers there, for matters connected with his "History of New England."

A giant negro, worth $1500, was shot dead in the cars, near Charleston, S. C., the other day, by the accidental discharge of a pistol which his drunken master was playfully pointing at him.

The fine old ship William Fane, which nearly a century ago bore General Wolfe to the conquest of Quebec, is now lying in the dry docks at Newport, Eng., to undergo a few slight repairs.

The report of the engineer who made the preliminary survey for a railroad from Sacramento to Benecia, has just been published. The distance is 90 miles, and it is estimated that the road can be constructed for $3,000,000.

An old man in New York, named John McCayhen, got up in the night and stabbed himself, saying he was tired of life. Another named Holland, at Delhi, Ia., cut a hole in the ice just large enough to get in, and crawled through to his death.

The "Presbyterian" claims for the late Rev. Dr. Alexander the first idea of a religious newspaper. At his recommendation, John W. Scott started the Christian Remembrancer, forty-five years ago, Dr. Alexander having written the prospectus for it.

The mail for California from Utah, in January last, was carried over the Sierra Nevada mountains by a Norwegian, who footed it on snow shoes seven feet long and four inches wide, in the form of skates, and shoved himself along with a pole.

It is estimated that 8,000,000 feet of lumber have been cut on Wolf River, Wisconsin, and its tributaries, during the past winter. Nearly all this lumber is taken to a place called Oshkosh, where its value is about $8 per 1000 feet.

The Galveston News says it appears to be pretty well ascertained now, that the late severe weather has killed the lemon trees down to the roots, and also many of the orange trees, though some of the latter do not appear to be much injured.

M. Yvon, the painter, the author of a well-known picture representing the scene of the retreat of Marshal Ney from Russia, has been commissioned by the French Minister of State to go to the Crimea, to make studies for a grand picture of the taking of the Malakoff.

Mr. Dallas, the new American minister to London (says the Liverpool Chronicle) is of Irish descent, his father having been an Irishman who emigrated early in life to America. Sir George and Sir Robert Dallas, and Miss Dallas, who married Captain Byron, R. N., were also related to the diplomatist's ancestors.

A terrible earthquake occurred in Japan on the 11th of November, 1855, at 10 o'clock, P. M., which destroyed 100,000 dwellings 54 temples and 30,000 inhabitants. A fire broke out at the same time in thirty different places in the city. The earth opened and closed over thousands of buildings with their occupants. The shock was severe at Simoda.

There are in New York city 9000 Welsh Presbyterians. They have for their pastor Rev. William Roberts, whom they have called from the pastorate of an English church near Liverpool—a church that formerly belonged to the Countess of Huntington's connection. The Allen Street church, where he now preaches, is crowded every Sabbath.

It appears from the Edinburgh Review, that the total number of immoral publications issued in Great Britain, is 20,000,000 annually, being more than all the publications of the different religious societies and the seventy religious magazines. The present circulation in London alone, of deeply immoral publications amounts to 4,000,000 weekly.

The New Bedford Express mentions the detection of a band of juvenile offenders, four in number, in that city, who have for some time busied themselves in purloining keys from the doors of stores, offices, etc., and by this means obtained access whenever opportunity occurred for pilfering. Their collection of keys amounted to about fifty.

A violent shock of an earthquake was felt in San Francisco on the morning of the 15th of February, 1856. The people were roused from their sleep, and hundreds frantically rushed into the street in their night-clothes. The shock lasted some twenty-five seconds, and was preceded by a rumbling sound like distant thunder. No material damage was done.

It is stated upon German authority, in the Pittsburg Dispatch, that since the Sunderbund war in Switzerland, the Catholic clergy and monks, fearful of losing the large property they held, have been converting it into cash, which they have from time to time sent to the United States to purchase land with. They have agents in this country to manage these lands, and get Catholic settlers for them.

The report that Mr. Robert Schuyler is living in some obscure village in Germany, is entirely without foundation. He died some months since at a small place near Nice. His family returned to this country in the steamship Arago, and now reside in New York. Upon the receipt of the intelligence of his death, his son-in-law went to Italy for the purpose of bringing home the family, and they all returned as stated above.

A lady, the daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Blackwell, of Bristol, has just completed her medical studies in Paris, and obtained a diploma to practise as a physician. She has a sister who pursued her studies also in Paris, who is acting in a similar capacity in New York, under the title of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. Dr. Emily Blackwell's studies have been principally directed to the diseases of women and children.

The college in the United States having the largest proportion of pious students is Amherst, nearly two-thirds of whom belong to the church. The next highest number of pious students is found in Cumberland University, of whose 310 students, 150 are members of the church. In Madison University exactly one-half are professors of religion; in Williams College, of 225 students 115 are pious.

Foreign Items.

The formation of a new line of steamships to connect New York with Gibraltar, Malta and Trieste, is announced.

M. Alphonse de Rothschild has been received by the Sultan. He proposes, it is said, to establish a bank at Constantinople.

There were 395 petitions before parliament, signed by 38,048 persons, against opening public exhibitions, etc., on the Lord's day.

Mr. Carden, the Irish magistrate, who attempted to abduct Miss Arbuthnot, will be discharged from Clonmel jail in July, when his sentence expires.

The number of artists living in Dusseldorf is now three times as large as in any previous year. Among them are many Americans, and sixty representatives from Sweden, Norway and Denmark.

During the year 1855, the total number of bathers at twelve of the bath and wash-houses established in London for the laboring classes, was 1,140,748, and of washers, 319,501, with the linen of upwards of 1,287,000 persons. The total receipts were £22,335.

Three thousand Russians are employed day and night in constructing a triple row of piles right across the Gulf of Finland, twelve miles across, and six from Cronstadt, with few openings, behind which is a steam fleet of 18 ships, 14 corvettes, and 70 gun boats.

The destruction of Fort Nicholas has been added to that of the once famous docks; and all that now remains of the renowned Russian defence on the south side of Sebastopol is a shapeless heap of ruins. As an engineering operation, the success of this mighty explosion of upwards of 100,000 pounds of powder was complete, not one stone being left upon another to define the nature or the form of the building destroyed.

Sands of Gold.

.... It is as wise to moderate our belief as our desires.—*Landor.*

.... Disgrace is a bad bird no cage can hold.—*Eastern Saying.*

.... Interest is the end of self-love—generosity is sacrificed to it.—*Vauvernargues.*

.... Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—*Bacon.*

.... Learning hath gained most by those books by which printers have lost.—*Thomas Fuller.*

.... There are proud men of so much delicacy that it almost conceals their pride, and perfectly excuses it.—*Landor.*

.... The honest man will rather be the grave to his neighbor's errors, than in any way expose them.—*Owen Felltham.*

.... Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness.—*Dr. Johnson.*

.... Whenever we find a man who enjoys a wide popularity, we may be assured, however bad his reputation may be, that he has some good qualities in an eminent degree.—*Lord North.*

.... Men may be negligent in their handwriting, for men may be in a hurry about the business of life; but I never knew either a sensible woman or an estimable one whose writing was disorderly. —*Landor.*

.... Imposture is the want of truth; falsehood, a natural imposture; dissimulation, a reflected imposture; knavery, an imposture which intends harm, duplicity, an impostnre with two faces. —*Vauvernargues.*

.... He that can only converse upon questions about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Joker's Budget.

The attempt to make omelets out of "egg coal" has been abandoned.

Who was the first black man mentioned in the Bible? Nicodemus (Nigger Demus).

What sort of a drum is that which is best when it cannot be beaten? Why, a conun-*drum*, of course.

A wag, on hearing that a man had given up chimney-sweeping, expressed surprise, as he thought the business *sooted* him.

If you wish to have plenty of room in a railroad car, you have only to eat fried onions for dinner. Our word for it you wont be crowded after such a repast.

Sydney Smith said that a certain person was so fond of contradiction, that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night, and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

A man had a sign up, "Cheap Ladies' Shoes for sale here." He found that not a woman entered his store. No wonder; the ladies don't like to be called cheap—they want to be called *dear.*

"I declare, Mr. Goldthumb, you have read everything."—"Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunk-maker, it would be to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country!"

At Gibraltar, there was a great scarcity of water. An Irish officer said, "he was easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all that he wanted."

Love is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think, rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure of love will content her; whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber,	one year	$2 00
4 subscribers,	" "	7 00
10 "	" "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

THE CAMEL AND HIS DRIVER.

This fine picture is thoronghly oriental in its character. The atmosphere of the desert is around ns as we gaze upon it. We behold the ocean of sand extending far as the eye can reach, nntil its hazy confines blend with the stooping sky. On the left, an Arab, eating his frugal meal, is offering a portion of it to the nngainly animal that is at once his friend, his ship, his wealth and his subsistence. A miscellaneous load is strapped on the back of this patient beast of burthen—baggage, forage, the gun and equipments of the owner, a hamper of live fowls, clothing and hedding —the whole worldly wealth, perhaps, of the nomadic Bedoween. The skeleton of a camel lying on the sand, and the presence of a bird of prey perching on a hillock, suggest some of the easualties of a desert pilgrimage. The open mouth of the camel displays one of the peculiarities of this animal—the only ruminant one which has cutting teeth in the upper jaw. The Rev. Mr. Pollen, who has furnished some interesting particulars with regard to these animals, says:—"While being laden, they testify their dislike to any packet which looks unsatisfactory in point of size or weight as it is carried past them, although when it is once on their hacks they continue to bear it with the patient expression of countenance which, I fear, passes for more than it is worth. All camels are loaded kneeling, and can go from twenty-four to sixty hours without rest, or more than a few mouthfuls of food which they can crop off a thorny bush as they pass, or a handful of barley given them by their master. Parts of the desert are strewn with small drab-colored plants, thorny and otherwise, which the camels contrive to crop as they walk, jerking the rider not a little. They are very sparing of drinking. I have taken camels for eleven or twelve days without a drop of water. All of them did not drink even when we came to water, nor did any drink a large quantity, or seem distnrbed by the want of it, although the sun was very powerful, and we travelled twelve or thirteen hours daily. At first they are difficult to ride. The rider mounts while the animal is kneeling, and sits like a lady, with the right leg round the fore pummel of the saddle. In rising, the camel suddenly straightens its hind legs before moving either of the fore legs, so that if the rider is unprepared, he will be jerked over its ears. It moves the legs of each side alternately, occasioning a long undulating motion, which sways the rider to and fro from the loins. The motion, however, is soon learned, and when fatigued the rider can change sides, or shift his posture in various ways. Sometimes a traveller places his whole family, wife and children, in one pannier, fastened to the saddle, puts himself in another pannier fastened on the opposite side, and then falls in with a caravan and accompanies it. Dromedaries—the finer and better bred camels—have sparer frames and more endurance, and are principally led by the Bedouins of the desert. They object either to going up or down a hill. They are fond of kneeling at night just behind the ring of Arabs who squat round the fire, and they stretch their heads over their masters' shoulders to snuff up the heat and smoke, which seems to content them vastly. Between Cairo and Suez, I saw more than one camel dead or dying. They seem very tenacious of life, as they remain unable to rise from a broken limb, or other cause, for very many days. I more than once wished to go up and shoot the poor creatnres to put them out of their misery, but the Arabs have superstitious notions on this point, and would not suffer it. I did once find a camel that had been stabbed by its master, and once only. The poor beast had been exhausted, and the long, broad dagger struck into his heart. It mnst have been a very short time before I reached the spot, as the blood was almost fresh. The camels at Grand Cairo are remarkably large and powerful, and my informant told me they are very *proud*, and will only eat their food from their master's hand, preferring to starve rather than receive it from any other sonrce." It is evidently one of these prond Cairo camels that the artist has deliueated in the engraving before us. The foot of the camel is admirably adapted for walking on the loose sand, being composed o large elastic pads, which spread as the foot is placed on the ground. To gnard it when it kneels down to be loaded, the parts of its body on which its weight rests are defended by thick callositics. The largest of these callositics is on the chest, the others are placed on the joints of the legs. The Bactrian camel inhabits Central Asia, Thibet and China. It is distinguished from the Arabian camel by possessing two humps. To the Arabs, the camel is an inestimable gift. Their strength and fleetuess is extraordinary. Those used for speed alone are capable of travelling from sixty to ninety miles a day. Small camels can carry from six hundred to eight hundred pounds weight, and large ones from one thousand to one thousand two hundred pounds for thirty to thirty-five miles a-day.



THE CAMEL OF THE DESERT AND HIS DRIVER.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1856. | $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X., No. 17.—WHOLE No. 251.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

The fine engraving on this page is from a drawing made for our paper by Mr. Champney, and shows the recent addition to the State House, as seen from Mt. Vernon Street. The structure has been superintended hy two boards of commissioners, the first being Hon. Charles H. Warren, Samuel K. Hutchinson and Adam W. Thaxter, Jr., Esqs., the second and present committee being Messrs. Joseph W. Richards, S. K. Hutchinson and George M. Thatcher. G. J. F. Bryant, Esq., of this city, was the architect employed by these committees. It will be observed that the new building corresponds in style with the old portion of the State House, so that when the old and new structures are embraced in one view, no want of harmony is perceptible. The cellar story is divided into three rooms and two corridors, the latter being provided with stone steps to reach the corridor of the story above, located eighteen inches above the level of Mt. Vernon Street. The main body of the cellar is appropriated to the heating apparatus—the "hot water apparatus" of J. J. Walworth & Co., of this city. The walls of this story are of stone outside and brick inside. The basement story is appropriated to the State Board of Agriculture. The passages and stairs are used as thoroughfares, and connect directly with the main corridor to the Doric Hall. The second story is on a level with the Doric Hall. The library room, occupying the entire space of the central body of the enlargement, will form the subject of a separate picture in a future number of the PICTORIAL. The entire addition is fireproof. The floors are formed by groined arches, supported hy piers in the first story, and in the other stories by iron columns, iron beams, ties and skewbacks. The partitions are all of brick, having iron doors hung to iron frames for communication with the rooms, and wooden fly-doors outside of them, for general convenience. The floorings are all covered with brick paving, with an additional covering of hard pine boards. The exterior walls are built with an interior air space, and each wall, ceiling, pier and partition is covered with three coats of plaster laid directly on the brick work. Each window has its exterior and interior finish of iron, with outside shutters to the area windows, and inside iron shutters to the remaining windows. The sashes and frames of the windows, and the stairs, floors and ceilings of the corridors, are also of iron. All the roofs, the exterior finish, including gutters, cornices, belts, pilasters, capitals and bases, are likewise of iron. The ceiling is supported hy the roof iron trusses; and the walls, roofs and finish are all painted, inside and out with not less than three, and in many cases, six coats of paint. The amount appropriated for the enlargement, was $219,000. The State House, taken in its full extent, is now an imposing pile of building, while its serial developments have typified the progress of the commonwealth.



THE NEW ADDITION TO THE BOSTON STATE HOUSE

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHITE HAND:

—OR,—

THE NATCHEZ' CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF LOUISIANA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

The old chief took the youth's hand, and having gazed into his face a few moments, he said:

"White Hand, you once gave me an oath, but from all oaths you have ever given me I now absolve you. Coqualla has told me all. She has told me how true you are in heart, and how yet you long for the home of your childhood. I do not think your father has fallen in this general massacre, for his place is strong, and the red men owe him no grudge. Yet he may have fallen with the rest. If he has, you may sometime find opportunity to reach your native land. But you are under no oath now. Of what has now happened I will not speak, only to say that you cannot see nor understand all that has led us to this fearful work. You cannot know the wrongs we have suffered, nor the wrongs with which we were threatened. The red men from the far east have been here, and they have told us how the white men of England used them there. Those mighty tribes which once dwelt in peace upon the great shores of the Atlantic are now but beggars in the land which is by right their heritage. Every coming sun shines upon a new grave of the red man, and every moon finds them driven further away from the holy places which their fond memory clings to with all the love of a child to its parent. Ay—some of those once mighty tribes are known no more; they are swept away entirely by the plague march of the white man. And mark me—those tribes which have most readily accepted the false, hollow friendship of the invader, have the most surely faded away into the shadows of death and oblivion.

"So shall it be here. The story of the white man's rule is everywhere the same. Where a tribe, or a people, have made peace and accepted the friendship of the French, they have become weak and puny. Their blood is tainted at its very source, and their race is passing away. Licentiousness is not among the least of the evils which work to this end. White Hand, I have a strange love for thee, but I hate thy people. And that thy father almost hates them too, has drawn my heart towards him. But we could not see our people being gradually swept away, and our homes torn from us, without striking this blow. Yet Stung Serpent has fallen. The bullet of the white man has found his life. But he dies content. The white man has fallen too."

The old chieftain sank back exhausted as he ceased speaking, and for some moments he remained with his eyes closed. When he opened them again, White Hand spoke.

"My father," he said, "ere the hand of death has done its work upon thee, wilt thou not tell me why I was taken from my father's house? Surely you cannot object to tell me all now?"

"No, my child,—I have no objections, for I never promised not to tell. And when I sent for thee now, I meant to tell thee all. Hand me that cup."

The youth reached out to the low stool near the bed, where stood a cup of wine, and having taken it up, he handed it to the dying man. Stung Serpent drank some of the wine, and having returned the cup, he said:

"Listen, White Hand, for you shall now know all, and you shall then know how much you are indebted to the white man whom you thought your friend for the captivity you have suffered. Do you remember when your father met me in the woods near his dwelling?"

"Yes," returned White Hand, bending over with eager interest.

"Well, I had then been to see Simon Lobois. By some means he learned that I was down the river, and he sent for me. He had heard that I was a savage chieftain, and a lover of gold. I met him in the woods, and he proposed to me that I should seize St. Julien's son and slay him, and for this he offered to pay me a hundred pieces of gold. But I spurned the offer, and left him. I came home, and told my brother what Lobois had said to me, and he pondered upon the subject in a new light. You know the Natchez often send messengers to the Great Spirit, and the Great Sun had wished to send a white messenger to the white man's God, even as we told you when you first came here. At length I fell in with his views, and I knew of no one whose spirit would be surer of admission to your God than the spirit of Louis St. Julien, for I knew him to be a good youth. So I returned to your father's house and saw Lobois again, and he told me he had hired a party of Chickasaws to kill you, but that you and your companion had killed them all—six of them. I then offered to do what he wished. But this time his wants had received an addition. He not only wanted the son killed, but he wanted the daughter captured and carried off towards New Orleans. I agreed to this; but I made him give me a written promise to pay me the money when the work should be done. He hesitated at first, but he at length wrote the pledge and signed it; and then it was arranged that Louise should be left upon the bank of Lake Pontchartrain, at the end of the middle trail, and I pledged myself to take you with me and kill you, for you know this had been my purpose in seeking you.

"Well, I went at once and found a party of twenty Chickasaws, and for fifty pieces of gold they promised to hover about the place until they could seize you both. They did so. When they had carried you as far as the wide creek, they separated, ten of them waiting for me, and the other ten keeping on with the maiden towards the great lake. When I reached our village, I had firmly resolved to put you to death, that you might carry our message to your God. The first obstacle I met with was my daughter. She saw you, and she begged of me to give you to her. But the next obstacle staggered me. When you refused to carry the message I would send, but pledged yourself to make new complaint to your God against us, I was puzzled. I conferred with my brother, and he said if you would promise to pray for us, we would spare you. Yet my promise to Lobois troubled me; but you became my son-in-law, and I would not kill you then. Now you know all."

"But the paper—the pledge—you had of Lobois—where is it?" uttered White Hand.

"It is safe. Coqualla, go to my closet, and you will find it in the oaken casket."

The princess went, and in the box she found the paper, which she handed to her father. He took it, and having opened it, he handed it to White Hand, saying, as he did so:

"Here—it is yours. And now all I ask is pardon."

"For all that you have done to me," murmured the youth, "I pardon you from the bottom of my soul; for you may have been an instrument in the hands of God for saving my life. Had you not taken me, another would, and I should not have lived. So I shall, after all, remember Stung Serpent with more of gratitude than of complaint or anger."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do."

Stung Serpent raised himself upon his elbow, and caught the youth by the hand.

"Coqualla," he whispered, "where art thou?"

"Here, my father."

"I have been kind to thee. If it lays in thy power, help White Hand to his people. Is it Coqualla I see?"

"Yes. Are you faint?"

"Faint? Stung Serpent faint? No! Up, warriors of the Natchez, and strike for your homes! Who shall fear the dastards now? My braves, remember the trophies you have won under Stung Serpent's lead. Strike—strike, now, for your honor, your homes, and for the tombs of your ancestors! Sink your blades to the pole, and leave not a man of them all to tell their king the tale! Now! On—to the death!"

One long, loud war-cry followed this paroxysm, and as it ended in a low, gurgling sound, the chieftain sank back. Coqualla moved to his side and knelt over him, and in a moment more the loud cries of the women rent the air, for the Stung Serpent was dead!

CHAPTER XXI.

A STRANGE RITE.

There was consternation for a while in the village of the White Apple when it was known that Stung Serpent was dead, for he had been an important man among the Natchez. The corpse of the prince was laid upon his bed, dressed in rude magnificence, with a crown of red and white feathers upon his brow. About him were hung his weapons, and the calumets which had been given to him during his life time to propitiate his favor. Also near the head of the bed stood a pole, upon which were painted some score and more of red rings, which were to signify the number of warriors he had killed in battle. His relatives and immediate attendants were assembled about the bed, and ever and anon they would offer him food as though he were alive, and when he would not touch it they howled in mad grief and despair.

At the end of four days, the body was made ready for the grave, and nine persons, with ropes about their necks, remained fasting by it. Two of them were his wives; then his cup-bearer and pipe-bearer; then one noble-looking woman whom he had loved, but never could marry on account of her birth, while the remaining four were old women who had volunteered to accompany the prince on his mysterious pilgrimage.

"And are all these people to die?" asked White Hand, after he and Coqualla had retired to their own dwelling.

"Yes. And but for the intercessions of my father himself, many more would have died."

"It is a cruel practice," said the youth, sadly.

"Cruel?" repeated the princess, in surprise. "Why do you say so?"

"Because one death is enough. Why should so many be added?"

"Ah," answered Coqualla, ingennously, "you do not understand. Your people have not such love for the departed as we have. It is a long, dark road which my father has now to travel, and surely it is fitting he should have company."

"And does this always happen when one of your people dies?"

"Certainly; though some have not so many companions; but all have one. When the last Great Sun died, there were one hundred who went to keep him company over the dark road."

"So many?"

"Yes,—and of course they were happy, for with him they were at once admitted to the happy home where the Great Spirit is."

"But," queried White Hand, "Stung Serpent has been dead now four days, and these people will not die until to-night. How then shall they go together?"

"Ah," returned Coqualla, with a faint smile, which seemed to indicate a pity for her companion's ignorance, "my father's spirit will not start alone. It remains near the old body until the other spirits join it, and then they all go off together. Do you not understand?"

"Yes."

"And is it not right and proper?"

"It is, if you think so; but I should hardly dare give my voice in favor of it. Why, look, Coqualla, and tell me if this very thing has not already reduced your nation from a once powerful people to a mere handful."

"My father spoke of that ere he died," answered the princess, thoughtfully. "He said he wished only his few immediate companions to go with him beyond the grave, and even they must be old people."

"And he was right, Coqualla. I have heard that the Natchez were once a mighty race—a great nation, numbering their warriors by the many thousands, and now they have only a very few hundred. In a large community, under ordinary circumstances, the births will not much overrun the deaths, by nature. But see here—not only do your people die off as do others, but for every one who dies naturally from one to a hundred more must be killed to keep them company."

"I know," said Coqualla, thoughtfully,—"I know. But still it were cruel to send my father's spirit away over the dark, long trail alone. Your people do not think of this. They do not think of the loved spirit wandering away in the dark alone."

"Yes, they do, Coqualla."

"They do?"

"Yes."

"And yet they send them no company."

"Ah, their company comes from the other way," spoke White Hand, softly and sweetly. "When a human soul departs, we, or I, believe that the loved ones who have gone before come down to lead the new-born spirit away to heaven. I have a mother there, Coqualla, and I think she will come down to earth when my spirit departs, and welcome me to the home of the blest ones. Surely they know the way through the dark valley better than we could, or better than any others of earth."

Gradually the Indian girl's hands were brought together over her bosom, and her head was bowed. When she looked up, there was a strange light in her eyes, and a soft, hopeful expression dwelt upon her dusky features.

"White Hand," she whispered, "tell me that again."

"Is not the theme more pleasing than the strangling of helpless victims over the grave of the dead?" the youth asked, kindly.

"Yes—yes. But tell me more."

And White Hand went on and whispered into his companion's ear the whole of his own pure faith in God and the risen Saviour; and when he had done, the princess murmured:

"It is sweet, and it is better than the faith I have been taught."

She bowed her head again, and this time she remained a long while thoughtful; and when she next looked up, a change had come over her countenance.

"White Hand," she said, "I promised my father that I would help you escape from here, if you wished. What have I to remain here for? My father is dead; I have no brother or sister, and the ways of my people are not pleasant to me. May I not go with you?"

The youth threw his arms about the fair speaker's neck, and drew her upon his bosom.

"Coqualla, speak but the word, and I'll die in thy service, if necessary, to lead you to my father's home. O, we will not be separated."

At this moment Pricked Arm made her appearance at the door of the lodge, and informed the inmates that the funeral was about to commence. So White Hand and Coqualla went out, and proceeded to the dwelling of Stung Serpent, where they found the bearers already with the body upon their shoulders. Calmly the mourning procession moved on, approaching the grave in circles, those who were to suffer strangulation at the place of sepulchre walking before the corpse, with the leathern ropes about their necks.

* * * * *

The burial was over. Stung Serpent reposed in his grave, and by his side lay the bodies of those who had, in obedience to the cruel faith and custom, given up their lives that they might keep their loved chief company in his dark journey. And once more the Natchez commenced their mad orgies over their victory, for they were not yet satiated.

Late at night, while the warriors were dancing and howling in the square, Pricked Arm came to White Hand's lodge and called him out. The youth could not see her face in the gloom, but from the manner of her breathing, he could tell that she was deeply moved by something.

"White Hand," she said, as soon as they had reached a point where they could not be seen from the square, "our plot has worked exceeding well. Not a blow has been struck save here at Natchez; so the great mass of the French are saved. But thou art in danger here. The moment the Natchez find that their plan has failed, they will suspect thee, for it has been whispered that you visited the temple, and the Great Sun, when he looked towards the west for the moon last night, and saw it not, was perplexed. This night they saw the new moon for the first time, and they remembered, for the first time, too, that the moon ought to have been a week old. Amid their mad joy, they have not thought of this before. But they think of it now, and fear has already seized upon some of them, though those few keep it to themselves. Now you can judge how much risk you run."

"And will they suspect me?" the youth uttered, tremulously.

"They will be likely to; for you are of the hated people, and your powerful friend is dead. Dark, angry eyes have been bent upon you, because you have shown your loathing of the cruelties you have witnessed. And, again, the French will soon be on the Natchez trail. The future is dark for us all, but you may escape. Can you not remember the trail by which you came?"

"I fear not."

"But yon can follow it part way from here?"

"Yes, for it is broad towards the village."

"Then you can take the river. You know the southern trail. You went it once hunting with Stung Serpent."

"Yes—I remember that."

"Then all is safe. Follow that trail to the right, and it will bring yon out upon the river fifteen miles below here. Among a clump of brakes, there you will find a canoe. It is mine. Take it and float down the river. Still retain your present garb, and let the walnut stain be upon your face. In that way you may escape the Natchez, should any of them meet you, and by your speech you could quickly convince the French. I can do no more for yon. I would have saved all the French if I could, for I loved them; yet I must follow the fortunes of my own people."

White Hand thanked the old princess for her kindness, and with a thoughtful step he returned to his lodge. Coqualla asked him what Pricked Arm had wanted, and he sat down and told her all.

"And will you go?" the princess asked.

"Yes, I must. But Coqualla, have you changed your mind?"

"Only to be more strongly bound to thee. And yet," she added, putting her arms about her husband's neck, "speak but one word—simply whisper to me—that thou wouldst rather go free from care or thought of me, and—"

"Hush, Coqualla! You wrong me now. O, I should never sleep in peace again, did I think thou remainedst here when thy wish was with me. But we must flee to-night."

"I am all ready, dearest."

"But we need provisions."

"I have such all prepared as we can carry."

"Then you have thought of this?"

"Yes. But O, speak the truth, my love. If within thy inmost soul there dwells a thought—"

"It is all of love for thee, Coqualla," interrupted the youth, seeing at once her drift. "So let me hear no more of it. Now let us prepare."

"Bless thee," murmured the fair girl, sinking upon her companion's bosom. "O, since we first spoke of this, my heart has sunk deep down in its darkest mood when the thought of staying here has dwelt with me. Those sweet words you whispered to me have been with me ever since, and they have wrought a wonderful change in my feelings. When we get to our new home, we will talk more about it, and you shall teach me to read the great book wherein these precious truths are written."

"I will," promised White Hand. "But the night comes on; the morning will be speedily approaching. Come—we will talk on the way."

With quick movements the two companions collected their effects—Coqualla taking her bow and quiver, and White Hand his gun. They divided the provisions, which they carried in pouches suspended under the left arm, and which consisted of boiled corn bread and dried venison. Then they selected the stoutest moccasons, and having bound them firmly on, and assumed their light burdens, they glided out into the open air. A fire was still burning in the square, and some of the Indians were dancing around it, while some lay about drunk, and others had gone to their lodges. Stealthily the fugitives crept along under the shade of their own dwelling, and having crossed over to the next square, they passed behind the house of Stung Serpent, and in a few moments more they were without the enclosure. It was a wide trail into which they struck, and the way was plain to them both.

Just as the first gray streaks of dawn appeared in the east, the fugitives reached the great river, and without much trouble they found the brake and the canoe. They easily pulled the light craft from its nest, and dragged it to the river. It was a smooth, beautifully finished boat, fashioned from a huge log of yellow pine, and seasoned without crack or check. Into this the adventurers put their little store, and then, with hopeful hearts, they entered, and pushed out into the broad stream.

CHAPTER XXII.

REUNION UNDER A CLOUD.

Slowly and painfully dragged away the hours and the days to the poor sick wife in New Orleans. Old Loppa was very kind, and so was the physician. Yet Louise had a very severe sickness, and a part of the time she was out of her head. But gradually the delirium passed away, and she was at length able to sit up. Three weeks had she lain thus ere she could rise from her bed; but on the fourth week she was able to walk about the room. It was at the close of the fourth week that her husband returned. He found her sitting up, eating an orange, and his countenance bore a selfish smile as he saw the color coming back to her cheeks. He embraced her warmly, and if he noticed the cold shudder that ran through her frame, as he did so, he did not speak of it.

"Have I been away longer than you expected?" he asked, as he took a seat by her side.

"No," was the quiet reply, "for I've expected nothing about it."

"Ah!" uttered Simon, with show of chagrin.

"I have been too sick to expect anything," explained Louise.

"O!" uttered the husband, more mildly.

"Yes—I have been very sick. I even feared at one time I should never see you again."

There was something so piquant in this that Simon was sure there was sarcasm in it, but he chose not to expose his doubts.

"I, too, have been laid up," he said, after gazing into her face for some moments.

"Ah—how? I noticed your hand was rolled in rags. What has happened? Have you been fighting the wicked Indians?"

Again Simon bit his lip, but he kept calm.

"I have had a bit of a duel on your account, my love."

"Is it possible? How was it?"

"I heard you insulted most grossly, and I would not bear it."

"You should not have borne it, at least, if you loved your wife. But who was it?"

"Goupart St. Denis."

Louise started.

"Explain," she said, earnestly and eagerly.

"Ha! the name moves you, does it?"

"Why should it not? You know he was once a lover of mine."

This open avowal, so frank and honest, seemed to please Lobois, and he went on to explain:

"No matter what was said, but St. Denis struck me. Of course I challenged him. We chose swords. Your father was present. He would have stopped it if he could, for he feared I should get hurt."

"As you did."

"Listen. We fenced awhile, and I found that the boy was at my mercy. Twice I refused to press my point upon his open bosom. Finally, when I saw that 'twould be downright murder for me to kill him, I bade him put up his sword. He asked me for what—for he knew not that I only toyed with him. 'This is only boy's play,' said I. 'Then put up *your* sword,' said he. I did so, and just as my point touched the ground, he brought me a blow across the hand. What do you think of that?"

"Perhaps I ought not to speak my thoughts."

"Surely you ought. What do you think of it?"

"Well, then, I think you have told me a very fine story."

"Eh? Do you doubt my word?"

"Doubt you? Doubt the word of Simon Lobois? Believe that my own husband could speak falsehood? Never, Simon,—never!"

Sharply the scamp looked into Louise's face, but he could detect nothing there, save a calm, cool expression of utter simplicity; yet he knew she was quizzing him.

"But you did not tell me how this all came out," she said. "What did you do after Goupart had struck you on the hand?"

"What could I do? My hand was powerless. I might have knocked him down with my left hand, but I spared him. He was beneath all notice, save that of mere contempt."

"Poor Goupart! Did he know how deep was your contempt for him?"

"What mean you?"

"Why, simply that you could have inflicted no worse punishment upon him than to have let him know that you held him in contempt. It must have nearly killed him!"

"Look ye, my fine girl, you are venturing on dangerous ground. You may say too much!" uttered Lobois, now showing his anger.

Louise bowed her head a moment, and she seemed to think that her companion spoke the truth, for she quickly replied, after she looked up:

"Excuse me—pardon me. I have but just recovered from a severe sickness, and my first feelings were naturally those of joy and gladness, and you know how often you and I have joked and pestered each other. We have often said very hard things in jest, and I have even pulled your hair till you fairly cried with pain, and yet you never got provoked before."

This was spoken so earnestly, and with so much apparent feeling, that Simon was mollified in a moment.

"Let it pass," he said, "let it pass—only in future choose a light occasion for light conversation. And now to something of more importance. When can you be ready to go up the river?"

"At any time," answered Louise.

"Very well. I will see the physician this evening, and be governed somewhat by his advice."

Shortly after this, Lobois went out, and when he returned, he reported that the doctor would come in the morning. So that night Louise was left with Loppa, and on the next morning the doctor came, and with him came the anxious husband. The former examined his patient carefully, and he expressed the opinion that the wife should not undertake the journey under a week, at least.

"Then I believe I shall go to Biloxi. There is a ship ready to sail, and I have some business to do there."

Louise expressed her entire willingness, so Simon resolved to go. In truth he was now expecting soon to be master of an immense fortune, and he was preparing the way to put it to immediate use, his main object being to obtain a profitable cargo to return to France, whither he meant to take his wife as soon as he could dispose of the few remaining obstacles that stood in his way. He started that very night for Biloxi, and his wife was once more left to the kind care of her sable attendant.

A week passed away, and her husband came not. She had now so far regained her health that she could walk out in company with Loppa, and the rose was all back to her cheek.

Another week passed, and she was well, and just as she began to wonder if any accident had happened to her husband, he made his appearance. That very day there was a barge to start up the river. New Orleans was all alarm and excitement. The garrison at Natchez had been surprised by the Indians, and nearly every soul murdered! Only six had escaped, and four of those had this very morning reached the town. Governor Perier had sent messengers up to the plantations along on the river to put the French on their guard; and now this barge, full of soldiers, was about to start up to see if any assistance was required anywhere on the way, and in the meantime a council of officers was to be held to determine what further should be done.

Lobois gained passage for himself and wife, but they were forced to put up with such accommodations as the others had, save that a sheltered place was fixed for Louise, near the stern, in consideration of her recent illness.

Of course the passage up, against the current, was slow, the heavy barge not making a headway of over three miles an hour, and stopping sometimes at the few plantations on the way, so that it was not until the morning of the fifth day that they reached the establishment of Brion St. Julien. But the captain of the boat concluded not to go up to the chateau, so Simon and his wife were landed at the mouth of Walnut River, and from thence they made their way up on foot.

They had gained about half the distance, when they were startled, on making a turn upon the river's bank, by seeing a small canoe ahead with two Indians in it.

"By the book!" uttered Lobois, after gazing upon the strange scene a few moments, "they are Natchez Indians. Do the villains mean harm here?"

"Rather a small party for that," said Louise, upon whose mind the sight of a Natchez had not that peculiar effect that it had upon her companion's.

"But we'll watch them. Here—let us keep further away from the bank, and then we can follow them, and not be seen. They surely mean to approach the house."

"Perhaps they do not know that there is any house there," suggested Louise. "And," she added, as a quick thought seemed to strike her, "may they not, in coming down the river, have discovered the barge, and put in here to escape danger—never dreaming that they were coming upon an enemy?"

"By my soul, Louise, you are right! Let us hasten on, and have them caught. We can easily reach the house now by this cross path. Come—let's hasten, and we'll have them captured. Of course they had a hand in the dreadful massacre."

Louise made no objections to this, and accordingly they took the cross path, and ere long they reached the garden. Half way up the wide path they walked, and here they came to the closed gate of the barricade; but a few loud calls from Simon brought old Tony forth, and they were soon within the enclosure. The faithful negro could at first hardly believe his eyes. He gazed upon the "apperashun," as he afterwards called it, and finally a big tear rolled down his sable cheek.

"Ma'm'selle Louise!" he gasped, extending his broad hands. "Bless God!"

With glistening eyes she returned the faithful fellow's grasp and salutation, and then bounded away towards the house, for she saw her father upon the piazza; she waited not for her husband now.

"Father!"

The frantic parent caught his child to his bosom, and with streaming eyes he murmured his thanks, for in that moment of reunion he forgot the dark cloud that hung over his loved one.

Before the old man had found his tongue, Simon had reached the piazza.

"My father," he uttered, "forgive me if I am abrupt,—but you have heard of the dreadful massacre at Fort Rosalie?"

"Yes."

"Well, there are two Natchez Indians making their way up here in a canoe. Perhaps they know not of our habitation. Let men be sent out at once to capture them, and we will interrogate them, at least."

That was enough for Tony, for he had followed Simon to the house, and heard this remark. Ever since the abduction of his young "mas'r and missus," he had longed to get hold of an Indian, and here was a chance.

"Only two ob 'um, d'ye say, Mas'r Simon?"

"That's all, Tony."

"I'll hab 'um!" And with this the stout Afric disappeared, and in a few moments more he had four stout companions at his heels on his way to the river.

In the meantime, Simon followed the marquis and his child into the house, and when they reached the sitting-room, they found St. Denis there. He looked up and saw the marquis; then he saw Simon Lobois, and then—his eye rested upon that female form. He started to his feet, and turned pale as death. That loved face was turned upon him; those soft eyes, now swimming in tears, were bent upon his own, and her name dwelt upon his lips.

"My wife, Monsieur St. Denis," said Lobois, in malignant triumph.

"O, my soul!" burst from the wretched man's lips, and covering his face with his hands, he sank back upon his chair.

Louise seemed upon the point of speaking, but at that moment the tramp of feet and the sound of voices were heard in the hall, and in a moment more the door was thrown unceremoniously open.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SOMEWHAT STARTLING DEVELOPMENT. FINALE.

"Bless de Lord!" cried old Tony, bounding into the hall at a wild hop, and planting himself directly in the middle of the floor. "We's cotched 'um, mas'r,—we's cotched 'um, an' here dey am!"

At this White Hand and Coqualla came forward—for the reader has probably already discovered them as the occupants of the canoe. Simon Lobois was the first to recognize, beneath the Natchez garb and the walnut stain, the youth whom he had hoped to destroy, and a stifled cry broke from his lips, while he turned pale and trembled like an aspen.

The next to recognize the living truth was Louise, and with one bound the brother and sister were in each other's arms. Their stifled exclamations of joy awoke the parent to his senses, and in a moment more he held them both upon his bosom.

"My children," he cried, raising his streaming eyes to heaven, "O, how blest is this moment! Almost it makes me feel to bow in humble resignation to the dreadful blow that has been inflicted upon me."

"Louis, my dear boy," at this juncture exclaimed Simon, having now recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to hide his real emotions of fear and chagrin. "Dear Louis, let me welcome you back to our home."

And as he spoke, he advanced and extended his hand. The youth gazed upon him a moment in stern silence.

"Simon Lobois," he uttered, drawing proudly up, "I did not think you would offer me that hand!"

"How—a—ch?" gasped the wretch, turning pale again. Recovering a part of his assurance, he added: "You should not thus reject the hand of your brother-in-law."

White Hand started, for in that garb, and with that dusky skin, we may yet call him by his Indian name.

"Brother-in-law!" he repeated. "Are you mad?"

"No—I am a husband."

White Hand crossed over to where Louise stood, and took her by the hand. They whispered together a moment, and then the youth turned towards Simon.

"Villain," he exclaimed, "you forced her to this!"

"She consented to the marriage," returned Simon, triumphantly.

St. Denis sprang to his feet. He moved to Louise's side, and grasped her hand.

"Louise," he said, in a broken voice, "tell me all; tell me if you gave this man your heart; for in the years of darkness that shall follow this blow, it will afford a glimmer of light to know I am not all forgotten by my soul's idol."

"Goupart, he forced me to the marriage—"

"Silence!" thundered Lobois, starting towards where the speaker stood. "Louise, remember you are my wife, and as such I claim obedience. Breathe another word of calumny on my head, and I'll make you wish your tongue had been torn out by the roots ere you used it so."

"Simon, you know you did force me to become your wife. At first I refused, and then you had me—"

"By my soul, if you speak another word—"

At this moment St. Denis started up, and his dark eyes burning with fire, he said:

"Stand back, villain! You are her husband, but dare to interfere now and I'll smite you as I would a venomous reptile!"

"And I am with you, Goupart," added White Hand, starting forward, and clenching his fists. "Go on, sister."

Simon Lobois gazed first upon St. Denis, and then upon the dark-skinned youth, and he feared them. Then he looked towards the aged parent, who stood with his hands to his eyes sobbing as though his poor heart would break; and the villain evidently felt uncomfortable.

"I refused him at first," continued the unfortunate one, "and told him I loved Goupart St. Denis. Then he told me he had seen my father's wealth accumulate under his care, and had looked on a part of it as belonging to him, and he would not now see another come in and snatch that wealth away. He determined to have his share. I told him if he forced me to become his wife, I would beg of my father to give me not a sou. Then he swore if such a thing were done, he would make my life such a scene of torture, I should pray for death to come and relieve me."

"Liar!" hissed Simon.

"No—no," calmly replied Louise; "I speak but truth." Then turning to her listeners: "But I refused to marry him, and on the very next night, after midnight, two stout men came and carried me away. I was weak and faint then, for I had but just recovered from sickness. Yet they carried me away, and locked me in a dark prison-house. They refused me both food and drink. There I came nigh famishing with hunger and thirst. At length the villain came to me; and when I begged for a drop of water, he swore I should have none till I had promised to be his wife! My mind was flattering, and thirst made me frantic. I promised to be his wife! Then he brought me bread and milk; he took me from the prison, and soon arrangements were made for the wedding. He had obtained the consent of the colonial governor, and we were married in the church, the governor himself being present. When the priest put his questions to me, I was burning with fever, and a dreadful sickness was upon me. Yet my mind was not shaken. I promised to the best of my abilities, to do all he had asked of me. Then we were pronounced man and wife, and I begged of him to hurry away, for I was faint and sick. I reached our home; the fever seized me, and raged for many weeks. Health came at last, and I reached my father's house."

For some moments after this recital, not a word was spoken, and the only sounds that broke the stillness were the sobs of the marquis.

"Shall such a foul mockery stand?" at length said St. Denis, in agony. "Let it be torn in sunder, and cast aside. By no law of justice or right can—"

"Hold!" interrupted Lobois, who had now nerved himself up to the conflict. "You but make a useless disturbance when you thus give thought to the idea of annulling the bond of marriage between my wife and myself. Ere I took the final step, I consulted with the governor, and he bade me go on, and I have his pledge of sustaining me. You have heard my wife's story. That I used stratagem to gain her hand, I admit, for I saw an interloper was about to snatch the prize from me. And now you know all. Henceforth I trust nothing may occur to mar the harmony of our social intercourse." Turning to St. Denis, he added, a triumphant look settling on his sharp features: "And as for you, sir,—I trust you will see the necessity of removing yourself from the society of those who can only be made unhappy by your presence. If you have the common sense I suppose you have, you will see the necessity of this; and if you have the feelings of a gentleman, you will not hesitate."

Goupart raised his clasped hands towards heaven, exclaiming:

"Has it come to this? Must all my hopes thus fall back upon my broken heart, and the sweet dream of years end in black despair? Louise, beloved of my soul, lost, but still cherished one—"

His words failed him, and he bowed his head in a passionate burst of tears. In a moment more he heard a low cry of hopeful tone, and a pair of arms were twined about his neck. He looked up, but it was not Louise. It was the flowing eyes of White Hand that met his own, and darkly stained arms were entwined about his neck. A voice of thanksgiving next fell on his ear, and he saw the Indian girl on her knees, with her hands clasped, her streaming eyes raised heavenward, and giving thanks to the Great Spirit. St. Denis started as he gazed into the deep blue eyes fastened on him. A moment more, he heard his name pronounced in a tone sweet and familiar, that made his heart bound wildly in his bosom.

"This scene has progressed far enough," now spoke the one Simon believed to be his wife. "Simon Lobois, your wickedness has come to a climax, and back on your own head shall fall the terrible consequences of your machinations!"

"Ha—ha, Louise, you have gone too far now!" Lobois uttered, confidently. "If you imagined your marriage was but a jest, from the bond of which you could at any moment escape, you were mistaken. You'll find the knot too strongly tied to be cast off at will."

"Poor fool! Cannot you open your eyes? Simon Lobois, did you think Louise St. Denis would have married you while life remained? Did you think she would have stooped to mate with you when the grave was open to her?"

"A—and—are you not married to me? Are you not my wife?"

"I think you'd find me a hard one to manage; for at this very moment, were you not beneath my notice, I would challenge you to mortal combat, and I'd serve you worse than Goupart did. Look, Simon! Don't you see that Indian youth resting in Goupart's arms? How I have longed for this moment! Up—up, my father! Thy children are safe, and if they have returned to thee in exchanged guises, be assured they left thee in the same way!"

"How?" gasped Simon, starting back and turning pale. "You—you—"

"Why, I am your *wife*, Simon, if you say so; but if you keep me, you shall fight a duel with me every morning, and we'll alternate till one of us falls; first morning, pistols—next morning, swords. You have seen me shoot some."

At this juncture the truth had forced itself to the old marquis's mind.

"It must be!" he whispered, seizing his noble son by the hand. "It must be my own noble Louis! Assure me I do not dream."

"You do not, father, for I am your own Louis. But see—here comes Louise. Don't cast her off because her skin is dusky!"

"Is it possible!" gasped Lobois, as he saw Louise sink on her father's bosom. "There's been some foul witchery here—some deep, infernal machination! Louis!—Louise! The son is the daughter, and the daughter is the son! There's a foul plot here!"

"Ay!" cried Louis, tearing the rich gown he wore from his body, and revealing the light undress of a French officer, "there *has* been a foul plot, and you can well explain it!"

"Me—explain?" stammered the villain, gazing first at the youth and then at the maiden, who yet wore her Indian dress. "Who are you?" he gasped, starting towards the seeming Indian, and seizing the dusky arm. "Speak! Who are you?"

"I am one whom you once sought for a wife!"

"Louise St. Julien?"

"Yes."

"Ah! Duped—befooled! But—there's a plot!"

A few moments more he gazed upon the two metamorphosed ones, and then, utterly powerless from mad delirium, he sank down.

But Simon Lobois was not the only one in the dark. The old man and St. Denis were lost in amazement. The latter had clasped his own loved one to his bosom, and she had whispered into his ear the sweet promise of love once more, yet he could not understand it.

"I see you are all astonished," said Louis, "and I will tell you what I know of this funny affair. So sit down and listen; sit down—all of you."

And down they sat, Coqualla keeping close by her companion's side, and seeming as happy as the rest of the happy ones.

"Now listen," commenced Louis. "You remember on that night when we played '*hide and find me*' in the yard, Louise and I went off into the house before we hid. We had planned to have some sport with Goupart. Louise and I never realized how much we resembled each other until we exchanged garbs. When I saw her in my clothes, she looked just like my own self in a mirror; and when I had put on her dress, which had to be let out but very little, she assured me I was her counterpart, and when I looked in the mirror, I could have sworn she stood before me. We had reached the corner of the barn, and I was showing Louise where to hide, intending then to have gone myself to the stable, when a party of Indians rushed and seized upon us, and having gagged us, hurried out through the postern. There were twenty of them in all, and they were Chickasaws. Away they took us, and all night they kept on through the deep forest. One of them spoke to me in the Chickasaw tongue, and I was upon the point of answering him, when the thought struck me that he only wished to try if I knew the language; so I pretended to know nothing of it. You know I learned a great deal of it from old Oakbow. After that I listened to their conversation, and I found that I—*the girl*—was to be carried to New Orleans, while the boy was to be taken up to the Natchez. Of course, I then knew that Simon Lobois had a hand in this, for he had gone to New Orleans, where he meant to have Louise taken, and there force her to marry him, while I was carried off another way, perhaps to be killed,—and thus he would have all our father's wealth. Before morning, we came to the place where we were to separate. I did once feel like giving battle to the whole pack; but I was wholly unarmed, and the thought was dropped. I begged to be allowed to speak a few parting words with my companion, and they granted my request. I told Louise what I had heard. 'Now,' said I, 'they don't mistrust the change we've made. I will let them still think I am the girl, and thus you will be free of Simon; while, if you go to the Natchez, still retaining your male disguise, you can at any moment save yourself from death by revealing yourself.' At all events, we both concluded that it would be best for each of us to continue the deception, and we did so.

"I was taken to the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, and there Simon came for me. Probably you have heard his story of the strange manner in which he found me. However, he found me, and took me to New Orleans, and for a few days I was sick. I had suffered some in my hard journey, and was pale and faint. He did not mistrust the deception. He fondly believed he had Louise safely in charge, and I resolved to let him think so. He did not once suspect me, even when I was the most unreserved in my speech. Sickness, long and severe, added to his absence, served to keep him from me; so he still cherished the illusion. I could not have revealed myself, after I found he was going to bring me home, until I had got here, for I meant that my father and Goupart should see the tableau. And then I had meant to have set off in search of Louise, for I did not doubt that she was safe with the Natchez. But all has ended better than I had even hoped. These clothes I have on now I got of a young French officer in New Orleans through the agency of the physician, to whom I entrusted my secret, and who promised to keep it. You have heard the rest. And now for Louise's story."

Thus called upon, Louise commenced. She told how she was taken to the village of the White Apple by Stung Serpent; how they meant to kill her, and for what strange purpose; how Coqualla interceded for her, and how it was arranged that she should marry the princess.

"Here I was puzzled," said Louise; "but I determined to throw myself upon Coqualla's friendship. I told her the secret of my sex, and asked her to save me. She threw her arms about my neck and promised to keep my secret, and be to me a sister, while she passed for my wife. So my secret was safe, and even to this moment none of them know that I was not a male. Only she told her father when he was on his death-bed, and thus he was led to absolve me from my promise to remain with them."

And Louise went on and told her startling story, and as she did so, more than one bright look of holy gratitude was cast upon the beautiful Coqualla.

"And now," said she, in conclusion, "I am able to give you some clue to the great mystery which underlies the whole. When Stung Serpent was upon his death-bed, he sent for me, and he told me all, and he gave me this paper in token of his truth. Read it, father, and know what a villain you have kept beneath your roof."

As Louise handed her father the paper, Simon Lobois started to his feet.

"Back!" shouted Louis, springing forward and pushing him back into his chair. "Tony, watch this man, and see that he does not leave the room."

Old Tony, who had stood by and heard all, now moved to Simon's side, and as the villain gazed upon the huge bulk of the negro, he uttered a stifled groan, and settled back.

The marquis read the paper aloud. It was as follows:

"This is my bond, that I will pay to Stung Serpent one hundred large pieces of gold, in French coin, when he shall have removed Louis and Louise St. Julien from their home. And he, on his part, promises that said Louis shall be killed, and that Louise shall be sent safely to the middle trail on Lake Pontchartrain.

SIMON LOBOIS."

That was enough. Simon denied it all, then swore, then drew his sword, and then—Tony knocked him down; and ere long afterwards he was taken from the room.

We will not tell how the old marquis embraced Coqualla, nor how he embraced his restored children over and over again, for that can all be imagined. But we will tell how the dusky princess trembled when she met the gaze of Louis, for there she saw the very face with which she had fallen in love, though only by proxy; and how her dark eye grew moist when he blessed her.

Before noon, Louise had contrived, with Coqualla's assistance, to remove the last stain from her skin, and when she stood, all white and pure, she saw a tear on Coqualla's dark cheek.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing," was the soft reply.

"Ah, tell me the truth. Coqualla will not deceive her sister."

"No—no," murmured the noble girl, throwing her arms about Louise's neck, and pillowing her head upon her bosom. "But you will forgive me. Coqualla has left her people forever, but she has not left her skin."

"But tell me all, my sister."

"Coqualla loved the White Hand, and she was only a sister. Now Coqualla has seen another with the same beautiful face. But she does not murmur. She is content; only—"

"Go on, my sister. Tell me all."

"If Coqualla was white, she could love; O, my sister does not know how she could have been loved had she not been Coqualla's sister!"

Louise had read the girl's secret, and as she gazed into those soft, mild features, she uttered, with all the truth of her soul:

"Coqualla does not need a whiter skin. She is beautiful enough. I know Coqualla's heart, and her face is as pure as that."



SYRA, IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.

The maiden princess blessed her sister, and wiped away her tears, for she heard some one coming.

* * * * *

On the next morning the room where Simon Lobois had been put was found empty, and the slave Peter was also found to be missing; but no search was made for them, for the one was worthless, and the other carried guilt enough to punish him with its shame and burden.

And now joy was once more in St. Julien's household. Goupart and Louise wandered about together, and for a while Louis was left alone, for the only other young person with whom he could associate seemed to shun him. One day Louise drew her brother one side, and whispered with him, for she had that morning found Coqualla in tears, and the poor princess had murmured the thought of going back to the homes of her fathers to lie down by their graves. But what Louise said to her brother may not be known —only, an hour later, Louis and Coqualla walked away down in the garden.

At length, the old cure, Father Languet, made his visit to the chateau, and there was work for him to do. Goupart and Louise were made one for life, and this time the blushing girl was fastened.

But the work ended not here. Louis St. Julien had spent many hours with Coqualla, for he had become her teacher, and he had opened to her mind the riches of the Great Book. And while she had studied that, he had studied her. At first he was surprised at the wondrous depth of her mind, but he was no less awed by its sublime purity and grandeur of conception. And thus he probed her heart to its inmost depths, and he found it as noble and pure as it was generous and loving. Ere he knew it, he had loved her, and almost unconsciously the story of his love dropped from his lips.

"Coqualla," he whispered, "thou didst love my sister for her face. Mine is like it. Love me, then, and be mine for life. I love thee, for thou art all love and purity to me."

And Coqualla placed one of her soft hands in his, and then rested her head upon his bosom, and as her dark tresses fell over his shoulders, hiding her face and the tears that shone there, she answered him:

"Coqualla can give thee all her heart, and be to thee a slave for life. But if you make her your wife, O be sure you will never regret it; for Coqualla's heart would break if you loved her no more!"

And now what more shall we tell? For a long time the panic caused by the fearful plot of the Indians lasted among the colonists, but they gradually waded out of the danger, though their way was through much blood. The Natchez had sealed their own doom, and a few short years sufficed to sweep them from the list of Indian tribes, and the once powerful nation was known no more on earth but in name and the history of the past. Simon Lobois joined the French force, having received a lieutenant's commission from Perier, and he fell at the siege of one of the Natchez forts. So a Natchez bullet found the life of him who had thought to barter away the life of another through the hands of the Natchez.

Troubles came now thick and fast upon the hardy settlers, and once the marquis told his children that if they wished, he would sell out and return to France. But they did not wish it. St. Denis was happy enough where he was, for Louise was a sufficient shield against every ill from within, and his own bravery and fortitude swept away all other fear. And Louis found himself in possession of a treasure the intrinsic merits of which were every day developing themselves to his understanding; and after a few short months of wedded life, all doubts vanished from Coqualla's mind, for she was assured that a love like her husband's could never grow cold while she remained true and faithful.

"No," said St. Denis, "we will not return, for in this colony, now surrounded by dangers and gloom, I can see the germ of a nation. A soil so productive, with resources and natural advantages so mighty, must one day be reclaimed to civilization of the highest order. There is no reason why this great valley of the Father of Waters should not, at no very distant time, become literally the Garden of the World. And," he added, while his dark eye burned, and his bosom swelled with deep emotion, "may not those who have already subdued the wilderness in the East, at some time meet us of the West, and, as one family in the New World, bidding adieu to the thrones of the Old, raise the standard of a united nation, with a government commensurate with the grandeur of the result, and with a perpetuity of purpose worthy the memory of those noble pioneers who first grappled the dark terrors of the wilderness, and opened the way to the architects of a new and more glorious realm. We may not live to see it, but the mystic voice of prophecy tells me we may leave the noble heritage to our children!"

SYRA IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.—ERZEROUM.

The view given above represents a very striking and interesting place, the city of Syra, or Hermopolis, the capital of the island of Syra, one of those in the Grecian Archipelago lying among the Cyclades, about twenty miles northwest of Paros. The island has an area of fifty-five square miles, and a population of 30,000 souls. Our view is sketched from the sea, a point which brings into strong relief the bold mountain background, the conical hills, on one of which the old town is situated, and the dense mass of buildings clustered along the shore. The singular Mediterranean craft, with the curving sweep of their lateen yards, is by no means an uninteresting feature in the scene, and contrasts with the fine Yankee built ship we see gliding along under easy sail. Since the Greek revolution, the city has been very much beautified and improved, and has risen to a commercial importance second only to that of Athens. It is the residence of the consuls of most European States, and a principal station of the Mediterranean steamers going to and from Constantinople. Hence during the progress of the war, it has been a point of considerable interest. The highest point shown in our picture is about 4000 feet high. Many parts of the island of Syra are fertile, producing corn, wine, silk, figs and cotton.—ERZEROUM. The scene presented below of Erzeroum, the capital of Armenia, is strikingly wild and oriental in its character. The background is formed of broken mountains that print their bold outlines on the sky. Part of the city, with its indented walls, straggles over a rocky ridge, while a mass of buildings covers the area below, attracting the eye to the curious little houses, mostly of one story, intermingled with the domes and minarets which give such a character to an oriental settlement. The foreground is bold and broken, and here we see a couple of mounted horsemen and a group of the inhabitants lazily lounging on the greensward. The whole scene is peculiar and striking. Erzeroum is in Asiatic Turkey, in a plain on the west branch of the Euphrates, and about 155 miles west of Mount Ararat. It is partly enclosed by a wall 50 feet high, and has an extensive citadel. The streets are narrow, filthy, and infested with savage dogs. The principal buildings are the Armenian and Greek churches and schools, about forty mosques, a large custom house, and numerous khans and caravanserais. It is the principal halting place for the caravans on the march from Teheran to Mecca.



CITY OF ERZEROUM, CAPITAL OF ARMENIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TWO FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM W. HEBBARD.

I know too, that for me thy bower
Is budding into glorious bloom,
The rarest, sweetest, loveliest flower,
From which the breezes sip perfume;
But though it blooms perennial there,
How prove a balm to my despair?

I cannot pluck the charming flower—
To linger round it may not dare—
I can but gaze one little hour,
And drink its fresh and fragrant air;
Then, though an angel bid me stay,
Must bear my breaking heart away.

And yet a something deathless clings
Still to the floweret blooming there;
Up from my gushing heart it springs,
And fills my every breath with prayer,
That I may drink from day to day
Its incense till I've passed away.

And yet, alas, 'tis but a flower!
And when some wintry storm appears,
To touch it with a frosty power,
And bend it 'neath a blast of fears,
'Twill close its perfumed lips, and breathe
No more its native bowers beneath!

But O, let not the angel Death,
When culling 'mong our bowers of bliss
For promise-buds to fill his wreath,
Put forth his icy hand for this!
For rather let the hand divine,
Take from the world this soul of mine!

Alas! already is his eye
Fixed steadfast on its virgin bloom—
Too pure for earth, he'll bid it die,
And take the lovely wanderer home—
And while I mourn its earthly doom,
It shall in heaven's bright bowers re-bloom!

And when across that bridge of flowers,
O'er which the bright celestials tread,
Ascending from this world of ours,
With spirits of the holy dead,
Within the radiant gates I stand,
O may this flower be in my hand!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HEIRESS.

BY FRED. W. SAUNDERS.

Although my friend Tompkins and myself have been on intimate terms, and constantly together ever since that dark period when we were unfortunately born into this dreary world of debts and creditors, it is not a little singular that there should have been but one quarrel between us. That is to say, but one serious quarrel—we have had our little "spats" like everybody else; and, in our more youthful days, indulged in daily fights, keeping each other supplied with chronic black eyes, like high-spirited boys as we were. But the sun never went down upon our wrath, each battle being invariably succeeded by a "treaty of amity and commerce," to remain in effect just so long as the high contracting parties saw fit. But upon one momentous occasion the misunderstanding was of a more serious nature, and for a time threatened terrific consequences, even the moistening of the soil of Pugwash with the blood of one—or perhaps two, as bravo fellows as ever showed their backs to a deputy sheriff; and in this wise did it happen.

Some six or several years ago, during the heated term over which the dog-star presides, my friend and myself, having no particular business in the city—nor indeed anywhere else—and being disgusted with the conduct of a most unamiable tailor, who, with several other disagreeable people, persisted in calling upon us daily, we became impressed with the idea that a short sojourn at some not over expensive watering place would be of material benefit both to our health and spirits. That we should pitch upon Pugwash as the place most likely to come within our means, and at the same time bring us in contact with good society—was as natural as that a duck should go barefoot. Accordingly to Pugwash we went.

The hotel was crowded with company. There was a large delegation from the Southern States, more from the West, and not a few from the East; while a respectable minority belonged to that class of individuals who never seem to live anywhere, but are constantly going away from home, and never coming back. After a protracted negotiation with a thin gentleman who stood behind a mahogany counter, a Havana cigar, and a pair of green spectacles, my friend and I were accommodated with a double-bedded, mouse-trap looking room, on what would have been the first floor, had it been the custom at that time to enter a public house by the scuttle. The room, however, was of sufficiently ample dimensions to contain very much more than the two collapsed carpet-bags which constituted our joint luggage. So making a careful toilet, and turning up a copper to decide which of us should have the choice of the two beds—one being evidently, from its length, destined for a rope walk rather than an attic chamber, while the other would have suited Tom Thumb to a nicety, with my usual luck the short bed fell to my lot, and I slept with my knees under my chin for the next fortnight. By the time this important matter was arranged, the thundering and long continued roar of a gong made known to all hearers two things: first, the fearful want of taste in the landlord in admitting such an instrument of torture into his house; and secondly, that supper was ready.

With an exclamation against the former and an inward blessing upon the latter point of information, we descended to the supper room. Two tables extending from end to end of a room a trifle smaller than all out-doors, and a multitude of gentlemen in black coats, and ladies in pink dresses and blue dresses and green dresses, and all other sorts and descriptions of dresses that flesh is heir to, made the room the counterpart of any other dining-room in any other populous hotel. After a weary pilgrimage around those endless tables, under convoy of four waiters whose chief object seemed to be to trip us up, we succeeded in finding two chairs tilted up on their forward legs, with their backs resting against the table, and directly in front were two plates, each containing a little square card, bearing respectively the honored names "Jinx," "Tompkins."

To tip the chairs back into their normal position, seat ourselves in them, and commence twiddling our knives and forks was the work of an instant; but to proceed any further depended of course upon the whim or caprice of a host of those tyrants of the stomach—table waiters—who for the first quarter of an hour, I verily believed, had entered into a league and covenant to starve us to death, their sole employment appearing to be to chase each other frantically up and down the hall at a rate which threatened swift destruction to any unhappy individual who might chance to come in collision with them. At length, when almost upon the brink of despair, one more merciful than the others pitched on to the table before us a suspicion of supper in the shape of a dish containing several little circular slices of tongue of such extreme tenuity as to be more the evidence of things unseen, the promise of things hoped for, than the substantial beef we craved; this, together with a span of sallow biscuit and a dab of mighty butter being all we could obtain, there was nothing for it but to fall to.

I had just succeeded in scalding my throat with a cup of unutterably sultry tea, and was endeavoring to hide my face in my handkerchief from the gaze of a pretty girl opposite, who seemed to take a great interest in watching the contortions of my countenance, when a succession of sharp punches in the ribs from Tompkins's elbow, drew my attention towards that gentleman.

"Say, Jinx," he exclaimed, in a stage whisper, as he directed my attention toward a lady who sat at the upper extremity of the table, "that's a spanker, aint it? She's a regular—what d'ye call it? Juno isn't it—or Hercules, or something? I never could get the hang of those confounded old gods and goddesses."

Following with my eye the direction of Tompkins's forefinger, I beheld a moderately good-looking female, somewhat above the ordinary stature, with a profusion of black hair, and eyes that would have been beautiful but for their somewhat too bold and confident expression. There was something about her which attracted while at the same time it repelled the admiration one felt compelled to accord her.

"Well, what do you think of her?" persisted Tompkins, as, after satisfying my curiosity, I returned—not to my muttons, but to the dish of tongue, and forked half a dozen of the animal chequers into my plate.

"O, she'll do," I drawled, in that patronizing tone men are apt to assume when speaking of a lady, who, in all probability, don't care a snap whether they think she'll *do*, or not. "She is not one of my beauties," I continued, "there is something too much of her. In her society I should feel myself the weaker vessel; a sensation by no means pleasant, you know. However, that may wear off when we become acquainted with her."

"Yes, I suppose so," spluttered Tompkins, with his mouth full of supper, and we plied our knives and forks for a few minutes with commendable diligence; but presently found ourselves, almost unconsciously, as it were, looking earnestly in the direction of the fair unknown.

By her side sat a gentleman of prepossessing appearance, with immense black whiskers, large black eyes, and a complexion that marked him as a son of that portion of the earth upon which the sun delights to shine. As we gazed, or rather gaped at the pair, the gentleman raised his magnificent great eyes, and catching ours fixed so attentively upon them, bowed with the most gentlemanly and thorough bred air conceivable, and whispering something to the lady, she also raised her eyes, smiled sweetly and gently inclined her head. To say that we were surprised at this evidence of affability on the part of the distinguished looking gentleman and lady, is not more than might be expected; but our surprise was not greater than our satisfaction, for they bore about them every token of belonging to some of "our first families," and visions of "high society" flitted before our eyes, as we pulled up the corners of our dickeys, brushed up our hair, and endeavored to look our prettiest, as fellows will when noticed by persons of distinction.

Supper being concluded, most of the company repaired to the parlors to engage in the nightly "hop," while Tompkins and I betook ourselves to the piazza to make a burnt offering of a cigar or two, and to make the sacrifice more acceptable to ourselves, drew our chairs into such a position that while enjoying the cool night air and the bright moonlight, we could also obtain a view of the parlors through the long open windows—where lovely girls, clasped in the arms of gentlemen they knew nothing whatever about, flitted hither and thither in the mazy dance. Such a scene is always pleasant to look upon; and having brought our first cigars to a satisfactory termination, and feeling no inclination to change our spots, we were upon the point of commencing a second fumigation, when the lady of the black eyes and luxuriant hair appeared at the window, gazed pensively upon the stars for a moment, and disappeared among the throng of dancers.

"By Jove," said Tompkins, tossing his newly lighted cigar upon the head of a gentleman in the garden below, "I'm going inside to get an introduction to that lady. What d'ye think—will it do?"

"Yes—go in, lemons. I'll be along by-and-by, when I've finished my cigar."

Tompkins waited for no further encouragement, but popping in at one of the windows was speedily lost to my view. I remained quietly smoking my cigar till it was almost consumed, building castles in the air the while, thinking how jolly it would be to have plenty of money, a large wife and small family, a house of my own and nothing to do—when the silver cord of my dream was loosed by a voice at my side, remarking:

"Delightful evening, sir."

Now, as I am not in the habit of entering into conversation indiscriminately with any and every one who may see fit to address me, I very naturally turned, before answering, to discover who might be the proprietor of this voice of the night, and was not a little surprised and flattered at beholding the dark-whiskered gentleman who had bowed to me at the supper-table. Anxious therefore to atone for the want of politeness displayed in not answering sooner, I replied hurriedly:

"Charming evening—truly magnificent!"

"You are an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature," said the distinguished stranger, deferentially.

I admitted the charge, and a highly interesting conversation ensued upon the tip-top character of natural scenery generally, in the course of which I delivered myself of several glowing descriptions of places I had never seen in my life, but had read a good deal about, to all of which the gentleman assented, adding here and there a word, in a manner indicating that he had travelled extensively. By a natural transition, our conversation soon turned from the beauties of nature to the more bewitching beauties who were disporting themselves on their light, fantastic toes within; a subject upon which I am always eloquent, as it is from the fullness of my heart my mouth speaketh. And as I prattled, bestowing a note of admiration upon this lady, and an exclamation point upon another, as they flitted by the window like so many grown up fairies, what should I see but the dark-eyed lady of the supper table, clasped in the arms of my noble Tompkins, whirling round the room in a waltz.

I gave a little start as this unexpected vision passed before my eyes, for I had not suspected Tompkins of sufficient courage to attack a lady of such unmistakeable *haut ton*. My companion noticed the action.

"It seems your friend has made the acquaintance of my fair cousin," he said, with a smile; then, after a pause, and as if unconsciously, he continued, "she's a *good* girl."

Good breeding, a desire to please, and every other consideration, pointed out but one course for me to pursue. There was nothing for it but to improvise a complimentary speech; and I stammered something about her being an uncommonly prepossessing person.

"Do you think so?" asked my companion. "It gives me pleasure to return the compliment; I heard her make the same observation concerning yourself at the table this evening."

My heart warmed toward the young lady, and my eyes followed her as she twirled round the room, with more interest than I had at first thought her capable of exciting.

"She is a sweet-tempered girl; great wealth does not have the effect to render *her* haughty or exacting," continued my friend of the midnight colored whiskers.

"Great wealth?"—Heavens, I felt it was in my heart to adore that girl.

"Yes, she will shortly come into possession of one of the largest and finest plantations in Louisiana, perfectly unincumbered, and with liberty to bestow it wherever her heart chooses. Were it not that I have one of the best wives in the world, I should almost wish myself a bachelor, for her sake."

"Great wealth—prodigious plantation—numerous niggers—and she thinks me an uncommonly prepossessing person," I repeated to myself; and my anti-slavery proclivities fleeted in a moment. I felt that it was all up with me. A clear case of love at first sight. I was deeply, passionately enamored of the fair creature; did she not smile upon my love, I felt that this life would be a dreary waste, and that an early grave would be all my blighted heart could look forward to with hope. I think my companion must have divined my thoughts, and approved the true and disinterested affection I had conceived for his fair kinswoman, for, after a moment's pause, he broke the silence by saying:

"Shall I introduce you to my cousin, the set is now off the floor, and I see she is disengaged?"

I could not have sprung to my feet quicker had the chair upon which I was seated been red hot. My companion smiled at my impetuosity, and hooking his arm in mine, we entered the parlor, and made our way toward the part of the room where in majestic beauty reclined my soul's adored.

As we picked our way through the crowd, my companion kept up a running fire of remarks.

"He was going," he said, "to introduce me to Miss Matilda Smithers—a lady of high family—immense expectations—sprightly—with the warm and cordial heart of a creole—fond of northern men—Miss Smithers, Mr. Jinx."

I bowed; the lady bowed, smiled, and exhibited a set of teeth that would have eaten their way into the heart of any fellow in existence.

"Might I hope for the honor of dancing with Miss Smithers?"

I might. The music sounded; she accepted my offered arm and we stood at the head of the room. Again the music blared; every gentleman saluted his partner, every lady dittoed, and at it

we went—cross over, forward and back, and down the middle, kicking and capering like mad, to the admired air of "The girl I left behind me."

I think I never met a more agreeable person in my life than Miss Smithers—she was all smiles and sweetness, while I, on my part, allowed no opportunity to pass unimproved of showing off my nnmerons graces and accomplishments. That she was pleased with me was evident, if from nothing else, from the fact that she danced with me nearly the entire evening, and when not dancing with me, Tompkins was the favored individual. I had every reason to be satisfied with my evening's progress; she was not one of your icy-hearted individuals with whom it takes one an age to become acquainted. On the contrary, she could not have been more gracious had we been on terms of intimacy for the preceding thousand years. When she raised her dark eyes to mine with *such* a look of something more than confidence, I was charmed, if ever a fellow was, and when I thought of her possessions, and heard her talk of her cousin—who, she informed me, was a banker—I could have fallen down and worshipped her. So well did I succeed in her good graces, that, at the close of the dance she consented, with a sweet smile, to take a drive in *my carriage* the following morning.

It was with a light heart I rushed np stairs to my dormitory after a lingering leave-taking on the moon-lit piazza; and it was with more than female volubility that I recounted to Tompkins, as he undressed, the events of the evening—my hopes and fears, what I had learned of her wealth, and how and abont it generally. But to my nnutterable surprise, Tompkins made no reply, without an impatient grunt may be interpreted as such, and instead of the noisy congratulations and offers of assistance I had expected, he tumbled into hed, drew the clothes over his head, and made no more talk than a musk-rat. The canse of this strange behaviour on the part of Tompkins, I was at a loss to comprehend, and for nearly three minutes I sat like a statue, with my feet hanging out of bed, thinking over the matter; but not being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, and as it is not my practice to allow anything to interfere with my regular sleep, I deliberately drew in my limbs, extinguished the distant light with a flourish of my pillow, and was speedily in the land of dreams.

When I awoke the next morning the sun was up, and Tompkins had gone down, a thing he had never done before without arousing me by throwing his boots at me, or some other playfulness. But now his hed was empty and it was apparent that the snlkiness of the night before had not worn off. Jumping out of bed, I paced the room a moment, as newly awakened gentlemen are apt to, yawning and stretching, previous to assuming my bifurcated garment, when, as I peregrinated, happening to approach the opeu window, what should I behold—but Tompkins, with the lady of my love leaning on his arm as together they promenaded the garden paths below! The mystery was a mystery no longer, all was now clear as a quill—Tompkins was my rival. This then was the viper I had warmed in my bosom.

"Baso villain and false friend, thy treacherons schemes shall avail thee nothing, for Jinx is thy adversary!" I muttered, as I fiercely combed my hair, and from that moment hate, bitter and uncompromising hate, reigned supreme in my indignant thorax.

At the breakfast table Tompkins met me with a cold and formal salute, which I returned with equal frigidity, and hy a tacit understanding we avoided each other from that time forward. At the appointed hour my hired carriage was driven round to the door, and my adored Matilda, with most unfeminine promptitude, made her appearance gloved and shawled for the ride. If I had thonght Matilda an agreeable person the night hefore, one in whose society I delighted, where can I find words to express my sense of her amiability and gentleness, or the truly charming style of conversation she adopted during that delightful drive? If I pointed out an object of beauty and expressed my admiration therefor, she was in raptures. Did I find food for mirth, she was convulsed. Did "a feeling of sadness come o'er me which my soul could not resist," she melted in a moment.

In short, had I previously entertained any doubts about our being "cut out for each other," they existed no longer. Indeed, when I tried on the sentimental dodge, and hinted at the untenanted condition of my heart, she met me half way, and with a languishing air went on about kindred spirits at such a rate that I gave my horse half a dozen severe cuts in my enthusiasm.

With such a golden prospective what cared I that, on my return, they charged an exorbitant price for the carriage? What cared I that I lost a large sum at billiards to my black whiskered connection that was to be, immediately after? Nothing! To a man of my expectations, such a sum was unworthy his consideration. But I confess it did annoy me to behold Tompkins and Matilda drive off directly after dinner in the identical turnont I had been the brief proprietor of in the morning.

In nearly the same fashion did a week pass away. Matilda was as affable as I could have wished, but then Tompkins was with her when I was not, and how did I know but she was equally kind to him? The thought was torture. To consider him as a rival was bad enough; but that any one should consider him superior, or even equal to me, was humiliating in the extreme. Then, too, Matilda's cousin, the banker, played billiards with Tompkins as often as with me, and won his money, too, as I could perceive hy his troubled look when quitting the saloon. But that argued nothing, for what was the merest trifle to the wealthy banker, was a great deal to Tompkins and me. During all this time we had never exchanged a word. If Tompkins went to bed early, I retired late, and vice versa; so that we were seldom in contact. But I was getting impatient—what with my losses to the banker and the heavy expenses incidental to the successful courting of an heiress, I was getting to be sadly afflicted with the "shorts.'

Whether to boldly pop the decisive question and so put an end to my embarrassments, was a matter that exercised me not a little, and it was npon this important subject I was pondering when my qnondam friend drove up to the door, and having assisted Matilda to alight, drove off again. The self-satisfied and joyous expression that overspread his villanous old mug, decided me at once. Stepping hastily forward I accosted the lady who I fondly hoped would shortly become Mrs. Jinx. She received mo with more than her usual urbanity.

"Was Miss Smithers disengaged?" She was.

"Could I see her alone for a few minntes, on a matter of importance, of the greatest importance to myself."

This was accompanied with one of *my* looks. She showed her white teeth as she answered that I could. As we proceeded toward the end of the piazza, I ventured to take one of her hands upon which I bestowed the little teentiest bit of a squeeze. *Io triumphe!* she returned the sqneeze. Now for it, thought I, and mustering all my resolution, I went off into an unintelligible rhapsody—eternal love—heart and life gratefully devoted—a smile from her was heaven, a frown da—death; hand—heart—fortune—life!

She blushed, turned away her head, sighed deeply and murmured something about its being so unexpected, and that she wanted time for consideration. But I was inexorable; nothing short of a decisive answer would do my business for me. I explained to her the dilapidated state of my internal economy—expressed my conviction that not the minutest particle of my heart yet remained in my possession, and wound up with a broad hint to the effect that if her answer—and a favorable one at that—was not speedily forthcoming, there would be a defunct gentleman somewhere about the house inside of five minutes. This last consideration was too much for her gentle spirit—with another sigh, and in the sweetest possible voice, she informed me she was mine.

Words cannot express the extent of my delight as I listened to the sweet music of her voice. Could it be that I was in reality to become the proprietor of a wife and a big plantation? I could scarcely believe my senses. But the danger of delay, the great risk in letting such a prize remain unappropriated, flashed across my mind, and I persisted.

"When, dearest Matilda," I murmured, "when may I call yon mine?"

She hesitated—she didn't know—she had always a superstitions fear about long engagements.

"Had she, indeed; how singular that I should entertain the same feelings! Why not let it be at once—an elopement, it would be so romantic? Why not this very day?"

Again she hesitated, and again I referred to the dead gentleman, and she gently murmured her consent.

"But do not let Mr. Tompkins know anything of it," she continued, with considerable energy.

"And why not, dearest? What have yon to fear from him?"

"O, please do not let him know of it. I am afraid of him."

"You fear him, dearest? One word from you, and I will sweep the vile reptile from the face of the earth!"

"O, no, no! For my sake do not. Do not see him at present, or if you see him, do not speak to him. Promise me that."

"Well, for *your* sake, I will not," I replied, with an air of self-denial—though I was secretly pleased, for Tompkins could have thrashed me like a sack had he taken the notion. "How the dear girl fears for my safety!" thonght I, with a decidedly pleasant sensation. "But when shall I have the carriage in readiness?"

"Wait where you are a moment. I will consider and send down a note by a servant."

And with a gentle pressure of my hand she tripped into the house and bounded up stairs.

Those, and only those who have been in a precisely similar situation, can imagine my feelings at that moment. I felt like one in a dream; the future was a bright and a golden future—what were tailors and creditors to me at that moment? I was happy! I didn't care a snap whether school kept or not. While dreaming such bright dreams, a servant approached and placed a note in my hand. It began, "Dear Aristides," and the snbstance of the whole was that "my own Matilda" would be in readiness at three o'clock that very afternoon, to accompany me to the ends of the earth, if I required such a journey of her. It was then half past one—there was barely time for necessary preparations.

Rushing hastily up stairs to my room, I threw open the door and entered. Confusion! Tompkins was there. What the deuce did the fellow want in my room at that hour of all hours in the day? There was no time to be lost, however, and I went furiously to work npon my carpet-bag, pulling out this and pushing in that, until everything was packed except my pistols and the garments I designed to wear upon the momentous occasion. Laying the pistols ostentatiously upon the table, I began to strip, preparatory to putting on my "best clothes," and had arrived at that stage in which a gentleman is but one remove from a state of nudity, when looking up, I saw Tompkins gazing savagely at me.

"Why the deuce do yon look at me, sir?" I growled, in my most ferocious tone.

"Because I choose to, sir," returned Tompkins, in an equally ungentle manner. "And furthermore, sir, let me inform you, sir, if you are putting on those *things* for the purpose of calling upon Miss Smithers, your time is thrown away, sir. You may perhaps not be aware that there is a *perfect understanding* between Miss Smithers and myself, sir."

"It is false, sir."

"Sir—r—rr!"

"Yes, false, sir," I yelled, catching up Matilda's note and holding it up before his face, in a triumphant manner. "Look there, sir, look a the—r—r—re, sir!"

"'Tis a base forgery, sir."

"'Tis not, sir!"

"You lie, sir!"

"By heavens, you shall pay for that word," I roared, clutching one of my pistols.

"Come on, *Mister* Jin—nx," sneered Tompkins, catching np a long-legged washstand and assuming a belligerent attitude.

At that moment a heavy step approached the door, and who should walk into the room, but our mutual and enormously powerful friend—Captain George Booth, of the ship Livelyscratch?

"Hello, Jinx! Hello Tompkins!" he exclaimed, in his free and easy way. "What the deuce is up now? Damon and Pythias hy the cars?" he continued, observing our attitudes and weapons.

"The villain!" I ejaculated, moving toward Tompkins.

"The presumptuous scoundrel!" exclaimed Tompkins, making a demonstration toward me with the washstand.

"Come, get out of that," coolly remarked Booth, knocking the pistol out of my hand, while at the same time he pushed Tompkins over on his back on the bed. "Tompkins, put down that what d'ye call it—and as for you, Jinx, you had better dress yourself; you don't look pretty well, standing there as you are. Now let us know what all this is about;" he continued, taking a position between us.

"There is a lady stopping at this house," I began, glaring at Tompkins from my entrenched position behind the bed post.

"Yes, sir, a lady—" interrupted Tompkins, glaring at me from behind his hed post.

"Hold your tongue, Tompkins, and let one speak at a time," interposed Booth.

"A lady—" I continued.

"Yes, Miss Matilda Smithers," again interrupted Tompkins.

"Miss *which?*" exclaimed Booth, with a comical look, as he dove his hands into the lower deeps of his breeches pockets, and gave vent to a prolonged whistle. "You don't mean to tell me you have fallen into the hands of that she land shark?"

"What do you mean, Booth?" I exclaimed, with a presentiment of evil. "Miss Smithers is a highly respectable lady, who is here with her cousin, a wealthy southern banker."

"O, yes—I know all about that—she's an heiress—big plantation; and her cousin is a big fellow with black whiskers, who cheats you out of all your money at billiards."

Tompkins groaned, and Booth proceeded:

"Banker? to be sure he's a banker—*faro* banker, when he does anything else besides sponge such greenies as you two chaps. Why, bless your innocent hearts, they are as well known as the sun at every cheap watering-place from Maine to the further end of Florida reefs. And I suppose one, or both of you, have promised to marry her?"

"Yes," faltered Tompkins, "she promised to give me an answer this evening."

"The deuce she did! Why, I was to elope with her at three o'clock!"

"Ha, ha—the old story. She's done the same thing a thousand times, or less," chuckled Booth.

I looked at Tompkins; he was looking nnutterably foolish, and I have no doubt had my features been capable of wearing a foolish expression, they would have done so at that moment. Again I looked at Tompkins—he looked at me. We started; hesitated; rushed into each other's arms, and hugged away till we almost broke each other's backs. * * * There is but little more to add. Captain Booth waited upon the banker to decline, in our names, the honor of an alliance with his cousin. The banker objected, and threatened legal proceedings, but offered to compromise. That he could never recover anything in the way of damages, we were all well aware, but rather than have the affair made public, and our names coupled in the public prints with the notorious names of the two detestable sharpers, we consented to compromise. All the money that Tompkins and I could raise at short notice, together with a large sum borrowed from Booth, satisfied the banker. And if you want to get a clip over the head, just say "heiress," to either Tompkins or myself.

ROUND HILL MOTORPATHIC WATER-CURE.

This institution, located at Northampton, Mass., possesses great attractions in the charming beauty of its scenery and in the loveliness of its extended landscape, as a HOME for invalids, or a summer retreat for families or parties seeking relaxation and pleasure. Water, in great abundance and of the purest quality, is supplied from living mountain springs; and the bathing facilities embrace every modern improvement for the medical application of it, including Virgnes's electro-chemical bath, for extracting all metallic substances from the human system, whether taken as medicine or otherwise absorbed.

Dr. Halsted, the proprietor (formerly of Rochester, N. Y.), continues to pay particular attention to WOMAN'S diseases and weaknesses. The success which has attended his method of treating such complaints, by his system of Motorpathy, has given him a most extended practice. This system is founded on new pathological prineiples, and by it permanent cures are effected with an ease and certainty heretofore unattained. He also continues to devote himself to the cure of all the various kinds and forms of chronic disease. Having been for twenty years at the head of a hydropathic institute, and within that time having treated many thousands of the most complicated cases, he has had an opportunity which few have possessed, of acquiring skill in the management and control of protracted and difficult complaints. Address H. HALSTED, Northampton, Mass.

Circulars sent to any address on application. Exposition of Motorpathy, postage free, on receipt of seven postage stamps; and Motion-Life, on receipt of six stamps.

LOWELL, MASS.

On this and the following page, we present our readers with some interesting sketches made on the spot and expressly for this paper, in the neighboring city of Lowell, by Mr. Warren. They are faithful and pleasing. The first is the depot of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, on Merrimae Street, a fine, substantial building of brick, with offices and halls, and one of the most picturesque station houses in New England. The salient tower with its graceful arched windows and doors gives this structure a peculiar physiognomy. The second point of view is sketched from the banks of the Merrimae River at the point of junction with Concord River. The Merrimae is seen here below the falls, but turbulent from the rocky character of the place, whirling and dashing amidst the boulders that shoot up from the bed of the river. We behold here the source of the power which drives the mills of the Manchester of America. The large buildings on the river's bank with their smoking chimneys attest the activity of the manufacturing business. The covered bridge is that which connects Lowell with Dracut. The foreground—with its tall trees, its grasses and shrubbery, and its sportive figures, has quite a rural aspect. The third engraving of this set is a very accurate view of Merrimae Street, the widest and finest in Lowell. It shows some of the handsomest and largest business structures. In the foreground, on the right, are the remains of the Lowell Museum, destroyed by fire in January last. Next is the fine block called Nesmith's Block, beyond which is the opening of John Street. On the other side is Shaw's spacious structure, one of the largest in Lowell, beyond which is a succession of stores and large buildings, terminating with the portico of the railroad station. The spire in the distance is that of the Congregational church. Our series of sketches closes with a view of the Court House, a very elegant building, designed by A. B. Young, the distinguished architect. It was built in 1850, at a cost of about $100,000, is fire proof, and stands in a commanding situation. We are very much pleased with this building, because it differs from the stereotyped form of such edifices. There is no reason why the temple of justice should be forbidding and gloomy in its aspect. Mr. Young has designed a building, well proportioned, graceful and elegant. Its airy gables, with their rich ornaments, the lofty flight of steps, the portico, with its graceful arcades, the octagonal clock tower, surmounted by the emblematic scales—all these features unite to form a strongly individualized structure, and one which makes a very strong impression on the beholder. Lowell is situated on the right bank of the Merrimae, where it receives the Concord River, at the termination of five railroads connecting with the seaboard cities and various sections of the interior, and is twenty-five miles north by west from Boston. It was named after Francis C. Lowell, a gentleman of Boston, distinguished for his efforts to introduce the manufacture of cotton into the United States. It was incorporated a town in 1826, and a city in 1836. When the enlargement of the canal was commenced in 1822, the territory included within the limits of Lowell contained less than two hundred inhabitants—its population is now about 40,000. The first purchases with a view to the establishment of manufactures, were made here in 1821. The Merrimae Company was the first incorporated, with a capital of $1,500,000, and the first cloth was woven in one of their mills in 1823. The township was taken from Chelmsford in 1826, and embraces a territory, including the village of Belvidere, on the opposite side of the Concord River, which has since been annexed to Lowell from a corner of Tewksbury, of about five square miles. The place where the city stands was known in the early annals of the country as one of the best fishing grounds of the Indians in all New England. The apostle Eliot speaks of one or two excursions he made to "Pawtucket Falls," to establish relations with the Indians of the interior, in furtherance of his plans of Christianizing and civilizing them. The natives continued to assert and to retain their fishing privileges up to a late period, though surrounded by a white population. It is said there still exist traces of a trench which once enclosed a large area about the confluence of the Merrimae and Concord Rivers, which was reserved exclusively for the Indians. The almost unrivalled advantages which Lowell enjoys for manufacturing purposes are derived from a descent of thirty feet in the Merrimae, known as the Pawtucket Falls, which, by the aid of canals and locks, furnishes an immense hydraulic power. "All the principal water privileges at Lowell," says Hayward, "are owned by a company called the 'Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on Merrimae River.' This company was formed in 1792, for the purpose of constructing a canal from the head of Pawtucket Falls, so called, in the Merrimae River, to the Concord River, near to its junction with the Merrimae, for the purpose of affording a passage to boats and rafts navigating the river. This canal is a mile and a half long, sixty feet wide and six or eight feet deep. When the design was entertained of applying the immense water power thus created to manufacturing purposes, this company, having received the title to a considerable area on the south side of the river, sold out to other companies sites for mills, agreeing to furnish them with a certain amount of water for a stipulated annual rent. They also erected an extensive shop for the manufacture of machinery, from which, in as short a time as three months, they can furnish the machinery complete for a cotton mill of 6000 spindles; and in the same time, if required, they also build the mill itself, to the orders of a new company, and furnish it ready to be operated. The facilities thus afforded contributed rapidly to build up the place, and the energy and foresight of these enterprising capitalists were largely rewarded. The old canal having, of late years, proved in some degree insufficient, a new one was commenced in 1847, of great capacity and superior workmanship, costing $640,000. This canal is one mile in length, averaging 100 feet wide and 15 feet deep; and for size, solidity, and the completeness of all its arrangements, it is said to exceed anything of the kind in the United States." In 1852, there were 12 manufacturing corporations in Lowell, owning 51 mills, and employing an aggregate capital of $13,900,000. The number of operatives was 4163 males and 8470 females, making an aggregate of 12,633. Number of spindles in operation, 342,722; looms, 10,606; cotton consumed during the year, 91,650 bales; wool, 5,158,000 pounds; iron in machine shops, 4500 tons; anthracite coal, 30,576 tons; charcoal, 68,350 bushels; wood, 3220 cords; whale and sperm oil, 69,607 gallons; lard, 47,000 gallons; and starch, 1,400,000 pounds. The weekly products of the looms were—cotton cloth, 2,087,000 yards; osnaburgs, 90,000 yards; woolens, 27,000 yards; carpets, 25,000 yards; cotton goods, dyed and printed, 300,000 yards. The medium power of a loom per day is about 45 yards of No. 14 yarn, and 33 yards of No. 30 yarn; average produce of a spindle per day, 1 1-4 yards. The average wages of males per week, clear of board, are about $4 80, and of females, $2 00. Among the 12 corporations the Merrimae Manufacturing Company, with a capital of $2,500,000, may be mentioned as one of the most extensive. It annually uses 1,000,000 pounds of madder, 38,000 pounds of copperas, 60,000 pounds of alum, 50,000 pounds of sumac, 45,000 pounds of indigo, and 40,000 pounds of soap. The Middlesex Company consumes annually 6,000,000 teazels, 2,000,000 pounds of fine wool, 50,000 pounds of glue, $30,000 worth of dye stuffs, and $13,000 worth of soap. Other manufactures, in addition to the above, embracing powder, paper, batting, etc., are annually produced, to the value of about $1,500,000, employing a capital of $400,000, and nearly 1500 operatives. Only a small proportion of the adult population of Lowell are natives of the place; about one-third are foreigners, principally Irish. The other two-thirds are nearly all from different New England States. A strenuous and successful effort has been made to prevent the immorality which has generally been thought inseparable from a manufacturing town. The regulations of the corporations are very stringent, and no employee is retained whose character is known to be bad. The result is a highly respectable community. Notwithstanding their severe work, a large proportion of the operatives find time for self-culture, and many opportunities for improvement are found in the institutions of the city. Libraries, periodicals and newspapers are liberally patronized by the operatives, many of whom have, from time to time, distinguished themselves by their literary efforts. The "Lowell Offering," a journal conducted by the young ladies connected with the



BOSTON RAILROAD DEPOT, LOWELL, MASS.



JUNCTION OF THE CONCORD AND MERRIMAC RIVERS, LOWELL, MASS.



VIEW OF MERRIMAC STREET, LOWELL, MASS.

mills has often been cited, both in this country and Europe, as a remarkably interesting production. "It is well known," said Edward Everett, in his Fourth of July oration at Lowell (1830), "that the degraded condition of the operatives in the old world had created a strong prejudice against the introduction of manufactures into this country. We were made acquainted, by sanitary and parliamentary reports, detailing the condition of the great manufacturing cities abroad, with a state of things revolting to humanity. It would seem that the industrial system of Europe required for its administration an amount of suffering, depravity and brutalism, which formed one of the great scandals of the age. No form of serfdom or slavery could be worse. Reflecting persons, on this side of the ocean, contemplated with uneasiness the introduction into this country, of a system which had disclosed such hideous features in Europe; but it must be frankly owned that these apprehensions have proved wholly unfounded. Were I addressing an audience in any other place, I could with truth say more to this effect than I will say on this occasion. But you will all bear me witness that I do not speak the words of adulation when I say, that for physical comfort, moral conduct, general intelligence, and all the qualities of social character which go to make up an enlightened New England community, Lowell might safely enter into a comparison with any town or city in the land. Nowhere, I believe, for the same population, is there a greater number of schools and churches, and nowhere a greater number of persons whose habits and mode of life bear witness that they are influenced by a sense of character. In demonstrating to the world that such a state of things is consistent with the profitable pursuit of manufacturing industry, you have made a discovery more important to humanity than all the wonderful machinery for weaving and spinning—than all the miracles of water and steam. You have rolled off from the sacred cause of labor the mountain reproach of ignorance, vice and suffering under which it lay crushed. You have gained, for the skilled industry required to carry on these mighty establishments, a place of honor in the great dispensation by which Providence governs the world. You have shown that the homebred virtues of the parental roof are not required to be left behind by those who resort for a few years to these crowded marts of social industry; and, in the fruits of your honest and successful labor, you are daily carrying gladness to the firesides where you were reared." From the period of its incorporation, the people of Lowell have distinguished themselves by their zeal for the cause of education. The public schools, liberally provided for at the outset, have increased in number, character and efficiency, with the growth and prosperity of the city. An association of mechanics, incorporated as early as 1825, erected the Mechanics' Hall, in the heart of the city, furnished with a fine library and reading-room, a mineralogical cabinet and philosophical apparatus, arranged for courses of lectures, literary and scientific. Lowell also possesses a fine library, the use of which is obtained by the payment of a small annual subscription. Lowell is indeed a wonderful place. It has sprung up with almost the rapidity of an enchanted palace in an Eastern fairy tale. Nature, capital, genius and industry have made it what it is—a latter day miracle. Strangers from the South and West daily visit it—and it is regarded as a proof of American enterprise and genius.



COURT HOUSE, LOWELL, MASS.

THE HIMALAYAN REGIONS.

Dr. Hooker, an English naturalist and traveller, who has explored the province of Nepaul, and a part of Sikkim, in Northern India, embracing some of the highest summits of the Himalayan range of mountains, relates some interesting facts in regard to that region, where is found the highest land on the globe. Dorjiling, a British sanitary station in Sikkim, 7000 feet above the sea, is placed on one of the outer spurs of the Himalaya Mountains; although its elevation is moderate, and its distance from the plain trifling, and its latitude only 27° north, it has a peculiar climate, very different from what we are inclined to call tropical. Throughout this temperate region there is hardly one eatable fruit, except the native walnut, and some brambles, of which the yellow and the ground raspberry are the best, some insipid figs, and a very austere crab apple. The European apple will scarcely ripen, and the pear not at all. Currants and gooseberries show no disposition to thrive, and strawberries are the only fruit that ripen at all, which they do in the greatest abundance. Vines, figs, pomegranates, plums, apricots, will not succeed, even as trees. The temperature hardly ever rises above 70° in the summer months; there is a "boundless contiguity of shade," dense forests covering the hills without break or opening; rain falls every month of the year, and to the extent of one hundred and twenty inches per annum; during the heats of summer, and also in the warmest part of every day, a canopy of cloud obstructs the direct rays of the sun, and produces the singular effect on horticulture just described. This is owing to the fact that the prevailing winds from the Bay of Bengal to the southeast, upon reaching the Himalaya range, are rapidly condensed, causing clouds and copious rains. Dr. Hooker says that some of the Himalaya passes traversed by him were nearly eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Yet these passes, although much encumbered by snow, are used by native traders, who cross the mountain into Thibet; and he thinks that the glaciers, which have undoubtedly once descended into the valleys, must in some cases have been forty miles long and five hundred feet in depth. The highest peak of the Himalaya is Kinchinjunga, which has an absolute elevation of 28,178 feet, and is the highest mountain of the known world. There are other peaks which reach an altitude of 24,000 feet.

Col. Markham, in an account of the Ganges of the Himalayas, gives the following interesting description of the celebrated glacier of this great river:—"One fine cold morning, and we started early to accomplish the five miles to the south of the mighty river. The opposite bank being the best for burrell, we were in great hopes that we might find sufficient snow left to enable us to cross the river; but the snow that at times bridges over the stream was gone. The walking was bad, for in all the small tributary streams were stones and rocks incrusted with ice, which made them very difficult to cross. On the opposite side we saw immense flocks of burrell, but there was no getting at them, but at last the great glacier of the Ganges was reached; and never can I forget my first impressions when I beheld it before me in all its savage grandeur. The glacier, thickly studded with enormous loose rocks and earth, is about a mile in width, and extends upwards many miles, towards an immense mountain, covered with perpetual snow down to its base, and its glittering summit piercing the very skies, rising 21,000 feet above the level of the sea. The chasm in the glacier, through which the sacred stream rushes forth into the light of day, is named the 'Cow's Mouth,' and is held in the deepest reverence by all Hindoos; and the regions of eternal frost in its vicinity are the scenes of many of their most sacred mysteries. The Ganges enters the world no puny stream, but bursts forth from its icy womb a river thirty or forty yards in breadth, of great depth, and very rapid. We killed a burrell by a lucky shot across the river just at the mouth; it fell backwards into the torrent, and was no more seen. Extensive as my travels since this day have been through these beautiful mountains, and amidst all the splendid scenery I have looked on, I can recall none so magnificent as the glacier of the Ganges." Mr. Yule, an English traveller, also speaks of the rains upon the Himalayas as being unprecedented any where else; in one single month, there fell 264 inches, or 22 feet.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NARROW HOUSE.

I know a little narrow house,
By human hands 'twas made;
It boasts no architectural form,
But 'tis secure against the storm,
Although 'tis neither light nor warm—
That house the sexton made,
The sexton with his spade.

I know a little sleeper there,
A little daughter, laid
Beneath its walls both damp and cold,
Where beauty mingles back with mould;
And all around sleep young and old,
In graves the sexton made,
The sexton with his spade.

I know a "house *not* made with hands,
Eternal and on high;"
And through its portal, left ajar,
I see a beautiful, bright star,
Now risen, where the angels are—
And from that starlit sky
That light shall never die!

M. C.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUNT POLLY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY ANNIE CARLTON.

"O, Aunt Polly, did you ever go to New York?"

"La, yes, child! What made you ask that silly question?" replied Aunt Polly, looking up from her work with surprise.

"Nothing, aunt—only I was looking at this map, and thinking it was very far off."

"Did I never tell you of my famous ride to New York in the cars, on the Hudson River Railroad, that they brag so much about—going like lightning, and never taking folks in?" And Aunt Polly thereupon raised her spectacles to her forehead, and began.

"It was in the summer of 1852. I had been to the far West, and was returning to my home. I had sailed upon the noble lake Michigan, had passed through the romantic straits of Mackinaw into the stormy Huron, from thence to the placid waters of St. Clair, and crossed the blue waves of Erie to Buffalo. Finding I had arrived too late for the express, I was almost determined to wait a day; but as it was of a Saturday, and I was anxious to reach my brother's house in New York that night, I determined to take the accommodation train, which started at eight o'clock.

"Accordingly I went to the ticket office with the crowd, when there arose another difficulty. It seemed there were two ways of going to New York from Albany—one by the boat, and the other by the River Road. The confusion was so great—each party trying to outdo the other by their vociferations in the recommendation of *their* way—'The Sir Isaac Newton goes to-night—best boat on the Hudson, sleep all night soundly, find yourself in New York at sunrise all safe, wont know you are in a boat, think you are on a bed of down,' shouts one. 'Hudson River Railroad, through like lightning, cars easy as a rocking chair, seats provided with a pillow for the head, be in New York at eleven to-night. Talk about *that boat!*—it shakes like it had a fit of the ague; it shook so hard the other night that it shook out a woman's false teeth. A young man's whiskers stand no chance to be saved at all; and I have seen an old man's pet wig fall at his feet—to say nothing of the live stock they keep to feed on the unhappy victims who so rashly confide in their promises,' screams another, so that, what with keeping my pockets from the hands of thieves, and my purse from being snatched from my hand, I could scarcely collect my senses enough to decide. But upon the ticket-master's assuring me I should certainly be in New York at eleven that night, I unfortunately selected the road, and paid a dollar extra for the privilege. So with my ticket and checks in my pocket, I took a comfortable seat in the cars, and gave myself up to pleasing anticipations of the surprise I was about to give my brother and family."

"And did you not get to Uncle John's that night?" said little Sue.

"Hush, Susy; do not interrupt me!" replied Aunt Polly, shaking her head. "I'm coming to that part in time. Well, as I was saying, I was indulging in my fancies, never dreaming of any trouble ahead—for I had paid my money, and why should not the bargain be fulfilled?—that is, to be in New York at eleven that night. The day was fine, and as we hurried on through the lovely and picturesque valley of the Mohawk, I thought it a pity so many of the passengers should be indifferent to its beauties, for transient as was the view, it awakened within me those calm and holy feelings which inspire true happiness.

"The day wore on, and we made good progress. At half past eight we reached Albany, where we had been told we could have supper, and on this anticipation, I had refused to take dinner, but alas! I found my hopes of a plentiful repast vanish like chaff before the wind. I was coolly informed there was no supper prepared, and if there had been, there was no time to eat it, for the ferry-boat crossed the river at quarter to nine, and the cars to leave at nine; so it was all I could do to get myself and baggage to the ferry. And cold (for it was in October), hungry and weary, with a few of my luckless companions, who had like myself been beguiled by fair promises, we once more resumed our places in the cars, which were in apparent readiness to take us onward.

"Already the engine, puffing and blowing like some unearthly monster, reared its iron head, and, glowing like a heated furnace, stood before the train. The busy men hurried to and fro, regardless of the questions of the now impatient passengers as to the cause of the delay, for it was a quarter past nine. Time wore on, and with it our patience *wore out*, for the train still remained stationary. Ten o'clock came, and with it 'curses loud and deep,' for the discontent had fomented into rebellion. Calls for the conductor or engineer to explain the cause of detention were in vain; not the slightest attention was paid to the reiterated demands. Many propositions were made to vacate the premises, and take our chance at the hotels for supper and lodging; but the company had our money, the next day was Sunday, and thus we were obliged to submit to our fate.

"Eleven o'clock struck. This was the hour which was to have found us at our journey's end, and lo! we had not yet moved an inch from Albany. My only remark was that it was safe, if not expeditious; though my wrath was waxing warm against these 'tricks upon travellers.' At this moment the locomotive moved off, groaning and laboring under the weight of forty-two cars filled with cattle, hogs and sheep; and now the mystery was solved—we were in a freight train with one passenger car attached."

"And now, Aunt Polly, you were glad to be on your way; I suppose you went fast enough to get there by four o'clock."

"Ah, Susy, your imagination is too swift for our pace. We crept along at the rate of eight miles an hour; and had it not been for the beautiful scenery along the banks of the river, I should have been too much provoked to be thus served. But it was a splendid night; the brilliancy of the moon was softened by a thin veil of mist, which threw a halo around every object it touched.

"The clamor had ceased, and each weary head was bowed in hopes of snatching a few moments' oblivion from this tiresome speed, save an old sea captain, noisy and profane, from his frequent potations from a brandy flask he had with him, who could not sleep himself, and was determined no one else should, when he found talking would not answer, would get up and walk, or rather totter from one end of the car to the other, shaking the men by the shoulders, and swearing at them for their stupidity—then commencing some of his long sea yarns, soon lulled them to sleep again.

"After a few hours we picked up another engine, and put it on behind to push us along, or we might have been on the road several days. About daylight we reached Newburg, where we found a whole band of luckless musicians waiting to take the cars, and who had been waiting at the station house since eleven o'clock the preceding night. They were not in the best humor, having passed the night stretched upon benches, chairs, or the floor, as they could find them. At seven o'clock we stopped at a station, where they professed to have refreshments for the wayworn and weary, consisting of villanous coffee and tea, apples, crackers, and pies of various kinds. And here an amusing incident occurred, which quite revived the spirits of my companions in affliction.

"At the station, the up train was standing waiting for this down train to pass. I noticed it when I went into the eating-room. A large number of us were taking our breakfast, being rather exhausted from the long fast we had been obliged to make. Presently the signal for departure sounded from the engine; but as I kept my eye on the conductor and brakeman, who were quietly taking their lunch, and seeing they did not move, I did not disturb myself at all. A moment after, some one rushed in to say that our train had gone. We got to the door just in time to see the last of the rear car; then followed quite a laughable scene. The conductor stamped and swore at the stupidity of the engineer. One woman had her son of three years old by the hand, running after the cars hoping to overtake them; for she had got out to give her son some water, leaving a little girl with a babe of six months in her arms; her agonizing cry was 'O, my children will be killed! they will be dead! The company shall pay for this, if there is justice to be had in the city!' I tried to pacify her by telling her the gentlemen in the cars would take care of them. The men to whom the freight belonged, said they must and would go on; as for myself, I had become quite passive—in fact, I rather liked the idea of remaining in that place till the next morning, my ticket and checks were safe in my pocket, and they would be obliged to take me in the train of Monday morning.

"The conductor's invariable answer to the many questions of 'What is to be done now?' was, 'I don't know; wait for the morning train, I suppose.' It being Sunday, no trains were on the road. An hour passed by, and we were about disposing of ourselves for the remainder of the day, when our cars were greeted by the sound of a distant steam whistle. All were on their feet in a moment; the engineer had sent the locomotive and tender for those left behind. It seems he mistook the signal of the other conductor for his, and did not discover his mistake, till some of the passengers went forward and informed him. The tender was open on all sides, with a rim about a foot wide around it, like a bench, for our accommodation. The conductor called out, 'All hands aboard!'—'What,' said I, 'am I to ride in this thing?'—'This, or none,' he replied.

"Climbing up over the wood, I seated myself with the best grace I could next a western drover, and taking hold of his coat, implored his protection in this perilous experiment, which he kindly promised; there we were, sixteen in all, to take this airy flight. And now we could not complain of the tardy motion of the engine, for we went like lightning in good earnest. At first I enjoyed this novel mode of travelling, having always had much curiosity about arches and tunnels—the inside of them, I mean. But after a while, my elevated position became rather precarious, for the fireman was constantly undermining my foundation, by withdrawing stick by stick the wood which formed its basis. And now I found the value of the strong arm of my companion."

"But what became of the old captain?"

"Well, there he stood, or rather supported by others, blaspheming in the most dreadful manner, till I feared we should be blown up for being in his company. I can tell you it is no comfortable thing to be so near that fiery, hissing machine, which seems as if alive and ready to burst up, without a moment's warning. Well, he kept passing round his vile liquor, and I begged hard for some one to throw the flask into the Hudson, but the cowards would not do it. I only wished he had passed it to me; I would have sent it sailing down the river. We found the cars drawn up at a station waiting for us; we had been fifteen miles in about as many minutes, and we were all glad to come off so well. It made me a little more nervous than our slow pace had done.

"After a few jokes by our fellow-travellers who remained in the car, we settled ourselves with the hope of reaching our destination by noon. But alas! for human calculation, arrived at West Point, it seemed impossible ever to round the curve with such an immense length of train. However, after running backwards and forwards for an hour, the feat was achieved, and really nothing but the magnificent scenery and beauty of West Point could have composed our impatient spirits to bear this long delay.

"As all sublunary things have an end, so at last had this. At half past three o'clock we approached the city which had so long mocked our expectations, having been eighteen hours from Albany, instead of the promised three. We now thought ourselves fortunate in getting to the city before dark; and many a vision of good cheer passed before our mind's eye, when lo! we were informed that the train could not proceed to the depot until the cargo was discharged at the Eleventh Avenue. This was putting the climax to human endurance. The hungry, and consequently the wrathful portion of the male sex, openly rebelled at this utter disregard of their rights. A general stampede ensued, and all those who had no incumbrance, vacated the scene of their trials, determined to make public their experience as a warning hereafter to all travellers upon the Hudson River route."

"But, aunt, did you follow those who deserted the cars?"

"No, child; my trunk was in the baggage car, and I could find no conveyance from that place—neither did I know a foot of the way; besides, I had paid an extra dollar, and was resolved not to be cheated out of my bargain. Carry me to the right place they should, if it was in my power to make them.

"So I was left with the sea captain and the widow's little family for my companions. My amusement was to watch the motley group outside, dressed in their Sunday's best, and casting looks of envy at our apparently comfortable position. The children were enticed often to the window where the captain sat, in hopes of being treated to candy, nuts or cakes."

"And did he not give the poor little things some when he promised?" inquired Susy.

"It was not exactly promises he made, only signs; he might have thrown them a cent or two to see them scramble for it."

"O, the wicked old man!" exclaimed Sue. "He had better have treated them with candy, than to have spent all his money for brandy!"

"I thought so, too, my dear; or he might at least have dispensed with that tumbler of lager bier, for that was the only thing he could get there. At length the important task of discharging the quadrupeds was over, and our turn came next. And with a mixture of anger and delight we heard the conductor announce his intention of conducting us to the proper station; delighted to find I was really going, for somehow I mistrusted we should be left in the lurch, and be obliged to dispose of myself as I might think proper, and I was angry at the imposition.

"After dark we arrived at Chambers Street station. I very soon collected my goods and chattels, but at this hour no conveyance was in waiting; so after much trouble a hack was obtained, and I was driven to my brother's, more dead than alive, having taken but one meal in the two days, and not slept at all. A slight repast was soon prepared, of which I partook sparingly, and returning to my room with a thankful heart for mercies received, resolved never to trust man's promises again."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Literally Translated, with Explanatory Notes. By THEODORE ALVIS BUCKLEY, B. A., of Christ Church. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 466.

These translations of Harpers' Classical Library are as valuable to English readers as to scholars. It is pleasant and instructive to compare this literal version with the poetical rendition of Cowper and Pope. The notes are copious and valuable. For sale by Redding & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—George P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have published "Che Faro Senz' Euridice," a cavatina, by Gluck, and selections from "Il Trovatore," for the piano. From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, we have "Woman with her Love," a song, by J. D. Manning; the "Star of Hope," "Nation's Pride Polka," and "Marie Waltz," for the piano.

THE CATHOLIC. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 293.

This is a series of letters written by E. H. Derby to a kinsman, to deter him from joining the Roman Catholic persuasion, and which effected the purpose. The public are now called upon to pronounce on the force of the reasoning.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE: or, *Young Humphrey Davy*. By HENRY MAYHEW. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 18mo.

This is a truly admirable juvenile work, by the author of that interesting book, the "London Poor." While recounting the story of Humphrey Davy, who, from an apothecary's boy, rose to be a light of science and president of the Royal Society, it at the same time explains some of the most wonderful phenomena of nature, and the greatest discoveries of science. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE FIRST AND SECOND MARRIAGES: or, *The Courtesies of Wedded Life*. By Mrs. MADELEINE LESLIE. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 428.

This novel belongs to the didactic school, and its title indicates the moral it seeks to teach. Most novels end with marriage—this begins with it; and the interest of the story hinges on the vicissitudes of wedded life. It is written with a good deal of power, and certainly with a healthful purpose.

AN ESSAY ON LIBERTY AND SLAVERY. By ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSOE, LL.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856.

Mr. Bledsoe gives this essay to the public as the fruit of several years thoughtful study. A defence of the South and southern institutions is here presented calmly, and those who have read the other side, should certainly read this. For sale by Redding & Co.

APPLETON'S CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY. Edited by FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D., LL.D. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 1058.

This book is splendidly got up, with fine paper and good sizeable type. The biographies are necessarily concise, but they are well written, and are perfectly reliable as to dates. The more prominent characters sketched are given pretty fully. Every one who has a book, should possess a universal biography; and this is the best we have yet met with of its dimensions. For sale by Redding & Co.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LABOR.

BY WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

Up to labor! do not slumber!
Westward comes the god of day—
Sleep disturbing, night destroying,
Comes the god of beam and ray.

Must I labor? may I never
Know the bliss of labor done?
Must I rouse me every morning?—
Rouse me with the morning sun?

Labor, labor! constant, ever—
'Tis the same thing o'er and o'er;
Galley-slaves my lot might envy,
Tugging, toiling at the oar.

I would have a world of pleasure,
Filled with joys, and filled with rest;
Labor be a thing forgotten—
Say, would not my world be best?

Wherefore labor? brute creation,
Instinct led, without a mind,
Labor not by nature's teaching;
Labor's for the human kind.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BRIDE OF THE CARNIVAL.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"Does she really love me?" said Captain Ernest Von Steinberg, aid-de-camp to King Louis of Bavaria, as he left the presence of the young and beautiful baroness Anna Von Graffenberg, the belle of Munich, and his passionately beloved mistress, "or is she really the heartless coquette which common rumor makes her?"

As he passed down the staircase, he encountered the pretty baroness's pretty French chambermaid, Lisette.

"Lisette, you are looking charmingly to-day—do you know it?"

"My mirror told me so this morning," said the soubrette, looking up boldly into his face.

"What lips! what eyes! and what a figure!" said the soldier. "Bnt do you know I think you would look infinitely prettier in a lavender-colored silk robe, with cherry-colored ribbons?"

"Very possibly, monsieur," answered the waiting-maid. "But that costs money—and how is a poor girl like me to dress like a lady?"

"I have thonght of that difficulty," said Ernest, "and have provided a remedy. Will you allow me to present you with a slight token of my gratitude and admiration?"

As he spoke, he drew forth a little net silk purse, throngh the interstices of which several newly-coined gold pieces showed their pleasant, brilliant countenances. Lisette's eyes reflected their brightness.

"Monsieur is altogether too generous," she said. But the little white fingers clasped the glittering offering and conveyed it to one of the side pockets of the coquettish black silk apron that she wore.

"Now tell me, Lisette, is your mistress going to the masked ball at the palace to-morrow night?"

"Ah, but that is a great secret, monsieur, which I promised madam not to reveal," replied the Parisian, archly, laying her finger on her lips.

"She *is* going, then?" said Ernest.

"Monsieur says so," answered the soubrette, smiling.

"And what else did your mistress charge you to keep secret?" asked the officer, smiling in his turn.

"That she was going to wear a rose-colored domino, with a bunch of sky blue ribbons on the right shoulder," replied the waiting-maid hurriedly, and she ran up stairs as if to avoid further catechism, fully satisfied that her indiscretion had been an ample offset to the aid-de-camp's present.

"Very good, Madam Anna," said the young officer to himself. "I have now reconnoitered the ground, and I shall know where to open my trenches. All's fair in love and war. And now to my friend the sculptor's—if his ingenuity aid me, my success will be certain."

On the night of the masked ball the royal palace of Munich was a blaze of light. Every window glowed as if the interior were a mass of fire, and the brilliant rays, streaming forth upon the night, fell on the glittering helmets, breastplates and sabres of the mounted cuirassiers, or were reflected from the bayonets of a detachment of the infantry of the line drawn up as a guard of honor in the square without. Chamberlains stood at the entrance of the palace, and files of lackeys, with wax tapers flaring in the evening air, shed the light of day almost on the grand staircase. Carriage after carriage rolled up in succession with their living freights of beauty and youth, and as light feet fell like snow flakes on the carpeted marble, as graceful forms vanished within the portals, the ears of the bystanders were lulled by the pleasant rustling of silks, while the breeze was perfumed by a thousand delicate odors.

But if such were the external manifestations of the fete, how far more brilliant and bewildering was the interior of the palace of pleasure. How those lofty halls glowed with the dazzling effulgence of thousands of wax tapers! How softly beautiful were the marble statues that graced the niches, lined the corridors, and looked down from their pedestals on the grand ball-room! How oriental in their magnificence were the gorgeous draperies of velvet and satin, with their fringes of gold bullion; but above all, what music streamed on the enchanted air from an orchestra composed of a hundred of the best instrumentalists in the city. And the life—the animation of the throngs that filled that brilliant saloon—who shall describe it?

Ernest Von Steinberg, who looked but for one person in that brilliant multitude, was so masked and muffled that his disguise was perfectly impenetrable. Therefore, when he found the rose-colored domino at last, he hesitated not to address her.

"Good evening, fair mask."

"Good evening, gallant cavalier. But how know you that I am fair?"

"Were I to pronounce you the fairest in Munich, none would dispute your title."

"Do you know me?"

"The belle of Munich hides her face in vain," answered Ernest. "That inimitable foot and hand are her betrayers."

"You may be mistaken, after all."

"I cannot be, and I claim the hand," said Ernest, "and will find employment for that dainty foot. The music sounds."

"I believe my hand is promised already," answered the fair one; "so take it quick, before some one disputes the prize with you."

The next moment they were whirling round the vast saloon to a music that might keep dancers on their feet for life. Anna leaned upon the shoulder of her partner, and he breathed in her ear words that she could not listen to without a thrill of pleasure. At the conclusion of the dance, Ernest led her into a side room, in which they found themselves quite alone.

"You persist, then," said the lady, "in calling me the Baroness Von Graffenberg."

"If I had doubted before, your dancing would have convinced me. The leader of the sylphides is known by her step."

"I am a perfect Taglioni, then!" said the baroness, laughing. "Well, mein herr, you have guessed right. And now, in return for my confidence, may I request you to raise your mask?"

"I can refuse you nothing," said Ernest Von Steinberg.

He raised his mask as he spoke, and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the baroness the well known features of King Louis of Bavaria.

"But I thought you assured us that the cavalier was Captain Ernest Von Steinberg!" exclaims the reader. Let us explain. To give additional zest and pleasure, and complicate the mysteries of a masquerade, the courtiers of Louis XIV. of France had invented the following expedient. They procured fine wax likenesses of their friends, of eminent persons, and wore them under their masks. When requested to declare their identity, they would raise the outer mask, and the inner wax one, seen for a moment, in most cases completely deceived the spectator. It is easy to imagine what an infinite field for mystification this contrivance afforded. Captain Ernest had a friend, a sculptor, who had modelled a bust of the king. And from him he had procured a wax mask, beautifully colored, and so well executed as to deceive the eyes of the baroness for the moment they rested on it. Ernest, satisfied with his success, replaced his black velvet vizard, and continued the interview.

"Yes, baroness," whispered the disguised aid-de-camp. "It is Louis who stands before you—not as your king—but as your subject, your slave—the thrall of your beauty."

"Ah, sire!" sighed the belle of Munich, "you are sporting with the sensibilities of a weak woman."

"No, by heaven!" replied the false king. "I am incapable of that. Behold me at your feet, and hear me swear eternal allegiance to your charms."

"Rise, rise, sire," said the baroness, very much agitated. "We may be seen or overheard.

"Long have I thought," continued the false king, "that beauties such as yours should grace a throne."

"A throne!" echoed the baroness.

"But you are right," he continued, hurriedly. "This is no time or place for confidence like ours. Hark, the clock is striking twelve. Will you trust my honor, and meet me at this hour to-morrow night?"

"Where, sire?"

"In the Chinese pavilion in the garden of the palace. The wicket of the postern gate that leads to the door of the pavilion shall be left open for you."

The baroness gave him her hand. "To-morrow night at twelve!" said she, and glided from the room.

"O, woman! woman! woman!" said Ernest, when left alone—"false as fair! Is it for this we rank you with the angels? But tremble, faithless one—your punishment shall be as bitter as the agony I suffer." And he followed the baroness into the dancing saloon. He had no sooner left the room, than a masked figure stole forth from beneath a mass of crimson drapery.

"The Chinese pavilion—to-morrow night at twelve!" said the stranger. "Bravo! bravo! Captain Von Steinberg!"

And he, too, vanished.

A few minutes before twelve o'clock on the following night Captain Von Steinberg, wearing his wax mask, unlocked and entered the Chinese pavilion in the royal garden. The inside shutters of the windows were closed, so that he ventured to produce a match and light a wax taper, taking care to place a shade over it so that the room should be very dimly lighted. After completing these arrangements, he glanced round, and started on seeing the figure of a man near the table. The stranger was dressed in the uniform of an aid-de-camp, and wore a mask upon his face.

"Who are you?" demanded Ernest, advancing to the intruder.

"You have anticipated a similar question," replied the mask.

"But I have a right to know," said Ernest.

"So have I," was the quiet answer.

"Sir—" said Ernest, placing his hand on the hilt of his sabre,

"So do I," replied the mask; "but I reserve it for the enemies of my country."

"Who are you? I implore you to tell me," said Ernest.

"Ah, now you speak in a different manner. I, sir, am Captain Von Steinberg, at your service, aid-de-camp to his majesty, King of Bavaria."

"The deuce you are!" thought Ernest.

"But confidence for confidence," said the impostor. "Now you must tell me who you are, and by what right I find you in the royal pavilion at this hour."

"By the very best right in the world," replied Ernest, boldly. "I, sir, am King Louis of Bavaria;" and he raised his outward mask, displaying the features of the king.

"Pardon me, sire," said the stranger, falling on his knee. "But making my rounds in the garden, I found the postern gate unlocked, and fearing treachery to your royal person, deemed it my duty to keep watch in the pavilion of which, as your majesty is aware, I have a duplicate key."

"Zounds! man! you haven't locked the postern, have you?" asked the pretended king.

"No, sire, it remains as I found it."

"Then, my good fellow, there is no harm done," said Ernest. "And I'll tell you a secret; I expect a lady here every instant, who has accorded me a private interview. The best service you can render me—is to leave me to myself."

"A hint from your royal lips is a command," said the pretended Ernest. "That your majesty's suit may prosper, is the warmest wish of your most devoted subject."

And the stranger vanished. Before Ernest had an opportunity to frame any hypothesis with regard to this mysterious being, the door opened cautiously and admitted the baroness. She threw herself at once at the feet of Ernest.

"Rise, lady," said the pretended monarch. "I should rather be at your feet—rise!"

"Not," said the baroness, "till your majesty pledges his royal word to pardon me in advance for whatever I may confess."

"I freely pledge you that," said Ernest, aiding the lady to rise.

"Know, then," said the baroness, "that I am an ungrateful woman. Your majesty distingnished me last night, and held out hopes so brilliant that a subject might well be dazzled by their promise. I *was* dazzled, and I heard you with pleasure. But it was only a momentary weakness. In the delirium of the dance you told me that you loved me—my consent to meet you here seemed a confession of reciprocal affection. But in truth my heart is given to another. I love—and love with all the fervor of my being, not a monarch—but a subject."

"A rival!" said the pretended king, sternly. "His name?"

"Promise that you will not harm him, sire."

"I make no promises in such a case as this."

"Then I shall keep my secret," said the baroness, firmly.

"And you would love this man—even if I commanded you to tear his image from your heart?"

"I love him, and him only," said the baroness. "In good report, and evil report—in sorrow and sickness—in shame and in honor. Truly I pledged him my hand—my heart went with it. I am his forever."

"And he is thine, dear Anna," said Ernest, tearing off his disguise. "Will you forgive the trial I have subjected you to?"

"Will you forgive the weakness of a moment that made me listen to temptation?"

"Freely and fully," said Ernest, folding the baroness in his arms. "And now—when shall we be married?"

"To-night!" said a voice beside them. And there stood the King of Bavaria, but still in the uniform of an aid-de-camp in which he had entered the pavilion that evening and first encountered Ernest. He it was who had overheard the appointment at the masquerade. "To-night!" he repeated, smiling on his astonished auditors. "The chapel is lighted up—the priest is in waiting—the wedding guests are bidden, and the wedding feast prepared. Louis of Bavaria awaits to conduct you to the altar, and to give away the bride! And may the pleasures of this carnival be but the precursors of a life of joy!"

The delight of the lovers—the joy of Lisette—the surprise and pleasure of all their family must be left to the imagination. There are episodes in life whose brightness baffles pen and pencil both.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.



LAURA BRIDGMAN.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

Every one has heard of Laura Bridgman, one of the most interesting pupils at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and whose portrait accompanies this sketch. Afflicted to a degree which would seem to doom her to a totally darkened existence—deaf, dumb and blind—she has yet been raised by the unremitting efforts of her friend and benefactor, Dr. Howe, to a perception of moral and scientific truths, to a sense of religion, and to a rational enjoyment of life. She was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, December 21, 1829, and was sickly from her birth. At two years of age she lost the senses of sight and hearing, and at four, when her health was restored, it was found that the senses of smell and taste were also nearly obliterated. In this condition Dr. Howe first saw her, and conceiving hopes of developing her intellect, induced her parents to entrust her to his care. For the first few months, her progress was slow, but at the expiration of that period she discovered signs of an awakened intellect, and thenceforth began to acquire knowledge with truly remarkable rapidity. From each new acquisition she seemed to derive exquisite pleasure; her attention to her lessons was not painful—as light dawned upon her mind, it lit up every feature of her face, and clothed it with grateful and intelligent smiles. In 1838, when she had been a year under the care of Dr. Howe, he wrote of her, "Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odors, she has no conception; nevertheless she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and playfulness of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the children, her shrill laugh sounds the loudest among the group." "It is beautiful," Dr. Howe wrote of her at a recent date, "to behold her continual gladness—her keen enjoyment of existence—her expansive love—her unhesitating confidence—her sympathy with suffering—her conscientiousness, truthfulness and hopefulness." Laura has a most insatiable craving after knowledge. Her acquisitions are readily made, and are retained and digested thoroughly. The success of Dr. Howe with this pupil—whose condition promised so little, who was so deplorably afflicted, awakens our warmest admiration. Such an achievement is among the noblest that man can accomplish. And what an impressive lesson does the life of this poor girl convey to those who are in the enjoyment of all their faculties. An exhibition of the pupils of the Perkins Institution must be a reproach to many of their auditors. Groping after knowledge darkling and blindfold, guided only by the senses of touch and hearing, they yet exhibit a proficiency which the pupils of other schools, endowed with every faculty, might envy.

MRS. ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

The fidelity of the accompanying portrait of this gifted lady will be attested by thousands, who remember her as the brightest ornament of the American stage, which she has abandoned at last to grace the quiet walks of private life. The career of Mrs. Ritchie has been a truly brilliant one—as a poetess and prose writer, as a novelist, and dramatist, and as an actress, success has attended all her efforts. Her recent works, "Autobiography of an Actress," and "Mimic Life," both published by Ticknor & Fields, of this city, have met with a prodigious sale, and are still very popular. They are characterized by talent of a high order, by a certain feminine grace, which adorns whatever it touches. Although Mrs. Ritchie has met the various trials of life (and a large share was allotted to her) with indomitable spirit, though for years she moved before the public in a perilous and trying position—that of an actress, still, the feminine delicacy of her mind was never blunted; she is as far removed from the vulgar "strong-minded" of her sex, as daylight from darkness. The ladylike character of her histrionic impersonations was ever to us their most attractive character. A stranger to her story could not see her in any of her performances without feeling that she was a refined lady in character and feeling. Our readers are familiar with the story of Mrs. Ritchie's life. Her father, Mr. Ogden, a merchant of New York, meeting with heavy losses, removed to France for a few years, and while in that country Mrs. Ritchie was born. Returning to New York, she was married when very young to Mr. Mowatt, an opulent lawyer, who lost both his fortune and his health shortly afterwards. Thenceforth the talents of Mrs. Mowatt, which had been the charm of the society she moved in, became a reliable resource. She gave public dramatic readings—she wrote for the press, for the booksellers, for the stage, and finally became an actress, winning a brilliant American and European reputation by her efforts. During a professional visit to England, in 1851, Mr. Mowatt died, and after a lapse of time, she married Wm. F. Ritchie, Esq., of Virginia, in which State she now resides, in the enjoyment of a society that appreciates her worth. Her father, Mr. Ogden, after undergoing many vicissitudes of fortune, has again come into possession of a very large property. The retirement of private life has not impaired the activity of Mrs. Ritchie's mind; and as an especial favorite of the reading public, we may hope, from her literary ability, a series of works that will add to her established reputation. Mrs. Ritchie is certainly the most gifted and versatile American lady who ever, for a series of years, adopted the stage as a profession. We have seen many brilliant stars in our day, but they were specialities—they were unfitted to shine out of the theatrical firmament. The retirement of Mrs. Ritchie was a severe disappointment to the public, for she was an established favorite; but they must console themselves with the reflection, that she is now delighting larger numbers through the press.



MRS. ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

THE CITY OF KARS.

The view of this interesting place is sketched at the moment when Gen. Williams and his heroic band, forced to capitulate, are marching out under the escort of the Russian officers and the Cossacks as prisoners of war. In the distance lies the city of Kars, with its mosques and minarets, and long, low rows of houses, frowned over by the citadel. In front a group of bearded Orientals are gazing on the solemn military spectacle with their usual imperturbability. The uniforms of the English staff officers contrast with those of the Russians, who are easily distinguished by their curiously pointed helmets. The long lances of the Cossacks form a conspicuous feature in the column of march. The fall of Kars is still the theme of indignant comment in England, and has formed the subject of parliamentary investigation. Gen. Williams, the commander, who, by the way, is a native of North America, held out heroically until his troops were nearly starved, imploring in vain relief from the British commander-in chief. The reinforcements he asked for were refused because Louis Napoleon objected to any troops being withdrawn for the purpose to operate in Asia, as he was not unwilling that a disaster should befall the arms of his ally. We have alluded elsewhere to his policy. Kars is not a very attractive place, as it is, for the most part, in a ruinous condition. It is not thoroughly fortified, and the citadel is far from being a stronghold. It contains eight mosques, and several small Armenian churches and convents. It is about 105 miles northeast of Erzeroum, and contains a population of 12,000. The present war in the East has made it famous, as it has many other places whose names were almost unknown, except to travellers, before the commencement of hostilities.



CITY OF KARS—RUSSIANS TRIUMPHANTLY ENTERING THE CITY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

FICKLE APRIL.

We are abont bidding adieu to this capricious month, and we are not sorry. The name is derived from the Latin verb "to open," because April is supposed to open the buds, a feat reserved for May in this hyperborean climate. April, with us, bears a strong resemblance to Mr. Job Trotter in the Pickwick papers, who conld always conjure np a flood of tears at the very shortest notice. Ono moment it smiles radiantly, the next it is weeping bitterly. April is loved of hatters and umbrella venders. These sudden showers of tears spoil new beavers, and necessitato the purchase of umbrellas. Malice-loving youths make fools of the credulous on the first day of this delightful month, but April herself keeps it up to the very last. A genial sunshine tempts you forth in French shoes, and a new coat and hat, if yon are of the masculine gender, or in lilac silk and *bottines*, and a "love of a bonnet," if of the feminine, and you stray away from the region of omnibnsses, umbrellas, cabs and hacks, in a state of the most verdant confidence, when lo! of a sudden—instantly indeed—the sky is overcast, and down pours the blinding rain in another deluge. Just when you are dripping wet—when your paraphernalia is throughout saturated, away whisk the clouds, and the sun langhs out in your face again. It is no consolation to you to reflect that

"April showers
Bring forth May flowers."

You do not wish to sacrifice broadcloth and beaver, silk and satin —expensive articles—to their development. You could put up with a few flowers less for a dry walk. But such is tho nature of the month, and your only remedy is to "smile and sustain it."

PRESENCE OF MIND.—When Lieutenant O'Brien, of the British navy, was blown up in the "Edgar," he came aboard the flagship, all black and wet, and said to the admiral: "I hope, sir, you'll excuso my dirty appearance, but I left my ship in such a hurry that I didn't havo time to change my dress."

GENIUS.—Samuel Rogers being asked what the word "genius" meant, replied: "If yon had it in you, you would never ask the question—but as yon have not, yon will never know what it means."

FIDDLE-DE-DEE.—A woman's heart is like a violin—it reqnires a *beau* to play on it.

SPLINTERS.

.... Macaulay has been burned in effigy by tho Highlanders of Glenmore, on account of a passage in his history.

.... The French emperor has pardoned somo of the studonts engaged in political demonstrations at Paris.

.... Simeon Draper, president of the New York Board of Ten Governors, has resigned his office.

.... A large deputation of learned Europeans will attend the meeting of our Scientific Association at Albany.

.... There has been a misunderstanding at Vienna between the government and our minister, Col. Jackson.

.... Mr. T. F. Meagher has started a newspaper in New York, called "The Irish News." Ho'll be a good editor.

.... Punch says the rook is brought down from the blue empyrean by *caterpillary* attraction.

.... Bourcicault has been succeeded in the management of the New Orleans Gaieties Theatre by W. H. Crisp.

.... It is said that Mrs. Fitzherbert's papers show that she was actually married to George IV.

.... A lady in Paris has discovered a mode of liquifying ivory so as to cast statuettes of it.

.... The lectnre season has come to a close. Rest for the wearied enlighteners of the million!

.... An English paper has just found out that Mrs. Sigourney is a charming poetess. We've known that for years.

.... Forgeries for several thousand dollars on the Branch Colonial Bank, Trinidad (W. I.), have been discovered.

.... Railroad travellers have forgotten all about the snow—and the roads are in fine rnnning order.

.... Emigration continues to pour into Toxas in a steady stream. Room enough left thero for more.

.... The gamblers of New York have been thoroughly frightened off the track. "Monte" and "faro" are below par.

.... Capt. Campbell, of Knoxville, Tenn., has produced 1200 gallons of wine from one hnndred and fifty Catawba vines.

.... The man who was unexpectedly ovortakon by a train—of thought, is in a critical condition.

.... When Mark Anthony asked tho Romans to "lend him their ears," did he expect to pay a bonus for them?

.... Soveral assassinations havo taken placo recently in Cuba. Yet tho papers talk of atrocities in Amorica.

.... Mr. Van Ockelen has been exhibiting hore an automaton clarionet player that beats Maolzel's trumpeter.

.... Tho first salmon of the season was caught near Bangor, and sold in New York for a fabulous price.

.... Tho ice gathered by the five great ice companies of New York this year amounts to 363,000 tons.

.... At one time lately there were over 600,000 bushels of wheat and 60,000 barrels of flour at Buffalo.

ABOUT TOWN.

We do love Washington Street—we are willing to confess to that "amiable weakness." We are not ashamed to own that we tnrn from descriptions of the splendid streets of St. Petersburg, of Paris, of Berlin, of the cities of the East, to the enjoyment of the reality at our own door; and while we feel admiration for the far off, thrill with affection for the near and familiar. We do love to stroll in Washington Street of a pleasant day; to become for a half hour a Boston *flaneur*—a genteel street lounger is the nearest interpretation of that untranslatable substantive; to enjoy the sights and sounds, like a veritable cockney, and to wander from tho classic purlieus of Cornhill to the *Ultima Thule* of the Roxbury line. We like Washington Street because it is like itself alone. It is not a copy of any other thoroughfare in existence. It is not laid out on any plan—but runs, like Wordsworth's river, "at its own sweet will." It has its river-like meanderings, too. Tho definition of a straight line—the nearest course from one point to another—is not applicable to any part of it.

Neither is there any such thing as uniformity in its architecture, or its width. Here is a palatial block worthy of Venice; there a crazy old building that would not appear out of place in the Five Points. The past and present are curiously jumbled together. Here the Old South rears its venerable spire into the air, speaking of past times; half a milo further on we come to a church edifice redolent of newness. All sorts of trades here find a home, and live in socialistie companionship. Hero is Parnassus Corner—which Ticknor & Fields have rendered classic ground; on the opposite corner you can buy crockery and learn bookkeeping, or you can cross over and buy paper-hangings and drugs, if you like. From Cornhill to School Street, however, the aspect is on the whole Athenian. This is the arena of the book trade; and here, any day of the year, you may encounter the literary notabilities of the metropolis and its environs. From School Street to Boylston Street there is rather a commercial atmosphero, and a very heavy amount of capital is invested in the various establishments. This is the grand lounging ground for the *flaneur*. Daguerreotypists abound, and show-cases arrest your attention at every step. Here you can have your portrait taken, and neatly framed and glazed, for twenty-five cents; there, for five or six dollars, at Masury, Silsbee & Case's, you can get a splendid photograph, which will be worth keeping, likeness apart, as a work of art merely. The jewellers' windows dazzle you with gewgaws that Aladdin never dreamed of. And here is a fashionable milliner's, where are displayed the most secret mysteries of the feminine toilet with a sort of cynical effrontery; crinolines, and corsages, and hooped skirts, render patent to the world the art of manufacturing the human form divine. Near by is a wig-maker, who deals in raven and flaxen ringlets. In close proximity is a perfumer, who displays pearl powder and rouge, and beside a dentist with his stock of "orient pearls." Really, this is a very suspicious neighborhood, and rather puts you on tho *nil admirari* principle, amidst the rustle of silks, and the patter of dainty French boots on the pavement.

But away strolls the *flaneur*, and leaving the busy haunts of trado behind him, breathes the fresh air of Blackstone Square. It is like emerging into a bay after navigating the narrows of a river. The up town Washington Street will be the court end of Boston after all; it is very New Yorky already, and in time will be very Parisian. It is unlike old Boston as possible, and is laid out in the most liberal style. And here our promenading must end for the present.

FIENDISH GRATULATION.—A late number of the London Times, speaking of the issue of the contest with Russia, holds the following language: "The British people ought to feel a positivo pride in the extent of their contributions to a noble cause. It is their part in the warfare, and a very light part. Not only have hundreds of thousands perished in this war, and many more suffered mutilation and permanent injury to their health and strength, but we compute with pride and security the exhaustion and desolation of Russia—her fields deserted, her trade stopped, her communication interrupted, and misery brought home to every serf in the empire."

A CALF WORTH RAISING.—Mr. A. E. Dietz, of Addison, Mich., has a calf of his own raising, which weighed, at a year old, 1002 pounds. The length of this monstrous "cow-baby," is seven feet four inches; girth, six feet four inches; height, four feet three inches. Beat this who can.

LEAP YEAR.—The young ladies of Aurora, Illinois, having signified that they were in the market matrimonial, the senior class of Williams College have agreed to take the lot. If their offer is accepted, as soon as they become Bachelors of Arts, they will be Masters of Hearts.

PHILADELPHIA.—The veteran machinist, Mr. Jacob A. Johnson, of the Boston Theatre, has been engaged to superintend the construction of tho stago and machinery of tho new opera house at Philadelphia. Mr. Barry has kindly assented to the acceptance of this honorable appointment.

MATRIMONIAL.—Mllo. Rachel is going to marry an ex-tax-collector. M. Delahaute, the happy man, is advanced in years, but then he is worth about $600,000, and Rachel herself, in tho elegant language of Shakspeare, is "no chicken."

THE "MILES GREENWOOD."—The steam fire engine may be able to "play," but it certainly doesn't "work," though capable of it. It is snugly stowed away somewhere in the city.

BINDING.—Binding in all its varieties, and at the lowest prices, neatly executed at this office.

THE POLICY OF NAPOLEON.

The English correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser, who appears to be thoroughly posted on European affairs, states in substance that the French emperor hates Prussia, and the Prussian king, that he hates the United States, and cherishes the English alliance as a check to our naval supremacy, which, in his opinion, threatens the downfall of European monarchy, that he is friendly to Anstria, but wonld shake hands with Rnssia, if she bid high enongh, and that he considers it his mission to pnt down constitntionalism and republicanism. It is curious to hear an English writer admitting, "not as a mere probability, bnt an actual fact, that the war now waging was provoked deliberately by the Emperor Napoleon for his own purposes; that any show of concession about the holy places was necessitated by the tone adopted by England, Austria and Prussia; that he never waged this war for European or for human interests, or for the balanco of power, but for the sake of his own dynasty, to make tho importance of his enmity or his alliance *felt*, and thereby to obtain for himself a recognition, placing him at once on the same pedestal with the most legitimate monarchs." Our readers will remember that we have always insisted on this view of Napoleon's policy and motives. The English people are beginning to open their eyes with respect to the selfishness of their ally, and the recent revelations respecting the affair of Kars have furnished "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ" of this view. Napoleon has succeeded, under the guise of friendship, in making the English alliance a means of his own personal aggrandizement.

NO HARM DONE.—At a fashionable restaurant lately, a waiter spilled some soup on a gentleman's coat. "You awkward booby!" said the gentleman. "Don't be afraid, sir," returned the waiter, "our soup never leaves a stain." No wonder—it was so weak.

HABITS MAKE THE MAN.—The boy who "don't like school," seldom likes business; the yonng man who don't like business, generally likes the grog-shops, and finally winds up with the state prison, or takes a "drop too much" from the gallows.

NEVER TOO LATE.—Rev. Ebenezer Cobb, of Braintree, Mass., began to set out an orchard at the age of seventy years, for which he was much ridiculed; but he lived to be 107 years old, and enjoyed the fruit of his orchard for several years.

PRO-DI-GIOUS.—We read in one of our exchanges: "To let, an airy bedroom for a gentleman twenty-two feet long by fonrteen wide." It ought to be airy to accommodate a gentleman of such latitude and longitude.

SCIENTIFIC.—A "Down East" Yankee says that the light supposed to be a comet's tail, is nothing more than a streak of lightning *friz* up.

OUR DOLLAR MONTHLY.—Six hundred and twelve new subscribers added to our list during the past week!

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Hiram A. Sherman, of Newton, to Miss Clara A Bradley; by Rev Mr. Streeter, Mr. Daniel Burrows to Miss Eunice E. Whitney; by Rev Mr. Cilley, Mr. John M. Clark to Miss Annis Hodgkins; by Rev. Mr. Wells, Mr. Edward Thomas, of Newton. to Miss Mary Jane Nowlan.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Frederick J Keller to Mrs. Susan F. Robinson.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Pope, Mr. Oliver J. Davis to Miss Susan Pray, of Sanborn, Me.—At Lyun, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. George W. Timson to Miss Elizabeth B. Hart.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. H. White to Miss Advina Baker.—At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Hodgman, Mr. George Webber to Miss Mary U. Brown.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. John M. Putnam to Miss Martha A. Brown.—At Ipswich, by Rev. Mr. Fitz, Capt. Charles A. Homans, of Gloucester, to Miss Lydia A. Klnsman.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. William Nickerson to Mrs. Joanna Bradford.- At Scituate, by Rev. Mr. Wight, Mr. William V. Haywsrd to Miss Ann Elizabeth Litchfield.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Waite. Mr. Asa Pierce to Miss Elizabeth M. Church, both of New Bedford.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Hascall, Mr. Robinson Clapp to Miss Mary E. Estes.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Martha Brown, 86; Miss Charlotte Lynch. 66; Mr. Ebenezer Robbins, 82; Mrs. Hannah White, 83.—At Roxbury, Mr. Robert C. Campbell, 46; Mr. Lot Young, 74.—At Charlestown, Miss Roxana Jones, 19.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Susan Mason, 80.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Grace Warren, 56.—At Brookline, Widow Lucy White, 81.- At Quincy, Mr. James Williams, 50.—At Canton, Mrs. Betsey Crane, 71.—At Bedford, Mr. Samuel W. Lane, 35.—At Salem, Widow Ruth Mugford, 85; Widow Sarah Webb, 77.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Caroline Louisa Davis, 28.—At Danvers. Widow Sarah Mudge, 74.—At Haverhill, Mrs. Lucy L., wife of Hon. E. J. M. Hale, 40.—At Lunenburg, Mr. Solomon Tarbell, 93.—At Fitchburg, Miss Helen M. Sheldon. 24; Mrs. Elizabeth Goodnow, 39.—At Westminster. Mr. Asaph Wood. 72; Widow Martha Carr, 82.—At Holyoke. Mr. William McDonnell, 48.—At Yarmouth, Dr. James Hedge, 83.—At Rochester, Mrs. Lydia Chandler, 94; Mrs. Sally H. Crapo. 51.—At Fairhaven, Widow Mary Stevens, 80.—At Nantucket, Mr. James Ross, 80.—At Newport Stephen T. Nortbam, Esq., 87.—At New York, Dr. Thomas Boyd. 84.—At Chicago, Ill., Mr. Edwin Norcross, formerly of Monson, Mass.—At Flushing, N. Y., Mrs. Hannah Bangs, formerly of Cambridge, 84.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO H. M.

BY WILL.

I had known and loved thee well, Hattie,
Long years before we met,—
Long ere that radiance burst on me,
Whose glory lingereth yet.

Then I loved a child of air, Hattie,
An ideal of my dreams;
I had seen her form in shadowy clouds,
Had heard her voice in streams.

For her voice was soft and low, Hattie,
Her form was passing bright,
And her locks were prisoned darkness,
And her eyes were prisoned light.

But those orbs can ne'er again, Hattie,
Come 'twixt me and the skies;
For I gaze upon *thy* face, Hattie,
And heaven is in thine eyes.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WHITE LIE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Sarah, were you not in the little back parlor last evening?" asked Mrs. Bisbee of her daughter.

"Yes, ma'am, I was," returned Sarah, a handsome, bright-eyed girl of seventeen.

"And did you see anything of a ten-dollar bill that lay upon the mantel-shelf?"

"A ten-dollar bill?" repeated Sarah, in well assumed surprise; but yet without looking her mother so steadily in the face as she usually did when answering her.

"Yes. I left one there—folded up and laid on the shelf.'

"I'm sure I don't know where it is. I didn't see any ten-dollar bill."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Bisbee, as she turned to leave the room.

"But ten dollars aint much, mother," cried Sarah.

"It is a good deal these times, my child." And thus speaking, Mrs. Bisbee left the room.

"Why, Sarah, how could you tell your mother that you knew nothing about that bill?"

The speaker was Emma Lee, a cousin of Sarah's, who was spending a few weeks with the family; she was a year younger than her cousin.

"I didn't tell her I knew nothing about it, Emma. I said that I did not know where it had gone to."

"But you told her you did not see it."

"A *ten-dollar* bill, I said I did not see; and no more I didn't. I didn't know what kind of a bill it was."

"But how could you tell her so, when you know all about it? You told me, after we had gone to bed, that you got up to take down a lamp, and that in doing so you knocked a piece of paper from the shelf, and that as it was falling, the draught of the fire drew it in."

"Yes, and 'twas too late then to get it out," explained Sarah.

"But you saw what it was," said Emma.

"Why, just as it fell upon the coals, Charles cried out that it was a bank-note; but the thin paper was all in a blaze in a moment."

"Of course, Sarah, you were not to blame for what you did; but not for worlds would I have spoken a falsehood about it. Now, do not blame me, coz, for though I am younger than you, yet I have seen more of the world; and let me assure you, that the only safe way is, to always speak the truth—if you must speak,—let the consequences be what they may."

"Why, Emma," uttered Sarah, with a slight fluttering of voice, "it was only a little white lie. I'm sure there could be no harm in that! If I had told mother all about it, she'd have scolded me for being careless; and you know there was no carelessness in that."

"Well, as for that, Sarah, you know best. You know your mother had occasion only the night before to caution you against removing anything from the shelf without first looking to see what was in the way. But there are some rules of life which must be without exceptions, and this is one of them. No good can ever come of deception; but, on the contrary, evil must be the result. Now, don't you think you would feel better if you had told your mother the whole truth?"

"Why, no, Emma, for she would have scolded me, and then I should have had a crying spell. Surely there can be no harm in these little white lies!"

"But there must be harm in them, Sarah; it cannot be otherwise. Wrong is surer, sooner or later, to bring suffering with it. If I were in your place, I would go now to my mother, and tell her the whole truth."

"Why, Emma, I would not do it for anything; she would scold me for a week."

The entrance of Sarah's little brother put an end to the conversation, and here the matter was dropped for a time. Sarah had long been in the habit of telling "little tuffers," as she called them, for the purpose of hiding her faults, and she did not fully realize the evil of such a course. She had heard a great deal said about liars, but she never for a moment entertained the idea that she belonged to that class. In fact, she didn't think much about it at all; if she had, she might have been different.

A few days after this, Mr. Bisbee called in at Mr. Appleton's store. Charles Rowland was one of the clerks there. He was a young man only twenty years of age, but had been admitted as the lover of Sarah Bisbee, with the understanding that he might take her for his wife as soon as he was able to establish business for himself. Mr. Bisbee called Mr. Appleton into the small private counting-room, and saw the door closed.

"Mr. Appleton," he said, with evident embarrassment, "did you ever see anything out of the way in Charles Rowland?"

"Never," was Appleton's reply. "Why do you ask me that?"

"And you never had occasion to suspect him of dishonesty?"

"Never, sir," returned the trader, in amazement.

"Well, sir," resumed Bisbee, taking a ten-dollar bill from his pocket, "don't you remember paying me this bill last Saturday?"

It was a bill on the Merchants' Bank, of Boston, and nearly new. Appleton took it and looked at it, and then said:

"I did pay you such a bill."

"I know you did, sir," returned Bisbee. "And that bill was taken from my house, I think, on Sunday evening. It was left on the shelf in our back parlor; Charles spent the evening there with Sarah; on the next morning it was missing; Sarah knew nothing of it, and this bill I found at Brown's, where Charles got it changed. What think you of it, now?"

"Why, I cannot think that Charles Rowland would do such a thing; yet I will call him in. Let us be open and frank about it."

"Certainly, sir, by all means. Call him in."

So the young man was called in, Mr. Bisbee remarking before he came, that of course he had much interest in this matter.

"Charles," said Mr. Appleton, holding out the note he had received from Bisbee, "did you ever see this before?"

The youth took the bill and looked at it, and then replied:

"I think I have, sir. I took ten of them of Mr. Childs last Saturday. He had just received them from the bank."

"And have you spent any of them yourself?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Bisbee shook his head at this.

"Didn't you spend one at Mr. Brown's?"

"Ah, I remember. No, sir, I did not spend it; I had occasion for some small bills in making change, and ran in there and obtained small bills for a ten."

Mr. Appleton here nodded to Bisbee, and the latter gentleman then spoke:

"Charles," he said, in a very solemn tone, "you were at my house last Sunday evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you not see a ten-dollar bill lying on the shelf in the back parlor?"

"No, sir," Charles answered, but it was with palpable hesitation.

"Then you didn't see it there?—you didn't see the bill?"

"Perhaps Sarah may know something of it," the youth said, tremulously.

"No, sir, she knows nothing of it at all. We have asked her, but she did not see it. Now I know it was there five minutes before you entered that room, and that it was gone when you were gone. I am sorry, Charles, but I wish to know the truth of this matter. But why do you tremble so?"

"Me tremble, sir?" uttered the youth, in a hushed tone. He was very pale and agitated.

"Charles," spoke Mr. Appleton, in a tone of grief that went at once to the young man's soul, "how is this? I hope—"

"Stop," cried Charles, in agony. "Do not accuse me yet."

"But you can quickly explain the matter. Did you see the bill on that evening?"

But the youth bowed his head, and would not answer.

"That is enough," said Mr. Bisbee, significantly; and thus speaking, he turned and left the store.

"O, Charles, why have you done this?" uttered Appleton, when they were alone.

"Done what, sir? O, I have done nothing."

"Ah, do not add falsehood. If you did not see that money, why did you not say so?"

"Because—because—but let it rest now, sir; some time I will explain."

"But that will not do, Charles. I'm afraid—"

Mr. Appleton was cut short by the entrance of a customer, and the matter had to be dropped. The youth returned to his place of business in a bewildered state of mind. He saw the truth; or at least he thought he did. To save severe reproof, Sarah had denied all knowledge of the bill; and now, to tell the truth, he must expose her in her falsehood. He could not resolve to do this at once. But that was not the worst. That she whom he loved should be guilty of falsehood was painful in the extreme. But he resolved to see her at once—or as soon as possible—and have the matter understood, for he was resolved that nothing should tempt him to expose her. On that evening after supper, Charles Rowland knocked at Mr. Bisbee's door, and the host himself answered the summons.

"Can I speak with Sarah a few moments?" he asked.

"No, sir, you cannot."

"But only one moment."

"No, sir, not an instant. Never put your foot into my house again!"

With these words Mr. Bisbee shut the door and left the applicant standing there alone. He was a quick, passionate man—Bisbee was, and allowed his pride to rule his passions. He was naturally kind and indulgent, but very stern and inflexible when once set. He was sure that Charles had done the wrong, else why should he have been so excited and nervous, and unable to speak.

"He simply hoped to gain time—see my daughter, and get her to agree to some story of his planning," said Bisbee, at a subsequent meeting with Mr. Appleton.

"I fear you are right," was that gentleman's answer.

And so Appleton was fully persuaded of his clerk's guilt. The more Charles plead, the more sure he was that he only wished for time to fix up some plea of defence.

* * * * * * *

Sarah Bisbee sat alone in her chamber, and she wondered why her lover had not been to see her; he had promised to come, but he had not. She was thinking of this when her cousin entered the room; she looked up, and saw that Emma was pale and agitated.

"What is it?" she quickly asked. "What has happened, Emma?"

"O, Sarah," uttered the fair cousin, sinking into a seat, "this comes of a simple white lie!"

"But what is it, coz?"

"Charles Rowland is branded as a thief, and must be turned out as such upon the world!"

"Charles?—thief! Mercy, Emma, what do you mean?" gasped the frightened girl, starting forward.

"Listen, Sarah, and I will explain. Your father has told me all, and asked me to break the news to you. He thinks your poor lover is a thief, and that the fact will shock you."

"Charles a thief?" cried Sarah, with sudden, forgetful energy. "Never!"

"Of course he is not, Sarah; but rather than expose you in your falsehood, he would suffer all that odium. Your father knew that that ten-dollar bill was on the shelf when Charles went into the room, and that it was gone when he went away. He remembered the bill, and on the very next day he happened to find a bill just like it at Brown's store; upon that he feared that Charles had stolen the money. He went to Mr. Appleton, and explained the matter to him. Charles was then called in, and they asked him about the bill which had been upon the shelf. He told them that perhaps you would know something about it; but your father told him you knew nothing of it—that you had been asked, and that you did not see it. After this Charles refused to answer any more questions; and so they felt sure he was guilty. He came here on Thursday evening to see you, but your father would not let him in. And now he is turned away from his place, and his character blasted forever!"

"O, Heaven help me!" groaned the stricken girl, clasping her hands and bowing her head. In a moment more she looked up, and reaching her hands towards her cousin, she cried: "O, Emma, go and tell my father all!"

"No, Sarah," returned the other, kindly, but firmly, "that would detract too much from your own merit in this case. If you love Charles—if you love and respect yourself—go at once to your father, and tell him all. Do not hesitate. You know how noble your father is; see how nobly he has suffered for you."

"But he will despise me forever."

"He will most surely, if you allow him to suffer on after you know all. But go now—and when you have told your father all, then tell Charles; and if he does not love you still, then I know him not."

Sarah Bisbee hesitated but a moment more; she was at heart a noble girl, and as soon as her mind was made up she was firm. She arose and left the room; she found her father in the parlor, but he was not alone. Mr. Appleton was with him; she would have turned away, but her father called her back.

"I would not weep, my child; he is not worthy of your tears. Her cousin has just made her acquainted with the facts, sir." This last was spoken to Appleton.

"Ah, he is a bad youth," the latter returned; "and yet I never thought it before! I always thought him a noble—"

Thus far Sarah had stood in the centre of the room, looking her father in the face; but now she sprang forward, and catching him by the knees, as she sank down, she uttered:

"And he is noble now. O, my father, it is I who have done all this! It is I who destroyed the bill—I accidentally burned it up—I threw it off with the lamp, and ere we could save it the fire had destroyed it. I lied about it to save the reprimand! And Charles has suffered all this because he would not expose me. O, forgive me now—and never—never—"

She could go no further, but with her head upon her father's knees, she sobbed as though her heart would break.

"I'll—I'll—step around and see Charles," said Mr. Appleton, wiping the tears from his eyes as he arose. He departed without speaking further, for Mr. Bisbee was too deeply moved to speak.

* * * * * * * *

On the next evening Charles Rowland called. Emma told him he would find Sarah in the little back parlor. He went in, but Emma did not stop to listen; she heard one deep sob—that was all. In an hour more, the lovers came out. Charles was smiling through his tears, and Sarah looked very happy, though she could not yet smile. Emma knew that all was forgiven, and she sought to know no more.

Charles and Sarah had been married three years, when cousin Emma went to see them in their happy home. One evening, when the two cousins were alone, and the two children had been lulled to sleep, Sarah placed her hand upon Emma's shoulder, and while a tear glistened in her eye, she said:

"O, coz, you don't know how many times I have blessed God for the hour that brought you to my side five years ago. I can hardly realize, even now, how dangerous was the precipice upon which I then stood. But I know it—I know it now. O, never from that dreadful hour has a falsehood dropped from my lips; and if there is one sentence which, more than another, makes me start with an old dread, that sentence is 'The White Lie!' O, they are white—white like a shroud—white with pallor, even unto death!"

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is mentioned as an interesting fact, that the Mosque of Omar, which has hitherto been religiously closed against all but faithful Mussulmen, is now thrown open to people of all nations and creeds. —— One of the beautiful swans on Gosfield Lake, Essex, in England, belonging to Samuel Courtauld, Esq., was seen floating dead. On being drawn to the shore, it was found that it had been engaged in mortal conflict with a monster pike. The pike had swallowed the head and neck of the swan, and being unable to disgorge it, both had died, and were found thus linked together. —— British soldiers, who have lost a limb, are in future to be provided with an artificial arm or leg of the best construction, at the public expense. —— M. Cohen, a young Prussian engineer, and a nephew of the Russian engineer, Gen. Todleben, quarrelled at a party in Berlin, and called each other a vile Frenchman and a vile Cossack; they met on the next morning, when Cohen had his right arm badly broken, and Todleben was shot through the heart. ——From Austin, Texas, it is reported that land in Northern Texas, which was sold in 1853 or 1854 for thirty cents an acre, is now selling for two and three dollars an acre. —— In old times, the bills of lading commenced as follows:—"Shipped, by the grace of God, in good condition," etc. Dr. Franklin used to print and sell bills of lading, and some pious persons objecting to the usual heading, he advertised that he sold bills of lading "with or without the grace of God." —— It is stated that the corn stored at the different points along the Illinois River amounts to about 1,369,000 bushels, and that it will be greatly increased. —— Some burglars raised the window of the sleeping room of a butcher named Freitag, in Lawrenceville, Pa., lately, and put a cloth saturated with chloroform, attached to a long pole, to the nostrils of himself and wife. When the chloroform had taken effect, they entered the room, took $500 from a bureau, and then left. —— M. Leverrier states that he is firmly persuaded that a great number of small planets are situated between Mars and Jupiter, and that before 1860 nearly one hundred will be discovered. —— There is now a good prospect for peaches next autumn, in New Jersey. The cold weather has not hurt the buds any, except in those orchards situated in low, wet grounds. There the buds are somewhat injured, though not so badly as they are some years. —— It is stated that Dickens did not receive an invitation to the Washington birthday ball in Paris, in consequence of the publication of his "American Notes." —— Mr. Barnum having stated in his examination, that he holds claims of various kinds against individuals and companies, amounting in the aggregate to between $20,000 and $30,000, Judge Roosevelt has appointed James S. Libbey to receive the moneys that might be realized from these claims. —— A project is on foot to establish a line of steamers between Baltimore and Havana and Greytown, to touch at Norfolk, Va. Capital stock, $200,000. —— An elegant engine and tender, designed for a present to the viceroy of Egypt, has been completed by order of the British government. The railway upon which they are to be used is open from Alexandria to Cairo, and is to be extended to Suez. —— The theological seminary in Newton, Mass., is said to be in a more satisfactory condition than at any former period of its existence. —— Commodore David Connor, who died in Philadelphia recently, during the Mexican war was in command of the gulf squadron, and was last at sea in March, 1847. He was at the time of his death on leave. He was born January 16, 1809, had been in the service 27 years; total sea service, 15 years. —— William Howitt, in his Australian tour, says he lived for three weeks upon nothing but fricaseed kangaroo. —— The aurora borealis occurs at an elevation, it is calculated, of about seventy miles above the earth's surface, at which elevation the air is rarified to a degree far above that afforded by our best modern air pumps.

☞ We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the article named below. Here in Boston, where the *Bronchial Troches* are known, they are household words, and need no testimony to recommend them; but to our readers in Canada, the West, and indeed everywhere, we cheerfully bear testimony from personal knowledge, to their efficacy.

Coughs, Colds, etc.—As a preventive, or remedial agent we know of nothing of such wonderful efficacy as "Brown's Bronchial Troches, or Lozenges," which come as messengers of peace to the noisy cough, and relief to the afflicted who suffer from bronchitis, asthma, and all affections of the lungs. To public speakers this will prove invaluable as a cure for hoarseness, while its action upon the throat is salutary in the highest degree. We have experienced the benefit derived from the use of these troches, and feel pleased to endorse the thousand encomiums already passed upon their eminent qualities.—*Intelligencer.*

They are to be had of all respectable druggists.

Philanthropic.—The London Times correspondent speaking of the fine condition of the British troops in the Crimea, thinks "it's a pity they should be balked of another campaign." Perhaps the allies will consent to deluge the East in blood, and reduce their subjects to slavery, so that these fine fellows may show in what capital condition they are.

The Press in Nicaragua.—Gen. Walker compelled the editor of the "Nicaraguere" to issue his paper at the point of the bayonet. We have heard of the military stopping a journal, but never before of "sogers" being used to compel publication. Can't the files of the Nicaraguere be completed without files of soldiers?

Hiawatha.—This poem is brilliantly successful in spite of the remonstrances of certain snarling critics. Here and in Europe it is the rage, and almost everybody is learning to "talk Ingen." Ugh! hugh! wah!

In a bad Way.—There is only one editor in the New Hampshire legislature this year. The profession ought certainly to have a more numerous representation.

Wayside Gatherings.

Springfield, Illinois, has 5204 school children.

The Alabama and Florida Railroad has been put under contract.

Barney Williams recently gave $176 to the "Can't Get Away Club," of Mobile.

The St. Nicholas Hotel, New York city, is to be greatly enlarged.

Henry Townsend, a veteran of the war of 1812, died recently in New York, in a state of abject poverty.

The story that the Cuban sugar crop will be short is supposed to be a device of the speculators.

Forty-six prisoners were received into the Wisconsin State prison in 1855, and forty pardoned out by the governor.

The Minnesota people are agitating the question of dividing that territory, with the view of ultimately forming two States.

Martin Kozta, the Hungarian, has purchased a farm on the Median River, Texas, for which he paid $9000.

Prof. Hoyt, of Exeter, N. H., is to deliver the oration at the society anniversaries, at the next commencement in Bowdoin College.

J. B. Kertland and others, have been convicted of illegal banking at Memphis, Tenn. The fine is $1000 and one month's imprisonment.

For pulling the nose and slapping the face of Jenny Lind's husband, a speculator in concerts has been fined five shillings in London.

Peter Walker, a German, beat his wife to death at St. Louis, recently, because she would not give up to him some money she had inherited.

One man in Philadelphia holds a million of dollars of the Texan bonds, soon to be paid, which he bought from the U. S. Bank, at the rate of fifteen cents on the dollar.

The population of Pittsburg and the seven or eight boroughs which surround it, is set down at the present time at 123,620, being an increase of 55 per cent. in less than six years.

Cyfax, of the Hartford Times, the other day had the curiosity to examine the contents of a plump partridge's crop, and counted seven hundred and forty apple tree seeds.

Tobacco packed in lead is poisonous, as the moisture contained in tobacco will oxydize the lead with which it remains long in contact, forming a peculiar poisonous salt.

The senate of Mississippi has passed a bill authorizing parties to contract for the payment of any rate of interest, not exceeding ten per cent., on the renewal of any debt after maturity.

Since the commencement of the Ladies' Five Points Mission House, New York city, over four hundred destitute children have been sent out West, to Illinois and Wisconsin, where excellent homes have been provided for them.

The average cost of a year's treatment at several insane asylums, is as follows: Concord, N. H., $437; Worcester, Mass., $525; Hartford, Ct., $525; Rhode Island, $757; Pennsylvania, $1410; Maryland, $1643.

Mr. Earle, of the Worcester Spy, says, in a limited examination of the flowering buds of the peach trees, we find about one-half of the buds are destroyed. This will leave a sufficient number for a full crop, with a favorable season.

It is said that Mons. De Belveze, who made an official visit to Canada last summer, is to be appointed consul-general for France for the British North American provinces, and will reside at Montreal.

The Algemeine Zeitung states that William Makopeace Thackeray has realized by his writings and lectures, $500,000, a sum that would enrich half a dozen German satirists and change them from literary vagahonds into steady citizens.

Vestvali has created such a sensation in Mexico that she can't get away. A benefit a short time since yielded $5500. She has been liberally provided with funds to manage the Grand National theatre, and has accepted the trust.

Top boots are all the spasm in New York, now, the cream of Broadway wear tassels to them, and a sporting whip thrust out from the side pocket completes the tableaux. Next thing we shall hear of will be gilt edged shirt collars.

A Paris correspondent says: "Skirts have become so voluminous as to be both disfiguring and ridiculous. An unfortunate lady was saluted on the boulevards by one of the *gamins de Paris*, as *le balon de M. Godard* (the famous aeronaut).

Capt. H. Whittaker has made a successful experiment on Lake Erie, in the propulsion of vessels, and which is looked upon as a matter of special interest. The plan consists simply in the application of the common propeller to the sides of the vessel.

The total number of publishers in the United States, comprising, however, only those who publish books, not periodicals, is in round numbers, three hundred. About three-fourths of them are to be found in the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

The long-pending suit, under which some $250,000 were claimed by Samuel G. Ogden of Wm. B. Astor, on an unsettled account of partnership transactions between the plaintiff and the late John Jacob Astor, has been terminated by the payment of $125,000 to Mr. Ogden. Mr. Ogden is the father of Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie.

A rich old spinster who died at Newton, N. H., lately, left $38,414. She was all her life getting ready to be married, and had stored up 182 sheets, 53 coverlids, 50 blankets, 27 beds with 1120 pounds of feathers, 54 towels, 24 table covers, 43 handkerchiefs, while the whole amount of her wearing apparel did not exceed ten dollars in value.

The Sonora (Cal.) Herald says that a new substance has been discovered in Table Mountain, which very much resembles alum in taste, and bears a very close resemblance to that article when burnt. It is a substance that exudes from the rock, in a partially liquid state, and then by exposure to the atmosphere, becomes hardened to the consistency of alum.

A refreshing lotion, possessing cleansing and clearing qualities, may be made thus: Take a pint of orange flower water and a pint of rain water, with a sprig of rosemary; add to this four ounces of Castile soap, scraped finely; boil it all together and bottle for use. This is called pearl water; it is easily prepared, and is, at the same time, innocent and efficacious.

The work of demolishing the old Mississippi is progressing at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. She is to be rebuilt, and have new engines placed in her of iron, and not copper as before. Many of the soldiers who served in the war with Mexico, entertain a great affection for this steamer, as it was from her that General Scott, with the New York volunteers and other troops, landed near Vera Cruz, in 1847.

Foreign Items.

A private letter received from St. Petersburg states that the retirement of Count Nesselrode is at length absolutely decided on.

The Milan Gazette announces that Princess Belgioioso has returned to Lombardy, and taken up her residence at her villa of Locate.

It is rumored that Prince Gortschakoff is likely to be raised to the rank of marshal, as a reward for his services on the Dannbe and in the Crimea.

The pension of £25 per annum which was granted to the late Joseph Haydn, previously to his death, has been bestowed upon his unfortunate widow.

The French emperor, at the personal request of Professor Nisard, has pardoned five of the students who were lately sentenced to imprisonment for the disturbances at the Sorbonne.

The world counts one emperor more. Kasa, brother-in-law of one of the petty kings of Abyssinia, after dethroning his relative, has assumed the imperial crown, under the name of Theodoro I.

Mademoiselle Rachel arrived at Havre completely recovered from her American illness, though not altogether from its cause, which is stated as the loss of $60,000 by the venture. One of her followers proposes to write a cutting-up book on America, by way of revenge.

Six first class screw steamships and others are being fitted up in England for colonial service. It is rumored in Southampton, that these ships are being prepared for the embarkation and immediate transportation of a large number of troops and 6000 horses to the Canadas.

Sands of Gold.

.... Nobleness is the preferring honor to interest, and baseness preferring interest to honor.—*Vauvenargues.*

.... Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them.—*Bacon.*

.... Modesty is a sweet song bird no open cage door can tempt to flight.—*Eastern Saying.*

.... Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.—*Thomas Fuller.*

.... Truth was not made for the benefit of infidels, who are its foes, but for willing apprehensions.—*Barry Cornwall.*

.... No very great man ever reached the standard of his greatness in the crowd of his contemporaries.—*Landor.*

.... He that can only be useful on great occasions may die without exercising his abilities.—*Dr. Johnson.*

.... Men in whom the imagination predominates are apt to convert facts into fictions, and live in a world of their own creation.—*Wigglesworth.*

.... Perhaps at no time will there be written, by the most accurate and faithful historian, so much of truth as untruth.—*Landor.*

.... If you don't wish a man to do a thing, you had better get him to talk about it; for the more men talk, the more likely they are to do nothing else.—*Carlyle.*

.... At every step we take to gain the approbation of the wise, we lose something in the estimation of the vulgar. Look within: cannot we afford it?—*Landor.*

.... A man who lives beyond the usual term of life is like a boy who stays beyond the usual age at school. He becomes solitary, and the routine is tedious to him.—*Wigglesworth.*

Joker's Budget.

A Yankee doctor has recently got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' hard labor, well worked in.

Why is an address pronounced on board a ship like a finger ring? Because it is a decoration (deck oration).

Famous literary dishes—Bacon, Lamb and Hogg.—*Phil. Mer.* Ay, or Herring, Crabbe and *Chaw-sir!*

A pert little girl boasted to one of her little friends that "her father kept a carriage." "Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "*my* father drives an omnibus."

An honest dame in the town of ——, standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in piteous tones his untimely departure, observed: "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as ever they were."

Scared individual dodging infuriated bull behind a tree—You ungrateful beast you, you wouldn't toss a consistent vegetarian, who never ate beef in his life, would you? Is that the return you make?

With what colors would you paint a storm at sea? The waves *rose* and the winds *blew*. How should a secret be painted? In violet. How would you paint an absent-minded friend? In a brown study.

"Now, papa, tell me what is humbug?" "It is," replied papa, "when mama pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt till reminded of it a dozen times." Queer definition that, still there's some truth in it.

A quaint preacher in Alabama was accustomed to distinguish the I. and II. epistles of St. John by giving out—"John with one *eye*," and "John with two *eyes*," It was some time before the people got the hang of it, but when they did, the distinction answered very well.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber,	one year	$2 00
4 subscribers,	" "	7 00
10 "	" "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



CITY OF NAPLES, AND ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.—REVEL.

Naples and Vesuvius! What thrilling associations! What memories of the mingled loveliness and terror of Italian nature do not these words conjure up? The artist's sketch places us in imagination within the charmed circle of those magic influences which one of earth's fairest scenes exerts on the least impressible mind. We gaze upon the unrivalled bay, which is twenty-two miles in length from Cape Miseno on the northwest to Cape Campanella on the southeast, having on its shores Pozzuolo, Portici, Castel-a-mare, Vico, Sorrento, and other storied places. Vesuvius bounds the prospect on the east, villages are scattered on its base, and vineyards are planted there regardless of the threat of the ominous vapor that pours incessantly from its reeking summit. Across the foreground of the picture float the light craft with their lateen sails, while in the distance the cloud strata stretch across the mountain peaks. The city of Naples is situated at the bottom of the glorious bay that bears its name. Its white walls extend partly along the shore, and partly up the spurs of the adjacent mountains. Nature and art have combined to render Naples and its environs one of the most attractive regions on earth. It is impossible for language to exaggerate the grandeur and beauty of the scenery. The best distant view of it is that obtained in the approach from the sea, and in passing the lovely islands that guard the entrance of the bay. On the first view of it, the traveller is ready to echo the Italian saying, "See Naples and die!" Speaking of the Bay of Naples, an American traveller writes, "Much as we had heard and read of this magnificent expanse of water, and of the gorgeous city upon its shore, its beauty exceeded all the expectations we had ever formed. The bay is a vast semicircle, ten or fifteen miles across, and along its edge the city rises, exposing to full view its ten thousand palaces, churches, towers, walls and pinnacles, all having a wildness of appearance, and yet a harmony of relation, that fills the mind with sensations of exquisite pleasure. The more distant mountains enveloped in smoke, or exposing their peaks, which have once been tinged with fiery floods, awaken emotions of the sublime, that mingle with those of the beautiful, which the softer features of the scene have inspired. In front of us is the bay, with its shipping and its islands, lying like gems upon the bosom of this lovely water." The ascent of Vesuvius is an incident of travel not easily forgotten. The ascent commences with an easy path that brings you to the table-land, where there is a house of refreshment called the "Hermitage." You pass vast strata of lava, beside which the vine flourishes in great luxuriance. The view, as you mount higher and higher, is enchanting. After leaving the "Hermitage," you cross immense tracts of lava. At the foot of the cone you stand between Monte Sonoma and Vesuvius. They were united in the olden time, until the great eruption of A. D. 79 left this valley after the mountain had sunk down in the plain and the sea, and buried the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. When you reach the rim of the crater, you perceive that the soil you stand upon is seamed and cracked in every direction; smoke pours continually from these fissures, and the distant roaring of subterraneous fires is distinctly heard. You easily descend into the crater, and look down into the sulphurous depths, whence, in periods of eruption, red hot stones and scoriæ are vomited forth in fatal and overwhelming masses. The view upon the summit of Vesuvius is entrancing. You look down over a wide landscape dotted with innumerable villages; Naples and its suburbs, the islands of Ischia and Capri are mirrored in the waters of the bay. The descent of the mountain is easily accomplished. The ashes make a soft footing, and you plunge downwards in bounds of ten or fifteen feet, and are at the foot of the mountain in ten minutes from starting.—REVEL, a Russian seaport in the government of Esthonia, on a small bay on the south side of the Gulf of Finland, and 200 miles west-southwest of St. Petersburg, is, as our engraving shows, quite a picturesque place, particularly when seen from the water, the point of view chosen for our sketch. The architecture has that half-oriental character which so strongly characterizes the Russian cities. The numerous spires that point upward all along the shore give a peculiar airiness to the profile of the town. In about the centre of the picture a strong battery is noticeable. Beneath the bluffs, on which a portion of the town stands, is seen a man-of-war barge, with an officer in the stern-sheets, pulling swiftly through the chop sea. The city proper is enclosed by old bastions, and defended by a strong citadel; it is of limited extent, and very irregularly built; but the suburbs stretch for a great distance along the shore, in the manner indicated in our illustration. The town and castle were founded by Valdemar II., king of Denmark, in 1218, but afterwards sold to the Teutonic knights. It was captured by the Russians from the Swedes, in 1710. It was formerly the great emporium of the Hanseatic league for trade with Novgorod. It has an excellent and well sheltered harbor. There are a number of fine buildings in the place, among which may be mentioned, the imperial palace, the admiralty, the town hall, numerous churches, a neat theatre, club-houses, etc. The population is about 25,000.



CITY AND BAY OF REVEL.

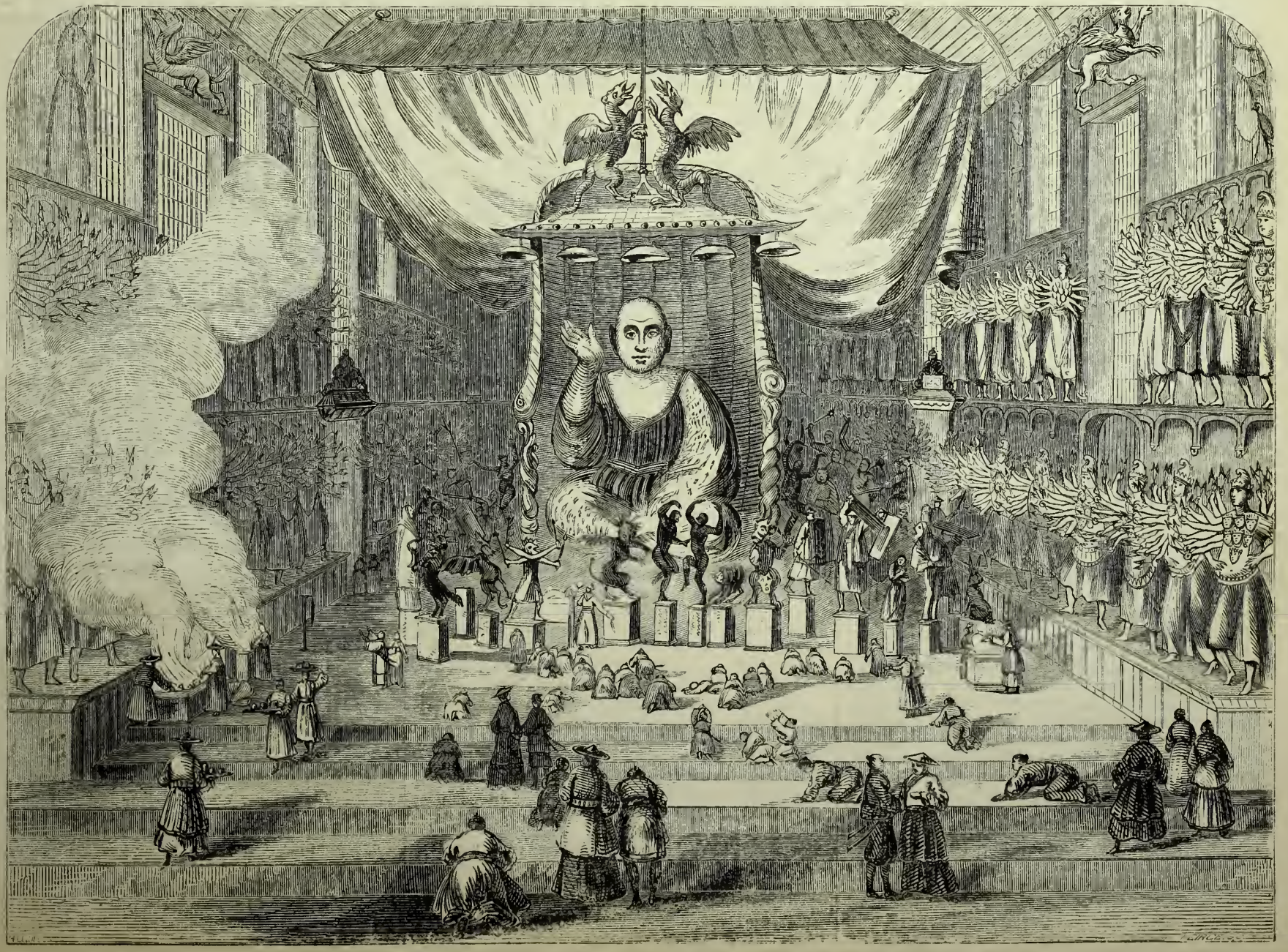
BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856. | $3 00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X, No. 18.—WHOLE No. 252.

TEMPLE OF A THOUSAND IMAGES.

The accompanying picture, drawn by Mr. Hill, is from a very choice production of a Dutch artist, procured for us by an officer of the U. S. Japanese expedition, who has already enriched our pages with his own designs. It represents the interior of one of the most remarkable temples in the world, and its perfect uniqueness will commend it to our subscribers, and serve to show, also, that we are ready to ransack the uttermost ends of the globe for material to enrich our pictorial enterprise. The temple thus delineated is near Miako, and is dedicated to Quanwon, the son of Amida. It is a Buddhist temple, Miako being the residence of the Xako, or high priest of the Buddhist hierarchy. Buddha, or the sage (a name changed by the Chinese into Fuh-hi, Fuh or Fo), was a title of honor bestowed on the first preacher of the religion of the Buddhists after he had attained popularity. Asiatic tradition makes him the son of a king of Central India, Suddo-dana, in Sanscrit, king or eater of pure food. His original name was Lehta; after he became a priest he was called Sakia-mouni, that is, devotee of the race of Sakia, whence the appellation Siaka, and the name of Xako applied to the head of the Buddhist church. The Buddhist mythology includes several Buddhas who preceded Sakia-mouni, and the first of whom, Adi-Buddha, or the first Buddha, was believed to be the origin of all things. This first Buddha is worshipped in Japan under the name of Amida, and his temples and priests are the most numerous. The interior of the temple shown in our engraving is certainly without a parallel in its appointments. A Dutch traveller thus quaintly delineates its characteristic features:—"There is a most famous Chappel about a League from Meaco, erected by some of their antient Emperors, and since by the Modern enlarged and beautified, being 420 Foot long, having two great Porches, with Portcullises in the middle: where entring you may first see a large Seat, on which sits an Image, bigger than the Life, resembling a Giant, with Holes in his Ears, Bald headed and shaven after the manner of the *Indian Brachmans;* over this huge figure hang several Cups, on both sides divers shapes of Armed Soldiers, Morisco Dancers, Exotick Wizards, and other dreadful Figures, with antic Gestures: their Wind and Thunder also are personated in terrible Figures. Then they enter the Chappel, ascending on Seven steps, having five hundred Idols on each side fixed to the wall, all representing Canon (Quanwon), the son of Amida, with amiable Looks, each having thirty Arms, two of which are of ordinary size, but all the other very small, and in every Hand two Arrows, on their breasts are engraven seven little Faces, on the Heads Golden Crowns with strings of Diamonds. Moreover, not only the Chains, Bells and other things belonging to these Images, but also the Statues themselves are all Massie Gold, wrought by the Goldsmith, insomuch that the Beholders Eyes dazle at the glory and splendor."



TEMPLE OF A THOUSAND IMAGES NEAR MIAKO, JAPAN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER.

—OR,—

CALYPSO, THE WANDERER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY T. BURLINGAME ROSS.

CHAPTER I.

THE LONE STAR AND HER COMMANDER.

Within one of the southern lagoons upon the coast of Texas, is tho small hay of Goliad. It is not far from the mouth of the Nueces, and, like most of the lagoons which abound upon the shores of the Gulf, affords a most excellent harbor. In the early part of August, 1846, a small schooner lay at anchor within this bay. I say a small schooner. She was a small vessel, and at a short distance appeared much smaller than she really was; but yet, for a schooner, she was large enough—as large as the peculiar rig of that class of vessels would warrant. She was a pretty craft; built after the model of our Baltimore clippers, and carrying a wide spread of canvass for such a hull. She carried a square topsail and topgallant-sail upon the fore, and a gaff-topsail upon tho main. She was called the Lone Star, and had for some years belonged to tho Texan navy, having been employed in cruising after those Mexican vessels that had beeu fitted out for the especial purpose of committing depredations upon the seaport settlements of tho infant republic. And even now that Texas had been united with its gigantic sister, it was found necessary to keep tho Lone Star in service, for manifold were the robberies still committed by the Mexican crafts, aud none knew their haunts so well as did the commander of the gallant schooner. He seemed to have an intuitive perception of the approach of one of these villanous freebooters, and he seldom missed them when once upon their track.

The schooner lay close in to the bold shore, aud it was but a few moments' work to pull on board. A person not acquainted with tho form and features of a schooner-of-war would havo been surprised upon his visit to the deck of the Lone Star. That width of beam was not discovered from the shore, nor was the length, even, clearly made out, for the graceful bends at the bows and run were calculated to deceivo the unpractised eye. However, on reaching the deck we find her to be a noble craft, and everything that meets the gaze betrays the most thorough order and regularity.

Sho carried six brass guns—twelve-pounders—and the pikes that stood in their beckets about the masts were bright and sharp. Upon the quarter-deck, on the starboard side, with one hand ahold of a back-stay, stood a young man, not over five-and-twenty, whose uniform marked him as the captain of the vessel. He was a tall, stout man, with brown hair, and a rich, dark gray eye, and possessing one of those peculiar conformations of form and feature which at once mark out the commander. Put such a man anywhere, even if it be in a chain-gang, and he will naturally assume a control over his companions, not more from his own natural effort than from the instinctive bowing of other minds to his will. His face was one of more than ordinary manly beauty, and its tone of nobleness and authority was well sustained by the physical power which was at once apparent in the muscular massiveness and compactness of his frame. His name was Clarence Howard. He was a Virginian by birth, and having lost his parents when quite young, he adopted the sea as the field of his labor. He was but a boy in years when the struggles of Texas to free herself from the Mexican yoke attracted his attention, and in company with a party of his friends he started for the scene of action; and from that time he did his part well and truly toward establishing the republic.

Close by the captain stood a small boy. He was not over fifteen, and even small at that. In frame he was very slight, yet a passing observer could not fail to be attracted by his appearance, for there was something in his face that told of more than ordinary intellect and intelligence. His light flaxen hair was very thin and wavy, and seemed to leave his high, projecting brow almost with the appearance of baldness upon the top. His eyes, which were light gray in color, were different from most eyes. The pupils were long and cone-like, square at the base, and reaching to a point at their upper termination—about in the form of a sugar-loaf. The base of the pupil reached entirely to the white of the eye, while its apex was not far from the centre of the ball. In addition to this, the eyes were bright, sometimes sparkling like stars, and then at others, burning like fire; and, moreover, they seemed to possess a phosphorescent power, for in the dark they would often burn, or glow, with a brightness which rendered them visible when the face could not be seen. This boy's name was Peter Sythe. Clarence Howard had found him, ten years before, when he first came out to Texas, on a wreck which had been cast up on tho Isle do Bagin, just north of the Rio Grando, and since that time he had clung to his noble protector, with all the affection of a child for its parent. He had given his name as Pierre when first found, but tho sailors changed it to the more democratic form of Peter. Of his early history he could give no account. He only knew that he had always been on ship-board, and that his father was Captain Sythe, and furthermore, that when he was cast away, all the crew were lost save himself. He was a handsome boy, and but for the strange formation of the eye, he would have been without a single detraction from perfect beauty.

The two lieutenants were pacing the quarter-deck upon the larboard side. The first was Karl Lofton, a stout, powerfully built man, some thirty years of age, with light hair and blue eyes; a native of New York, though of German descent. The second was Martin Hart—another stout, robust man, with black hair and black eyes, and some four or five years older than Lofton.

"Peter," spoke the captain, turning to his boy, "go and tell the coxswain to have my gig manned."

"Going ashore, captain?" asked Lofton, stepping over.

"Yes," returned Howard.

"Have you made up your mind yet when yon'll sail?"

"Not quite, Lofton. But I shall sail for tho first thing that turns up. We are doing no good here. Taylor and Worth have about all the supplies they can afford to wait for, and I understand that they are soon to start up into the country further. They mean to make their next attack upon Monterey. Such being the case, I think we'll poke along down to the southward, and we may get upon the track of that villain, Tudel—Jilok Tudel—the most notorious pirate Mexico ever produced. By the cross, Karl, I'd like to meet that chap."

"So would we all," returned the lieutenant, enthusiastically.

"And then there's more work, too," resumed the captain. "The Mexican government has given out a lot of letters of marque; so you see, the Gulf'll be swarming with privateers. They'll be only pirates, and that too, of tho worst kind."

"But wont tho United States grant any such letters?"

"No—I guess not."

"But why? Good gracious, if Mexico sends out her privateers, why shouldn't we have some to offset them?"

"I don't know, Karl. It isn't a very honorable mode of warfare, at all events; but you see, Mexico's got no navy at all, and so she's obliged to do this. She's got one or two little scows, but they're good for nothing. Why, I should not be afraid to engage their whole naval force with this schooner and its present crew."

"Then they need privateers?"

"To be sure they do; and if they'd only raise their own men, I wouldn't care; but they've sent a lot of letters of marque to Havana, in hopes that the Cubans will fit out privateers against us; and we have the best of reasons for believing that privateers are being fitted out in England to cruise under the Mexican flag. It is a sure thing that two of them have left Liverpool for that purpose. What d'ye think of that?"

"Why—I'll tell ye, captain. I'm very glad we hold our commission regularly; and I only hope we may meet an Englishman cruising under the Mexican flag. It kind o' strikes me now, that I should rather let a real Mexican pirate go free, than to let off them as ought to be in better business. However, we *may* find one of 'em, eh?"

"I hope so," was Howard's reply, as he turned toward his cabin.

He then went below, and when he returned to the deck, he was all ready for going on shore. His heavy sword was buckled on, and a brace of six-barrelled pistols graced his belt. Even tho shore of Texas, along tho banks of the Nueces, was not without danger to the American.

The boat was alongside and manned, and having sent Peter over first, the captain followed him, and then gave the order for pushing off. There were some dozen huts scattered about upon the shore, one of which, larger than the rest, was occupied by a man named Gould, who was an old trapper and hunter, and who had made much money at his business. Howard left his boat and crew at tho shore, and with Peter as a companion, he went up to Gould's hut, and found the owner within.

"Ah, captain—still here, eh?" uttered the old trapper, as he grasped Howard by the hand.

"Yes, my old friend," returned tho young man. "I'm here for a while. But I came up now to see if you had heard from the west'rd."

"Yes, captain—I'm just from Santa Fe. The brave Fremont has joined Commodore Sloat, and just as I was startin' the news came in by an Indian runner a horseback, that Montgomery had taken San Francisco."

"Do you think it's true?"

"Of course 't is. And now what's been done here? Where's old Zachary?"

"O, he's right side up, you may rest assured. He has captured everything that came in his way thus far, and now he's bound for Monterey—he and Worth together."

"That's the talk. Why, I tell ye, cap'n, 'tain't no sort o' use for them 'tarnal Mexicans to think o' beatin' our boys. Just as sure as I'm alive now, three thousand true blue Yankees with old Zachary at their head 'u'd march right through the very heart o' Mexico. By gimeni! folks says as how't the Yankees could fight well enough on their own dirt, but take them anywhere else, and they'd be down. But look at this ere—what do ye think now, eh? Guess they'll begin to think 'at all a'n't fightin' men that looks like sich. Give me old Zachary yet."

If Jim Gould had a weakness beyond his hatred of the Mexicans, it was his ardent respect for General Taylor; and he had often been heard to remark that there wa'n't but one Zachary Taylor, 'cause there wa'n't room but for one. Howard smiled at the old trapper's earnestness, and having learned all that he had come to learn, he arose to take his leave. He had already put on his cap and turned toward the door, when tho old man stopped him.

"Look here, capt'n," he cried, in an earnest tone. "Have ye been to Vera Cruz since I've been gone?"

"No. I've been cruising about the Gulf some, but haven't stopped there. But why do you ask?"

"Why—p'r'aps yo'll say it's none o' my business—but I guess I'll run the risk. Yo know one Antonio St. Marc?"

"Of course," uttered Clarence, changing color. "And what of him?"

"Ye know that gal o' his'n too, I take it?"

"Don't bother me, Gould. You mean Donna Irene."

"Yes, I do. And ha'n't ye heard nothin' from her?"

"No—not a word. But what is it?"

"Well—to tell ye tho truth, capt'n," returned the old man, with some show of embarrassment, "I don't exactly know myself. There was an old woman came with us from Bexar, and left us this mornin'. She was inquirin' for you, and said she had come from Vera Cruz. She seemed to be—eh—look there—right down the hill; that's the woman now, as sure as fate. Don't you see her?"

"Is that the one?—that old, bent-up woman?"

"Yes. Just as likely as not she' huntin' for ye now."

"Yon say she's come from Vera Cruz?"

"So she said. But see—she's goin' down to your boat."

Without speaking further the captain beckoned to his boy, and then started from tho trapper's hut.

CHAPTER II.

CALYPSO, AND HER MESSAGE.

The sun had already sunk beneath the nearest tree-tops when Clarence Howard left the trapper's cot. He hastened down to the water's edge, and arrived there just as the old woman, whom he had seen from tho hut, was inquiring for the captain of the schooner. She appeared to be somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age; quite small in frame, and much bent by age and care—or it may have been by some injury—for her back was bent more than such age as her's could ordinarily have done. She seemed to be an Indian woman, though she spoke both Spanish and English very well. Her hair was long and matted, and very black, with here and there a silvery line; her eyes were black and large, and burned with a strange fire. Her garb was very simple, consisting of the colored blanket and skirt usually worn by those Indians who had lived in tho neighborhood of civilization, tho only protection for the head being tho folds of the blanket, which she could draw up at will. Her legs were shielded by leather leggings, while upon her feet she wore tho light boots of buffalo hide usual among the Mexican Indians. Take her all in all, she was a curiosity in the *genus* of humanity. As she stood, with her back bent, she looked like a dwarf with a huge hump upon the back, and it only required the tall, conical red cap, with its bobbing tassel, to finish the picture of just such a sprite as we read of in old legends of tho Rhine.

"Have you been searching for me, my good woman?" asked Clarence, as he came up.

Tho woman started when she heard the voice, and having made sure who it was that had spoken to her, she asked:

"Are you the captain?"

"Of this schooner—yes."

"And is your name Clarence Howard?"

"It is."

She looked him steadily in the eye for some moments, and then slowly allowed her eye to wander over his person, as though she would read him all through by his looks. The young man did not feel at all uneasy beneath this scrutiny, though it must be confessed that he experienced some curious emotions.

"I would like to speak with you a moment, good sir," she said, after she had finished her examination.

"For what?" asked Howard.

"Come with me a short distance away, and I'll tel yon."

"But why not speak here?"

"I would speak with you concerning Donna Irene St. Marc," the woman whispered, in a tone so low that only Howard could hear it, and at the same time gazing sharply in his face.

"Lead on," returned Clarence, quickly. "Lead on."

Slowly the woman walked, or hobbled, away towards the nearest hut, and as soon as she was beyond the hearing of the boatmen, she turned and motioned for her companion to stop.

"Now, senor capitan, you must listen. You say yon know Donna Irene St. Marc; and she has told me that she knows you."

"She? Irene?—then you have seen her?" cried Clarence.

"Yes—I have seen her within these two weeks; and she tells me that you are her best friend."

"Did she tell thee that?"

"Yes. Did she not tell me truly?"

"Tell you truly?" uttered the young captain, ardently. "O, she has no truer friend—none truer than I."

"And I think the maiden loves thee, Senor Americano."

"Did she tell thee so?" asked Clarence, in a quick, breathless whisper.

"Not in so many words, but then there be other languages than the one the mouth speaks. She called thy name, senor; and while she spoke that name with her lips, she told me her love with her eyes."

"Ah, yon may have read unwarranted by—"

"Hold, senor. Thou hast not told me in so many words that thou didst love the Lady Irene. And more—thy lips might have asserted the fact an hundred times, and I would not have been one half so sure as I am now that I have read the tale in thine eye and in thy looks. Be sure Irene loves thee most truly; and well she may."

"I hoped I had her gratitude, but her love was more than I had dared to hope for."

"Ah, thine own eye gives the denial of that, senor."

"No, no, woman. I may have prayed that she might love me, but hope would imply more than was mine. So fair—so lovely—so wealthy—so noble! Ah, I had not soared so high."

"Never mind. I'll give thee all the belief in my power. And now to my business. In all Vera Cruz poor Irene has not a friend. A terrible fate awaits her, and there is none nigh to avert the blow."

"How! A blow? a fate—a *terrible* fate? Speak, woman. What is it you mean?"

"Listen, senor. You have heard of one Jilok Tudel?"

"I know but one of that name."

"And he?"

"Is a pirate."

"Yes—the very one. And now St. Marc swears his child shall marry with that dreadful man!"

For some moments Howard gazed into the woman's face without speaking. The sun had sunk from sight, and the twilight was creeping on. Those dark, swarthy features were now indistinct beneath the long, matted hair, but those two large black eyes gleamed out with undimmed power, for she seemed deeply moved.

"Did I understand you?" the young man asked, at length.

"I think you did, senor."

"But you did not mean, then, what you said?"

"I did mean it, senor capitan. Antonio St. Marc would marry his child to the pirate Tudel!"

"Ah—he does not know who this Jilok Tudel is."

"He knows him far better than you can, senor."

"And knowing him to be the wicked, bloody pirate, would he still—"

"Force his sweet child to marry him, senor. You may as well speak it out, for so the truth is."

"But St. Marc is a monster!"

"He is, senor."

Again Clarence Howard hesitated, and gazed fixedly in the woman's face. There was truth in her tone, and a stern purpose of honest intent in her look. But he could not let the fatal belief in without an effort. True, he knew but little of St. Marc. Four years before, while cruising off the northern coast of Yucatan, he had fallen in with a Cuban pirate. It was his first cruise as master of a vessel. Houston had early discovered his ripe and noble qualities, and forwarded his claim to the post of commander of the Lone Star, which vessel was then fresh from the builder's hands. The youthful commander had given chase to a Mexican freebooter, but lost him in the night, and on the following morning he found the Cuban on his lee quarter. He knew the craft in a moment, for he had had positive information concerning her from the authorities at Villa del Rio, and he at once gave chase. The pirate tried to run round Cape Catoche, but the Lone Star cut her out, and captured her—carrying her by the board after a smart engagement of fifteen minutes. On board this pirate the young captain found a wealthy Mexican and his daughter. The former introduced himself as a Castilian gentleman, of Vera Cruz, and had been captured by the pirates while on his way, with his child, to visit some friends in Havana, where he had meant to spend the season.

His child was then fifteen years of age, and so beautiful that even then Clarence almost wished he had never seen her. The story of their preservation was this: They had taken passage in a brig, St. Marc taking only about two thousand dollars with him for incidental expenses. Only two days before the coming of the Lone Star, the brig was overhauled by the pirate, all her valuables taken out, and then the villains proceeded to lash the crew to various parts of the vessel previous to scuttling her, they having planned to save only the youthful maiden! But St. Marc promised them, if they would spare him, to pay them one thousand gold doubloons, and as soon as he could convince them that he would do this, they agreed to spare him; but they destroyed all the rest.

Clarence delivered the pirates up to justice, and conveyed St. Marc and his child back to Vera Cruz, whither they chose to go. Surely it was a terrible fate from which the young captain had saved the maiden, and both she and her father seemed very grateful. He remained with them two days at that time, at their sumptuous dwelling in Vera Cruz, and he had visited them since. He knew that St. Marc had been rather cool and distant at his last visit, and he attributed it to the fact that the wealthy hidalgo wanted him not for a son-in-law. He had regarded the man as a dark, stern parent, and an unflinching aristocrat, but he had not thought him capable of such blackness of heart as this intelligence would seem to indicate.

"Woman," he said, slowly and sternly, "mark me. Jilok Tudel is a blood-stained pirate. Do you know of another Jilok Tudel?"

"I do not, senor," the woman answered, just as slowly and sternly as her interlocutor had spoken.

"But do you know this one—the pirate?"

"I do, senor—very well."

"Ha—then you know him! You *know*, then, of what you speak?"

"I do know very well. Antonio St. Marc has sworn that his child shall marry this wretched man. Now go you there, but be sure St Marc sees you not. No—hold! the pirate is at sea—"

"Yes, madam, and I was waiting orders to go in pursuit of him. I expect news from the outlaw this week."

"Then if you capture him, so much will be gained. But you must see Donna Irene."

"I should like to see her, but I cannot enter Vera Cruz openly now. You must remember that our country is at war with Mexico."

"I know," returned the woman. "But that must not prevent you now. I tell thee Irene is in danger, and she looks to thee to save her. She loves thee with a woman's heart and soul. From the moment when first she knew you she has loved you. She dreams not that I would tell thee this—and yet she wished for me to send thee to her if I could find thee. See her, and she will tell thee more. In disguise thou canst enter the city. None need know that you are of the enemy. Speak, now, and tell me—wilt thou go?"

"First tell me who and what thou art?" Clarence said, after some moments' hesitation.

"I am called Calypso. Some call me Calypso, the Wanderer; and they are not far out of the way, for surely none wander more than I do. That I am an Indian, I doubt not my face already tells you, eh?"

"Most assuredly it does," was Howard's reply.

"And furthermore I can only tell you that I am what my sobriquet indicates. I am the Homeless—the Wanderer—and almost—Friendless. But that is all."

"But what is Donna Irene to you?"

"What is she to you?" Calypso asked, with a smile.

"I understand what you mean," the captain answered. "But I knew not but that she might be some—some—"

"Perhaps you were going to say, relative."

"I will not say that the thought did not enter my mind, for under the excitement of your story I forgot the color of your skin. However, you must be something to her, or you would not have come so far."

"Ah, senor, it matters little to me which way I go. I may as well wander hither as to wander thither—as well to Texas as to California."

"And have you ever wandered off so far?"

"As California?"

"Yes."

"Yes, senor. I move hither and thither continually. But enough of this. Thou wilt not fail to visit Vera Cruz, and see Donna Irene. Once more I tell thee, thou alone canst help her."

"But—pardon me—that is very strange. Are there not in Mexico those who love her?"

"Yes, many. But, alas, not one upon whom fear of the father does not operate more powerfully than does the love of the child."

"And will Donna Irene expect me?"

"She will *hope* for your coming, for she bade me tell thee so."

"Then most assuredly I shall go."

"But remember—let your disguise be perfect, for be sure that Antonio St. Marc will not spare thee, if he detects thee."

"I will be careful of that, madam."

"One thing more," resumed the woman, moving nearer to the captain, for the boy Peter was approaching the spot, "she bade me tell you, if you came, that she would recognize you by your whistling the first bar of *'Paciencia y barajar,'* then passing on to the third, and from that to the fifth bar. One half the lepe-ros of the city are continually humming and whistling the tune, but of course no one would think of performing it in that way. She said you knew it."

"Yes," returned Clarence, "I know it very well."

"Then you have all the instructions you need. She will give you the rest when you see her."

"*If* I see her. But did she tell you what answer she would return to my signal?"

"O, yes. I had forgotten, senor. Yes, she said she would sing the second, fourth and sixth strains of the same tune."

"One thing more, good woman. Fear not for the boy; he is my *confidante* in everything, and if I go to Vera Cruz, he will go with me. What I wish to ask is, if Jilok Tudel is now in Vera Cruz—or if he was when you were there?"

"No, senor; he was at sea, and they knew not when he would return. Only St. Marc has assured Irene that she must be his wife when he returns. She despises the man, even now that she thinks him an honest merchant; but if she knew him for what he really is, she would go crazy with the thought of such a union. I think you will go as I have asked, and if you free the maiden from the snares that now beset her, you will find your reward—be sure of that. And now, farewell. We shall meet again if we both live."

With these words the woman turned away, and was soon lost to sight in the gloom; and long after she was gone did Howard stand and gaze after her.

"Captain," spoke the boy, laying his hand lightly upon his commander's arm, "there's a boat just come up from Matamoras, with a message for you."

CHAPTER III.

BATTLE WITH THE PIRATE.

When Captain Howard reached the shore where his boat was, he found a second boat there, in which there were four men, the fifth one of her men being upon the beach. This latter man Howard recognized as a sergeant of one of the companies stationed at Matamoras, whose name was Beecher.

"Come," cried the captain, jumping into his gig, "let us go on board and have some supper, and then we'll do our business."

Beecher followed Howard's example, and in a few minutes more the party were on the schooner's deck. Supper was ready, and the captain invited Beecher to his cabin, while the other men, who were privates in the "army of occupation," went forward with the crew.

"Now," said Howard, after they had taken their seats around the table, "what news do you bring from Matamoras?"

"The colonel sent me up, sir," returned the sergeant, "to inform you that that notorious Mexican pirate was in our waters."

"Ha!" uttered Howard, dropping his knife, "do you mean Tudel?"

"Yes, sir. It must have been him. He gave chase to a brig that came from New Orleans to bring us stores. Once he came so near that the Americans could see the guns upon the pirate's deck, but night shut in, and on the next morning the brig ran into Matamoras. That was only night before last. There is another brig due from New Orleans with provisions and clothing for our forts on the Rio Grande, and we have feared that the pirate may overhaul her. The colonel said he believed you had full power to go in pursuit."

"Of course I have. I have a right to take any Mexican vessel I can find—just as much right as any other vessel of war in the United States service."

"It would be a blessing to our people," resumed Beecher, "if you could capture that villain. He has been a pirate for several years; but now that he has a letter of marque from his government, his boldness and assurance exceed all bounds. But mind you—he is not a privateer—not by any means; he is a pirate of the blackest dye."

"I know him," returned the captain, "and I have had my attention turned to him more than once before. I'll hunt him up if possible, you may be assured."

Nothing more was said upon the subject until after supper was ended, and then Howard gained all the information the sergeant had to impart. The latter was invited to remain over night, but he had orders from his superior to return immediately, and having given all the instructions committed to his keeping he called his men to the boat, and set off; the moon was up, and with a fair wind the little cutter started through the water with the promise of reaching Matamoras before midnight.

On the following morning all hands were called as soon as the day broke, and having informed them of the purpose he had in hand, the captain ordered the anchors up and sail made; and ere the boatswain piped to breakfast, the Lone Star had cleared the lagoon and entered the broad gulf. The wind was moderate from the southward, and Howard laid his course to the eastward, intending for a while to keep the track of vessels from New Orleans to Matamoras. Thus he stood on until near night, and just as the sun was going down, a sail was discovered to the eastward, which at length proved to be a brig standing in toward the coast. Just at dark Howard spoke her, and found her to be the store brig which was expected at Matamoras.

"Have you seen anything of a Mexican brig?" Clarence asked, as he came up under the brig's quarter and hove to.

"Don't know," returned the commander of the merchantman. "'Bout three hours ago one o' the men in the top saw a sail away to the south'rd and east'rd; but we lost sight of it, and ha'n't seen it since."

"Could you make out which way it was standing?"

"I should think from the way it went out o' sight, that she was standin' to the east'rd, and per'aps to the north'rd of that."

By this time the vessels had fallen so far apart that it was difficult to understand more, and Howard squared away and stood on. During the night a strict watch was kept up, but nothing was seen. On the next morning, however, just as the men were getting up from their breakfast, the lookout at the foretopmast cross-trees reported a sail right ahead. In half an hour more it was made out to be a brig standing to the southward. All sail was put upon the schooner, and at the end of an hour the stranger was found to be a vessel-of-war of some description, as her ports could be plainly seen.

"She's a Mexican. There's no mistake about that," said Lofton, who had been examining the stranger through his glass.

"And if she's a Mexican, she must be the pirate," added Howard, who was also using his glass. "Look ye, Lofton, we'll stand on to the east'rd a few minutes, just to see what she'll do. They haven't surely had a chance yet to tell that we've changed our course."

Accordingly the schooner was kept on, and in fifteen minutes more the brig wore about and stood directly for her. The wind was now but very little south of west, and the brig had been standing upon the starboard tack before she wore. The guns of the schooner were masked by sliding ports, though they were all ready to run out at a moment's notice.

"She don't take, I guess," remarked Lofton, as he noticed the movement of the Mexican.

"But she *hopes* to take *us*, without doubt," returned Howard, with a smile. "However, let her work awhile; we'll be sure who she is before we make any decided movement."

The schooner was now standing due east, and the brig was nearly abreast of her and standing on a course across her forefoot. Thus matters rested for half an hour more, and then the brig was not over a mile distant. She now hoisted the Mexican flag and fired a gun.

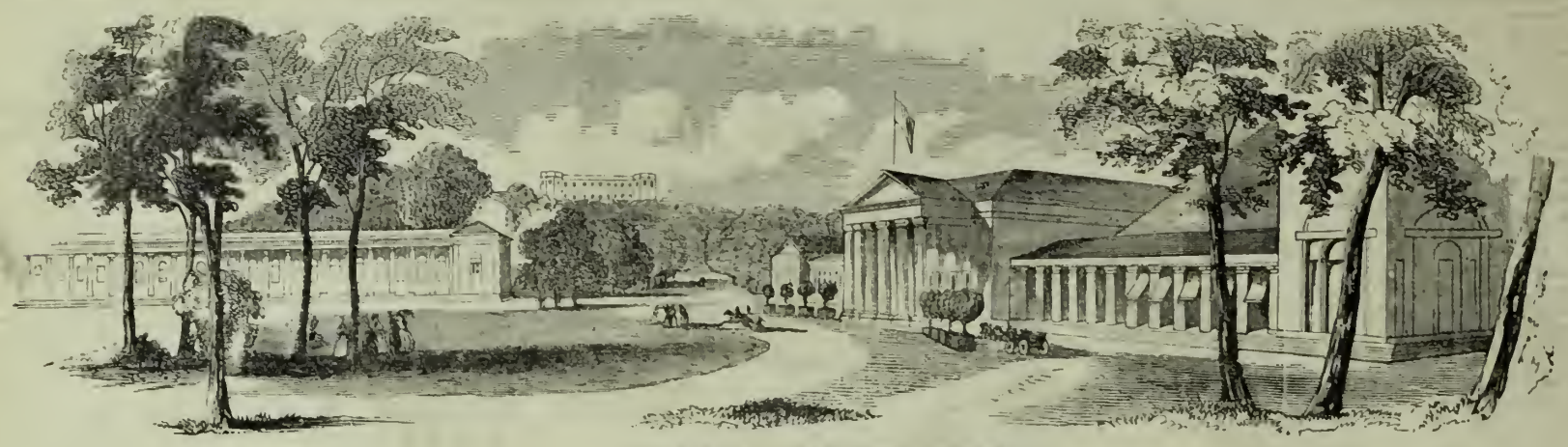
"Isn't that rather cool?" said Hart.

"Rather," returned Howard. "But if he knew who he'd fallen afoul of I'm thinking he'd feel not quite so cool. He takes us for one of the small transports on our way home. But we'll soon show him his mistake. Mr. French, you may open the armchest and distribute the ammunition, and then open the magazine. Mr. Lofton, have all hands called, and prepare for action. Work with a will, now."

Thus speaking, the captain took his glass and examined the brig once more; and as he turned again to his officers, his face wore an eager, gratified expression.

"It is Tudel's vessel!" he said, closing his glass and placing it beneath his arm. "Mind you—there's no mistake about this. And now if he's not our's before the sun sets, then I am very much mistaken as to our power. Stand by now!"

By this time the brig was within half a mile, and had fallen upon the schooner's quarter; all the men of the latter vessel had armed themselves, and were by the guns, ready for the command



THE KUR-SAAL, WEISBADEN, GERMANY.

of the moment. Howard ordered the flag to he run up, and in a moment after the stars and stripes fluttered out to the breeze, the brig fired another gun, this time sending a round shot ploughing up the water under the schooner's stern.

"Stand by!" ordered Howard, whose nether lip was now set, and whose step had become stern and emphatic, as though he stood on impregnable ground. "All ready to take in the foretopsail," he cried. "Aloft and stand by to furl the sail. We shan't want to run to-day."

By the time the topsail and topgallant-sail were furled the hrig fired again, and this time her hall struck the water under the schooner's how.

"I think our shot will reach her well now," said Howard, turning towards French, the gunner.

"Yes, sir—you may swear to that afore a justice," returned the old salt.

"Then stand by. We'll give 'em a taste of our starboard battery first. Sheets, there, fore and aft. Stand hy. Out with the guns!"

This order was qnickly obeyed, and as soon as the guns were run out and levelled, and the priming applied, the matches were brought up, and the captain was informed that all was ready.

"Then stand by, and aim as quickly as possible. Helm a-port—easy. Round in on the sheets. So—steady. Stand by!'

This movement brought the schooner directly across the hrig's bows, and the three brass guns upon the starboard side, which were loaded with round shot and a stand of grape, were quickly aimed, the gunner having orders to fire as soon as he could get loaded. It was but a moment's work to level the guns, and then the matches were applied. Without waiting to see the effects, the schooner was kept on into the wind and put about in fine style; and in two minutes more the larboard broadside was presented. By this time the brig had hegnn to ronnd in for luffing, but ere she could turn her head away, the Yankees gave their second broadside. As soon as the smoke lifted, it could be seen that the hrig's foreyard was carried away in the slings; some of the starboard fore rigging carried away, and the maintopsail well cut up.

"By the mass, hoys!" cried Howard, as he saw this, "she's ours, and no mistake. Ha! there goes her fore yard—and around she goes into the wind! Be ready with that starhoard broadside. In with the grape—let her come."

By this time the schooner was again around with her head to the southward, but she had not the same chance to rake as before, for the brig had come up nearer to the wind, and now presented her quarter to the Lone Star's guns. However, Howard bade his gunner to fire as quickly as possible, and he did so; and almost at the same moment the hrig did the same thing. There was a crashing sound on hoard the schooner, for a round shot had struck the starboard cathead, and had knocked it to splinters. And there was a deep groan, too—for a man lay upon the forecastle weltering in his blood, and dying. The men gazed upon him—he was a hrave and true man—while one of his comrades held his head up.

"Never mind me," the noble fellow cried. "I know you will avenge my death, so I leave you con—"

"*Content*, he would have said," shouted the hoatswain, as he let the dead man's head back upon the deck, and then started to his feet. "Lay us alongside the villain now, sir. Lay us along side, capt'n, and we'll make quick work of the blood-thirsty dogs!"

Clarence Howard cast his gaze around upon his crew, and he saw that his men were nerved up now to the work. Every eye flashed with eager defiance, and every lip was set with an iron vengeance.

"Shall we carry him by the board?" the captain asked, in quick, thrilling tones.

One simultaneous "yes" from the lips of the crew hurst upon the air, and on the next moment the order was given for bringing the schooner to the wind. The hrig now lay stern-to, and consequently could bring no guns to bear as the Yankees came up. Howard brought his vessel handsomely up under the pirate's quarter, and the graplings were thrown with such exact precision that the schooner's bows were stopped directly beneath the brig's main chains.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



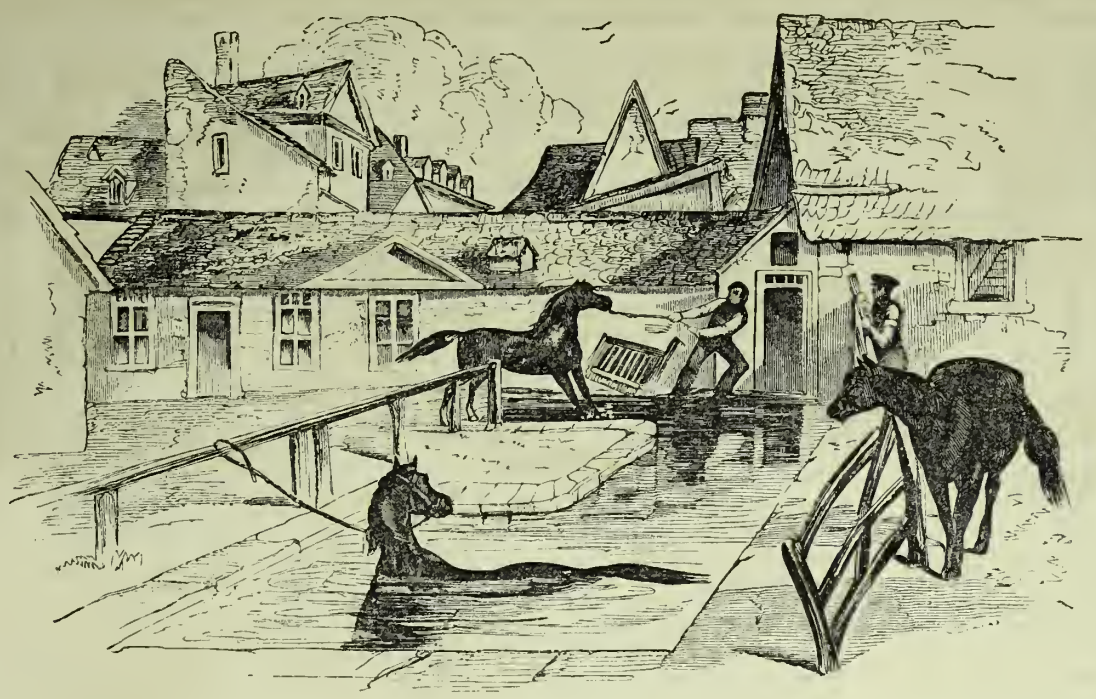
THE PAULINEN-BRUNNEN, LANGEN SWALBACH.



EMS, FROM THE MOSS-HOUSE, ON THE BAEDERLY.

GERMAN WATERING PLACES.

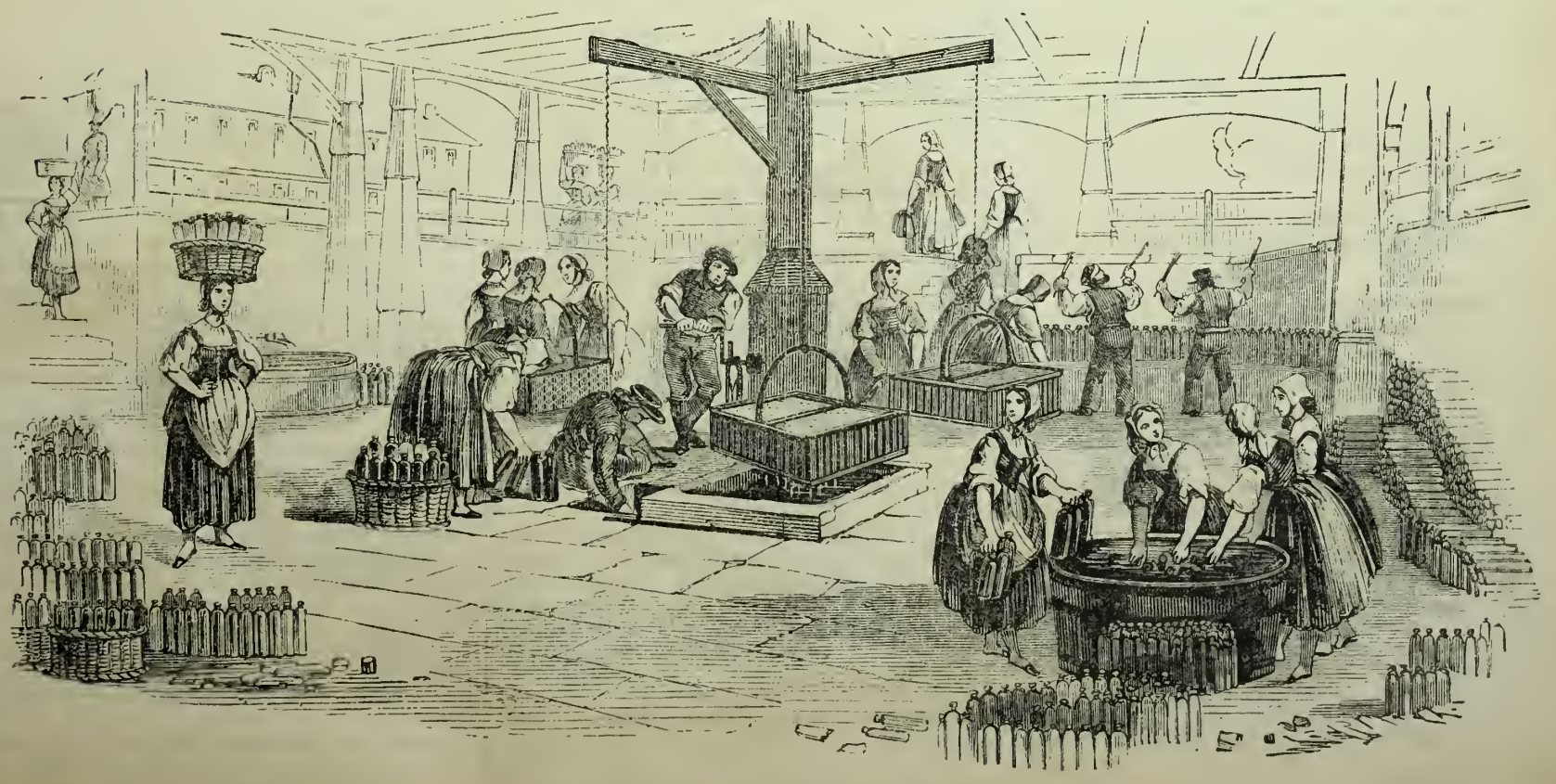
Of course no one thinks of travelling in Germany in summer, without visiting the famous Brunnens of Nassau, so admirably sketched by Sir Francis Head, in that most amusing book, "Bubbles from the Brunnens." On this and the preceding page we give authentic representations of the most striking features of the German Spas. The first represents the Kur-Saal, at Wiesbaden, with a portion of the pretty Kur Saal gardens. The Kur-Saal is the range of buildings on the right, and answers the purpose of banquet-hall, assembly and gambling room, and it forms the centre of attraction and gaiety. It consists of a very splendid saloon of large dimensions, surrounded by pillars of Limburg marble. The garden is a delightful place, to which, as soon as dinner is over, all visitors betake themselves to sip coffee or ices. Tables are placed out in the open air, within hearing of a band of music, which always plays on these occasions; and while the gentlemen indulge in smoking, the ladies, in the homely and industrious fashion of Germany, generally occupy themselves with knitting while they chat. The principal spring at Wieshaden, is the Koch-Brunnen (boiling spring), which is approached by a promenade lined with acacias. The temperature of the spring is 56 Reaumer, and there is so abundant a supply, that the surplus water rushes through the gutters of the streets, smoking hot. The spring itself looks like a cauldron in violent ebullition. Our second engraving depicts the scene of the Paulinen-Brunnen, Langen Swalbach, with the pretty enclosure of the spring, and a neat handmaiden filling the tumblers for the ladies and gentlemen. The spring is surrounded by trees, and seats placed beneath form agreeable lounging places. The Paulinen-Brunnen is so called in honor of the Duchess of Nassau. Our third engraving gives a general view of Ems from the Moss House on the Baederly. Ems is pleasantly situated on the River Lahn, hemmed in between it and the cliffs of Baederly, which recede from the water's edge only just far enough to admit of the row of houses on which we look down in our picture. The place is very hot in summer, it is so environed by hills. The woods, however, form an agreeable shelter from the noonday heats. To return for a moment to Wiesbaden—let us glance at the horse-bath which forms the subject of our fourth illustration. This bath is surrounded by quaint old buildings, and is well arranged for the purpose. One horse is already immersed, and is glancing round to his companions who are about to enjoy the same luxury. To explain the reluctance of the animal who is holding back against the strength of his groom, we must remark that the water is very hot. The next picture exhibits the amusing spectacle of the donkey-review which takes place at the Four Towers, Ems, once a week. The animals are drawn up in line, mounted by their owners, each carrying a little flag. The donkeys are kept for the use of ladies and gentlemen, who use them to visit the scenes in the neighborhood; there are about a hundred of them, and they have plenty to do in the fine weather. It is a picturesque sight to witness a group of gaily dressed ladies on these useful and surefooted creatures, descending one of the hills. The saddles are covered with coarse scarlet or bright blue cloth, and the donkey always wears a fine red band on his forehead. Our last engraving represents the interior of the Brunnen Neider Seltzer, where the Seltzer water is put up which circulates all over the world, and supplies an immense revenue to the duke who is the proprietor of the spring. We see here the various processes of washing, bottling etc. No one has described this scene more fully than Sir Francis Head. He says: "On approaching a large circular shed, covered with a slated roof supported by posts, but open on all sides, I found the single brunnen, or well, from which this celebrated water is forwarded to almost every quarter of the globe. The hole, which was about five feet square, was bounded by a framework of four strong beams, mortised together. A small crane with three arms, to each of which was suspended a square iron crate or basket, a little smaller than the brunnen, stood about ten feet off; and while peasant girls with a stone bottle (holding three pints) dangling on every finger of each hand, were rapidly filling two of these crates, which contained seventy bottles, a man turned the third by a winch, until it hung immediately over the brunnen, into which it rapidly descended. The air in these seventy bottles being immediately displaced by the water, a great bubbling, of course, ensued; but in about twenty seconds, this having subsided, the crate was raised, and while seventy more bottles descended from another arm of the crane, a fresh set of girls curiously carried off these full bottles, one on each finger of each hand, ranging them in several long rows upon a large table or dresser, also beneath the shed. No sooner were they there, than two men with surprising activity put a cork into each, while two drummers, with a long stick in each of their hands, hammering them down, appeared as if they were playing upon musical glasses. Another set of young women instantly carried them off, four or five in each hand at a time, thus conveying them to the warehouse."



THE HORSE BATH, WEISBADEN.



THE REVUE DES ANES, AT EMS.



INTERIOR OF THE BRUNNEN NEIDER SELTZER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FLOWERS.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Sweet letters of the angel tongue,
I've loved ye long and well,
And never have failed in your fragrance sweet
To find some secret spell,—
A charm that has bound me with witching power,
For mine is the old belief,
That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf!

Illumined words from God's own hand,
How fast my pulses beat,
As each quick sense in rapture comes,
Your varied sweets to greet.
Alone and in silence, I love you best,
For mine is the old belief,
That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf!

Ye are prophets sent to this heedless world,
The skeptic's heart to teach—
And 'tis well to read your lore aright,
And mark the creed ye preach.
I never could pass ye careless by,
For mine is the old belief,
That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the passing traveller, as his eye rested on a fine old mansion, embowered in a cluster of venerable elms, whose graceful boughs swept the moss-covered roof, and as they waved in the breeze, threw upon the verdant carpet beneath flowers of sunshine more beautiful than those of art. It *was* a spot of rare beauty, a home to love, as it stood on a gentle eminence, with the broad ocean, with its dancing waves, and island gems, stretching far away to the right, a dense woodland in the rear, with many a monarch of the primeval forest still lifting its venerable head toward the sky, a heaven-wrought pillar, as it were, in the grand old Gothic temple of nature. And then to the left were spread rich waving fields of grain, verdant meadows, and every diversity of hill and valley, and added to all was the magnificent garden in the immediate vicinity of the house, with its winding paths, flower-gemmed borders, and vine-covered arbors, making in all a scene of surpassing beauty. Hither Arthur Melville brought his young bride on the eve of their marriage, and as year after year rolled by, it only found them more attached to the spot. One only daughter had been given them, now a sweet maiden of fifteen, who beamed like a ray of sunlight in her beautiful home. Fortune had been lavish in her favors to Mr. Melville since he embarked in mercantile pursuits, and now a score of ships spread their white canvass to the breeze in obedience to his order, bearing him rich treasures on each returning voyage.

It was toward the close of a lovely day in early autumn when Emma Melville seated herself in her favorite arbor, which faced the west, and commanded a fine view of the open sea. She sat watching the sun with intense delight, as he sought his watery bed, pavilioned with clouds, whose gorgeous coloring was worthy of the hand that painted them.

"How glorious you are, my own dear home!" exclaimed Emma, as she chanced to turn her eyes toward the house, and saw it, with all the scenery around, bathed in a flood of crimson glory. "How I love you, and how hard it would be to leave you! I have been so happy here, running at will through the delightful grounds, with dear parents to love me and anticipate my every wish. I hope I shall always live here. I wonder why some people call this world a vale of tears? I am sure it has been a flowery vale to me—a perfect Eden of delight."

"I am glad to find Emma so happy," said a voice at her elbow, which caused her to start in surprise, while a deep blush mantled her cheek.

"Why, Herbert—is it you? I suppose you thought my brain was getting turned—didn't you, to find me chattering away to myself in such a manner?"

"No, Emma. But I thought it rather strange that your thoughts and mine should have been just the same this evening. I, too, have been thinking how hard it will be to part from home scenes; and to-day I have been roaming about, visiting every favorite spot, and striving to so impress it on my memory that I can live here again in imagination when far away."

"When far away, Herbert? What mean you?"

"Have you not heard that my father has decided to send me to the East Indies?—thinking that as I have chosen to follow mercantile pursuits, and that there is an excellent chance opened for me, that I had better improve it; and so he has decided that I shall go."

"I have not heard a word of all this before; I did not even imagine such a thing would happen. It will be very lonely here, Herbert, when you are gone. Your sister Ellen and I will have no gallant in our walks by the seashore."

"There will be plenty who would be glad of that office among your young friends. There is Thornton Allen, for instance. Do you know I heard him say he was going to storm the castle of your heart by-and-by?"

"Don't mention him, Herbert. You know I detest him. Those black eyes of his make me shudder as though a serpent's gaze was fastened on me."

"Emma, it will be many a long year before we meet again, and when I return, I suppose I shall find a peerless beauty, with a score of admirers at her feet, and her boy companion almost if not quite forgotten."

"You know better, Herbert. Haven't we been the dearest playmates in the world?" And here a stifled sob, that had been choking in her throat, burst forth, and she hid her face in her hands, when the pent-up grief that fell upon her young heart—when the first word of Herbert's departure was breathed, found vent in a flood of tears.

"Dear Emma, forgive me if I have wounded your feelings, although I cannot regret that I have caused those tears to flow, if thereby they show that the love that has caused me to hover near you these many years is returned. Say, is it so, Emma?—and will my memory be dear to you when I am far away in a foreign land?"

"I don't know what you call it, Herbert, but I am always happiest when you are near me. Do you see yonder setting sun just sinking beneath the wave? Well, just as sure as that sun will rise and set each succeeding day during your absence, just so sure shall be my affection for you."

"Bless you, dearest, for those words. My wildest hopes are confirmed, and now I can go forth almost joyfully, for I bear with me a precious secret that shall be enshrined sacredly in my heart. We are both very young, and I do not ask for a betrothal now; 'tis enough to know that your love is all my own. And, Emma, you spoke of the setting sun just now; let us appoint this glorious sunset hour as a sort of trysting time for our thoughts. Wherever we are, whether on land or sea, when that hour arrives, let our hearts hold sweet converse together."

"With all my heart, for I love the sunset hour the best of all the twenty-four. It is such a sublime spectacle to see the King of Day march with stately and majestic step towards his chamber in the west, that seems to be all curtained and canopied with crimson and gold. Yes, Herbert,—henceforth this shall be a sacred hour to us."

"But see, Emma, the sun has already disappeared from view, and the dews are falling. It will not be prudent for you to remain in the chill evening air longer, and we *must* part, for long years, perhaps, and O, it thrills my heart to say it—perhaps forever! And, Emma, keep this tiny locket as a memento of me, and never forget the face it encloses."

That night Emma sought her couch, with both joy and sorrow weighing upon her heart. He had told her what she so much longed to know. He loved her; there was no doubt now, and this filled her with joy. But then he was going to leave her for an uncertain length of time, and perhaps they never might meet again; the thought of this threw a damper upon her joy, and she lay awake far into the night, thinking of the future.

It was a beautiful morning on which our young adventurer was to have sailed on his East Indian voyage, but the wind not being favorable, their hour of departure was delayed until late in the day. At length all was ready, and Herbert, grasping the hands of a few chosen friends who had accompanied him to the wharf, bade them a tearful adieu. As he took the hand of Emma, who was among the number, he felt it tremble violently, and saw she was very much agitated. A similar tempest was sweeping over his own heart, and he dared not trust himself to speech; a mute pressure of the hand, a meaning glance towards the setting sun, which spoke more eloquently than words, and he was gone.

Mr. Melville attended his daughter to see Herbert sail, for he had always been a favorite with him; and as he saw the emotion of Emma at parting, he for the first time suspected their hearts' secret, and he felt that he could wish nothing better for his darling child than to see her the wife of so noble a husband as he thought Herbert would make.

When Emma reached home, she sought her chamber, to calm her tumultuous feelings, and after a deep, earnest prayer to Heaven for aid to sustain her in all her future way, she felt comforted and strengthened, and even happy. She little knew how much she would need that divine aid in the trials that were yet in store for her.

Scarcely a year had passed since the departure of Herbert ere the angel of death spread his sable wing over the dwelling of Mr. Melville. Emma, one bright morning, was busy in the garden among her flowers, when she was startled by a quick, frightened call from one of the servants to attend her mother in her chamber. Upon reaching there, she was shocked to find her lying in a death-like swoon, and her father and the servants bending over her, and using every exertion to restore her to consciousness. She tried to assist them, but could do little else than pace the room with clasped hands and streaming eyes. All the long day she watched by the bedside of the sufferer, until at length, when the last rays of the setting sun streamed into the room, flooding her pale face with their ruddy light, she opened her eyes, and gazed around at first with a confused, half-dreamy look. At length she brightened, and taking the hand of her husband, who bent tenderly over her, she murmured:

"Arthur, my husband, I have had *such* a dream. It was glorious beyond description, that beautiful place, where my spirit must have been wandering. It must have been an unearthly splendor that I witnessed, and it only can be a foreshadowing of what is to come. Yes, Arthur, I feel that I am dying. Already the damps of death are gathering on my brow, and I feel its ice about my heart."

"My wife—my darling Annie, I cannot hear you talk so! This must be some sudden attack, not very serious, from which you will soon rally. You need rest and quiet, my love."

"Ah, yes, Arthur; but it will not be an earthly rest. Don't deceive yourself with false hopes. I know the sands of my life are nearly run. This strange, icy feeling that is creeping nearer and nearer my heart, can be naught but death. My life with you, dearest, has been one long summer day of happiness, and if my dream be true, its close will be as glorious as yonder setting sun. But, Arthur, it is of Emma I would speak, while yet I have strength. You know she has a gifted, sensitive mind, and an almost wild enthusiasm for everything that is beautiful and grand in nature or art. Such an one needs careful training and most judicious, tender management. Your noble mind, I know, can understand and appreciate hers; and this treasure, all the one I have to leave you, I commit to your most tender keeping. And now, Arthur—O the agony that dwells in the word—farewell, till we meet above!"

The stout frame of Mr. Melville shook with the tempest of grief that was rolling over him, and he could only murmur a broken prayer for help to bear his sore trial. The pale lips of the idolized wife and mother again parted, as she murmured:

"Emma, love—my darling child, where are you? I would see you once again ere the last ray of glory shall have faded from the west."

"I am here, mother,—right here!" And, sobbing, she wound her arms about her neck, and nestled close to her bosom, that softest pillow in all the wide world to the throbbing brow of a grief stricken child.

"My darling, I had hoped to have seen you comfortably and happily settled in life ere I was called away; but our Father has not so ordered it, and we must submit. I know I leave you with the faith of the Christian, and you will find it a deep solace to your heart in this hour of your affliction. And, Emma, you have seen the happy union that has bound together the hearts of your parents; and O remember my dying words, as you value the happiness of a lifetime, make such a choice of a husband as shall ensure that same happiness for yourself. Above all, choose one who can understand and appreciate your thoughts and aspirations—all the deep workings of your heart. I am persuaded this is the true secret of happiness in the wedded life."

"Mother," said Emma, as she placed her lips close to her ear, "my heart has already made its choice. O, tell me, mother, would Herbert be such an one as you would choose for me?"

"Do I hear aright, Emma? God be praised that your choice has fallen upon him. I have always felt a strange yearning of heart towards that noble fellow. He has told you that he loved you—has he not?"

"Yes, mother, before he went away."

"Arthur, does this union meet your approval? and will you make our darling happy some future day by giving her to this playmate of years—this noble son of my dearest female friend?"

"I will, Annie. If Herbert returns to claim our Emma, I shall only be too happy to give her to his heart, that, I know, will ever be true to her."

"Then I can die in peace. You know not what a weight is taken from my heart. It is growing very dark; light the room, that I may see your faces until the last."

"It is lighted, Annie. Don't you see us?"

"Only dimly. It must be the shadows of death that are gathering about me. Let me clasp your hands while I yet remain. There now, I am easy. Once more, dear ones, fare—" But the words died on her lips, and her gentle spirit winged its heavenward flight, leaving two stricken hearts to mourn in the deep gloom of their home, whose sunshine she had been for so many years.

Slowly dragged the months to Mr. Melville, who never recovered from the shock occasioned by the death of his wife. He had loved her with more than ordinary affection, and not even the daughter she left, a lovely counterpart of herself, could divert his thoughts from the loved one, whose form he had laid in the tomb. His heart seemed to have been buried with her, and the deep grief-lines upon his face, and his whitened hair, told how intense was his mental suffering. Then there came a crisis in commercial affairs, and he lost immense sums by those who were largely indebted to him, and he seemed all at once as though he had become the child of misfortune. Ship after ship was reported lost, or disabled at sea, until scarcely a year had passed since the death of his wife, ere Mr. Melville found that he was almost if not quite bankrupt. These accumulated troubles weighed him to the earth, and he sank into a rapid decline. And Emma, all too soon, was again bereaved, and thrown upon the wide world an orphan. O how she longed to pour into the sympathizing ear of Herbert the story of her sorrows! But this was another bitter dreg in the cup of her affliction. She had heard no tidings from him for many months. She wandered about the deserted house, and through the grounds, a prey to the deep sorrow that had fallen upon her young heart.

One lovely afternoon, towards sunset, she strayed almost mechanically into the dear old arbor by the seaside. She sat long, gazing at the glowing west, and as they had before agreed, she was thinking of the long absent one, when Thornton Allen stood before her.

"Pardon the intrusion, Miss Melville," said he, "but not finding you in the house, my steps were directed hither."

"Your apology is accepted, sir, and allow me to ask what motive induced you to visit me this evening? Surely my late bereavement ought to shield me from your persevering attentions."

"I am come, Miss Melville, on business intimately connected with your late father's affairs. And as much as you have despised me, I hope I shall be able to prove that I can be a true friend in time of need."

"I hope I shall have cause to alter my mind with regard to you. Will you please, sir, to state your business?"

"You are aware, I presume, that your father's affairs, when he

died, were in a very embarrassed condition. I knew of this before his sickness, and managed so as to buy up all the claims of his creditors, thinking in this way I might assist you in the event of his decease. There is very little saved, to be sure, but I presume you will not object to even that little."

"Certainly not; but O, have I got to leave this dear, delightful home, where I have spent so many happy hours?"

"That is entirely at your option. By simply complying with a certain condition, you can still remain mistress here, with a protector to shield you through life."

"What mean you, sir?"

"I mean, Miss Melville, that by becoming my wife you can still remain here in your old home—still move in the same elevated circle, and possess all the luxuries that were yours in your father's most prosperous days. If you refuse this offer—which, I think, you are too wise to do,—I shall not answer for the consequences."

"And *this*, sir, is the way in which you propose to befriend me? I had thought you capable of almost anything vile, but really this piece of villany shows that you are possessed of a blacker heart than I ever imagined a mortal to own. You have managed to get possession of the little all I should have had, and then compel me to marry you, or go forth houseless and penniless upon the world."

"You make a great ado about it, Miss Melville. I am sure I have made you a good offer. Now will you accept it? I think you cannot do better."

"Never, sir! Sooner would I live on a crust a day, and beg even that, than marry you, base villain that you are, for the sake of a home! No! Ere to-morrow's sun shall set, I will leave the house, and He who has promised to be a 'father to the fatherless,' shall be my protector. And now, sir, leave my presence instantly. I would spend my last evening here alone before I leave you in possession of your ill-gotten wealth. I have no one to do me justice now, but, thank God, there *is* a tribunal where such as you will have righteous judgment."

"You are getting warm upon the subject, Miss Melville. I will leave you now as you desire, and trust to time to cool your anger. Methinks when I next visit you, you will think better of my offer, and like a contented bird, be content to occupy still the old ancestral nest."

"O, my God, has it come to this!" sobbed Emma, as she sank upon the seat, in the convulsive grief of her bleeding heart. "To be thus insulted by him in the very spot rendered so sacred by the memory of Herbert! He thinks I am not in earnest—that I shall yet accept his hand—not his heart, for he has none. But he knows me not. O, my Father above, guide me by thine unerring wisdom, for thou alone art my refuge now!"

Emma sought the house, and gathered together the few servants that remained. The old gardener, who had lived among the flowers so many years that it seemed as though a portion of their fragrance had penetrated his whole being; the dear old nurse, who had sung to her her cradle hymns, and amused her childish fancy with the wonderful sayings of Mother Goose,—these almost fixtures, as it were, in the home, came into the old sitting-room, at her summons, to hear what Miss Emma had to say. O, there were bitter tears shed by that aged couple as she told them she must leave the home of her childhood and seek her daily bread in the distant city. They offered, in the warm sympathy of their hearts, to take the orphan to their own humble home, which, by prudence and economy, they had been able to rear for themselves. And she was obliged to employ all the eloquence she was mistress of to make them understand, notwithstanding the actual reason, that it was a matter of necessity that she should seek the neighboring city, where she might hope to gain a livelihood.

Before retiring that night, Emma had prepared her trunk, and arranged everything for an early departure on the morrow. But it was in vain she wooed the drowsy god, and she lay awake all that long night, brooding upon the dark future that was opening before her. It seemed shrouded to her in the darkest clouds of adversity, and she could discover no ray of light to illumine the deep gloom. But her faith in Him "who heareth the ravens when they cry" was still unshaken, and this was her only comfort now.

It was a glorious morning when Emma stepped forth from the home of her birth to become a wanderer in the wide world, of which she knew so little. She could almost have wished the sun would have hid himself from view *this* morning, as if in sympathy with her grief, and not make the loved spot so resplendent with his beams, now that she must depart from it an exile. The old gardener insisted upon driving her to the city and leaving her with a friend of his—a kind, motherly sort of body, as he termed her, who he thought would board her a few weeks.

The last lingering look was taken, and after a ride of a few hours, Emma found herself a boarder in the home of Mrs. Norton, who received the orphan with the utmost kindness, and the tear of sympathy for her loveliness which she saw swimming in her mild blue eyes, won the heart of Emma, and she felt thankful that she had secured so pleasant a retreat. With the aid of Mrs. Norton, she sought to find a situation as teacher, as that seemed an occupation most congenial to her taste. But the weeks flew by, and no chance offered, and finding her scanty purse was getting very much lighter, she felt obliged to seek for something else.

One evening, she chanced to take up the evening paper, and among the wants, she saw an advertisement for a seamstress who understood embroidery. In this department of needlework she excelled, and as she could not think of being dependent on good Mrs. Norton, she resolved to apply for the situation. With a heart filled with strange emotions, she ascended the marble steps of a splendid mansion in A—— Street. She was shown into a richly furnished parlor, and soon a haughty, queen-like girl came sweeping into the room.

"I saw an advertisement," said Emma, addressing the lady, "that you wished a seamstress."

"Yes—I inserted one to that effect; but I wished one who could embroider as well as do plain sewing."

"I noticed that you specified that as requisite, and as I understand embroidery of all kinds quite thoroughly, I thought I might suit you."

"Very likely you might, and if you please, I will engage you for a few weeks, and if I think you will do, I will retain you permanently."

And with a stately bow, she dismissed Emma from her presence, who hurried home to inform Mrs. Norton of her success. She felt grateful that she had secured a home for herself without being dependent; but the idea of being a servant to one to whom she felt herself an equal in every way, was a bitter trial to her sensitive mind. She was duly installed in the service of Miss Helen Bertram, and even found herself a slave to all her whims and caprices. This thraldom to one so high spirited was very irksome; but her dependent situation, and the dread of again seeking employment, induced her to bear many a dark frown and many an insulting word from her proud mistress. She, doubtless, might have been greatly assisted by friends in her native village, but she chose to lose, if need be, their good offers and friendship, rather than to let any one in the place know the place of her retreat, lest she might still be subjected to the further persecutions of Thornton Allen.

Notwithstanding what Emma had said, he thought her dependence would place her completely in his power, and when he found that she had fulfilled her threat—that the bird he thought would yet be so contented had actually flown, his rage knew no bounds. The dislike that Emma had always manifested towards him, had fostered a wish for revenge; and now that his plotting to secure that object had failed, he knew not what step to take, for no clue could he find to the hiding-place of Emma.

Mrs. Bertram and Helen were sitting, one morning, in the drawing-room, and the fine face of the latter wore an unusually animated look.

"Mother," she said, at length, "I made the acquaintance of a most splendid gentleman last evening, decidedly the lion of Mrs. Arden's select party. O, he was *so* handsome, and rumor says that his wealth is almost unbounded. Now, as he showed me more attention than any other lady present, I mean to entrap him, if there is any such thing, and have the honor of bearing off in triumph the greatest prize of the season."

"I hope you may, Helen, if he is really such an acquisition. But pray, what is the name of this paragon?"

"He was introduced to me by the name of Mr. Ashley, and I did not learn his other name. But, mother, I have an idea, and I wish your opinion about it. I chanced to see that Emma had a pair of most elaborately-wrought lace sleeves lying in a box in her room, and was quite astonished that she wrought them herself. I could not have told them from the costliest imported ones. Now I have a mind to set her at work upon a white bridal veil, for if I do not secure Mr. Ashley, I am quite sure I shall never be an old maid, and so, of course, I shall need it some time. In this way I could have a most elegant veil, something not at all common, and only think how cheap!"

"I think it an excellent plan, Helen, and I think you had better go out this morning and purchase the materials. Emma has been so idle of late that she had better commence immediately, or she will never get such a piece of work done."

"I know it, mother. You cannot imagine how I am tried; for when I scold her, she gives me *such* a look, and turns away as though I had insulted her, or else greets me with a shower of tears. I declare if she were not so superior with her needle, I would dismiss her."

"O, don't do that, by any means. We can curb her spirit, I think; and now you had better go and make your purchases."

Poor Emma received her allotted task, and many a weary day did she bend over the frail fabric, fashioning the delicate flowers, until her eyes ached with such incessant application. She had heard of Mr. Ashley being at the house quite often lately, and from what she had heard said, she supposed he had become an accepted lover, and the demands she had received to hurry in her work confirmed her suspicions. Two long years of service were nearly completed, and during all this time, no tidings had reached her of Herbert, and the dreadful thought that he had forgotten her, or, perhaps, had perished, was gradually becoming a belief. What wonder that hope was almost crushed, and that the tyranny of her employer should so wound her almost breaking heart?

She had been unusually busy upon the veil, and the evening of this day, in the absence of other sewing, she hoped to have exclusively to herself. But she had not but a few moments in the dim twilight, ere she was summoned to the drawing-room, and requested to bring her work for inspection.

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed Helen Bertram, as she snatched the delicate embroidery, much to its peril, from the hand of Emma; "is *this* all you have done to-day?"

"It is, Miss Bertram, and I have spent my whole time upon it."

"That is quite likely indeed! *All* your time, and only *this* accomplished! How do you expect I am to believe that?"

"I scorn to tell you a falsehood, Miss Bertram."

"I care very little for *your* scorn; but I tell you now that I shall need that veil much sooner than you can possibly get it done at the rate you are working now."

"I was not aware that your marriage with Mr. Ashley was approaching so near."

"I am not obliged to inform *you* of my affairs. I wish you to work this evening upon the veil, and you can take it into yonder ante-room, where there is a strong gas light."

"Indeed, Miss Bertram, I cannot do it. My eyes pain me already that I couldn't tell one leaf from another in the pattern."

"I will have you know, Emma Melville, that if you choose to waste your time in the day, you will have to work in the evening to redeem it. One would not suppose your eyes ached very badly by the way they are flashing now. Without further words, I leave you to go on with your task."

The pride that had sustained Emma until now gave way, and sinking into a chair, she could restrain the bitter tears no longer.

"Emma," exclaimed a deep voice at her side, "have I found you at last?"

Raising her head with a convulsive start, she could only utter "Herbert!" and in a moment she was clasped to his heart.

"O, Emma, to seek you everywhere, and then to find you here, a servant to Miss Bertram, I can hardly credit my senses! From what a fate have I been saved by this discovery!"

"Then it is true that you were engaged and soon to be married to Miss Bertram?"

"No, Emma,—it is not so. I was astonished at what I heard this evening. When I was first introduced to her, her face resembled yours so much that I was attracted to her, and finding her very agreeable and accomplished, I have visited her quite often. But not one word of love has ever escaped my lips."

"Thank God, you have returned, and are still the same. How the name of Ashley has thrilled through my whole being, when I have heard her mention it! But I never dreamed it could be you."

Then they gave a hasty recital of what had happened to each since they last met, which was soon interrupted by the entrance of Miss Bertram.

"Really, Miss Emma," said she, casting a withering glance upon the two, "you have obeyed my orders finely! How dare such as you presume to seat yourself here and make acquaintance of one of my friends! You have been highly amused, no doubt, Mr. Ashley."

"I have been made deeply glad, Miss Bertram, for I have found my playmate in childhood, and the chosen one of my heart. I called this evening, and was told I should find you in the drawing-room; and not finding you here, I seated myself in the recess of the window to await your coming. As you entered without perceiving me, and immediately began a conversation with this lady, I became an involuntary listener, and thus discovered that she whom you addressed in such an unfeeling manner was my own Emma, whom I had sought until now in vain."

"Indeed, sir! I had heard that you were a disappointed swain, but I did not expect to find your lost treasure in my seamstress."

"Your seamstress, as you call her, Miss Bertram, has moved in as high a circle as yourself, and lived even more luxuriously. In character, she is far your superior, and I need hardly say she sleeps not another night beneath this roof. I am sorry if my attention to you, that was meant only as friendship, has caused you to think I should marry you. I believe I have never intimated such a thing, and I advise you to be sure of your prize again before you prepare the bridal veil."

With cheeks burning with shame, and without a reply, Helen Bertram fled from the room, and the lesson she learned that evening was not soon forgotten.

Herbert bade Emma prepare her trunk, and ordering a carriage, they drove immediately to the house of his sister Ellen, who, since her late marriage, had resided in the city. She gave a cry of delight as the door opened and Herbert presented Emma to her. Drawing her to her side, she was not content till she had given her a full account of her exile from her native village. She was especially indignant at the conduct of Thornton Allen, whom she informed Emma had married a lady after the short acquaintance of a fortnight, and moved to the West. There was deep joy in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards that evening.

Again it is sunset in the arbor by the sea. The old gardener has resumed his occupation, and is busy among the flowers, whose thousand blossoms are freighting the air with their fragrance. Again Emma sits there, with the arm of Herbert encircling her. But it is a wedded pair that now gaze, as of old, on the sunset glory of the west, that bathes hill and valley, and above the old homestead, now purchased by Herbert, in its mellow radiance. The clouds that brooded darkly on their life-path for a space have rolled away, and they move now in the full sunlight of prosperity.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

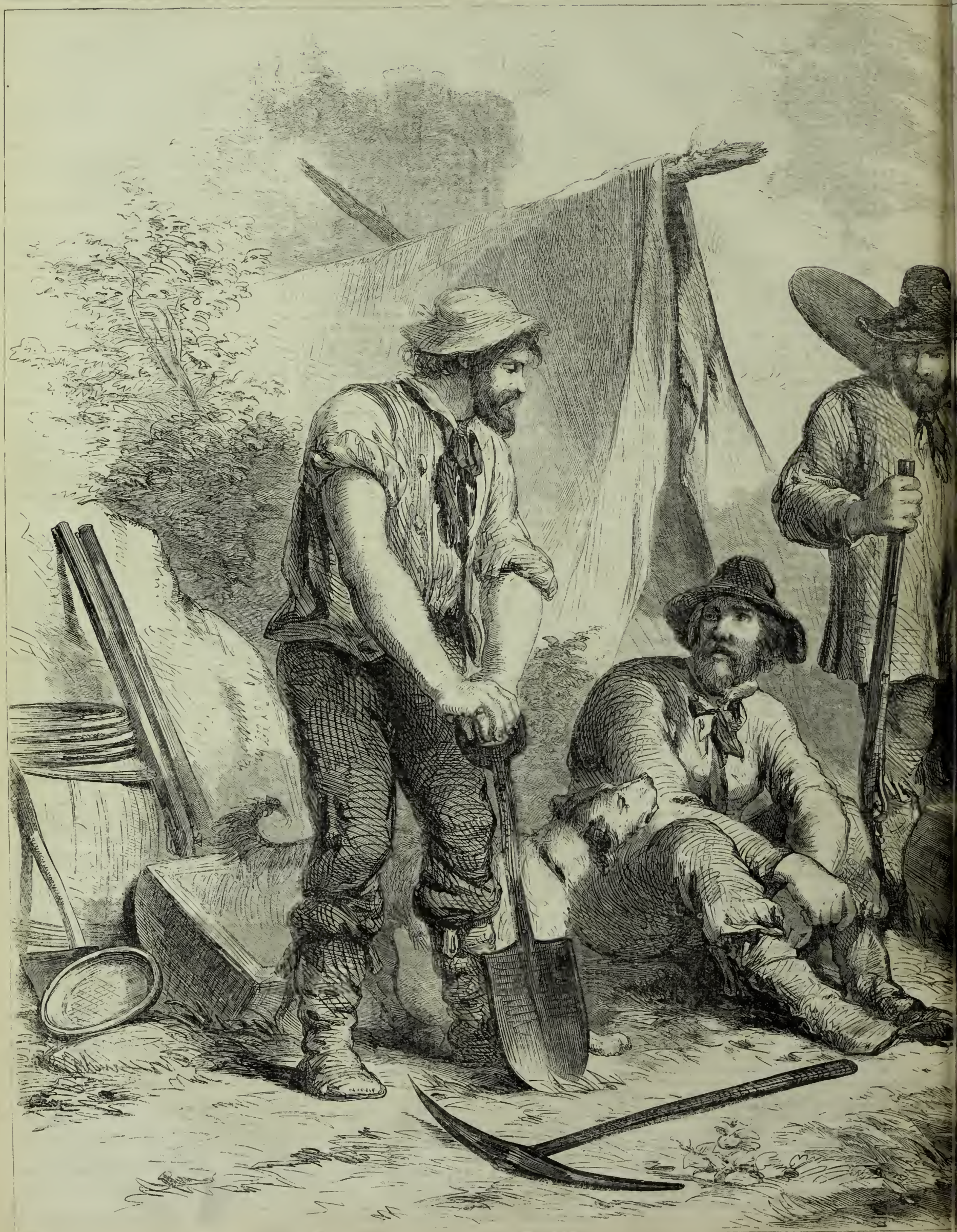
from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

☞ Sample numbers sent when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.



CALIFORNIA GOLD DIGGERS.—A SCE



FROM ACTUAL LIFE AT THE MINES.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SIGHING FOR THE SWEET SPRING TIME.

BY WILLIS E. PABOR.

All over the earth lay the white, white snow—
But 'twas not more white than the maiden's cheek,
Who lay on her couch, and in murmurs low,
Said, "O, that the winter so wild would go,
So the voice of spring to my heart might speak!"

All over the earth lay the white, white snow,
And still came the sound of the maiden's words—
"I sigh for the sweet spring flowers to blow,
I sigh for the sound of the streamlet's flow,
I sigh for the song of the sweet spring birds."

Away from the earth went the white, white snow,
The icicles dropped from the leafless trees,
Old Winter in haste to his home did go;
Yet still on her couch the maiden lay low,
Nor heard the songs of the birds or the breeze.

Away from the earth went the white, white snow,
And away went the soul of the loving one;
And the breeze was burdened with notes of woe,
And the wail of the weepers long and low,
Went up in the face of the sweet spring sun.

In robes white as snow life's casket they drest—
They closed the lids of her beautiful eyes;
They folded her hands on her stainless breast,
And laid her under the flowers to rest,
While angels welcomed her soul in the skies.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

COQUETRY VERSUS CIGARS.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

RICHARD EVELYN went to see his aunt. Richard's aunt was named Dorothea Millett; and Miss Dorothea lived in—Eden. Now, we wish to speak both of Miss Dorothea and her Eden somewhat more fully than we have just done; and while each, being excessively attractive, demands the first mention, we must, of course, put aside Eden for the present, and introduce Miss Dorothea.

The lady, then, is a very little lady, of an uncertain age, quick, cheery, sprightly, wee, winsome, birdlike; bearing indeed a close, a very close comparison with one of the pretty, spry, brown-coated and bright-eyed sparrows, who daily hop about the door to receive their food from her own white little hands. Moreover, Miss Dorothea has a dear, benevolent face, a warm heart and kindly disposition, that makes her lovable indeed; and altogether, she is quite a sunbeam, only a great deal quicker.

Now for Eden. A gray stone cottage, with diamond-paned casements, and ever so much ivy; rose-vines clambering up to the sills, and around the sides of the windows, and shaking their branches of red and white blossoms in upon the carpet where the sunshine has found a nice resting-place, and gone to sleep. A walled garden filled with bloom, and sunshine, and ripening fruit; where hollyhocks and tiger-lilies vie with each other in old-fashioned splendor, and peaches, and apricots grow fuller, and redder, and duskier, and more luscious every day in their velvet coats. A summer-house, cool, and shady, and deliciously retired, where the drowsy hum of bees mingles dreamily with your reveries; and the breath of roses reaches you, and the swinging convolvulas cast a wavering shadow upon your book, and across the floor, with every sigh of the sweet wandering southern air.

Now for Miss Dorothea, and Eden, and Richard Evelyn, altogether. There are two things which we shall specially remark concerning Miss Dorothea; she loves her nephew, and hates cigars; and so intense, indeed, is her distaste for these latter articles, that she has been known, notwithstanding her affection for her nephew, to say:—"Richard, my dear boy, I am *very* glad you don't smoke. If I should ever know you guilty of using a cigar, I really don't know but—yes, Richard, I should certainly cut you off with a shilling! Never, never, my dear Dick"—and she said it with impressive solemnity, and a slow shake of the head—"let me know you to be addicted to so detestable a practice!" For Eden has never yet been sullied by a rising cloud of Havana incense.

And handsome, merry-hearted, good-natured Dick Evelyn, who has for a wonder brought from the university a tender conscience, embraces his good aunt, kisses her hand with convulsive devotion, says, in a very blundering fashion, something about his being very sure that she never *shall* know him guilty of it, and then walks away hastily to cool off, take breath, and try to swallow the big lump that sticks in his throat. O, Dick, Dick!

There is another inmate of Eden. Kitty Mason, an orphan, and a very distant relation of Miss Dorothea, of whom that lady has made a protegé and companion; Kitty, a dear, dark-eyed, merry, fun-loving sprite, with a warm, affectionate heart, deep feelings, and a decided propensity for mischief; Kitty, finally, with whom Dick Evelyn is in love.

Seated around the circular breakfast table, in Miss Dorothea's sitting-room, at half past six, A. M., our little party take their coffee, and enjoy a most comfortable chat. At this moment, Eden is Eden indeed; but the serpent is destined to crawl in, in the form of—well, wait a moment.

The bay window of the sitting-room, opposite which—the window, not the sitting-room—Miss Dorotbea sat, looked out upon the garden on the south side; and along the outside of the garden wall, in this direction, ran a narrow lane. Beyond this lane, and bounded by it, was another garden wall, and in the midst of this other garden there was a pretty cottage, which had been lately taken by a gentleman—a widower, or a bachelor, probably, from appearances—who lived here in solitary comfort, with a valet and a cook for his sole domestics, and not even a dog besides.

Upon this cottage Miss Dorothea could look, as she sipped her coffee and glanced through the casement. Suddenly the cup was arrested half way on its journey to her lips—

"My dear Kitty," she exclaimed, "there is the new tenant under the porch yonder—and such dreadful whiskers! Really, he looks quite ferocious—black as any thunder-cloud; his face is one mass of hair. Dear me! Who knows, Richard, my dear boy, that he isn't some brigand or other, disguised as a gentleman? And then—look! look! *Can* I believe my own eyes?" And the excitable little lady clasped her hands in horror.

"Dear aunt, what is it?" sympathizingly queried Dick, bending forward to get within range of the window.

"And what is it?" curiously inquired Kitty, bending forward also. "Why, Aunt Dorothea, I see nothing but a very handsome man, with the most beautiful whiskers and mustache in the world, wearing a dressing-gown and slippers."

"And smoking a cigar! Dreadful! Within sight of this very window, and the wind south, too, blowing every breath of that horrible smoke directly this way! Richard, my dear boy, *do* close the window. I really will not endure it."

"Now, Aunt Dorothea, I protest!" laughingly urged Kitty, staying Richard's arm, as he was about to obey, and turning appealingly to Miss Millett. "It is too bad to shut the window such a warm morning; and I am sure the gentleman is too far off for his cigar to annoy you. There is scarcely a breath of air stirring, either."

"Kitty Mason, don't you say another word. Richard, I *must* have that window closed! I must say Mr. Quincy is very impolite—if his name *is* Quincy, which I very much doubt; some dreadful creature or other, I'm sure!"

Richard closed the window, as he was desired to do, and returned to his coffee in silence, and with a countenance whose seriousness was belied by the sparkle in his eyes.

Our innocent, cigar-smoking friend continued to pace tranquilly back and forth in unconscious serenity, sending up occasionally a spiral wreath, curling blue and soft in the morning air, and evidently enjoying a very agreeable reverie. Kitty admired him—figure, whiskers, dressing-gown, slippers and all. Kitty declared him a perfect picture, with just the most wicked little sparkle in the world lurking in his handsome eyes; and Richard groaned inwardly and spilled his coffee.

That day, walking down to the summer-house, Kitty received a graceful bow from the new neighbor, who was standing on a ladder by his garden wall. Of course, Kitty told Aunt Dorothea and Richard. Richard felt an ugly twinge of jealousy; it would have been a source of intense satisfaction to him, if he could have had an opportunity of swallowing Mr. Quincy whole. He grew quite ogreish; and Kitty felt nice.

Aunt Dorothea, on her part, did not thank Mr. Quincy at all, for his notice of her young relative. She had conceived an absolute dread of Mr. Quincy, and this advance towards acquaintance she could not exactly relish—especially an acquaintance with Kitty. What did he want to bow to Kitty for?—that man with the unspeakable whiskers and the everlasting cigar?

But affairs took a decided turn. In a day or two, Aunt Dorothea herself encountered the new neighbor in the lane. Taking so close a view of him as this, she found him a personage entirely different from what she had imagined him to be all along. He was indescribably handsome, and noble looking, and graceful, and indisputably a gentleman in person and address.

Let it be enough to say, that Aunt Dorothea's opinion respecting Mr. Quincy underwent a material alteration; a few words of neighborly courtesy were exchanged, and the good lady's prejudices gave way. But she was as bitter against the cigar as ever. She acquainted her nephew with the interview. Aunt Dorothea had gone over to the enemy's side! Richard shrugged his great shoulders, and felt worse. Kitty looked more wicked than ever.

The next day, Mr. Quincy sent a present of game to Miss Millett. This kindness made another step in the good graces of Aunt Dorothea. After this, Richard went gunning, and beat Mr. Quincy by half a dozen brace. It did Mr. Quincy no harm, but Richard felt decidedly better after it.

Shortly, the gentlemanly neighbor called on Miss Dorothea. This capped the climax. He called not once only, but twice, and again, and made himself welcome. Somehow or other, he must have discovered that his hostess disliked the scent of cigars; accordingly, never a cigar made its appearance with him, and he abandoned the practice of smoking on that side of the garden adjoining the lane. He played chess with Miss Dorothea, held her skein-worsteds, read to her the newspapers, which he received daily from the town, and was, in short, excessively agreeable; he taught Kitty the guitar and flower painting. How Richard winced at seeing Mr. Quincy put that blue ribbon so gracefully over her neck, and then sit down by her so nonchalantly, with his fine head resting on his equally fine hand, and those eloquent hazel eyes fixed upon her face as he listened! And as wicked Kitty Mason was not averse to a little quiet amusement at her lover's expense, between the pair of them Richard was, as may be supposed, in a state of feeling not the most good-natured in the world. So affairs went on for a time.

One night, on retiring, Aunt Dorothea drew aside her curtain, and sat down by the open window to enjoy the beauty of the evening. It was ten o'clock, and the moon was but just risen; down in the garden it was quite dark. Now, Miss Dorothea happened to be looking downwards, when suddenly, amid the gloom that reigned there, she distinctly beheld some moving object in the direction of the summer-house. She was, as a matter of course, somewhat startled at first; but, drawing back a little, so as not to be observed, she watched this object. Gradually, her eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, she discovered in this figure the outlines of a man; a man, who entered the summer-house.

Now, who was it? Every soul in the house had retired before she came to her room. Robbers and murderers presented themselves to the good lady's fancy. What should she do? Call somebody?—and if so, whom? After a moment's thought, Miss Dorothea quietly left the room, went to Kitty's door and roused her. Noiselessly she explained her errand, and they went together back to Miss Millett's chamber.

"Now, my dear Kitty," said Aunt Dorothea, "what shall we do? For I am quite sure there is somebody in the garden; and perhaps he means, whoever he is, to rob and murder us all. I don't exactly like to call poor Dick, because you know he went to bed with a headache, and it would be a shame to wake him. Besides, it may possibly, you know, be only some poor fellow who has no shelter, and wishes to sleep there in the summer-house; and in that case, my dear, I should feel excessively mortified at having displayed so much timidity. What would you adviso, Kitty?"

Kitty went to the window, and peeped through the drawn curtain. "I don't know what to advise, Aunt Dorothea," she said; "but perhaps we might as well watch here a little while, and see that no mischief is on foot. It would be too bad, as you say, to wake Richard; still, if anything does happen, we must be prepared to arouse him."

So they sat there by the curtain, watching from behind its folds, for some time; an hour fled, and nothing more was seen or heard in the garden. Then a window was heard to open, and soon the faint perfume of a cigar was wafted along on the night air; a light gleamed and vanished in the upper apartment of Mr. Quincy's cottage, and by the light of the now brilliant night, he was seen to lean out upon the sill. More perceptibly than ever, the odor of the offending cigar was borne across the air. Aunt Dorothea drew back, holding her breath.

"That dreadful cigar again, Kitty," she said. "I can't stay *here* any longer—that is plain. Robbers, or no robbers, we must leave them to themselves. It is likely, too, now, Mr. Quincy is at his window, that he will see if anything wrong is going on, and give the alarm."

"Exactly, aunty; besides, I am half asleep already."

"Well, we'll go to bed, Kitty. Perhaps you had better stay in here to-night with me. I don't like the idea of sleeping alone."

Accordingly they retired for the night. Their little excitement had somewhat fatigued them, and both slept soundly till morning, without any further trouble. No trace of any intruder was visible the next day. Whoever had made his appearance upon the premises, had departed as quietly as he came.

"It was only some poor person, who wanted a place to sleep in," said Aunt Dorothea to Kitty, in the morning, "and we wont say anything about it. I don't want to make myself ridiculous for being so alarmed about nothing." So they were silent on the subject.

That morning Dick Evelyn found, lying on the hall table, a note for Kitty, the superscription being in the handwriting of Mr. Quincy. A sharper twinge than ever seized Richard at the sight of that smooth, flowing, graceful chirography. What had Mr. Quincy to say to Kitty—*his* Kitty? He looked at it for a moment. A marble vase, usually filled with gold fish, stood near the table, filled with water. Holding the missive edgewise between his fingers, he felt that it would be a satisfaction to just dip it in, and let it float about a little while, sail boat fashion! But with a little growl of dissatisfaction, our jealous lover laid the offending object on the table again, and walked off, cherishing all sorts of terrible feelings towards Mr. Quincy.

A merry face had been leaning over the railing of the hall above all this time. Now, as Richard took himself off, Kitty Mason came running down stairs, laughing mischievously.

"So you wanted to drown my poor letter, did you, Master Richard?" she said, taking it up. "Lucky for you you didn't! As it is, you deserve a lesson for meditating evil, and I have a great mind to give it to you. I'll take your case into consideration, sir."

The note was merely a request for the loan of a certain book of Kitty's. But she would on no account have allowed Richard to learn the simplicity of its contents; he deserved a little mystification. So the young lover tormented himself to no purpose, and furnished infinite amusement for the mischief-loving maiden.

That night Aunt Dorothea roused Kitty again. That man, whoever he was, was in the summer-house again! What *could* it mean? It wasn't at all likely that any person should have taken up with a nightly lodging in the summer-house, merely from want of a shelter, two successive nights! Of course not!

"Now, my dear, I'm going to call John, the coachman," said Miss Millett, "and we will just find out who this person is."

So John was roused, and armed with a horsewhip, took his way down towards the summer-house, followed by Miss Millett, whose courage was stimulated by curiosity, and not a little by indignation against this unknown invader of the premises. But before the two had half traversed the garden-path, a form emerged from the summer-house—a light leap over the garden wall, and the cage was empty.

What was the meaning of this mystery? How was it to be solved? If the night had been cloudless, this person might have been seen more clearly; but there it was—they were baffled. There was nothing to do, but to return unsatisfied to the house. As they were doing so, Richard Evelyn's window was thrown up, and his strong, mellow tones called out to know what all the unusual stir was about. But Aunt Dorothea bade him wait till the morn-

ing for an explanation, and return to his pillow for the present, as every one else was about to do. The next morning she told him of the affair, and he requested her to call him on the next occasion of this kind. But there was no hurry about the matter. Whoever this nocturnal visitor was, he had been scared from his haunt; for a time all was quiet.

We may as well mention now, that Kitty, in visiting the summer-house the next morning, found a cigar. She colored with astonishment and confusion, as the thought of Mr. Quincy flashed over her mind. *Was* he the one?—and why? But nearly a month went by, and there was no other clue to the affair.

One evening, when Aunt Dorothea, with a slight attack of toothache, had retired somewhat earlier than usual, and Richard had gone up to his room to write letters, Kitty was sewing all by herself in the sitting-room. Thinking of one thing and another, she suddenly remembered a book—a late gift of Richard—which she had left on the bench in the summer-house that afternoon. Now Kitty cared for Richard more than she had ever owned, and she treasured his gifts accordingly. She had no idea of leaving the book he had given her to stand a chance of being spoiled, if it should rain that night; for the windows, she remembered, were open. Throwing a scarf over her head, she ran lightly down the garden. But standing within the summer-house-door, she stood mute with wonder; then her mirth came near betraying her presence. There, extended upon a bench in unconscious slumber, was a gentleman, young, handsome, and graceful in his careless attitude of repose, as the flying moonbeams showed. In one hand rested the book she was seeking; the other still retained the *half-consumed cigar* which he had been enjoying previous to falling asleep. An instant she regarded him, and then silently glided back to the house. The mystery had been solved!

The next evening, after the family had retired for the night, Aunt Dorothea observed again from her window that mysterious form, which she had seen at the same hour on former occasions, gliding through the garden. As much exasperated as it was possible for one so good-natured to be, she was just bending forward to call out to this audacious intruder, and order him off the premises, when a cautious tap at the chamber-door arrested her attention; answering the summons, she found Kitty standing outside fully dressed.

"My dear, what do you want?—are you ill?" asked the good lady, in alarm, forgetting her vexation concerning the stranger.

"No!" answered Kitty, in a low tone, her clear eyes bright with mischief; "only just ready to scream with delight—that's all. Didn't you see the man in the garden? Come with me now, and come alone—that bungling John would spoil all! Come!"

"My dear, are you bereft of your reason?" ejaculated Aunt Dorothea. "You don't mean that you and I are going to encounter this creature alone? You don't mean to go into the garden?"

Kitty pulled her along impatiently. "Come, now that's a good aunt! He wont hurt us—you don't know what *I* know! Come, I promise you some grand fun!"

"But let us at least speak to Richard, my dear," urged Miss Dorothea, still holding back.

"Not a bit of it! Come!—softly!"

Persuaded much against her will, Aunt Dorothea followed. Down stairs they glided cautiously, and out into the garden through the kitchen door, which, much to Miss Millett's surprise, was unfastened. But she said nothing, and went on in silence and on tiptoe through the moonlit garden. As they neared the summer-house, Kitty stepped to her aunt's side, whispering, quietly, "You must see first, Aunt Dorothea," and she pushed her gently forward. And Miss Dorothea was at the door, and she saw, comfortably reclining on the bench, with one arm resting on the window sill, and the curling smoke-wreath of a fine cigar floating lazily and luxuriously from his lips—Richard!

* * * * * * * *

Kitty had been a traitor—she had punished her jealous lover well; but no great evil resulted from her mischievous *expose*, as she knew would be the case beforehand. The first moment of astonished recognition being past, neither Aunt Dorothea nor Richard could restrain their laughter. The young man acknowledged his passion for smoking, and the little artifice which he had adopted in order to gratify it, without annoying his aunt. It had been his custom every fine night to spend an hour or two here with a cigar; but since the night of his hasty leap over the garden wall, and subsequent flight to his own room, while John was flourishing the horsewhip, he had abandoned the practice until within the last week. What could good Aunt Dorothea do but forgive him? To be sure, she gave him a very proper lecture on the subject, but it ended with what Richard penitently declared was a very undeserved permission to smoke here whenever he pleased, so long as he kept his cigars away from the house. Richard was a good nephew, and her favorite; and since she discovered him to be so fond of smoking, she could not deny him the gratification of doing so with her full and free permission.

As for pretty Kitty Mason, she had had her "fun" out, and now she was quite content. Kitty had an idea that Richard wouldn't want to drown the correspondence another time. And she was quite correct, for now that she had satisfied the spirit of mischief that prompted her, she quieted down; and Richard was never jealous of Mr. Quincy and his mustache any more, for Kitty and Richard were soon one.

Get not your friends by love compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve our friends. Excite them by your civilities, and show them that you desire nothing more than their happiness; oblige with all your soul that friend who has made you a present of his own.—*Socrates.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

I sat by the casement on Valentine's Day,
And gazed on the snowbanks, all melting away;
I wonder if hearts melt as quickly as they,
When love smiles upon them on Valentine's Day!

I sat by the casement, my frame in a tingle
With cold, while I listened the merry bells jingle;
I wonder if Cupid keeps sober alway,
While out masquerading on Valentine's Day?

I sat by the casement yet, thinking how many
Mad lovers were spending their very last penuy
For filligree paper—attempting to say,
"*Vive la bagatelle*, Cupid! 'tis Valentine's Day!"

I got by the casement a *coup d'un pignon!*
I started; before me stood Cupid *le mignon!*
"*Temere jeune etranger!* I claim you my prey;
Love empties his quiver on Valentine's Day!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A TURKISH COURT OF JUSTICE.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

I WENT from Jerusalem to Constantinople by land, and on my way I stopped at the small town of Devli, which is situated at the southern slope of Mount Arjish, in the eyalet of Karamania. It is a wild, romantic place, and I remained there several days to examine the bold scenery, and to rest from the fatigue of my journey. I remained one day longer than I had intended, just to be present at a sort of court of common pleas. I had heard much of the wondrous wisdom of the old mollah who was to give judgment, and I determined to be present and test his wisdom and judicial shrewdness by my own observation. The trials were to take place in one of the apartments attached to the common market, and near the middle of the forenoon the court was opened.

By paying one of the tshawooskas a few coppers I obtained a good seat, nearly all the spectators being obliged to stand. The mollah (man of law) was an old man, certainly threescore and ten, and one of the most venerable looking men I ever saw. His hair was white as snow, and his beard, of the same silver hue, waved down over his breast. He had a calm, kind look, though there was a stern dignity about his aged features not to be mistaken.

The first case which came up for trial was a curious one. An elderly man, named Mustapha, a dealer in jewels by profession, laid claim to a female slave that was at present held by another man. This second claimant was a common peasant named Galbec, and he at present had possession of the slave. The female was a Circassian, about twenty years of age, and very handsome.

"The girl is mine," said the old jewel-merchant, earnestly. "I bought her of her own father ten years ago, and she has been with me ever since until within the month last past."

"Listen not to the old deceiver, most excellent judge," pleaded the peasant Galbec, who was not over five-and-twenty. "The girl is mine. She has been with me six years. I bought her of her brother for my wife, and such she is. Let judgment be rendered accordingly."

The old mollah then turned to the female herself, and asked her to which of these two men she belonged.

"Galbec is my husband. I have lived with him six years."

"And what have you done during all that time?"

"Attended his flocks and helped him harvest his grapes."

"And what did you do before you lived with him?"

"I remained with my parents in Okop."

"And were they peasants?"

"They were."

"I must reflect upon this for a while," said the mollah; and then he bade the female sit down near him. There were no witnesses to be called, for the parties were strangers in the place, and the old merchant swore that his slave had been stolen from him while he travelled.

It was truly a curious case, and without some further evidence it was impossible to judge of its merits. It seemed reasonable that the girl should prefer Galbec for a master, seeing that he was young and good looking; and then she appeared to love him, too. But yet the old merchant, Mustapha, seemed too earnest and simple for a rogue.

However, the matter rested upon the evidence already given in for the while, and the judge proceeded to call up the next case, which was full as curious as the preceding.

A man named Saladeen, a short, mild-looking, middle-aged Armenian, had come to claim a saddle that was in the possession of another person. The saddle was already in the room; and it was a valuable one, being made of the best of stock, and richly and elaborately ornamented with gold and silver trimmings.

"The saddle is mine," said Saladeen. "I bought it of a Jew at Nigdeh, and I paid four hundred piastres in gold. This villain stole it as I slept by the roadside on the other side of the mountain."

"Believe him not, most noble judge," cried Aboul Muzzafar. "The saddle is mine. My brother in Konieh gave it to me, and when this fellow saw it he wished to buy it. I refused to sell it because it was my brother's gift. He persisted in his demands, and when he found he could not buy it, he tried to force it from me, but I was too strong for him. So he swore vengeance, and has come hither in hopes of obtaining it through your decision."

This Aboul Muzzafar was stouter than Saladeen, but not so old. He told his story very plainly, and with seeming truth. In this case, as in the other, there were no witnesses. No one knew anything about the affair save the two claimants.

The old mollah took the saddle and examined it.

"It is a valuable saddle," he said, as he turned it over, and pressed his fingers upon its pliant surface; "but I am at a loss which of you to believe."

"Me, me," cried Aboul. "It is mine."

"Justice," uttered Saladeen. "Give me justice."

"Ah!" uttered the mollah, as his fingers worked upon the surface of the enamelled leather near the bow of the saddle, "what have we here? Give me a knife, some one."

A knife was handed him, and then the old judge proceeded to rip open the seam which confined the trimming of the bow, and as he laid the leather back he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Aha! you make this your treasury, do you?" the mollah resumed, as he took out half a dozen broad pieces of gold, each worth a double rupee. "Aboul Muzzafar, how came this here?"

"I carry it there for safety, most honored judge. It is all I am worth, and I hid it in there so that I might not lose it."

"Saladeen," said the mollah, turning to the elder claimant, "what say you now? Did your saddle have money hidden in it?"

"No, sir, not that I know of," the man answered, evidently fearful that he had lost his case because he had never discovered this gold. "It might have been there, but I knew it not."

"Very well," returned the judge, with a quaint expression of countenance. "Saladeen, the saddle is yours; and as for you, Aboul Muzzafar, you shall pay to Saladeen four piastres for the trouble you have put him to, and this evening you shall have a hundred lashes of the bastinado. I caused the gold to be sewed up in the saddle myself while it was in my possession this noon!"

Aboul was led away by two officers, and Saladeen took his saddle and his four piastres, and went on his way rejoicing.

Two cases of mere award were afterwards disposed of, and then came up one of more importance. A man had bought some jewels of a merchant of the town, and they proved to be worthless. They were represented to be diamonds and rubies, but they proved to be nothing but glass. The merchant swore that he bought them of a friend for genuine stones, and he sold them for the same; and, moreover, he still believed them to be what he had represented. The judge took them and looked at them. He held them in his hands some time, and then he took something from his bosom that he compared with them.

"Why," said he, speaking half jocosely, "this is only glass, as any one might tell. Here—this simple girl would know better than to purchase this for a stone. What say you?"

As he spoke he handed the trinket to the girl who had been claimed by the two men. He smiled as he did so, and she quickly took the jewel and looked at it, and weighed it in her hand.

"Is it not glass?" he asked.

"No, sir," the girl confidently replied. "It is a pure ruby, and of great price."

"Ah—is it? But look at these. Are they also pure stones?"

So saying he handed her the jewels in dispute. She looked them over—weighed each one in her hand—and finally said:

"That first stone was pure, but these are all false—they are all glass—and worth so many simple beads."

"So I thought," resumed the judge. "The first I took from my own pocket, and I know it to be a ruby, but these others are only glass, and I decree thus: you who keep a shop here to sell jewels, and who sold for pure stones these pieces of glass, shall pay back in full the price you received, and take your baubles."

"But, I knew not that they were glass," pleaded the merchant.

"So thou hast said before, and in order that people may not be duped by thine ignorance, I order that my officers shall affix over your door this sentence: '*The merchant within cannot tell pure stones from glass. Trade with him accordingly!*' If you remove this placard before the expiration of one year your ears shall be split!"

The dishonest merchant took his false stones, and refunded the money he had received for them, and then crawled away from the place. The old mollah then turned again to the Circassian girl.

"Girl," he said, sternly, "you belong to the jewel merchant. Go with him, and beware how you perjure yourself again!"

"But, most noble judge," cried Galbec, "she is mine; she—"

"Stop," interrupted the mollah; "the wife of a simple peasant, and one who has led no other life, could not judge of precious stones with the precision of an experienced jeweller. She belongs to Mustapha, whose calling is in perfect keeping with his slave's remarkable aptness. But you shall not go off bootless. The officers shall take you along with good Aboul Muzzafar, and you shall have a hundred lashes with him."

I saw a number more of that old mollah's trials, and they were all marked by the same shrewd, calculating, unerring precision of just retribution. No jury ever empanelled could have arrived at truth as he did. He had an intuitive perception of the truth from the beginning, and his subsequent plans were more for the purpose of convincing others of the justness of his decisions than for convincing himself.

On the following morning I saw Mustapha set off towards Kaissaria with his Circassian slave, and ere long afterwards I passed the shop of the dishonest jeweller. The placard was firmly fastened over his door, and a crowd of men and boys were collected about the place, hooting and howling in wild, derisive tones, for among all the crimes of the Turk there is none more debasing than that of dishonesty in trade, and none more summarily punished.

I had the good fortune to enjoy the company of the old mollah as far as Kir Shehri—three days' journey—and I found him as kind and affable in conversation as he was wise and prompt in judicial decision. He was literally overrunning with anecdote, and some of the things which he told me ought to be written—and sometime I may do it.

SEARCHING FOR REBELS IN INDIA.

The striking scene presented in the engraving below, is thoroughly of an oriental character. The officers and troops of an Eastern prince are engaged in a search for rebels. A huge elephant in the foreground, at the command of his mahout, is beating down the doorway of a cottage supposed to contain refugees. The driver stands behind superintending his performance. A large howdah is lashed on the back of the huge brute, in which an officer, glass in hand, is watching the cottage from his commanding eminence, in a sharp lookont for fugitives. Another officer is lowering a bottle of wine to a comrade, who is ready to receive it. Pigs, ducks and hens, scattering wildly in alarm from the trampling of the elephant, rush from Scylla to Charybdis, for an eager native, with uplifted stick, stands ready to bring them down. In the distance is a group of elephants, and a detachment of troops. The whole scene is one of animation and excitement. Woe to the poor wretches who fall into the hands of their pursuers, for the native princes of India have little mercy when offended. In the East Indies, the torture is still freely resorted to for the purpose of compelling the payment of taxes even. We have indisputable authority for this statement. The two most common forms of torture appear to be the *Kittee* (in Teloogoo called *Cheerata*), and the *Anundal*, which, in the same language, is called the *Gingeri*. The *Kittee* corresponds with the thumbscrew of the European torturer. It is a wooden instrument somewhat like a lemon-squeezer, hetween the plants of which the hands, the thighs, (in women also the breasts), the ears, and other more sensitive parts of the body, are squeezed to the last points of endurance, often to fainting, and even to permanent disablement. In many places the *kittee* has been superseded by the more simple plan of violently compressing the hands under a flat board, on which a heavy pressure is laid, sometimes even by the peons standing upon it; or of compelling the sufferer to interlace his fingers, and delivering him over to the iron gripe of the peons (or policemen), who sometimes rub their hands with sand, in order to give them a firmer gripe. In other cases the fingers are bent back till the pain becomes unendurable. The *anundal* is a more purely Eastern torture. It consists in tying the victim in a stooping or otherwise painful and unnatural position, generally with the head forcibly bent down to the feet by a rope or cloth passed round the neck and under the toes. The posture, however, is varied at the caprice of the executioner. Sometimes the poor wretch is made to stand on one leg, the other being forcibly tied up to his neck. Sometimes the arms and legs are curiously interlaced, and the frame, thus violently distorted, is kept bound up for hours, in a condition little short of dislocation. Sometimes a heavy stone is laid upon the back, while thus bent; and it often happens that the peons amuse themselves by sitting astride upon the unhappy sufferer who is undergoing *anundal*. More than one of the witnesses depose to the infliction of this torture under the fierce Indian sun, upon a number of defaulters, placed together in rows, for two, three, four, and even six hours; and this in the immediate vicinity of the *cutcherry*, or revenue office, and in the presence of the *tahsildar*, or native collector, and of the assembled villagers. Will it be credited, that it is not uncommon to apply to the most sensitive parts of the body (inclosed in a cloth, or a cocoa nut shell, or other similar receptacle), a biting insect, or reptile, such as the poollah, or carpenter beetle, and to leave it to gnaw the flesh of the miserable sufferer? That, by a further refinement of cruelty, meant to combine both pain and humiliation, the defaulters are sometimes tied by the hair to the tail of a donkey or buffalo? That they are occasionally hung up with the head downward? And that it is an ordinary practice to put pepper or powdered chillies into the eyes or the nostrils, and to apply these and similar irritating drugs in other ways too revolting to be even hinted at? The condition of the masses in India is indeed deplorable; whether under their native princes, under a British protectorate, or under direct British rule. Poverty in the midst of wealth, severe labor, insufficient food, punishment—if infliction for no crime can be called punishment—is their lot. Yet most of the Indian races are mild and gentle. Foreign and native rulers, however, vie with each other in oppressing them. The rule of the British is more lenient than that of the native princes; yet, judged by the Christian standard, it is unjustifiably severe. The poor excuse that it is an improvement on the normal condition of the natives is a sophistical argument. We are not to measnre our conduct by the standard of barbarians, but by the loftier standard of morality which we possess. There have not been wanting, however, powerful philanthropists to espouse the cause of the poor East Indians. Edmund Burke and his compeers opened this field, and members of the British parliament of to day are pursuing the same track. It is to be hoped that the condition of the East Indians will be finally ameliorated.



JAMES OAKES, ESQ.

JAMES OAKES, ESQ.

One of the best photographic likenesses we ever saw was that by those admirable artists, Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city, from which Mr. Hill executed for us the equally admirable and lifelike sketch which accompanies this article. Mr. Oakes's "troops of friends" in this, his native city, in New York, and at the southwest, where he is equally well known and appreciated, will thank us heartily for this "counterfeit presentment" of one of our most popular men—how he himself will like the liberty we have taken, we haven't inquired. The order of "off with his head!" was the logical consequence of a sight of the photograph. Our apology to Mr. Oakes would be, that when for a long series of years, a gentleman has written for the public journals, acquiring thereby an enviable reputation as a sound and impartial critic, and a sprightly sketcher of men, manners and passing events, particularly in the sporting line, although his literary labors may be non-professional, he becomes public property, and is fair game for the artist and the editor. "We may be wrong—but that's our opinion." To the readers of that admirable sporting and theatrical journal, the New York "Spirit of the Times," so ably edited by William T. Porter, Esq., Mr. Oakes has a for a long time been a contributor—chiefly of theatrical criticisms, under the somewhat transparent *nom de plume* of "Acorn," and his lively letters form one of the most attractive features of that journal. The "Post," of this city, also has frequently been enriched with Mr. Oakes's contributions; and the "New Orleans Picayune" has enjoyed the same favor. Indeed, we are confident that the collected writings of "Acorn" for a dozen years past, would fill several volumes. Thoroughly posted on the drama and the turf, he writes on these subjects with the zest of an amateur, the impartiality of a judge, and the spirit of a gentleman. Bell's "Life in London" has frequently copied his articles; and we have seen some of them re-produced in the French "Journal de St. Hubert," These labors have all been labors of love performed at intervals of leisure, Mr. Oakes leading the active life of a Boston merchant. He has ever been distinguished by a fondness for field sports and athletic exercises, and has owned and driven some of the best road nags that ever trotted "low down in the thirties" over the Milldam and the "Neck." The performances of his famous mare, "Polly Ogden," years ago, are remembered by many gentlemen of this "ilk." Generous, high-spirited, a warm friend, and a most genial and entertaining companion, Mr. Oakes enjoys an enviable popularity with all who know him. Long may he live to enjoy life, to enliven society, and to gratify the public by his literary efforts! His graceful pen has written the obituaries of many of his contemporaries; but long may it be before another pen shall be summoned to write his in elegiac strains befitting him.



SEARCHING FOR REBELS IN INDIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The whole of our last page is occupied by a fine engraving, rom a drawing by Champney, prepared expressly for our paper, and illustrating scenes from Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, as produced under Mr. Barry's management at the Bos ton Theatre. The upper portion of the engraving, amidst beautiful scroll work, represents the little fairy beings who play so conspicuous a part in the exquisitely imaginative drama of the greatest of dramatic poets.

> "A vision
> Of some gay creatures of the element
> That in the colors of the rainbow live
> And play i' the plighted clouds."

The lower part of the picture is a beautiful view of the environs of Athens, with temples on either hand, columns wreathed with luxuriant parasitic plants, a sculptured balustrade, sail and row galleys sleeping on the tranquil waters, and receding headlands fading away in the delicious atmosphere of the Greek climate. The production of this drama will prove, ere the close of its run, the most signal triumph of Mr. Barry's management, eclipsing in splendor and mounting even the "Tempest," while the performance of the play by the talented dramatic corps leaves nothing to be desired. The dioramas for the "Tempest" cover 20,000 feet of canvass, while those for the "Midsummer Night's Dream," including three moving panoramas, cover 30,000 feet. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," we have an assemblage of characters so incongruous and apparently discordant, that the wildest imagination can form no conception of the manner in which they can be made to work together; but no sooner does the mighty magician grasp his magic wand, than we see them marshalled into action. Each a principal and yet subordinate, each a portrait and yet but an appendage to the canvass, each a centre with its circling orbs, while all revolve around a common point, the imagination of the poet. It is a triumph of the modern stage to be able to clothe this poetic conception in material forms that satisfy the imagination of Shaksperian readers. To do this required not only all the resources of the Boston Theatre, ample as they are, but a refined and cultivated taste and large dramatic experience, such as Mr. Barry possesses. He may well present this drama to the most critical audiences, without fearing an unfavorable verdict.

SPLINTERS.

.... Readings of "Hiawatha," by ladies in Indian costume, are the latest rage in the way of popular entertainment.

.... It is said that the sale of novels is sensibly declining. Can't somebody open a new vein in literature?

.... The legislature of Kentucky have prohibited games of ten-pins. How about "eleven strikes?"

.... The bridge over the Illinois River at Morris has been completed. It is a great work accomplished.

.... Orr, styled the "Angel Gabriel," at last advices, was in durance vile at Demarara, for exciting riot and bloodshed.

.... Mr. Buchanan has left a most agreeable impression in England, and Mr. Dallas has been handsomely received there.

.... The new iron dome for the Capitol at Washington, recently depicted in our paper, will cost a million dollars.

.... A brother of General Santa Anna is building a saw-mill in Kentucky on the Beargrass River.

.... Madame Anna Bishop is living in Australia with a married daughter, retired from the stage.

.... The secretary of the treasury thinks that fishing bounties should be abolished, and the duty on salt repealed.

.... A negro woman in New York, formerly a slave, has become tired of freedom, and returned to her old master.

.... In the year 1855, there was received from Brazil, coffee to the amount of 135,369,383 pounds, valued at $11,815,818.

.... The Baltimore American says the business of vending lottery tickets is again started, and will be persisted in.

.... The bishop of Vermont is laboring for the establishment of a theological seminary in his diocese.

.... Over five millions of dead letters were received and opened at the dead letter office, Washington, in 1855.

.... The first herring of the season was sold at Taunton for one dollar and a half. Good for Taunton!

.... The stalks of the artichoke plant are said to make a very excellent quality of paper.

.... Probably no sovereign of modern times was ever more popular with her people than Queen Victoria of England.

.... It is said that a Frenchman is in this country, teaching, "for a consideration," the art of adulterating milk.

.... Governor Wise is determined to protect the oysters of Virginia. Free trade in bivalves is inadmissible.

.... One of our Boston undertakers was formerly a soldier of Napoleon I., who made plenty of work for the trade.

.... Buffalo is claimed to be the greatest grain mart and depot in the world. The receipts last year were 25,022,177 bushels.

.... Love is an expensive article. A "love of a dress" costs about a thousand dollars, as times go.

.... Grisi, who turned so many heads here, is thought to be somewhat used up at Paris—though still a card.

.... An English author has published an account of four thousand persons who have attained the age of 100.

AMERICAN ART.

The first dawn of the struggle for independence in our country displayed such an array of statesmanship, that the old world, dazzled by its magnificence, in spite of its hoary prejudices, admitted that the British colonies in North America possessed a body of legislators, orators and political writers worthy of being ranked with the most illustrious of Europe. The proofs were so potent that bigotry and hatred even could not gainsay their force. But, the political talent of the republic having been admitted—all other talent was denied. It was asserted that the very causes which produced the political greatness of the country, would prove fatal to the development of literature, of painting, of sculpture, music and the drama.

One by one, however, in the course of our national progress, we have proved the falsity of European prophecies, and demonstrated the ability of Americans to succeed in every—the highest branches of art. Simultaneously we produced painters and literary men whose productions extorted the admiration of the world. We have lived to flood the market of that England which sneered at the very idea of American authorship, with American books. Long, long before, we had given a president to the Royal Academy of London, and now the fame of Allston as a painter, and of Powers as a sculptor, is as brilliant in Great Britain as in the United States.

But there were other arts in which we were challenged to produce a representative. We were told that Americans could not sing. Very well—we have furnished in reply, American prima donnas to La Scala. We were told that Americans could never learn to dance—yet American dancers have trodden with applause the European boards. We have even produced operas and oratorios. "But at least," pursued the indefatigable objectors, "you have no drama—and you never will have." Softly—we have produced some excellent dramas; and the names of Dr. Bird, Judge Conrad, Epes Sargent and Willis occur to us as associated with productions destined to keep the high place accorded them in the modern acting drama.

In our city alone, at the Boston Theatre, now only in its second season, there have been produced four admirable plays—each a complete success. "Norma," by Sargent; "Olympia," by Thaxter; Jones's "Zafari," and "'Tis Ill Playing with Edged Tools,"—the last a piece which the veteran Barry pronounced "the best three act comedy" he had ever read. We firmly believe that this last success inaugurates a new literary era in this country. It is a timely blow aimed at a social vice, with a vigor that reminds us of that of the English dramatists of the Augustan era. It is the first true comedy of American manners which has been written. It is not marred by a single trait of caricature—by a single farcical feature. While the incidents are striking, they are such as might and may have occurred in real life. The characters are strongly individualized, and are original creations. This piece shows, not only what may be done for the American drama, but for the drama itself, irrespective of nationality. In this country we long ago freed the stage from its objectionable features. But that was not enough. It was to be made something more than a mere amusement—it was to be made a powerful means of moral influence. Some steps in the right direction had been taken—but it remained for the author of the new comedy to make a bold and successful advance. He has done so—and we may now hope that his example will find many bold and successful imitators.

A COURT SCANDAL.

Prince "Halbert," consort of Queen Victoria, inventor of the "Halbert 'at," field-marshal, etc., is said to be a perfect martinet. Lately, at an official reception, he decidedly snubbed a veteran colonel, and his toadies imitated his example. The brave colonel was at a loss to account for his treatment, until he was waited on by one of the prince's aides, who informed him that his, the colonel's, coat-flaps were three inches too long! The colonel indignantly retorted, that when fighting the enemies of his country, he had never given them an opportunity to measure his coat-flaps. Moreover, he offered to produce the testimony of the regimental tailor in his favor. The schneider being sent for, demonstrated that for a person of the colonel's height, the coat-flaps were of the regulation length, so that at the next reception, the brave old colonel was less cavalierly treated. If this story be true—and we honestly confess that it looks as if it were cut out of the whole cloth—the affair was rather discreditable to 'is royal 'ighness, Prince Halbert, hinventor of the Halbert 'at, etc., etc.

FRANCE.—The birth of an heir to the throne of France is still the theme of rejoicing in Paris. What hopes are built upon this infant life! Similar hopes clustered round the Duke de Reichstadt, the "King of Rome,"—but how deplorably were they blasted!

A BEAR STORY.—A gallant Dutchman in Canada West, lately killed a bear with the stock of his carbine, after a hard tussle. Verdict of the country—"served him right," because the animal had been attempting to appropriate the Dutchman's live pork.

MEDDLING.—Busy-bodies are almost always idlers. The less business a man has, the more he meddles with that of his neighbors. Make a note of this!

BOUND TO RISE.—People who tease short-tailed bulls in fly time. The bull is apt to treat them to a couple of horns, gratis.

POSTAGE.—The postage on Ballou's Pictorial is one half cent per number, when paid three months in advance, at the office of delivery.

CALIFORNIA GOLD DIGGERS.

Occupying the whole of pages 280 and 281, of our present number, is a magnificent picture from the pencil of Billings, and the graver of Andrew, designed and executed expressly for the Pictorial, and, as a work of art, the best of our series of large engravings now in the course of publication. The subject, a strictly national one, and commemorative of one of the most remarkable events in the history of civilization, is handled with great breadth and power. The spectator is transported to a mountain gorge, in which a full supply of water enables the gold diggers to carry on their operations, and stimulates them to the most intense activity. In the near foreground is the camp of a party of miners. The rude canvass tent is supported on rough poles, and round about in picturesque confusion are littered barrels, cradles, axes, picks, pans and guns. A sturdy digger, who has relinquished the pickaxe for a moment's rest, is seated at the mouth of the tent, delivering his oracular sentiments to a comrade, who is leaning on his spade. His faithful dog, the companion of his wild life, is gazing up into his face wistfully, as if he comprehended him, as well as the stalwort man leaning on his rifle, and bearing pick and pan on his shoulder, who stands besides the rude cradle. Delving into the soil, excavated already to a considerable depth, is a sturdy miner with uplifted pick, indifferent to everything except his occupation, into which he is throwing his whole heart and soul. Following the course of the stream, we have a variety of figures—some filling cradles and washing out the "oro;" others counting their golden gains, or engaged in those domestic avocations which the absence of women forces on the men. At one tent a group are collected round a horseman, who brings news from a distant "digging," or perhaps from San Francisco. The flag on the top of the tents indicates a "hotel," or a "store." The scene sweeps away to the distance in clouds and snowy peaks, and the whole is a splendid illustration of the "Land of Gold."

"ELVIE THE FOUNDLING: or, *The Homicide of Hazlehurst.*"—This is the expressive title of a novelette just commenced in the *Flag of our Union*, from the pen of MRS. CAROLINE ORNE. With the exception of the "Contrabandist," which we lately published in the Pictorial, this is the best story we have printed for years. It is a story of the present day, and is intensely interesting from the beginning to the end.

A BAR OF GOLD.—At Marysville, California, a bar of gold has been cast, weighing over 378 ounces, worth $7280 57. Some people feared, when the wealth of California was first developed, that gold would be so plenty that crowbars would be made of it. That time has not yet arrived.

EVERGREENS.—Our friends in the country who are ornamenting their residences, ought to plant evergreens, remembering that the deciduous trees only bear foliage half the year. The Norway fir is the most beautiful of all evergreens, and is a rapid grower.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Daniel Fraser to Miss Catharine Hamilton; by Rev. Dr. Wells, Mr. George W. Perrott to Miss Mary A. Goddard; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Charles H Spear to Miss M. Lizzie Pennock; by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. Benjamin Tompkins to Miss Jane Miller; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr George J. Harrison to Miss Elizabeth Landsburgh; by Right Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Mr Charles Hook Appleton to Miss Isabella Mason.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Means, Mr. J. Lowell Parker, of Boston, to Miss Rebecca Gleason Bass.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Briggs, Mr. Charles W. Turner to Miss Elizabeth D Goodhue.—At Abington, Mr. Augus W. Young to Miss Orinda H. Osborn.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. John Coin to Miss Ellen Cunningham.—At Swampscot, by Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. Shelton Barry, of Boston, to Miss Mary F. Putnam.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Wheaton, Mr. Thomas M'Donald to Miss Lucy Abby Rust.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Lenon, Mr. John Carigan to Miss Ann Kensey.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. George Strout to Miss Lucy A. Gordon —At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. George W. Frost to Miss Mary Ellen Abbott.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Thomas M. Allen to Miss Mary A. Tripp.—At Barre, by Rev. Mr. Braman. Mr. Frederick W. Thrasher, of New Braintree, to Miss Nancy M. Rice.—At Grafton, Mr. Francis Gleason, of Shrewsbury, to Miss Ellen S. Green.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. William L. Bird, 38; Mrs. Rebecca W. Duff, 42; Mrs. Mary Ford, 71; Mrs. Jane Sullivan, 28; Mr. Bryan J. Watt, 20; Mrs. Ellen J. Larkin, 44; Mr. John Flanagan, 72.—Mrs. Mary Ford, 71.—At Roxbury, Mr. George Read, 67.—At West Roxbury, Dea. Benjamin Farrington, 83.—At Somerville, Mr. Samuel Hudson, 61.—At Malden, Mrs. Abigail Dodge, 67.—At Lynn, Widow Hannah Bruce, 94.—At Salem, Mrs. Joanna Ryan, 60; Mrs. Elizaboth Weymouth, 22; Mrs. Mary Hennesy, 70.—At South Danvers, Mr. William Skidmore, 75.—At Concord, Mr. Joseph Merriam, 89.—At Gloucester, Widow Dorcas Parsons, 85.—At Clinton, Mr. Frederick W. Sawyer, 32.—At South Lancaster, Mr. Silas Sawyer, 62.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Anna Hickey, 93.—At Plymouth, Miss Lydia Delano, 54.—At Worcester, Mrs. Olive A., wife of Mr. Stephen T. Andrews, of Boston, 26; Balch Dean, Esq, 81; Mrs. Lois R. Flagg, 35.—At New Bedford, Mrs Ellen Daly. 30; Miss Susan A. Besse, 20.—At Taunton, Mr. John F. Hill, 36.—At Fall River, Miss Eliza T. Millard, 46.—At Nantucket, Widow Thankful Davis, 75.—At North Adams, Mrs. Malvina Stewart, 29.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Samuel A. Coburn, 61.—At Windham, Conn., Widow Eunice Tracy, 88.—At East Bridgeport, Conn, Gen. Enoch Foote, 85.—At New Haven, Conn., Dr. Henry Monson, 80,—At Brooklyn, N.Y., Dr. Moses S. Little, 66.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"THE SPIRIT LYRE."

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

"Tell us not the heart loves once, and once only. It is a many-stringed lute, and when touched deftly, by a skilful hand, discourseth excellent music; and that tone is most beautiful whose echo is most perfectly reverberated from another."

O madly strike the lyre!
Let boldest accents bound
In thrilling strains of ecstacy,
Filling the soul profound.

Fearlessly strike the lyre!
Let not a note of care
In harsh, discordant accents wake
The tender echo there.

Joyfully sweep the lyre!
In strains of liquid song
Let human life—let fleeting time,
Dance merrily along.

Yet softly touch the lyre!
Bid gentle music flow—
Calm the wild beating, bounding pulse—
And lay the passions low.

O slowly sound the lyre!
For pleasure flies too swift;
Joy soars on fleetest wings—but grief
Is pleasure's dying gift.

Then sadly touch the lyre!
A chastened softness stealing
O'er the rapt spirit, purely blends
Souls in like tone of feeling.

But gently strike the lyre,
Lest with harsh sweep it break!
For tender, fragile are the chords
That wildest echo wake.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

BY M. H. LUCY.

A CHEERFUL, happy group was gathered in old Farmer Wilton's homestead, one autumn night—a beautiful scene the heart loves to dwell upon when the reality is gone forever! A cheerful fire was glowing on the hearth. The bright flames would sweep over the faces of those who sat there, revealing the traces of love, joy and sorrow which time had imprinted there; then, with a softened splendor they would chase over the walls, weaving strange, fantastic figures, and lighting up the darkest corners of the room.

On one side of the fireplace was seated James Wilton; on the other sat the wife and mother; and directly front of the fire, side by side, were seated two young children. One with fair, silken curls, and sunny, blue eyes, you would recognize at once as the counterpart of Mrs. Wilton; but the boy bore upon *his* features the stamp of a life far removed from the genial atmosphere of that cheerful farmhouse. The mother speaks:

"Remember, James, the promise—'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

"But does that mean, Olive, that we are to adopt this little fellow?"—laying his large hand on the boy's head.

"It does," replied Mrs. Wilton, earnestly; "and it means *more* than that; we are to love and cherish him equally with little Nellie. Can you not see?"

"Well, wife, I never thought of the passage before, with reference to making my house an orphan's asylum, I must confess; but we must not expect to understand *all* that is contained in the Scriptures."

"By no means, but we should act upon what we *do* understand."

"Of course, Olive. But now about the child. The burden will all be yours. Have you considered that?"

"Yes, James, I have thought it all over, looked at the subject in 'all its parts,' as Aunt Nancy would say; and I am quite willing to assume the charge, only say we may keep him."

"Well, I don't suppose it will be of any *use* to say no; and I rather think, if you have decided to keep him, the matter is settled."

And so was the destiny of little Henry Lee fixed. Thus was a fountain opened in that little household, from which should flow waters of unceasing gladness. Mr. Wilton attributed his wife's desire to give a home to the little wanderer entirely to her goodness of heart. Now this was indeed partly true; but down deep in her heart, he might have found a wild yearning after the love of that son who long, weary years ago had left home and friends to struggle with the great world. Their home had been one of undimmed sunshine, until, years before, their noble boy, George, had gone out from their love and watchful tenderness, eager, as he told them in a brief note, to enter into the battle of life, and win fame and a name among men; a shadow fell over their hearts then, a gloominess folded even over the sweet face of the little Nellie, and it had never been lifted; and so when a little wandering one came to beg a crust of bread at their door, they kindly bade him welcome, and when he told them that father and mother were both dead, and his only sister lost to him, that he was even then seeking her, Mrs. Wilton had said, "Heaven sent him to us, let us not despise the gift!" * * * * * *

"Yes, James, I think you are quite right, in allowing him to follow the bent of his genius. I have no faith in making lawyers of natural farmers, or *vice versa*, and Harry is so good a scholar, he deserves a college education."

"Well, we will speak to him about it to-night. He has been a good boy, and I shall give him the means to pursue his education right willingly."

"Nellie will be so pleased, too, James. She was saying the other day that she hoped you did not want to tie him to a farm-yard."

"Do you, know, Olive, it is just five years to-night since Harry came here? I think it is rather strange we never have heard anything of his sister, or"—and his voice grew strangely husky—"or of our poor George."

"I shall never give up the hope of seeing him while I live, and if he *is* alive, I am sure he will come back to us."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Wilton. "Heaven only knows what trials he has passed through since he left us!"

"God will watch over him," responded the wife, in a low tone.

The sunset arrows were gleaming in every treetop, and the hush of coming night fell softly over the earth. It was the sweet month of blossoms—bright June. From a long ramble in search of flowers with their young schoolmates, Nellie and Harry now entered the house, and Mr. Wilton broached the subject under consideration as they sat down to tea.

"I am going to send you away, Harry."

"Me, sir!" queried Harry; while Nell's blue eyes opened wide.

"Yes. I've been talking of it a little. How would you like to go to college, and in eight or ten years come out a first rate lawyer, or a physician, and wear gold-bowed spectacles, and carry a big cane; with a fair chance of going into partnership with old Dr. Humphries over in Crab Hollow?"

"Mr. Wilton!"

"What! Does the prospect of such glory overpower you? Don't be bashful, Harry! You'll do very well yet; though I suppose you *will* have to study hard."

"Never mind the labor of it, but I do not feel that I have any claim on your bounty; and I have even been thinking of some means to earn my own living," replied Harry.

"All nonsense, Hal! I have quite settled the matter; that is to say, my wife and I have—for you see women are dreadful contrary; and likely enough if I'd told her you were going to college, she would have insisted on your driving oxen all your life. I knew better than to go to work in that way. So you see, I just asked her what she *thought* of the plan, and she liked it at once. Make a note on't, Harry, as Cap'n Cuttle used to, that you can coax a woman, but they wont be scolded into anything."

A hearty laugh, in which Mrs. Wilton joined, applauded the serio-comic speech of her husband.

"When will he have to go?" asked Nellie.

"Week after next, I believe."

"So soon?" And then there was silence.

Much was to be said and done before Harry went away. Never flew the days so swiftly. It was the first time he had been parted from the family since he became an inmate of that home. He was sixteen years old, and Nellie was a year younger.

On the evening before his departure, a short walk gave opportunity for a confidential chat with the fair girl who had grown up in beauty by his side, and had freely offered him a sister's generous and confiding love. Henry Lee had never questioned the nature of the affection he bore her, until now when he was going away. Then he resolved to speak to her on the subject, and know if she could offer him any *practical sympathy*. And so he told her all—his hopes, his bright plans for the future; he pictured in glowing words the course he had marked out, asking only a promise to one day bless his life with a love deeper than that of mother or sister. Perhaps Nellie began at that identical moment to wake up to the fact that Harry Lee was very dear to her; at all events, she listened very quietly—and with appreciation! But with wonderful forethought, considering the circumstances, she very resolutely refused to bind herself by any promises, until Harry should be settled in life. And so they parted, with a mutual assurance of frequent letters.

It was very lonely to Nellie Wilton after the departure of Harry. Their secret, if such it could be called, she decided to keep, thinking it would save her many a merry sally from her fun-loving father. The letters they exchanged were sources of much pleasure and profit. All through the term vacation was looked forward to with a pleasure known only to those who have anticipated similar meetings; and when it *did* come, the time sped on golden wings. Each had a long story to tell, and many questions to ask and answer. There were delightful reunions with old school friends, and above all, long talks with Nellie, who was not one whit less dear for the years that had gone by. And so the time sped on which brought Harry Lee to the close of his collegiate career. He had begun a generous, ardent, high-minded boy; he went forth a noble, ambitious man, scorning from his very soul an act of littleness.

It is the last week at home before Henry Lee enters on the study of his profession. Fortune has smiled on his industry, and in addition to the intellectual wealth he had gained, a snug little sum is bequeathed him by an uncle whom he had long supposed dead. An equal amount was also in reserve for the lost sister Helen; and Harry thenceforth renewed his efforts to discover her with increased assiduity.

Let us look in upon the group in the farmhouse. It is some four years since last we made a call there. Farmer Wilton still bears on his frank features the impress of an honest, genial heart. Henry Lee *is* all he promised to be years ago. Mrs. Wilton looks hardly a day older; for the young in heart are no favorites with wrinkles and gray hairs. Nellie, from a beautiful girl, has matured into a charming woman, which assertion Henry Lee would have defended to the death.

"So you are going to take my advice about Dr. Humphries, Hal?"

"Yes, sir, I am going to play the devotee to the science of Esculapins; but I hope to make somebody besides a Dr. Humphries."

"To be sure, Dr. Harry Lee! I don't see any chance of your taking his distinguished name, unless, when he steps out of this mortal sphere, he should make you the heir of his name, fame and pill-boxes."

"A glorious prospect, Harry," laughed Nell.

"Rather *too* glorious for *me*," replied Harry. "But seriously, I must be about my work, which is to find a cure for every disease which flesh is heir to."

"Hurry up, then," said Mr. Wilton, "for there will be some fine cases of neuralgy and toothache, which you may miss, if you wait long."

"Shall you let your light shine among *us*, Harry?" asked Mrs. Wilton.

"That important point is undecided. Nellie here can tell you more definitely than myself."

But Nellie was very busy gazing into the fire, and nobody cared to disturb her.

With the sunshine in his heart, and around his way, Henry Lee left again the home of his adoption, to re-establish his converse with books and mental labor. There was much to encounter, if he would rise above mediocrity; but with the love of Nellie Wilton as a star in his path, there was little fear that he would faint by the way. There was little to vary the months of this his last probation. Frequent letters, and occasional visits to the dear old farmhouse, were the white days in the calendar of Henry Lee.

And now the term of his professional study is over, and Henry Lee has set out for the West to prepare a home for his bride. After a day of hard travel, he alighted at sunset before a substantial dwelling, on a fine ample clearing. Everything spoke of thrift and good taste. A hearty welcome was extended to the weary traveller, and on conversing, Harry found that his host was intending to go to the very village where he had spent so many happy years.

"I am going," said he, "to seek a father and mother, whom I have not seen for many years—James Wilton; possibly you know him."

"He is my best friend; my father in affection—by adoption!"

In words prompted by the liveliest gratitude, did Henry Lee rehearse the story of the past years to his attentive hearers. Until now they had not asked his name; and when he gave it, Mrs. Wilton asked, eagerly, "Had you ever a sister?—a sister Helen?"

The brother and sister long parted were met at last!

Swiftly sped the days of that journey to the dear homestead. And when they were once more under its friendly roof, there was such gladness in their hearts as had not been there for ten long years; for the son who had been lost was found. * *

Very fair was Nellie Wilton, with the dress of snowy silk, the airy veil floating about her, and the orange blossoms twined among her sunny braids and hair, as she stood at the altar on her bridal day. And when all was over—when George had gone back to his forest home, and the young physician sought *his* home also, Mrs. Wilton said to her husband, "Surely, James, we have now learned how true it is, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FLORENCE BETRAYED: or, *The Last Days of the Republic*. From the Italian of D'Azeglio. By a Lady. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer. 1856. 12mo. pp. 529.

Massimo d'Azeglio is a modern Italian author almost entirely unknown to the American public; and we have reason to thank the publisher, and the lady translator, for giving us this glorious specimen of his abilities. The story is a deeply interesting one, and admirably told. It has the magic of an historical romance by Scott.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. With Notes and a Preliminary Essay, by J. S. THRASHER. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. pp. 397.

The name of Humboldt on a title-page is a sure passport to success. A keen observer, profoundly versed in science, and an elegant writer, he adorns whatever he touches. Mr. Thrasher has given us a charming version of the great German's description of Cuba, while his introductory essay, principally of a political character, as well-written and forcible. Our only regret, in reading this work, is that Mr. Thrasher did not give us more of his own personal observations, for his official position and long residence in the island enable him to do so most effectively. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

LIVES OF AMERICAN MERCHANTS. By FREEMAN HUNT, A. M., editor of the Merchants' Magazine. Vol. I. 8vo. New York: Office of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine. 1856. pp. 576.

This splendid volume contains the biographies of twenty-one eminent American merchants, and steel engraved portraits of nine of them, viz: Thomas H. Perkins, Thomas P. Cope, Peter C. Brooks, James G. King, Samuel Appleton, Samuel Slater, Jonas Chickering, Asa Clapp and Patrick T. Jackson. The biographies are from some of the most elegant pens in the country—that of Mr. Brooks by the Hon. Edward Everett. We regard this work as a valuable contribution to American literature—one worthy of the most extensive circulation, and destined to add greatly to the brilliant reputation of its accomplished editor and publisher. No American library, public or private, will be considered complete without this work.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. Reed, 13 Tremont Street, has published "Reuben and Phœbe" and the "Merry Mountaineers," as sung by Whitehouse's New England Bards, and the "Sword of Bunker Hill," as sung by Ossian's Bards.

DREAMS AND REALITIES OF A PASTOR AND TEACHER. By the author of "Rolling Ridge," "Parish Side," etc. New York: J. C. Derby. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 439.

Most stories professedly "founded on fact," are as unreal as possible. But this life story of a man of thought and action is evidently a transcript of actual experience. It is a pleasant, as well as deeply interesting work, and cannot fail to find favor with the public.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By A. W. SPRAGUE, A. M. (With 280 engravings.) Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 363.

One of the clearest and most comprehensive elementary text-books on the science treated of we have yet examined. It cannot but find favor with all engaged in teaching, or in self culture.

THE HUMOROUS POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD. Edited by EPES SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 488.

The name of Hood is a synonym for humor—and a collection of his genial writings is a gift that the American public, with their fondness for fun, will know how to prize. The edition is a beautiful one.

THE PANORAMA, AND OTHER POEMS. By J. G. WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 18mo. pp. 141.

This volume contains some of the most exquisite poetry that Whittier has yet written. His fame would be universal had he not preferred to treat so largely of sectional themes, and to be the poet of the North, rather than the nation.

AT HOME AND ABROAD. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. Edited by her brother, ARTHUR B. FULLER. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 466.

These "things and thoughts on America and Europe" from the pen of the most gifted woman America ever produced, will be read with delight and satisfaction. The descriptions of places and scenery are exceedingly graphic, while the portraits of European celebrities are such as only Margaret Fuller could have penned.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Mattresses stuffed with cork cut into little grains are coming nto use in New York. They are soft, easy and light, and on shipboard form very convenient life-preservers —— The colored Baptist church at Sacramento has been disbanded, on account of divisions among its members. —— About 100,000 men are employed directly, and 40,000 indirectly on English railroads; 140,000 men represent a population of half a million, so that it may be said that one fiftieth part of the English nation depend upon railroads for their subsistence. —— The ladies of Greenburg, Indiana, have voted to appoint a committee of one hundred (selecting, of course, the prettiest), to visit all the liquor shops in town, and try by "kindness and affection to influence sellers to give up the business." —— Captain Ingraham, the rescuer of Kosta, has been confirmed by the Senate as Chief of the Bureau of Ordinance and Hydrography, vice Commodore Morris, deceased. —— For nearly forty years, the Rev. Dr. Medhurst, the distinguished Chinese scholar and indefatigable missionary, has prosecuted his labors in the gospel—first in the Malayan archipelago, and since the year 1843, in China proper. Having recently learned that the pressure of these labors had begun to tell with serious effect upon his health and spirits, the directors of the London Missionary Society have invited him to revisit his native land. —— Where the last syllable in the name of a Chinese city is *fou*, it indicates that it is a city of the first class; *tschon* signifies the second class, and *hen* the third class. Cities with these terminations are always surrounded by walls. —— A company is organizing in Texas to work the silver mines near El Paso. —— They catch trout and pickerel in Canada, freeze them into blocks of ice, and restore them to life by warm water, at any future place or time. —— Emile Girardin, editor of the Paris Presse, is going to be married to Miss Sheppard, daughter of a rich English widow. The *belle* Sheppard used to flirt with the emperor before his marriage with Eugenie. Girardin's first wife died only a short time ago; he has two millions of francs, and is about forty. Miss Sheppard is about twenty-five, and very pretty. —— In reading by candle light, place the candle behind you, that the rays may pass over your shoulder on the book; this will relieve the eyes. —— A lady once remarked, that "carelessness was little better than a half-way house between accident and design." —— The Swedenborgians have prepared a liturgy for public service; and a similar course of proceeding is being favorably urged by other denominations. —— Some lawyers in one of the New York courts were preparing themselves to make long speeches upon a question of costs, a few days ago. The judge stopped them at the beginning, and asked the amount of the controversy; and on learning that it was only two dollars, took out his wallet, paid the amount, and ordered the clerk to call the next case. —— The scientific world will learn with regret the death of the celebrated astronomer, Von Biela, which took place at Venice, on the 18th of February, in his 74th year. —— Punch says, "The queen of Spain, touched by a sense of the late cold weather, has just given a new cloak, ornamented with garnets to the value of two hundred thousand reals, to 'a statue of the Virgin of Sorrows.' There are many sorrowful virgins in England, children and orphans of Spanish bondholders, who would feel obliged to her majesty for a similar amount of reals to be bestowed upon sorrows, not in stone, but in flesh and blood." —— Professor Anderson's "great trick" seems to be to make a theatre disappear, as three have been burnt under his management. —— Rev. Adolphe Monod is described as the flower of the evangelical clergy of Paris. He has extraordinary pulpit talents, adorned with a rare degree of humility, devotion and spirituality; and competent judges regard him as the best living preacher of France—an opinion which even the celebrated Catholic orator, Father Lacordaire, is said to entertain. His voice is of singular sweetness and harmony, and his pronunciation of the French language cannot be surpassed. —— John Dryden, who received thirty-one wounds in one day, at the storming of Sebastopol, is entirely recovered, and again doing duty.

BALLOON SKIRTS.—In Paris, some inventive genius has contrived a new sort of air-tight skirt, which the wearer can inflate at pleasure by breathing into a gutta pereha tube. The robe thus remains in a state of collapse when the lady is riding to a ball and requires room to seat herself, but is expanded to full size when she enters the salon. We should think the husbands of the married might blow them up for such ridiculous extravagance. A gentleman out west lately invited a lady to ride with him; but finding her dress occupied the whole of the vehicle, he mounted the horse and rode off *a la* postilion of Longiumeau, who was "such a beau."

E PLURIBUS UNUM.—"Can you hexplain the meaning of those *French* words that are hissuing from that heagle's mouth?" asked a John Bull, looking at an American standard, of a Yankee sailor. "Why, douse my toplights, where did you go to school?" replied Jack. "I thought everybody knew—*We're all flying to glory!*"

NOISY CARRIER'S BOOK AND STATIONERY CO., No. 77 LONG WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Incorporated according to an act of the Legislature of California, January 1, 1855. CHARLES P. KIMBALL, President.—TRUSTEES—Charles P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibben, G. B. Haywood.—CHARLES GALACAR, Agent, New York. 3—8m

PEACHES.—Don't be afraid. We shall have a fine crop of this glorious fruit this year, and no mistake. Our reputation as prophet on it.

INDIANS.—The Minnesota Pioneer goes in for granting Indians land to settle on, in order to civilize and keep them quiet.

Wayside Gatherings.

New guano islands have been discovered in the Pacific.

The Indians of Minnesota have suffered much from famine during the last winter.

Sugar lands in Texas can be obtained at from three to eight dollars per acre.

Petitions are floodings the New York Legislature asking the right of elective franchise to women.

The Rev. Eleazer Williams, "Daupbin of France," is in Washington, oppressed by illness, age and penury.

Van Amburgh has nearly completed arrangements for a first-rate equestrian company, to be exhibited in this country.

The authorities of Syracuse have offered a reward of $3000 for the detection of incendiaries.

Indian depredations continue on the Texas frontier, and a party is organized to follow them into Mexico.

The American Colonization Society acknowledges the receipt of a donation of $400 from a lady in Connecticut.

The Portsmouth (Va.) Transcript publishes the names of 1077 persons who died in that place last summer.

The clipper ship Wild Wave, of Boston, lately finished a voyage of 24,000 miles, which she accomplished in 199 days.

Daniel Bowen, the oldest printer in the United States, died recently in Philadelphia, in the 96th year of his age.

Father O'Callahan, Catholic priest at Holyoke, has published a book against usury, or the taking or giving of any interest whatever.

By sowing nitrate of soda, in small quantities, in showery weather, under trees, or either in bald or rank places, a most beautiful verdure will be obtained.

It is said that a "crack" sailor is coming over from England, during the approaching yachting season, to contest the championship of the New York fleet.

The pages in Congress receive sixty-two dollars per month for dancing attendance on the members of Congress. The man who makes the fire gets three dollars per day.

The citizens of Portsmouth, Va., have agreed to erect a monument over the remains of the physicians and nurses who fell by the epidemic there last season.

The common strawberry is a natural dentrifice, and its juice, without any preparation, dissolves the calcareous incrustations of the teeth, and renders the breath sweet and agreeable.

The Bangor Whig says that many of the old and some of the young plum trees in that vicinity have been killed, and others seriously injured, during the last winter.

The late Henry Parish, of New York, left by his will the sum of $50,000 to various benevolent institutions. Among them was $10,000 to the American Bible Society.

The Vicksburgh and Texas Railroad, now in progress, does not vary three miles from an air line throughout its entire length, which is 190 miles.

Mr. T. W. Whitley, the artist, has sailed for Europe. He purposes delivering a course of lectures in different parts of Great Britain, his native country, ere he returns to America.

A child of Mr. George Atkins of South Gardiner, aged about nine months, vomited up *one hundred and thirty-eight pins*, recently. The story seems almost incredible, but it is authenticated by the Gardiner Transcript. The child is doing well.

A young gentleman named Porter, of Manchester, N. H., took arsenic, lately. He had a love affair, and took this method and medicine to get out of it. Of the medicine, however, he did not take enough, and still lives to lament and to be laughed at.

We learn that, about the 12th of February, Isle au Sal, Cape de Verds, was healthy for humans, but cattle were dying for want of water, which was terribly scarce, *no rain having fallen for four years!*

Drury Lane Theatre, London, was discovered to be on fire, lately, but was saved from destruction. The wadding of a gun, fired during the performance of a pantomime the previous evening, had lodged upon and fired one of the beams of the flies.

According to the London Medical Times, the highest rates of mortality are found among the butchers. The writer states that the red injected face of the butcher has produced a wrong idea as to the healthy nature of his occupation. But this idea has been corrected by careful observation, and an analysis of the last census.

During the assault on the Redan, an English officer was about being bayoneted, when he caught the hand of a Russian officer and gave him the Masonic grip. The Russian at once struck up the threatening bayonet, led his newly found brother to the rear, and treated him with all the kindness of a mason.

Mr. Wood, the American Consul for Syria, writes to the Boston Traveller that fifty boxes of the monuments of disinterred Nineveh, procured for different New England colleges, reached Beirut in October last, and will be despatched by the first vessel which sails from there in the spring.

The Lutheran Church is just now agitated by a warm discussion of their chief doctrinal symbols. Some wish to retain the venerable Augsburg Confession intact as the formal basis of doctrine, while others desire to introduce what is called the Definite Platform, which denies certain errors supposed to be implied in the old confession.

A gentleman who was born in Detroit, and is now 74 years of age, informs the Monroe Commercial that the winter of 1812 was colder than the last. The ice in the lake was three feet thick, and closed up some of the harbors till May. Ten years previous to that time, the winter was still colder; and one winter, he recollects, the snow was three or four feet deep on a level.

During the siege of Sebastopol, a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill without the city, and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth where the cannon shot had fallen, and during the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirsty troops who were stationed in the vicinity an abundant supply of pure cold water.

Mr. M. P. Pierce, of Cleveland, Ohio, was recently stopped by two gentlemanly highwaymen, and requested to "shell out." Handing them a roll of bills, they bid him "good night." The roll of bills was composed of broken bank notes!—the mean scamp having defrauded the gentlemen out of $2000 in good money and two gold watches!

There are now 1800 Protestant pastors in Holland, of whom 1600 belong to the Reformed Dutch Church. The latter was once and for a long time the established church of Holland, and the only one which had the favor of the State; but now, three others—the Lutherans, the Remonstrants, and the Mennonites,—share that favor. Even the Roman Catholics receive the aid of the government in the maintenance of their churches.

Foreign Items.

It is said that there are 250,000 laborers in the English mines who scarcely ever, if at all, see the light of day.

M. Lamartine is said to be revising for the press a new volume of poems, entitled "Des Illusions."

The freedom of the press was, on the 21st of January, proclaimed in Moldavia, and laws for its regulation published.

An Admiralty Circular has been issued in England stating that "it is their lordships' desire that officers of the navy should not wear beards or moustaches on board her majesty's ships."

M. de Girardin is said to be about to re-issue his well-known essay entitled "Peace," in which he calls for the immediate destruction of Gibraltar.

There are twelve newspapers published in Constantinople, several of them having unpronounceable Turkish, Greek and Bulgarian names.

The Emperor of Austria, "desiring to recognize the services which Baron de Rothschild has rendered to the State," has conferred upon him the decoration of the Second Class of the Iron Crown.

The French government has decided on the construction of a railway from Saarbruck to Treves, and another to the frontier of Luxembourg; application has been made to the Chambers for a credit for this purpose.

The merchants of Liverpool are making efforts to adorn with *chefs-d'œuvre* of sculpture St. George's Hall. Statues of Peel and Stephenson are already placed; and they have now invited twelve of the most eminent English sculptors to send in models for a statue of Archdeacon Brooks. The sum named for the work is £1750.

Sands of Gold.

.... Modesty is of the color of virtue.—*Diogenes.*

.... No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of words as much as the grateful.—*Lacon.*

.... The things which are remembered are few and unimportant compared with those which are forgotten.—*Wigglesworth.*

.... The seasons, like ourselves, teach their course by something of beauty, or of glory, that is left behind.—*Bulwer.*

.... Few take care to live *well*, but many to live *long*; though it is in everybody's power to do the former, but in no man's power to do the latter.—*Thomas Fuller.*

.... It is fitter for youth to learn than to teach, and for age to teach than learn; and yet fitter for an old man to learn than to be ignorant.—*Vauvenargues.*

.... He who pleases himself, without injuring his neighbor, is quite as likely to please half the world, as he who vainly strives to please the world.—*Bacon.*

.... There is not, perhaps, a more whimsically dismal figure in nature than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence.—*Goldsmith.*

.... A man who has no enemies ought to have very faithful friends, and one who has no such friends ought not to think it a calamity that he has enemies to be his effectual monitors.—*Carlyle.*

.... A winged word hath struck ineradicably in a million hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their bard pulsation. On a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations.—*Landor.*

.... A troubled mind is often relieved by maintaining a cheerful demeanor. The effort withdraws its attention from the cause of pain, and the cheerfulness which it promotes in others extends by sympathy to itself.—*Wigglesworth.*

Joker's Budget.

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Because they want "carrying out."

Advice to an editor is like wit to a millionaire, or modesty in a ballet dancer—a little of it goes a great way.

We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

Sweddlepipes thinks that instead of giving credit to whom it is due, the cash had better be paid. Rather impertinent, Mr. Sweddle.

A facetious tradesman in Worcester, after having repeatedly announced that he was *selling off*, has now placarded his house with bills stating that he is *selling on!*

Apple-dealer to pilfering youth—"Young man, drop that apple and start!" *Boy*—"Certainly, but I thought you always gave samples to customers."

"I shall be at home next Sunday night," a young lady said, as she followed her beau to the door, who seemed to be wavering in his attachment. "So shall I," was his reply.

A priest once said, in addressing his flock:—"Marry a pint of rum to a lump of sugar, and in less than an hour there will spring from the union a whole family of shillelahs and broken heads."

A Western writer thinks if the proper way of spelling tho' is "though," and ate "eight," and bo "beau," the proper way of spelling potatoes is "poughteigbteaux." The new way of spelling softly is "psoughtleigh."

When Edward Everett was entertained at a public dinner before leaving Boston, Judge Story gave as a sentiment: "Genius is sure to be rewarded where Everett goes." Mr. Everett responded: "Law, equity and jurisprudence—no efforts can raise them above one Story."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year		$2 00
4 subscribers, " "		7 00
10 " " "		15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.


BOSTON THEATRE.
MID SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1856.

$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X., No. 19.—WHOLE No. 253.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

The beautiful emblematic scene below is from a drawing by Billings, designed expressly for our paper. At the top of the sketch are the State arms—a shield with a delineation of a peninsula, on which are a tent, a volunteer soldier and an American flag, surmounted by the American eagle and supported by two stags. The mottoes are "Tuebor" (I will defend), and "Si quæris peninsulam amœnam, circumspice (If you seek a pleasant peninsula, look around you). Below are two Indian women preparing the land with their wooden picks, for receiving the corn a third is sowing. On one side two Indians are carrying a canoe upon their shoulders—on the other are seen steamboats and sailing vessels, with haymakers at work, thus contrasting the arts of civilization with those of savage life. Michigan was formerly a portion of the "Northwest Territory." It was partially explored by French traders from Canada in 1640, and the first settlement was formed at Detroit, in 1670. In the peace of 1763, England obtained possession of it, and ceded it to the United States at the close of our revolutionary war. Michigan proper, by which the larger of the two peninsulas comprised in the State is known, exhibits a great variety of surface. The northern half is still scantily populated, as its soil is considered inferior to the southern. In the settled parts the rich soil yields a large return to agricultural labor. The forests embrace a great many varieties of trees. There are several rivers flowing into the great lakes on which the State borders. The Central and Southern railroads are doing much to develop the wealth of Michigan. Copper, iron and lead exist abundantly in this State. Several millions of capital are employed in manufactnres—and there are immense exports of flour from this State. There are still a considerable number of Indians within its borders. The white population is composed of the representatives of various lands and races, like that of the other North-western States—and consequently there are found a number of different religious denominations, the Methodists being the most numerous. The population is about 400,000. Superficial area of the State, including 36,000 square miles of water surface, is about 92,500 square miles. The seat of government is located permanently at Lansing, Ingham county. The income of the State largely exceeds its current expenditures. There are 3097 school districts in the State, and education is liberally provided for. A State Normal School went into operation at Ypsilanti, in 1853. The Michigan Asylum for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind is at Kalamazoo, and the Michigan Asylum for the Insane at Flint. The State Prison is at Jackson; in 1852, the income of the prison during the year was $25,487 80; the expenditures, $25,042 07. Average number of convicts, 210. Solitary confinement at hard labor in the State Prison for life has been substituted for the death penalty for murder, in this State. About $25,000 are expended annually for the relief of paupers; while at the same time other public charities are well and efficiently sustained.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER.

—OR,—

CALYPSO, THE WANDERER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY T. BURLINGAME ROSS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

The pirates who stood ready at their guns, now had nothing to do but to drop their matches and seize their cutlasses. Clarence Howard was the first man to gain the pirate's deck, and with the first sweep of his good sword the pirate lieutenant fell. The crew of the Lone Star numbered forty-two souls all told, while the Mexican had sixty; though our Yankee tars found about a dozen of them already killed. It was but the work of a moment for the schooner's crew to gain the deck of the brig, and when once there they went into the work with a power of purpose which was irresistible. The Mexicans were bold men, but they could not withstand the strange, reckless bravery which met them now. There are peculiarities of physical bravery other than the mere brute force and science of arms—there is the power of conscious right, and the knowledge of moral superiority; and then there is much in the prestige of one's nationality. At all events the noble men of the Lone Star seemed almost like warriors inspired. Wherever their blows fell, death was sure to follow, and ere long the enemy began to give way.

From the first of the engagement Howard tried to find Jilok Tudel, and he succeeded at length in doing so; but ere they could cross their swords, some of the Mexicans cried out for quarter.

"Never!" shouted Tudel, in blind rage. "Fight to the death, every man of you. By the cross, the first man who flinches shall fall by my own hand! Now, senor capitan, you have found me."

This had the effect of causing the fainting pirates to come up to the work again, but it also had the effect of causing the Yankees to brace up their nerves with new force. As Tudel spoke that last sentence, he crossed swords with Clarence Howard; the pistols had all been fired, and the combat now was with cutlasses alone. At the first stroke Clarence knocked his antagonist's sword down, and would have passed his own weapon through the villain's body, had not one of the Mexican men, who chanced to stand near, knocked it down. That moment would have been the young captain's last but for the faithful Peter. The boy had been ordered to remain on board the schooner, but as the fight progressed, his burning patriotism overcame all other considerations, and seizing a pistol and cutlass, he leaped upon the pirate's deck. He sprang upon the quarter-rail, and was just in time to see his commander's sword knocked down and the point of the enemy's sword at his breast. With a lightning-like motion, but with a steady nerve, the boy raised his pistol and shot the Mexican dead. Howard saw the movement, and with a nod of gratitude to his boy he returned to the conflict. Tudel had regained his guard, and his next blow was a downward cut, aiming at his antagonist's head. Quick as thought Clarence sprung forward and caught the coming blow upon his left arm, reaching far enough in to take the hilt upon his arm instead of the blade. The movement was as unexpected as it was sudden, for the Mexican had never before thought of such a thing as warding a sword blow with the naked arm; the force of the blow staggered him, and with one smart blow of his pommel, Clarence felled him upon the deck.

This was the signal for a renewed cry for quarters, and at the word from the Yankee captain, the combat ceased. Tudel had only been stunned by the effects of the blow, and as soon as he could be secured, Howard turned his attention to the crew; the deck was all covered with blood, and the groans of the wounded and dying were loud and agonizing.

"Take them as they come," said Howard. "To those who suffer most, whether friend or foe, render the first assistance; the battle is ended, and we may find use for mercy now."

CHAPTER IV.

A DIRE MISHAP.

The conflict on the pirate's deck had been a sharp and severe one. Weapons of death had there been used by those who meant a death for every blow, and the carnage had been extensive in view of the numbers engaged. Out of sixty-one men who had composed the crew of the brig, only twenty-two were now alive, and several of those were severely wounded. The Americans had lost but thirteen men, and only two were seriously wounded. This was a great loss from such a crew, but considering the circumstances, the surprise, if any, should be that there were not more killed.

As soon as the dead could be buried the brig was rendered fit for sailing, and having put a crew on board sufficient to sail her, Captain Howard shaped his course for Galveston. The prisoners were all confined on board the schooner, where most of them spent their time in cursing their captors; and those who could manage to pronounce a few English oaths, entered into a practical use of the language with peculiar zeal. But they did not manage to arouse much anger in the bosoms of their captors, for there was something so supremely foolish and ridiculous in the labored utterance of the oaths in abominable English, that the brave fellows were more inclined to pity and smile than anything else.

Jilok Tudel was a man not far from forty years of age; tall and stout, and with a complexion almost as dark as an Indian's. He was a lepero by birth and education, and after many years of villany upon the land, he betook himself to the waters of the Gulf as a more extended and profitable field of labor. He possessed a face of more internal meaning than generally belongs to the miserable leperos of Mexico, and there was much intelligence in the flash of his large, dark eyes. But the look of brutal excess which marked his face overcame all other expressions, and at once stamped him as a man whose only guide in life was the lowest of human passions. He was confined upon the after part of the berth-deck, and he might have been allowed the freedom of the schooner, had he not made use of the most murderous threats when he was first confined.

Clarence Howard gazed upon this man, and wondered if it was possible that Antonio St. Marc had agreed that his sweet child should marry with such a being. He had begun to doubt the truth of the wandering woman's assertions, when new proof came from the man's own lips.

One afternoon the young captain went down upon the berth-deck to see how his prisoner came on, and after he had gazed awhile upon Tudel, and was upon the point of turning away, the latter spoke.

"Senor capitan," he said, "what do you mean to do with me?"

"I mean to deliver you up to the authorities at Galveston," was Howard's reply.

"But there is no military station there."

"There is enough for our purpose."

"But look ye, senor—give me my liberty, and I swear to you that three Americans shall be given up to you in exchange."

"But why should I set you at liberty more than the rest of my prisoners?"

"For a very good reason, senor. I am rich enough now to live without more labor, so if I give you my promise that I will not trouble your countrymen any more, circumstances will not force me to break my word. And there is another reason, senor, which, if you are a reasonable man and possess a kind heart, will move you. In the city of my home there is a fair maiden who is waiting anxiously the return of her lover. She asks even now for the husband whom you would keep from her."

"Ah, senor," uttered Clarence, with a strangely fluttering heart, "and are you sure the maiden waits for you?"

"I am, senor capitan."

"Is she a young girl, or have your affections fallen upon one near your own age?" asked Clarence, lightly.

"In our land we do not force the cooler matrons of advanced years into the silken bonds. No, senor—she is not only a young girl, but one of the most lovely in Vera Cruz. Perhaps you may have heard of the Senor Antonio St. Marc?"

"I have heard of him," was Clarence's reply, given in a calm, low tone, for he would not reveal his own feelings in the matter. "He is a very wealthy man, if I mistake not."

"Yes, senor—not only wealthy, but of much influence. If you will set me free, you shall have three American prisoners in exchange."

"I don't wish to pry into your secrets, senor," returned Howard; "but still it appears to me that the maiden has chosen rather strangely."

"Eh?"

"You cannot fail to understand me," resumed the young captain, unmoved. "Surely your past life has not been one to attract the respect of a virtuous girl."

For the moment Tudel seemed inclined to be angry at this, but he quickly overcame the emotion, and assuming a smile, he said:

"O, you don't understand the nature of our impulsive, warm-hearted girls. If a man is brave and true, they seldom ask whether he stained his sword on the field, in the chapparal, or on the sea. But you will exchange me!"

"Where?"

"Why—you have my word that three prisoners shall be released the moment I reach Vera Cruz."

"I rather guess I shall leave that matter to be decided by our supreme court at Galveston."

"Eh? Your supreme—court? What do you mean by that?"

"Simply that we are not in the habit of reckoning *pirates* exactly in the same light that we do prisoners of war."

"*Pirates*, senor!" gasped the wretch, turning pale. "You do not mean that you regard me as such?"

"Upon my soul, Jilok Tudel, I cannot regard you as anything else."

"But—but—I have a regular commission from my government."

"Perhaps you have—and yet you are but a pirate, after all. You have been only a pirate these six or seven years. We will place you in the keeping of the authorities at Galveston, and if you can make them believe that you are an honest man, you are at liberty to do so."

With these words Captain Howard turned away, for at that moment, just as he ceased speaking, one of the lookouts reported land ahead. The captive pirate chieftain uttered some dreadful threats as his captor turned away, but they were not noticed. It proved to be Galveston Island which had thus been reported, and before dark the schooner was safely anchored in the bay, with her prize alongside; and as soon as it became known on shore that the notorious pirate had been captured, the water's edge was lined with enthusiastic men, women, and children, who came down to make known their opinion in the matter, by shouting, and throwing up hats and kerchiefs, and other demonstrations.

Captain Howard went on shore at once and reported his success, but as it was then near night, it was arranged that the prisoners should not be brought off until morning. Clarence remained on shore until nine o'clock, and then returned to his schooner. He went down upon the berth-deck and saw that Tudel was safe, and having been assured that the rest of the prisoners were likewise safe, and having given orders for the keeping up of a strict guard during the night, he retired to his cabin. It was now near ten o'clock, and not feeling very sleepy he sat down to overhaul the budget of newspapers he had received.

The schooner was anchored about half a mile from the shore, and the sentinels had strict orders to keep all boats off during the night. It was near midnight, and yet the young captain sat at his table engaged in reading the newspapers. There was much of exciting news that interested him, and he thought not of his bed. He sat thus, just finishing a long article on the subject of the war, when he thought he heard a dipping sound close under the stern. He arose and went to the after part of the cabin, and opened one of the windows and looked out; the moon was hidden behind a dark mass of clouds, and the water was dark; though an object of any respectable size could have been seen at some distance. He looked carefully about upon the surface of the water, but he could see nothing, so he returned to his table and sat down. But as he finished the article upon which he had been engaged, he began to feel his lids droop, and he put up his papers and prepared to retire.

There was a hanging lamp in the cabin, and having turned this down, so that the flame gave but a faint glimmer, the captain turned in. He had hardly placed his head upon his pillow, when he was startled by hearing another unusual sound in the water under the stern. He knew this could be no ripple of the waves, as he had thought before, and quickly leaping from his berth he sprang to the window and looked out again. The moon was still behind the clouds, but Howard could plainly see a dim object moving away from the vessel. He sprang back to his berth and seized his pistols, but before he could regain the window, the lookout upon the poop hailed the suspicious object. However, the captain hastened to the window and cried out himself; he was sure now, that it was a man swimming away.

"Stop! stop!" he cried. "Stop, or I'll shoot you!"

But the object did not stop. On the contrary, it moved off with increased speed, so that there was no more doubt about its identity. The captain fired both his pistols, but without seeming effect; and in a moment more the man upon the poop fired. Howard now rushed on deck to find what was the matter, and as he reached the poop he found some half-dozen of the watch gazing over the taffrail.

"What is it?" the captain cried, as he came up. "Fire! fire!—down into the cutter and bring it alongside—quick! Mr. Hart, are your prisoners all safe?"

"Yes, sir—every one of them."

"And where is Tudel? Is he, too, safe?"

"Nathans is with him, sir," returned Hart.

"Somebody is leaving the schooner. Man the cutter, sir, at once, and I will go below and see Nathans."

Thus speaking—three muskets having been fired at the departing object—Captain Howard hastened below, going down by way of the main hatch. He had not got more than half way down before he discovered that there was no light upon the deck, the great lantern which usually burned close by the hatchway, having gone out. At the same moment, too, he was run into by some one who was coming up from below.

"Who's this?" asked Howard.

"It's me, sir," uttered a frightened voice.

"And who is *me*?"

"Jackson, sir. The lantern's gone out, and I was coming up to see what was the matter."

"Then jump to the binnacle and get a light at once and bring it down here. *Nathans! Nathans!* NATHANS! Good heavens! where is the man? Make haste with that lantern! Come—bear a hand!"

By this time the crew were all awake, and as soon as the lantern came the captain seized it and hurried down the ladder, and sprang to the place where the pirate chieftain had been confined. But—heavens! what a sight met their gaze! There lay Nathans, the man who had been placed to watch the prisoner, with a short, heavy bowie-knife driven clear through his right temple, the point protruding just below the left ear! For a moment Clarence Howard was struck dumb with horror. The pirate chief was gone, and this was his parting mark! Without a word the captain sprang upon the deck.

"Man the boat!" he gasped, in a hoarse, choking tone.

"All ready, sir," reported Hart. "Did you find—"

"*He's gone!* Go in the boat, Mr. Hart, and be sure you take that man alive if you can. O, do not miss him. Off, now, and buckle to those oars with a will. Where's the boatswain?"

"Here, sir."

"Call away my gig—quick!"

In a few moments more the gig was lowered and manned, and the old gunner was sent in charge of her. Peter Sythe was also sent in the gig, from the fact that the peculiar construction of his eyes enabled him to see at an almost incredible distance in the night.

Shortly after the boats had gone the captain went forward to assure himself that the prisoners were all safe there, and then he went below again. He found a man, whose hammock hung near the spot where Tudel had been confined, standing in his bare frock, and gazing with eagerness on a jacket which he held in his hand.

"What is it, my man?" asked Howard.

"Why, sir—look here. I left my own jacket and trowsers here when I turned in, and now they're gone—and these outlandish duds have been left in their place. They look just like that Mexican's traps."

"So they are," returned Howard. "The incarnate fiend has murdered poor Nathans, exchanged clothes with you, and made his escape. But we'll have him yet; the boats are after him."

After this the man hunted up his bag and got out another suit of garments, and then he came back to where his commander was examining the position of the body of Nathans.

"He must have been sitting upon this stool when Tudel struck him," said the captain, "and then he was eased back so that his fall might make no noise."

Upon further examination the irons by which Tudel had been confined were found. Those which had been upon the wrists were whole, the hands having been evidently slipped through them, and after the hands were free it was an easy matter to remove the irons from the feet, as the bar of the hand irons served to turn the key of the others. No one had thought of searching the prisoner for concealed weapons, though Clarence now felt himself much to blame for not having done so. After due consultation it was determined, as the most rational hypothesis, that Tudel must have fixed his irons so that he could slip them off instantly, and that he then sat down and pretended to be asleep, for one of the men, whose hammock hung near the place, and who had been awake when six bells was struck (eleven o'clock), said that he turned over just as the bell was striking, and looked out to see how the prisoner was. At that time Tudel sat upon a camp stool, with his hands folded in his lap beneath the folds of his pointed jacket, and with his head leaning against the casing of the pumps, snoring gently and steadily. Soon after that he went to sleep, and did not awake again until he heard the report of the carbines which were fired from the deck.

With this information it was easy to see how the work had been done. Nathans, feeling sure that the fellow was sound asleep, had seated himself, and in a moment of abstraction he had received the fatal blow—and he had received it, too, from a hand eminently skilled in that mode of warfare.

The captain directed some of the men to remove the body to the deck, and there wash it and put on suitable clothing for interment, and then he went up. Shortly after this the gig returned, the gunner reporting that so far nothing could be found of the escaped prisoner; but the crew of the cutter had gone on shore, and meant to search carefully there, and also watch to see if he landed after them.

"However," resumed Gould, "I am sure the villain got ashore ahead of us; he had the wind and current in his favor, and if he is an expert swimmer, he could easily have gained the beach before we did."

The captain was about to reply, when the sound of oars fell upon his ears, and upon going to the taffrail he could see the outlines of a boat coming towards the schooner.

"It's the first cutter, sir," said Peter, who sprang aft and looked over.

"Perhaps they've found him," uttered Howard, nervously.

"They must have found him, else they wouldn't be coming back," said the gunner. "At any rate they wouldn't be coming now, for they haven't had a chance to hunt any yet. I'll bet a dollar they've caught him coming ashore."

Clarence was all excitement as the cutter came nearer to the vessel, but he did not hail her. He gazed down anxiously into her as she came up under the quarter, but it was too dark for him to see plainly. When the boat reached the gangway, Daniels, the coxswain, was the first one to come over the side.

"Where is Mr. Hart?" asked Howard.

"He's gone around to the town, sir, to start up horses," replied Daniels.

"Then you have not found the prisoner?" asked Howard, nervously.

"No, sir. He's gone off a horse-back. When we went up from the beach we found Tom Slidell flying around in a high passion. He said he had just got out of bed, not more'n fifteen minutes before, and that as he looked out at his window he saw a man come running up from the water. The man passed his house, and, Tom thought, turned up into his yard. As quick as he could he put on his clothes and ran out, and was just in time to see a man in sailor's clothes mount his horse. He sang out with all his might, but the horse galloped away like lightning. We told him it was none of our men, but a pirate whom we had captured. He then offered to accompany Mr. Hart to a place where men and horses could be procured, so he went; and sent us back to report to you."

"How far have they got to go before horses can be obtained?" asked Howard.

"Not a great ways, sir. Only there's one thing bad—Tom says his horse is about the fastest one in Galveston."

Captain Howard pondered a few minutes upon this, and then he resolved to go on shore. He gave the most strict orders concerning the prisoners, and then leaped into his boat and landed at the town. He aroused some of the civil officers as quickly as possible, and ere long, fifty horsemen were in pursuit of the fugitive. But Jilok Tudel was not found. Towards the middle of the forenoon on the following day, most of the pursuers had returned, but with no tidings of the pirate.

It was near night when Clarence Howard returned to his vessel. He had lost his most especial prisoner; but he had resolved to make a more extended pursuit; he had given notice that he had business inland, and that he might be gone even a month. The boy Peter was the only companion whom he planned to take with him.

CHAPTER V.

ST. MARC.

In one of the most fashionable parts of the city of Vera Cruz stood the dwelling of Antonio St. Marc. Like most of the other houses, it was of a quadrangular form, with a wide court in the centre. It was late in the afternoon and St. Marc had just returned from his gaming club, where he had been to dinner. He made his way to a sumptuous apartment, where everything which wealth could procure for the comfort of the low sensualist, was spread out. He was a man about five and forty years of age; tall and powerful of frame; with a dark, swarthy face; hair black and straight, like an Indian's; eyes of a jetty hue, and features coarse and heavy. He was not a brutal looking man, but he did look like a villain. There was the cast of the cool, calculating rascal in every line of his features, and the peculiar fire of his eye told of a spirit that brooked no restraint. His dress was gaudy in the extreme, his jacket and trowsers being heavily trimmed with gold lace, and several jewels of much value flashing upon his person and fingers. He sat a few moments after he entered his apartment as though he would thank some one to tell him what to do. His eye chanced to fall upon a guitar at length, and he picked it up and commenced to play one of those airs peculiar to the Mexican fandango. He played with much skill, though not with very refined taste.

St. Marc was thus engaged when some one rapped at his door, and he bade them enter. It was one of his servants who came in to announce that there was a man in the hall who would like to speak with the host.

"Show him in," said St. Marc; and in a few moments more the servant returned followed by Jilok Tudel!

"Ah, Tudel. Back once more. I'm glad."

"Ay—back again, Antonio," returned the pirate, taking his host's proffered hand, "but I've had a narrow chance of it."

"Eh? how's that? But you're tired—touch that bell. Ah, that's it. What'll you have? Wine—brandy—"

"Let's have a little pure old Otard. By San Marco, I'm in for a resting spell now."

The servant answered the bell, and the master ordered him to bring the brandy and glasses. The order was obeyed, and after Tudel had tossed off a stiff glass of the liquor, St. Marc asked him what had happened to him.

"I've been a prisoner to a regular Yankee cruiser—a man-of-war. They took my brig, and took me; but you see I managed to escape; and I did it just in the nick of time, too, for in another twelve hours I should have been in the shade of a Yankee prison at Galveston."

There was a peculiar shade passed over St Marc's face, but Tudel did notice it. A keen observer would have imagined from that look that the host was not excessively pleased with his visitor's escape. But whatever may have been his feelings in that respect, they were quickly subdued and kept out of sight.

"But what were the circumstances?" he asked, earnestly, for he was anxious to know what adventures the other had had.

"In the first place," commenced Tudel, "we were overhauled by a Yankee brig—one just about twice as heavy as mine, and carrying a hundred and fifty men and eighteen heavy guns. Nearly two-thirds of our crew were shot down, but even then I should not have surrendered; but I was knocked down by two men while I was engaged with the Yankee captain, and as soon as my men saw me fall they surrendered. I was taken on board the schoo—the brig, I mean, and put in irons, and thus carried into Galveston Bay. I asked the captain to release me for some American prisoners that were here in Vera Cruz; but he coolly informed me that he meant to give me up as a pirate. What do you think of that?"

"Why," returned St. Marc, with a smile, "I should think that he must have known you."

"Ha, ha, ha—so he did. But never mind. I think he'll hunt some time before he finds me again, for I think I'll just stay at home now—at any rate, while this war continues, for the Gulf is swarming with Yankee men-of-war. However, as I was going to tell you—I was put in double irons and confined on the berth-deck, with a sentinel over me all the time. I soon found that I was never going to make my escape save by my own work, for I could get no communication with any of my men, who were on the spar-deck. I at length managed to twist the iron key of my hand-irons with my teeth, so that I could pull it out. Then at night, while in the cot which was provided for me, I slipped off my hand-irons, and with the bar I straightened the twist of the key in my foot-irons; thus, you see, I had both shackles so that I could remove them at will. I had my Texan bowie-knife with me, for as I carried it hidden away in my bosom, they had not detected it."

Tudel stopped here and poured out another glass of brandy, and having drank it, he proceeded:

"The schoo—bah! I'm thinking about the Yankee schooner-of-war we captured and sunk, with sixty men on board. The Yankee brig ran into Galveston Bay in the afternoon, and it was so near dark when they got her anchor down that they concluded to keep us on board until morning. About ten o'clock, the captain of the watch came to post a new sentinel over me, and he asked me if I didn't want to get into my cot. I told him I could sleep better on the stool, and be left me as I was; he put on the new sentry and then went away. For about an hour the fellow walked up and down close by me, and all that time I pretended to be asleep. When six bells struck I began to snore, for I saw that the sentry was tired and would soon be likely to sit down. And this he did at length. He sat down upon a stool very near me, and for a while he gazed me steadily in the face; by-and-by his head drooped, and without any noise I slipped the iron from my right hand, and as soon as his head was fairly turned, I drew my knife. Just then some one came clumping along directly over our heads, and beneath the cover of the noise I slipped the irons from my feet. I was already now, and only waited for the sentry to turn his head towards the ladder of the main hatchway; and this he soon did. Quick as thought I leaped up, and with all my might I drove my knife upon his right temple; the blade sank to the hilt, and he dropped without a groan. I eased him back upon the deck, and then seizing the pants and jacket of a man who slept close by me, I threw off my own garments, and put these on. Next I put out the light, and then walked calmly on deck. As fortune would have it, there was no one in the gangway, and I made my way over the side without being detected. I dropped noiselessly into the water, allowed myself to float astern, and was just going to strike out, when one of the cabin windows was opened. But I hid myself beneath the shade of the rudder, and as soon as the window was closed, and I supposed all was safe, I struck carefully out. I was detected after a while, but the darkness favored me, and I swam with all my power; half a dozen shots were fired after me, but none of them touched me. Two boats were sent off as soon as possible; but I got on shore first, stole a horse from the first house I came to, and as he proved to be a fast one I made good my escape, and—here I am."

"Then you must have lost considerable," St. Marc replied.

"Pooh! it don't signify. What I lost in the old brig amounts to nothing compared with what I have stowed away on shore."

"But you have not told me yet who captured you—only that it was a Yankee."

"Ah, yes. Well, it was a Texan craft, called the Lone Star."

"The *Lone Star?*" repeated St. Marc, with a quick start, but one which his companion did not notice. "I thought she was a small schooner."

"Yes—I believe there was a schooner of that name in the Texan navy once; but she must have been lost or condemned, and her name given to a heavier craft."

"What was the Yankee captain's name?"

"Howard—Clarence Howard—they called him. But why do you look so startled, and shake your head so? Do you think I was captured by a contemptible Yankee schooner?"

St. Marc saw the opportunity to evade the real cause of his emotions, and he resolved to profit by it, even at the expense of touching his visitor upon a tender spot; so he replied:

"Well, Tudel—to tell the truth, it did seem to me that you might have been captured by a schooner, for you came so nigh admitting it yourself; and then I knew that there was a schooner of that name bought by the Texan government on purpose for this same—a—what did you say his name was?"

"Howard."

"Ah, yes—Howard."

"Why, confound your stupidity, St. Marc. I tell you it was a brig—and as heavy in every way as a French corvette. There may have been a Yankee schooner of the same name, as I think there was, but she's either lost or condemned, or perhaps sold."

St. Marc knew now that his guest was lying, for his every look and tone showed it, but he chose to take no further notice of it.

"Never mind, Jilok," he said, with a light laugh. "I only meant to teaze you a little. Of course you, with your noble crew to back you, would never be captured by a simple Yankee schooner."

Tudel gazed hard into his host's face as this was spoken, but he could find no look of double meaning there, and he passed on to a more important question.

"Well, Antonio," he said, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, "there was one spell that I feared our pretty Irene would lose her husband—by the mass, but I had a narrow pass; however, here I am, as I said before, and now how is the damsel?"

"She is well, Jilok."

"And how about her love for me now, do you think?"

"I'm afraid she don't love you well, my old friend. Yet I suppose you wouldn't give her up."

"Give her up!" repeated the pirate, with some show of surprise. "Goodness of the Virgin—ask me to give up my own life! Give up Irene? throw away the brightest jewel in the republic? Never, Antonio—never."

"O, I didn't suppose you would. I only mentioned the matter so that there should be no misunderstanding on the subject."

"That's all right. I have made up my mind that I'll stay at home awhile now, and I may as well have a home of my own as not. I have a plenty of everything but wife. With what you have in your hands, I have over half a million of dollars, and that is something, you know."

"Certainly; that is a great deal. And now how long before you would like to marry?"

"O, most any time; say sometime next month. I suppose these women like to have notice of these things."

"Yes; and I should think that would be notice enough."

Here Jilok poured out another glass of brandy, and having swallowed it, he arose and commenced to walk about the room, examining the old oil paintings that hung upon the walls. One of the pictures represented "Wealth" and "Poverty." There was the representation of a beautiful female, mounted upon a splendid and richly caparisoned Andalusian charger; and near by, with her dark, shrivelled hand extended, as if for alms, was a miserable looking, back-bent old woman.

"By the mass," uttered the pirate, stopping at this picture and then turning to his host, "this puts me in mind of an old hag who intercepted me as I was on my way to my vessel just before I sailed the last time from this place. She is called Calypso the Wanderer. Have you ever seen such a woman?"

"Yes," returned St. Marc, shuddering in spite of his effort to seem unaffected.

"Ha—have you? And what did she want with you?"

"Why, she seemed to be crazy; and as near as I could make out her meaning, she wanted me to be very careful of my child. But what did she want with you?"

"Why—bless her old back, she told me not to presume to make Donna Irene St. Marc my wife. She even went so far as to threaten me with some dire calamity if I *dared* to disobey her. By the mass, I can't help shuddering now when I think of her. But where did you see her?"

"She came here to my own house—and her errand was the same to me as to you. She swore I should suffer if I gave Irene's hand to you,"

"But what and who is she, do you suppose?"

"I'm sure I can't tell."

"But you don't suppose she has any power to carry out her threats, do you, St. Marc?"

"No, I do not. At any rate, I am ready to run my share of the risk. She can only be some crazy old woman, and as my child has bestowed alms upon her several times, I suppose she thought she would stand up for the good of her benefactress."

"What? and do you suppose Irene has told her that she does not wish to marry with me?"

"You can judge of that as well as I. But if she has, what does it amount to? Let the old woman pass."

"Very well, so be it—only that picture is so like her I couldn't help alluding to her."

The conversation now turned upon the war, and for some time the two men discussed the question as they understood it, and they came to the conclusion that it would take but a few weeks longer for Santa Anna to sweep the Yankees from the country. After this conclusion had been satisfactorily arrived at, Tudel arose to take his departure.

"I am not fit for presentation yet," he said, "for I am toil-worn and dusty. I will recruit myself in clothing and cleanliness, and then I'll come and see my bride. You will prepare her for the meeting. Tell her that I love her well, and that I love her alone."

St. Marc promised, and Jilok Tudel took his leave.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PIRATE PLAYS THE LOVER.

Alone in her chamber sat Irene St. Marc. She was one of the fairest of the fair of Vera Cruz, and many a crown of beauty's winning had been placed upon her brow. She was nineteen years of age, and from her mother she had inherited the pure blood of Castile. She was rather slight in frame, but by no means too much so; to have added one span to her height, or one degree to her size, would have surely abstracted from the perfect symmetry of her form. Her hair was of a rich, dark brown, and her eyes of that dark, soft hazel which possesses all the vivacity of the jetty black, with all the mild persuasiveness of the deep, liquid blue. As she sat now by the open window, gazing vacantly out through the vines that clustered thickly about the casement, her full, fair bosom rose and fell as though the thoughts that moved within were of more than ordinary moment. The sun was just sinking, and as the last shadows of day lengthened out into oblivion, the door of her room was opened and her father entered. He gazed upon her a few moments without speaking, and then he moved to her side and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. She started as though some small venomous insect had fallen there. Why that quick shudder should have come she could not tell. She did not voluntarily call it up, nor did she strive to repress it; the emotion was an instinctive one—a quick movement of her own soul—and she almost wondered at it herself.

"Irene," spoke St. Marc, taking a seat near his daughter, "were you aware that Tudel had returned?"

"Yes, Cassandra told me he had come."

"And I suppose you will be ready to receive him when he shall call upon you."

"I suppose I shall be obliged to see him, senor."

"Ah, do you still cherish that old hatred?"

"You can call it old or not, just as you please. It is my hatred of all things evil that leads me to despise Jilok Tudel."

"Bah! Why will you go so directly at work to make yourself miserable, my child? You must marry with him, and there should be an end of your hatred; for by hating him longer, you only sow the seeds of your own misery. Do you not understand it?"

"Surely, senor, I am not so blind as not to see that my hatred of the man will cause me misery if he is to be my husband. But you cannot say that the power of banishing the evil lies with me."

"Why not, pray?"

"Go put your hand into the blazing fire, and see if you can withstand the pain by loving the fire."

"But my hand was made to be destroyed by fire."

"Ay—and so was my soul made to be miserable in its forced contact with evil. I can hardly yet believe that Jilok Tudel will be forced upon me."

"Take care, Irene. Do not allow such a feeling to creep into your bosom, for you must be that man's wife. Remember, this is planned beyond all power of redemption."

To this the maiden made no reply, and after a while her father added:

"I simply came to inform you that Tudel had come, and thus prepare you for his reception. For the rest your own judgment will dictate."

With these words St. Marc arose and left the room. Irene had already prayed to him enough; she had been upon her knees often before him in earnest supplication that this fatal marriage might be put away; but he had only maintained a stern refusal, and she would ask him no more. Why she should thus be sacrificed to the lust of a bloody pirate she could not imagine. At times she tried to hope that her father could not mean it, but this did not avail her, for she never knew him to trifle. She could only think that some stern, dark fate had arisen to drag her on, and that her father was but one of its tools. And lately she had thought as little of that father as possible; there was a chilly sensation in her soul whenever she held his name in her thoughts, and a dim, unspeakable dread dwelt with her when she asked herself why this was so. Sometimes when he looked upon her, she thought his eyes burned like a snake's—that they had a deadly light in them. But she tried to banish these thoughts; though her efforts were like those of the timid child in the night, who tries to shut out the images which some terror-laden story had called up.

Two days passed away from the time of the announcement to her of Tudel's return, and on the afternoon of the third, that man called again. As Irene had expected, he came to her apartment alone. He smiled when he came in, and having reached the place where the maiden sat, he extended his hand; she took it, and without a shudder. She gazed calmly upon him. There was in her soul a conscious superiority to the man before her, and yet, as much as she had cause to dread him, her only feeling now in his presence was one of deep, unmitigated disgust. As she looked upon him standing before her, the thought that she was to be his wife was entirely overshadowed by the thought of the vast moral gulf that intervened between them. And there was one other thought, too, that worked in her mind, and it had come there involuntarily; though after it had come, and she had fully realized its import, she dwelt upon it until it was more fully developed. That was the thought that in this world of God's, there must be some power to avert so dreadful a blow. It came to her as comes the struggling beams of the cottage lamp to the benighted traveller, and no sooner had it become fully developed in her mind, than she grasped it to her soul, and commenced to build her hopes upon it. To be a wanderer in the wide world would be a happiness compared with union with such a man.

"Irene," said the visitor, in a tone which he meant should have been very sweet, but which sounded like the grating of hinges when too carefully moved, "you came very nigh losing me."

"Ah, is it possible?" uttered the maiden, in a tone too calm for terror, and yet too sarcastic for joy.

"Yes; I came nigh being a lost man. But God was kind."

"He was kind—very," said Irene.

Tudel looked into her face to see what she meant; but if he could not read her words, he surely could not read her looks, for they were as unchangeable as the marble statuette that stood upon the table at her elbow. Any one who had seen her in her joy and gladness, would have read much from her face now, but to one who never saw her save when a cloud was upon her fair brow, that sternness had no clear meaning.

"I fell into the hands of a prowling Yankee—a Texan cruiser," resumed Tudel.

"Ah!" said Irene, in a very guarded tone.

"Yes; and but for my own wit and bold daring, I should now have been in a Texan prison."

"Ah," said Irene, again, more guarded, even, than before. "Who was it captured you?"

"A fellow named Howard. He commanded a heavy vessel called the Lone Star."

The maiden said nothing to this; she only let her hand drop upon a sheet of music before her, and as soon as her nerves were steady, she picked it up and ran her eyes over the notes.

"But I made my escape," pursued the dark lover, taking no note of his companion's peculiar emotions. "I was put in double irons, stout and strong—but I cast them off. There was a stout man watching over me—but I overcame him—killed him on the spot, and then—"

"Killed him!" uttered Irene, in a quick, terrified whisper.

"Ay; of course I did."

"Killed Captain Howard?" gasped the maiden, letting both her hands drop, and seizing the edge of the table.

"No, not exactly him; though I wish it might have been him. It was the sentinel he posted over me. But why does it move you so? What had it been to you if I had killed the whole Yankee crew?"

"Nothing, nothing," whispered Irene, with a mighty struggle; "only I thought of your hands being red with the blood of one who had spared your own life."

"Bah! He would have given me up to his judges as a pirate, if he could. He would have brought me to the gallows, if it had been in his power. That is sparing my life with a vengeance!"

Irene soon composed herself, and then she said, with the old coldness upon her:

"You were very fortunate in thus escaping, for of course the Texans would have hung you if they had found you in their power long enough."

"Ay, lady, I was most fortunate; and yet, in all the risk I ran, the thought of meeting you once more was all that nerved me on. Fortunate? Ah, am I not fortunate in thus being spared to bask in the sunlight of your smiles once more."

"Did you ever see me smile, senor?" the maiden asked, in a quaint tone.

"Well—really—I don't know as I ever did. But you will smile; you must smile when you are my wife."

"Perhaps I ought to."

"You ought to, and you must, sweet lady. Why, 'twould be like night all the time to have a sun that would give no light. I think you do smile sometimes."

"When I am happy, senor."

"Then it shall be the work of my every thought to make you happy, Irene."

"You can do so very easily, senor."

"Ah—pray tell me how."

"But will you promise me to do it?"

"I can never make a promise in the dark, lady. I can promise anything in reason, but I cannot bind myself until I know the terms. But your happiness is the highest aim of my life, so tell me how it is to be done."

"Jilok Tudel, leave me, and never think again of making me your wife, and I will not only be very happy, but I will bless you from the very depths of my soul."

"Why couldn't you add, just by way of filling up the pleasant measure, that the cutting off my head would heighten your joy?—because of course I should do it. O, yes—of course."

The man spoke this in a tone half of anger, and half of irony; but he did not allow his passion to manifest itself.

"Do not misunderstand me, senor," Irene returned, very calmly. "I do not wish you harm. I only wish peace for myself."

"So if I should take a fancy for your head, and ask you to let me chop it off, I might swear that I wished you no harm, but only joy to myself. But it wont work, lady. I thought that part of the business was settled. When I reckon up my observation at noon, after I have taken the sun, I don't stop to find if two and two make four, because that was settled way back in the first lesson of mathematics. And so with this sum; that you are to be my wife is one of the solid facts of the past, that must last through all coming time; so now we have only to reckon up from that. I hope you understand."

"Yes, senor—very well."

"I'm glad of that, because you'll know now how to work. But I will just say—just for your present satisfaction and for your information for the future, and for your guidance, too, that nothing on the face of the earth can induce me to give you up. Nothing,—not even death itself. So just consider that settled."

"Certainly, senor—if you say so."

"Well, I do say so; and I mean it, too. And now to something more important—now to working out the sum. When shall we be married?"

"As my wishes are not consulted in the other matter, I see not why they should be in this," replied Irene, directly.

"Because I explained to you that the first proposition is an already established fact; so there is no need of consulting any one about that part."

"But I might surely have been consulted before the *fact*, as you are pleased to call it, was substantiated."

The pirate lover shook his head and smiled.

"Ah," he uttered, "when this fact was made, you were not quite sensible enough to discuss the subject understandingly."

"Explain, senor."

"You were an infant—not over two years old—when your father promised me your hand. Now you understand it. And now tell me what you think of the second part? when shall we be married?"

For the first time Irene felt a pang of real fear, but she soon overcame it, though she resolved not to take any steps now calculated to make Tudel angry, for she wished not to arouse his suspicions as to her real hopes. So she said in reply:

"If I must be your wife, senor, let me at least have some little time to prepare. Say—a—month."

"You have hit rightly, lady. Your father and I had set that very time."

After this, Tudel went into a long account of his plans for the future; and also related the story of his capture, though in this latter course he drew about as much upon his fancy as in the former, being careful to magnify the size of the vessel and the number of the men, by which he had been overcome. And after this he took his leave, promising to call again soon.

It was after sun-down when Tudel left, and as the maiden sat there in her room alone and gazed out upon the garden, she soon forgot the man who had just left her, and her mind went away after another—after one who held a deeper seat in her heart, and whose image formed the clustering point of all her earthly hopes. So deeply engaged was she that she noticed not the entrance of another person into her apartment, and it was not until a light hand was laid upon her shoulder, that she realized the presence of an intruder. She looked quickly around, and met the gaze of Cassandra, her maid.

This new comer was a small, black-eyed girl, not over seventeen years of age, with fair and handsome features, and exhibiting a degree of wit and intelligence seldom found in one of her class and station. She was of Creole stock, an orphan, and had been with Irene from early childhood, her father having been a ranchero living upon a small farm belonging to St. Marc.

"Cassandra," said Irene, speaking in that sure manner which would indicate that she was broaching no new thought, "suppose I were to be cast out on the world, a wanderer and beggar?"

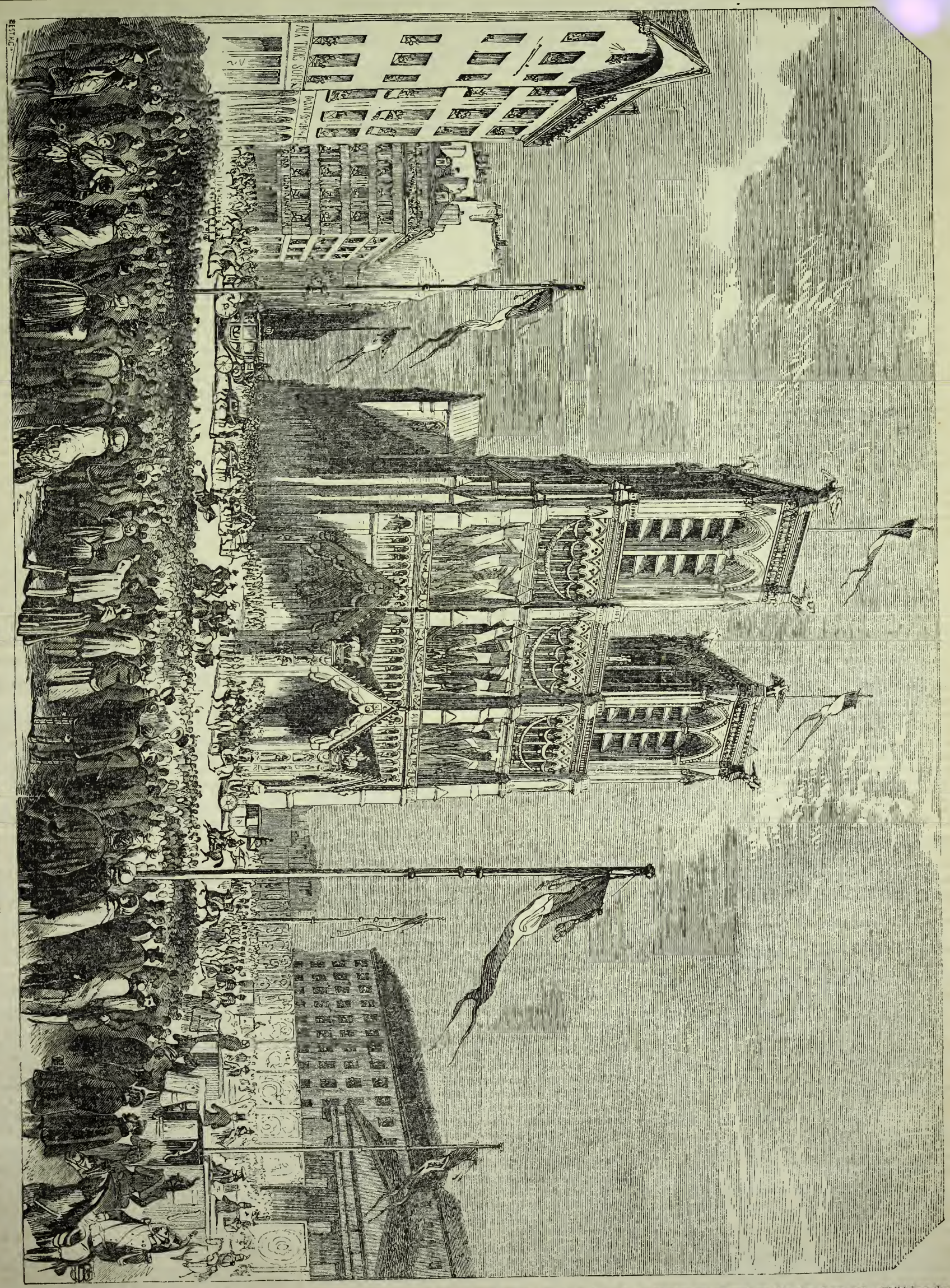
"Then I would wander and beg with you," the girl replied, quickly and with a beaming eye.

"If I should ask you," said Irene.

"No, no—you should not drive me from you," cried Cassandra, throwing her arms about the neck of her mistress. "I would beg my food from door to door, ere I would take the dark pirate for my husband."

Irene made no reply, but bowed her head and burst into tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, AT PARIS.

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.

The splendid engraving which accompanies our text, presents on a large scale, the famous old cathedral of Notre Dame, or our Lady of Paris, the scene of Victor Hugo's thrilling romance of the same name, and one of the most interesting monuments of ecclesiastical architecture now extant. It is drawn as it appeared when decked with banners, the square in front filled with the military and the people, on the occasion of Louis Napoleon's recent attendance at high mass. The imperial carriage, drawn by six splendidly caparisoned horses, is seen approaching the entrance. A brilliant cortege of staff officers is in attendance, and the whole scene has that theatrical effect so peculiar to the public ceremonies of the French. The precise date of the erection of this edifice is not certainly known. In the time of the Romans a temple existed on this spot, the foundations of which were discovered in 1711. It is said that a church dedicated to St. Stephen was erected on this site about 365. Childebert the son of Clovis, either enlarged or rebuilt it about the year 522. Robert, son of Hugh Capet, undertook its reconstruction. The church as it stands, was probably actually commenced about the year 1000. Pope Alexander III. laid the first stone. Its interior is paved with black marble. The organ is a remarkably fine one; it is 45 feet high, 36 broad and contains 3484 pipes. Its proportion and elaborate finish render this the finest of Gothic churches.

[Translated from the French of Beranger for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PONIATOWSKI.*

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last king of Poland, born in 1776, served gloriously in the French armies from 1806 to 1813. After the battle of Leipsic, Napoleon raised him to the rank of marshal of the empire, and gave him the command of a corps of Poles and French, at the head of which he performed prodigies of valor. On the 18th of October the bridges over the Elster having been destroyed to cover the retreat of the French, Poniatowski, left behind with the rear guard, and, pressed on all hands by the enemy's troops, rejected the propositions their generals made to him. Dangerously wounded, he cried: "God has confided to me the honor of the Poles, and I surrender it to God alone." He tried to force a passage through the river, but swept away by the waves he was engulfed, and his body found upon the banks of the Elster after the lapse of some days.]

I.

In full retreat? you? victors of the world?
At Leipsic did false fortune go astray?
You fly! the shattered bridge, to ruin hurled,
By growling waves is rudely borne away.
Soldiers, arms, horses, and the blackened piers
Wildly in Elster's waves together chafe—
That roll, insensible to prayers and tears—
"Frenchmen! one hand alone—and I am safe."

II.

"Only a hand! wo! wo! he speaks too late.
Pass on—who is it asks us thus to stay?"
'Tis Poniatowski struggling with his fate,
Thrice wounded in the bloody work to-day.
But what of that? Fear hardens every heart—
Not one will listen to yon floating waif.
He from his struggling horse is forced to part—
"Frenchmen! one hand alone—and I am safe?"

III.

He dies. Not yet:—stoutly he stems the wave.
And to the long mane of his courser clings.
"To drown!" he cries—"while near me fight the brave,
While still the volley parts, the sabre rings!
Help, comrades! ye have praised my arm of old—
I loved you, and with you all peril braved:
For France the hope of life still let me hold—
Frenchmen! a single hand, and I am saved."

IV.

No succor comes; and now his failing hand
Forsakes its hold! Poland! a long farewell!
But soft! a vision from a better land
Weaves round his dying soul a magic spell.
"Once more the proud white eagle sweeps the sphere—
In Russian blood his snowy plumes are laved—
A song of victory bursts upon my ear—
Frenchmen! a single hand, and I am saved."

V.

No help—the Polish hero is no more—
And by the turbid river's reedy walls
The foe encamps upon the vanquished shore.
Yet still a sad voice from the river calls;
And late (O grant me, Heaven, belief!) that cry
Again was heard—again the echoes gave
From the blue vault the accents back—and why?
"Frenchmen! it only needs one hand to save."

VI.

'Tis Poland and her brave, heroic race,
Whose truth to us has oft been proved in fight—
She drowns in her own flood that flows apace,
Blood shed to keep her sacred honor bright.
Like that dead chief who for our country fell,
Whose poor remains the swollen Elster laved,
A sinking nation, that has served us well,
Cries, "France! a single hand, and we are saved."

* Written by Beranger in 1831.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE ship swept gracefully from her moorings into the beautiful bay, and leaving the Island City to fade in the distance, was soon sailing at so rapid a rate through the Narrows that when the crimson lights of sunset dipped into the west, she was far out at sea, and the last faint outline of the blue shore merged into the yet bluer waves of the mighty deep. As twilight darkened into night, and one after another of the glorious constellations that gem the vault of heaven rose in the east, glistening with unusual size and brilliancy in the pellucid atmosphere, as streaks and sparkles of phosphorescent light trailed after the broad path of the majestic vessel,—a scene of such impressive quiet and solemnity was presented to the few passengers, that every turbulent emotion was lulled into a sweet repose, and even the deep grief that lashed so fearfully one heart was nursed into a tender melancholy, that, at the time, seemed almost too holy a feeling to be exchanged for even the intensest joy.

It was a fair, young girl whose sorrow was thus calmed by the beauty of her first night at sea, the daughter of that proud old general, upon whose arm she leaned, as she paced the deck or rested against the bulwarks, the heiress of one of England's richest and loveliest domains. It was strange that she, so blest with youth and beauty, with a dower so heavy and so golden, with friends so countless and so precious, the jewel, too, of her old father's heart,—that she should bear within her soul a grief so stern; and stranger still that a parent's will should have stricken the sunbeam from her path.

Yet so it was. There lived on earth no prouder heart than that old general's, and disappointed in the single birth that marked his union with the lovely wife who came to his middle age like one of heaven's angels, so beauteous and so true, he centred upon the infant daughter all the hopes and wishes that he would have joyed to scatter over a long line of heirs, never forgetting, as he spanned her future with its glorious bow, to shed a regretful tear, that she could not, like him, boast of a Briton's nativity. That being a fact of so palpable a character that it could not be dashed out of sight or memory, he endeavored to remedy what might be its attendant evils, by an intense and unceasing strife to indoctrinate her thoroughly with English views, determined that though the accidence of birth had made her American, the discipline of life should make her loyalty unquestioned. Their mansion, its grounds, their style of living, their attendants, were all after the pattern of her old British ancestors, while from childhood up she was taught or bade to reverence that mother-home over the sea. From her father's lips as she nestled on his knees, from the daily lessons of her governess, from her books and plays, even, it was brought before her as a glorious land, as one towards whom all nations turned with regard and veneration, whose sons were all heroes, whose daughters all fair, whose soil was like Eden, whose laws were perfect, whose institutions religiously pure, and whose whole history brilliant with the glory that is born of undaunted heroism.

But somehow—we leave it for those better versed in mental philosophy than we to determine why—the old father failed, despite all his efforts, to make an English girl of his little American born daughter. "Merrie England," with all its historic renown, did not fill by far so large a place in her young heart as that fair and beautiful land whose skies had smiled so genially upon her when first she opened her eyes. She liked well enough to read stories of her father's home; but she loved better to sport amid the bright, fresh flowers that crowned her own; its sunshine playing about her brow was a golden crown that rested lighter there, and made her far happier, too, than that ducal coronet he had so often told her would one day sparkle amidst her curls. While under the shelter of the aristocratic old mansion whose walls her father had told her were massive as the turreted towers of his English castle, she would sing the ballads that he joyed to hear her learn, dance to British music, pore over British lore, and act the little English girl quite perfectly; but once out on the broad green meadows that skirted the environs of their park, and she was the veriest little rebel that ever disdained King George. In the humble, moss-roofed cottage of the widow Randolph, one of those peerless women who had herself buckled the sword of freedom to her husband's side, and with her own hands borne his wounded body from the glorious field in which he fell battling for his hearth, his wife and child, in that American home and at that American fireside, Kate Stanley forgot that a drop of English blood flowed in her veins, or remembering it, wished only that she could drain it out. She would sing with a sweetness she never poured into her nurse's songs, the somewhat uncouthly-worded ballads of the patriot army, while the melody of those loftier strains that even then had flowed from American lyres, became almost angelic as they trembled, bird like, upon her lips. With a raptured ear she would listen to the pale mourner's story of the wealth and glory of this western world, with the waves of two grand oceans washing its shores. With a tearful eye she would hear the story of its wrongs, and that eye would burn with a strange brilliancy, as its victorious battles were recounted, and its onward and upward path prophesied, now that as a free and glorious nation it was recognized. And when the hour for her return to her palatial home had come—and it even came too soon,—she would join with Mrs. Randolph and her gallant soldier's boy in a fervent prayer that the God of heaven would bless the young, fair States; and she would say, with a solemnity passing strange in the voice of one so youthful, "My home may be in England, but my heart I'll leave behind me."

Little thought she how fondly those words were cherished by her playmate George, the patriot son; or that they gave to his future life a coloring such as sunset clouds give to the west; that they spurred his ambition with a hope almost too beautiful for earth. Little reeked she of the seeds she was sowing in her own and his young heart by communing so often with himself and his mother in their humble home. Seeking for a joy there that was not afforded her under loftier roofs, and finding it, she thought only of its present charm, caring not for the morrow, because absorbed in the beauty of to-day. And matters had sped thus from the time of Kate's seventh to her seventeenth birthday. But when in sailor garb, George Randolph met her beside the sylvan spring whose waters had so often cooled their flushed brows after childhood's romps, met her to say she was bound for a far distant sea, and that months would roll away ere he returned; then the young girl's eyes were opened, and through the tears that shone in them sparkled the rainbow of her life, its colors all woven deftly by the hand of love, its span stretching from heart to heart.

* * * * *

"I will bind you by no promises, my own sweet Kate. Not till as captain of a gallant ship I can stand before your father and ask of him your hand,—not until then will I bind this little trembler." And he lovingly laid his fingers upon the maiden's heart. "I go contented, knowing that the prize has only to be claimed—already won."

Their arms were entwined, their fingers tangled, golden curls mingling with raven locks, lips pressing lips, tears joining tears, heart throbbing to heart, and then the unspoken vow registered in heaven, they parted. Parted and did not meet till time had carried in its flight three summers to its grave. Then captain of as beautiful a ship as ever sailed upon the main, christened by loving memory and glowing hope, "The Bride of the Ocean;" then young Randolph gaily sought his Kate again, and as he clasped her to his heart, his own, his beautiful, life became to him divine, so heavenly was its aspect.

Alas, for those young hearts! Did they not see the darkening frown upon the old general's brow, as, unannounced, he entered the boudoir, within whose alcoved window sat the lovers? Nay, for hope was in their eyes, that hope that transforms wrinkles into smiles. As a frost in June, so fell his angry words upon their ears.

"I would see my daughter a corsair's bride as soon as I would see her wed the son of one who died a rebel to his king. No, young man; you leave my house this moment, and leaving it, leave hope behind you. God alone can change my will, and from her birth that will has been to see my Kate a duchess. Away!" and he stormed in fury,—"away!—yes, and I'll away myself from this rebellious land! I'll sacrifice my wealth, if it must be, but I'll abide no longer here. In England, I'll forget all but one spot in this cursed country; but for that grave, I would forget it all!"

There was the pride of English blood in the old general's forehead as he spoke; but there was the pride of a noble soul upon Randolph's as he turned away, answering only:

"I would have made your daughter a happy wife, a *duke* could do no more. I would have been to her a husband, whose heart was all her own, and whose blood six thousand years ago was flowing in old Adam's veins; a *duke* could say no more."

The grass did not grow under his feet, ere he stood again upon the deck of his gallant ship. "Bride of the Ocean," said he, "henceforth you are my bride likewise. My life I will share with you, and your sails shall be my winding sheet."

And true to his words, angry ones though they were, General Stanley, in less than three months after the discovery of his daughter's love, engaged their passage to his ancestral home, pride blinding his eyes to the pallor of her fair young face, and to the sorrow that was crushing out her life.

THE STRANGE SHIP.

They had been a week at sea—old General Stanley and his daughter Kate, the heart of the one growing lighter and happier each day as the distance widened between him and his late American home, and that of the latter heavier and sadder. But one thought cheered her—that the same ocean rolled beneath her and her lover. Somehow she felt nearer to him while on the main, and dreaded to see the white cliffs of Britain rise from the wave; like the gravestones of her heart's happiness, they loomed up in the dim light of her wasted hopes. England was to be the charnel house of her young life, and she sometimes thought it would be bliss to have the blue waves, over which the Sea Bird now carried her so swiftly, bear her down to some coral grove, and leave her there a pale, passionless, human wreck.

It was the eighth day of their passage out, and so far it had been as favorable as the most sanguine could have anticipated. Every night had been as beautiful as the first; the days had been delightful, with their clear, golden skies, while the fair, fresh breezes had swelled the white canvass till, like its namesake, the gallant vessel seemed to fly over the crested waves. But that morning, as the general, at an early hour, ascended to the deck, he marked an anxious look upon the captain's brow. An acquaintanceship of "auld lang syne" warranted him in making inquiry as to the cause. Captain Petors hesitated a moment ere he answered:

"I would not alarm you unnecessarily, but I wish to heaven we were some hundred miles nearer the English coast."

"And why?"

The answer was given in a husky voice:

"The last ship that arrived in port ere we sailed was attacked by pirates somewhere about here. They were worsted in the conflict, and swore vengeance on the next that met them, and, general, a pirate is not likely to break an oath like that. If we meet them, there will be hot work between us. My gallant fellows, I could fear to see them die fighting against noble men, but that pirates should take their blood—ha!" and his eye sparkled fiercely; "they'll take it at a costly price."

"My child—my beautiful Kate!" cried the general, with a blanched face, as the captain turned away; and his heart grew sick as he thought of her fate, should the pirates board them victoriously. Death—ah, worse than death—is the doom of the beautiful then. He wrung his wrinkled hands, he wiped from his forehead drops of agony, he beat his bosom, he even prayed, though for years the true, earnest prayer had not passed his lips.

As day deepened into noon, and no sail hove in sight, he became somewhat reassured, and the cheerfulness which he had assumed the better to mask his fear, became a reality, and he laughed and chatted with his daughter, and bade her string anew her guitar and sing to him the ballads of Old England.

The sweet voice of Kate was warbling a most delicious trill, when suddenly, as though a thunderbolt fell from a cloudless sky, there loomed through the cabin the sullen roar of cannon, and again and again it reverberated, and each time the tones were deeper and nearer. The old man wound his arms about his child, and in breathless anxiety awaited the result, promising the trembling girl that with his own hands he would put out her life ere she should be the pirate's victim.

The afternoon wore on, and still the horrid din above, every moment growing more horrible, continued to rend the ears of the shivering couple; still they clung to each other, never daring to hope, but only fearing and now and then striving to pray. Bravely fought the English crew, though they had not men, but rather fiends or demented brutes to encounter, and were, besides, but few opposed to many. Gloriously did their captain lead them on, when, the cannonading over, the pirates poured upon their deck. Though his own blood dyed his hands and spouted over his face from his many wounds, he yet fought on, cheering them till his

voice was hoarse in death, and with the last pulsation of his hand, brandishing aloft his scarlet cutlass. But all in vain. There was a shout, a rush, and trodden under foot were the few who yet had strength to fight, and then rung out the proud huzzas of the pirates, and more fearful than the wail of a tempest, came the piercing sounds to the ears of the captives below.

"Strike, father,—strike!" cried Kate; and she bared her heart to her father's hand. "Death—O, a thousand deaths—before the fate that now awaits me!"

The old man held the uplifted dagger. What thoughts were crowded into that moment—what agonizing thoughts, and worst and most harrowing of all, had not his own reckless pride of birth brought him and her to this dark hour! But for that, and the strong arm of a husband might now have shielded the beautiful one who was beseeching a parent's hand to take her life.

"O God," cried he, with snow-white lips, "verily, thy judgment has fallen heavily upon me! I crushed out the joy of her heart, and now I must dash out its life!" He quivered, the blade fell from his hand, and he sank upon the floor in a swoon that lasted for hours.

"Kill me—kill me!" cried Kate, as, lifting her weeping eyes from his pale face, she beheld one whom she rightly guessed was captain of the pirate crew standing in the doorway. "Kill me and bury us together in the sea!" And rising, she flung herself upon her knees before her captor.

"Calm yourself, gentle lady," said he, in low, earnest tones. "No violence shall meet you or your aged parent. We do not war with the defenceless. The bloodhounds that have hunted us alone shall feel our deadly power. Your cabin shall be as sacred as a sister's. But you must remove from here. The ship is sinking. Gather your valuables ere I return."

In less than an half hour he was again beside her, aiding her to the deck, while three of the least brutish of his crew were bearing thither, also, the still inanimate form of her father. Kate could not repress a scream as the fearful battlefield met her sight, so used to the beautiful only.

"Draw your veil, lady, and close your eyes. It is indeed an unseemly sight for a maiden like yourself. Yield yourself to my arms as to a brother's."

And faint and heartsick, Kate was obliged to do so, and darkened her vision till the pirate's voice assured her she might look up unblushingly. She found herself in a small but elegant room, pannelled in oak, and ornamented with richly carved mouldings. Delicate silver lamps were suspended from the ceilings, exquisite pictures in heavily gilded frames lined the sides, curtains of rich damask draped the small windows, whose panes were of lustrous and colored glass, a carpet from Turkish looms softened the footfall, luxurious divans, elected to the floor, invited the weary to repose, and a sort of Oriental elegance pervaded the whole apartment, intoxicating the senses and bewildering and fascinating the mind.

Kate noted none of these things then. She was too intent upon restoring once more to consciousness that father whose life seemed to hang on so slight a thread. But afterwards, in the weary hours of her captivity, she wondered at them all, and studied, too, how one with the exquisite taste here shown could so give up his soul to evil deeds.

As the old general at length sighed himself again into visible communion with the world, the Bold Buccaneer took in its last prizes from the sinking ship, and then pouring a broadside upon her, it sped away, and at the same moment the Sea Bird fluttered to her grave.

THE RESCUE.

Three weeks had glided by since Kate and her father first found themselves in the pirate's ship. The promises made to her had thus far been sacredly fulfilled. Once a day, for a fortnight, had the young captain tapped respectfully at the door, to inquire after their healths and to know if anything were yet needed for their comfort; but then, as he beheld how thin and pale the daughter had grown with her vigils—for her father had lain very sick ever since that fearful swoon,—he gently but firmly insisted upon sharing her watches. And no son could have been kinder than was he to that aged man, whose life-story, it was but too evident, was nearly told.

This last night he had spent entirely at his side, fairly driving Kate to the rest she so sorely needed. At early dawn she had released him from his care, and was just busying herself about those thousand nameless little duties of affection which none but a woman's eye can note, when she was startled to perceive him again at her side, and with a countenance so white that she could scarcely restrain a cry. He motioned her to be silent, and to come to the window opposite. It was a fearful tale he had to tell her. His men had mutinied. In the silence of the night, while their young commander was once again opening his heart to the beautiful and the true, to the angels that had flown out and in, they had perfected their secret plans, and he and his two captives were now under the thraldom of the fierce spirits above.

It was long ere he told her what had first caused the dissatisfaction—that it was because he resolutely refused to give up the fair prize to their ruthless hands, telling them he would defend the defenceless with his life.

"O, I have been wicked," said he. "My hands are deeply dyed; but the blood of innocent girlhood has never stained them. The memory of my sainted mother forbade that crime. I was not always what I am. But do not fear," observing that Kate was shivering in every nerve. "Not till my body lies cold will they reach you or your father."

Three days passed on, and the prisoners were left unmolested, why they did not fairly know, only the captain guessed it was because of disagreements among the mutineers themselves. Each wanted the command, each wanted the beautiful prize, and the blackened hearts of all shuddered at the thoughts of encountering their late commander. True, he was their prisoner, but they knew only by stratagem. In broad daylight not one would have dared make him so, so strong are the truly brave and so indomitable their power over those who are urged on by no higher than mercenary or brutish motives.

Night was just fading into daylight—the daylight of the fourth morning,—when a confused sound was heard above. The listeners were breathless. But the keen ear of the captain soon detected the cause.

"Some ship has hove in sight and commanded them to run up their colors. 'I wonder'—and he half smiled—"I wonder whose ensign it will be?"

The confusion seemed to increase, the din became noisier, the heavy booming of cannon being added to the terrible sounds. To Kate, it seemed that she was carried back three weeks, and again in the cabin of the Sea Bird. She clung wildly to her parent's hand, that hand whose pulses grew weaker each moment. Their companion strove to calm her:

"It cannot be worse for us than it was. Let us hope it may be better. But I lost all my true-hearted men in that last conflict. They would have torn the heart out of any who had spoken of thus imprisoning me. They—but hist! The vessel is boarded! They are hard at it now! The cowards—the miscreants—I could strike them dead myself! They fly—ah, their meanness to their captain has unnerved them!"

And so it was. They missed the dauntless arm that had led them on for the last two years, and yielded with only half-dealt blows.

"Do not kill them," said the young commander of the vessel who had assailed them; "they who yield so tamely are unworthy to die by brave men's hands. Capture them; put irons on their weak wrists, and let the gallows finish them!" And he descended to the cabins.

"Prisoners! Ah, I wonder whom the fiends have shut up here?" as he marked the chained doors. "But I'll soon learn;" and he shivered them before him. "Wraith of my friend Frederick—and how comes it here?" exclaimed he, as the late captain, pistol in hand, strode bravely before the unknown intruder, determined to defend to the last the sister of his adoption.

"Randolph!—you—is it you? Bless God for the deliverance!"

"But what brings you or keeps you here, my old lieutenant Fred?" And the young men rushed into each other's arms.

"It is too long a story to tell you now. I have had devils—ay, seven of them in me, but the angels have cast them out. Come with me now, and reassure the two that I left half dead in the cabin beyond." And he drew his friend along, and unclosed the door of the small and lovely room which had been so sacred to the captives.

"Kate!"

"Randolph!"

Two voices, but blended as are song and word, and the parted lovers, so strangely met, were folded in a long embrace.

Fred looked on in wonder, and the old general rubbed his dim eyes and muttered to himself, "The match was made in heaven, and evil to him who strives to break it up."

THE BRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

The pirate crew, or the remnant of them, rather, had been duly manacled. A portion of Randolph's men, sufficient to navigate the prize, had been put aboard of her, with orders to steer for the nearest home port. The old general, his daughter and Lieutenant Fred had been transferred from the sumptuous cabin of the Bold Buccaneer to the plainer yet still elegant one of the Bride of the Ocean, and both vessels were now under full canvass.

With a noiseless step, Captain Randolph entered the cabin of his passengers, or prizes, as he playfully termed them, and seating himself beside the couch of the general, begged permission to ask a question.

"I am homeward bound," said he, "and cannot, in justice to my owners, tack again, or I would gladly see yourself"—and he hesitated—"and your daughter safe to English shores. Shall I put you aboard the first outward ship we meet, or will you return with me to America and start anew?"

His hand was grasped by the old man.

"George Randolph," whispered he, for he was too weak to speak aloud, "do you yet love my Kate?"

"Love her! Adore her!" answered he, passionately.

"Then she shall be your wife, and *now*. There is no time for idle ceremony. She has been twice snatched from a peril worse than death. She has need of a husband's care, poor motherless, brotherless, and soon to be fatherless child. I am near unto death, but I cannot die till I have seen her wedded. Call the chaplain."

And then and there, on the broad Atlantic, midway between her ancestral and her birth-home, Kate Stanley was wedded to George Randolph, the playmate of her childhood, the lover of her girl-life, and the abiding hope and joy of her womanhood. And her father, the proud old Briton, blessed, and fervently, too, the union of hands and hearts, for sorrow and the visible presence of the death angel had unsealed the purer fountains of his breast, and their crystal streams had baptized him into nobler views of men and things. And when, an hour later, as, at the earnest request of his gallant men, the young captain ascended to the deck, with his lovely companion, they, to a man, blessed the beautiful and noble couple, and then, with the enthusiasm of "tars," gave three cheers and three times three for Kate—Kate Randolph, the good, the fair and the true—the Bride of the Ocean! * * *

"Keep me alive, if you can, till the shores of America loom in view," whispered the aged general. "O, do not bury me in the sea! Lay me beside my beautiful dead; lay me where the sunshine can find me—where Kate can weep over me—where prattling children can say, 'It is grandfather's grave!'"

And they tenderly watched him, and strove with love's eagerness to fan the faint life-spark,—they, the son, the daughter and the penitent Fred; while above the still cabin the brave seamen prayed for fair winds.

Heaven heard and answered the wish. Not till the Bride of the Ocean was gracefully sweeping into the glorious bay, the spires of the Island City, all golden with dawn-light, looming up in brilliant array,—not till Kate had whispered in low, earnest tones, "We are home, dear father!"—not till then did God claim the spirit, and the shrouded form sank not beneath the blue waves of the ocean, but went to its grave-rest in the old churchyard beside the beautiful dead.

THE EMPEROR AND THE SULTAN.

The past history of the family of Louis Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey is full of interesting and marvellous incidents, some of which are probably not generally known to our readers. These two monarchs, now so cordially united in the struggle to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire, are both grandsons of American ladies. These ladies were born and raised in the same neighborhood, on the island of Martinique, one of the islands of the West Indies. They were of French origin, and companions and intimate friends in childhood and youth. They were Josephine de Tascher and a Miss S——. The history of Josephine is generally known. She went to France, and was married to M. de Beauharnais, by whom she had one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Hortense. Some time after the death of Beauharnais, Josephine was married to Napoleon Bonaparte, and became Empress of France. Her daughter, Hortense, was married to Louis Bonaparte, then King of Holland, and the present Emperor of France is her son by this marriage. Miss S—— quitted the island of Martinique some time before her friend. But the vessel that was carrying her to France was attacked and taken by the Algerine corsairs, and the crew and passengers were made prisoners. But this corsair ship was in turn attacked and pillaged by Tunis pirates, and Miss S—— was carried by them to Constantinople, and offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found her a purchaser in the Sultan himself, and she soon became the chief lady of the seraglio and Sultaness of Turkey. Mahomed II. was her son, and the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid, is the son of Mahmoud. Thus the two sovereigns, who now occupy so large a place in the world's eye, are grandsons of American Creole girls.—*Pittsburg Post.*

BIRDS AS INSECT DESTROYERS.

The activity of birds when they have young is most surprising. Dr. Macgillivray records the observations made by a friend on a pair of blue titmice when rearing their young. The parent birds began their labor of love at half-past three o'clock in the morning, and did not leave off till after eight o'clock in the evening, after being almost incessantly engaged for nearly seventeen hours. Mr. Weir counted their various returns to the nest, and found them to be 475. Up to four o'clock, as a breakfast, they were fed twelve times; between five and six, forty times, flying to and from a plantation more than one hundred and fifty yards from their nest; between nine and ten o'clock, they fed them forty-six times, and they continued at their work till the time specified, sometimes bringing in a single large caterpillar, and at times two or three small ones. The number of destructive insects removed by birds when feeding their young must be astonishing, if they are in any degree as active as the two blue titmice so patiently observed by Mr. Weir on the 4th of July, 1837. Great as the number of returns to the nest seems to be, it certainly does not exceed that of the common window swallow.—*Adam White.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National System of Political Economy. By Frederick List. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 497.

The publication of such a valuable work as this is a happy symptom of the healthy condition of the public mind, and the enterprise of our publishers. List is one of the ablest of political writers. The book was translated from the German by G. A. Matile, has Henri Richelot's Notes to the French edition, and a preliminary essay and notes by Stephen Colwell. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The Green Mountain Girls. By Blythe White, Jr. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp 406.

A very pleasant Vermont story, with capital pictures of rural life in New England. The plot is ingenious and interesting, and the book is splendidly illustrated by Barry and Orr.

The Summer of the Pestilence. By George D. Armstrong, D. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 192.

The narrative of the ravages of the yellow fever at Norfolk, Va., during the summer of 1855, is well written, and will be read with a mournful interest. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

New Music.—G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Row, has just published the "Fall of Sebastopol," an heroic polka for the piano, by Wm. Dressler.

Notes of Travel in Egypt, the Holy Land, etc. By Benj. Dorr, D.D., Rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 396.

Concerning the storied East, much has been written, but not too much. Each traveller's views throw new light on this wondrous region, which Dr. Dorr paints with fascinating colors. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Poems. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Amyas Leigh," "Hypatia," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 18mo. pp. 284.

The greater part of this volume is occupied by a dramatic poem, the "Saint's Tragedy," founded on a story of the Middle Ages, full of capability, and worked up with great power and effect. It is a work of true genius, though not perhaps of a character to command immediate popularity.

Memoir of Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 348.

There have been few nobler lives than that of Bishop Heber—a man of splendid genius, of fine social qualities, and a true Christian. His biography, written by his widow, has been abridged by a clergyman, and makes a most readable volume.

The Roman Exile. By Guglielmo Gajani. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 450.

The author of this interesting volume is a resident of the United States, but formerly a representative in the Roman Constituent Assembly of 1849, and exiled on account of his political acts. He paints a period of the deepest interest, viewed from a high personal standpoint. As an exponent of the views of the Roman republicans, he will command universal attention.

The War in Kanzas. By G. Douglas Brewerton. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 400.

Since all the world on this side of the water is talking Kanzas night and day, Mr. Brewerton's notes of "a rough trip to the border among new homes and a strange people," with Darley's admirable illustrations, will be sure to sell like hot cakes. The author writes with a great deal of spirit, and expresses his views fearlessly. Many of his sketches of character are admirable. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.



JAPANESE WRESTLERS.



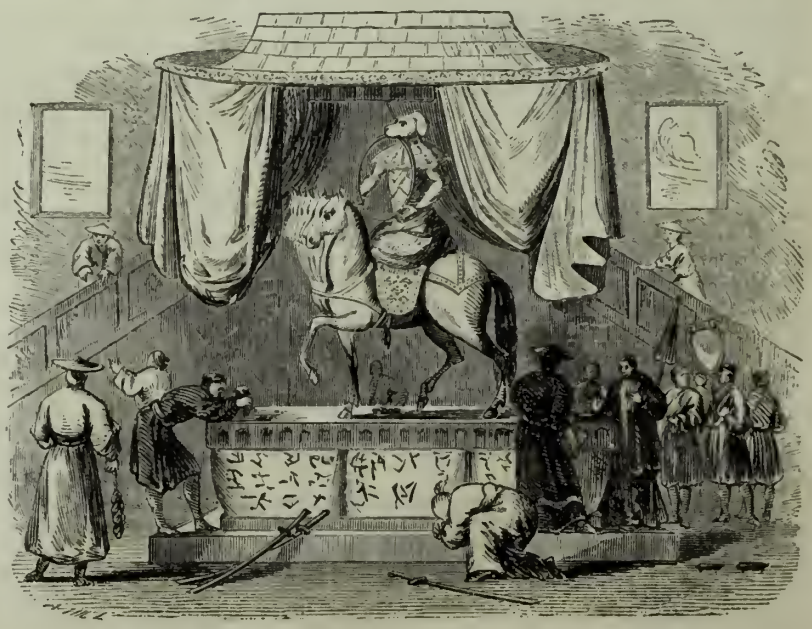
MAID OF HONOR'S CHARIOT.

JAPANESE SCENES.

On this and the succeeding page we present our readers with a series of very striking illustrations of the manners, customs and peculiarities of the Japanese, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill, from the material collected for the Pictorial by an officer of the United States expedition, some of the results of whose researches have already been presented to our readers, and elicited many urgent requests for their continuance. Our first picture represents a couple of burly Japanese wrestlers, engaged in their rather formidable sport, in the presence of an assembly as much excited by the performance as were the refined Greeks during the Olympic games. Wrestling holds no mean position among the bodily exercises in the opinion of the Japanese. In the encouragement of athletic sports, they doubtless have something more than mere pastime in view; and like the ancient Greeks and Romans, consider these exercises a fitting preparation for the exigencies of war. Hippocrates, the father of physicians, was a strong advocate of wrestling; and Theodorus, Priscianus and Oribasius spoke in favor of it. So that the Japanese have excellent authorities for their practice. The place where the wrestling occurs is surrounded by a railing of about half the height of the spectators. The judge of the field is seated on a hill, under a square roof, supported by four pillars, not very unlike the judge's stand upon our American race-courses. The wrestlers put their hair under a net, made in the form of a cap, which they draw close and fasten to the crown of their heads, from a small string which descends to their backs. They are stripped from the waist upward, but on their sides and backs wear a copper plate engraved with the imperial arms, open on the breast, and made fast about the waist with two cords; their breeches are tied up by strings to the plates. Thus equipped, they enter with ardor into the contest; and the victor, after throwing his antagonist, presents himself to the judge, who awards a prize of silver or gold plates, sometimes bearing the imperial arms. The second picture represents one of those little two-wheeled chariots, in which the maids of honor, according to the Dutch travellers in Japan, are accustomed to take their airings. These are represented as very elegant equipages, according to the Japanese taste; they have gilt and silver plates at the extremities, the spokes of the wheel are of cedar carved and gilded, and the tires are of copper. The seat, which accommodates only one person, is spread with tapestry, which descends between the wheels; the front part, of an oval form, is open, while a stately canopy overhead protects the fair occupant from the sun and rain, and she draws her curtain when she pleases to keep off the wind. The propelling power is a stout man, with poles across his shoulders. The third engraving depicts a couple of itinerant bonzes or priests. These priests generally go about in pairs, as depicted in our illustration, wearing ragged apparel. The never shave their beards, nor cut their hair—the elfish and disordered state of it giving them a singular appearance. On their heads they wear six-cornered caps, wrought like a net, with two points before and two behind. They are always provided with tablets to write on, a cloth, a calabash, and a chain of small horns, by which they tell over their prayers. Their temples stand on the very summit of the mountains, and are reached by precipitate pathways. These saints generally spend their time among the sick, muttering prayers in a language peculiar to their order. Kampfer tells us of an old monk eighty years old, and a native of Nagasaki, who had spent the "greatest part of his life in holy pilgrimages, running up and down the country, and visiting almost all the temples of the Japanese empire. The superstitious vulgar had got such a high notion of his holiness, that even in his lifetime they canonized and reverenced him as a great saint, to the extent of worshipping his statue, which he caused to be carved of stone, exceeding in this even Alexander the Great, who had no divine honors paid him during his life. Those of his countrymen who were of our retinue did not fail to run thither, and see and pay their respects to that holy man." Kampfer, in speaking of the beggars and begging priests of Japan, adds some particulars respecting a certain remarkable religious order of young girls, called *bikuni*, which is as much as to say, nuns. They live under the protection of the nunneries at Kamakara and Miako, to which they pay a certain sum a year of what they get by begging, as an acknowledgement of their authority. They are, in my opinion, by much the handsomest girls in Japan. The daughters of poor parents, if they be handsome and agreeable, apply for, and easily obtain this privilege of begging in the habit of nuns, knowing that beauty is one of the most persuasive inducements to charity. The *jamabo*, or begging mountain priests (of whom more hereafter), frequently incorporate their own daughters into this religious order, and take their wives among these *bikuni*. "The *jamabo*, or mountain priests, or rather *jamabuo*, or mountain soldiers, at all times go armed. "They do not shave their heads, but follow the rules of the first founder of this order, who mortified his body by climbing up steep, high mountains; at least they conform themselves thereunto, in their dress, apparent behaviour, and some outward ceremonies—for they are fallen short of his rigorous way of life. They have a head or general of their order, residing at Miako, to whom they are obliged to bring a certain sum every year, and who has the distribution of dignities and titles, whereby they are known among themselves. They commonly live in the neighborhood of some famous Kami temple, and accost travellers in the name of that Kami which is worshipped there, making a short discourse of his holiness and miracles with a loud, coarse voice. Meanwhile, to make the noise still louder, they rattle their long staffs, loaded at the end with iron rings, to take up the charity money which is given them; and, last of all, they blow a trumpet made of a large shell. They carry their children along with them on the same begging errand, clad like their fathers, but with their heads shaved. These are exceedingly troublesome and importunate with travellers, and commonly take care to light on them as they are going up some hill or mountain, where, because of the difficult ascent, they cannot well escape, nor indeed otherwise get rid of them without giving them something. In some places, they and their fathers accost travellers in company with a troop of *bikuni*, and, with their rattling, singing, trumpeting, chattering and crying, make such a frightful noise, as would make one almost mad or deaf. These mountain priests are frequently applied to by superstitious people for conjuring, fortune-telling, foretelling future events, recovering lost goods, and the like purposes; they profess themselves to be of the Kami religion, as established of old, and yet they are never suffered to attend, or to take care of, any of the Kami temples." The next engraving in our series represents the idol in the temple of the Golden Amida, in the city of Jeddo. The idol and his surroundings are quaint and original. One of the Dutch writers, to whose observation and experience we are so deeply indebted for much that we know of Japan, thus minutely describes this singular scene. "The temple of the Golden Amida is no small ornament to this city (Jeddo). The idol, which is terrible to behold, is situated on an altar, in the middle of the aisle; the altar is plated all over with silver, on which stand two golden cups, one before and the other behind the idol, who sits himself mounted on a horse with seven heads, every head signifying a hundred thousand of years, his own like that of a dog with long ears; in his hands a golden harp, holding the middle in his mouth betwixt his teeth. But nothing can be more costly than the skirts of his coat, from the middle and downward studded and embossed with pearls, diamonds and other precious stones. At the bottom of the altar are many Japan characters engraven, which are the hieroglyphics or mysterious signification of the several attributes of this their idol, who appears to be esteemed one of the chiefest of all their deities; therefore, they always account it a blessing when they have occasion but to name him. Father Lodowick Frojus relates, in his letter from Canga, an island of Japan, dated Anno Domini 1565, that Cuba, the emperor's royal consort, had built a chapel in her own palace, dedicating it to Amida, in which she daily attended with a great train of ladies, there paying her devotions to his statue representing a comely youth, crowned with gold, that reflected rays like sunbeams. For when the Emperor Cubus was slain by the rebels, Diandono and Mioxindono, and the empress, making her escape, took sanctuary in a monastery near Miaco, being discovered, the privilege of the place not protecting her, they sent an executioner to take away her life. She, preparing to obey the hard sentence, called for pen, ink and paper, and wrote to her two daughters, who were imprisoned in the next house, informing them that she was to be unjustly murdered; but she rejoiced, and would be glad to embrace death, because she doubted not but that Amida had found this means to bring her to a better habitation, and the sooner to enjoy that paradise where her dear husband so lately murdered remained, expecting by her company the full accomplishment of both their happiness. When sealing up the letter, she thanked the bonze for his kind entertaining of her in their college, and drawing near to Amida's altar, kneeling, she lifted up her hands, and called twice on the god to forgive her sins. Then the bonze laid his hand on her head, as a token that she had absolution from all her offences. Then going from thence into a



WILD BONZES.



THE IDOL AMIDA.



TILTING IN JAPAN.

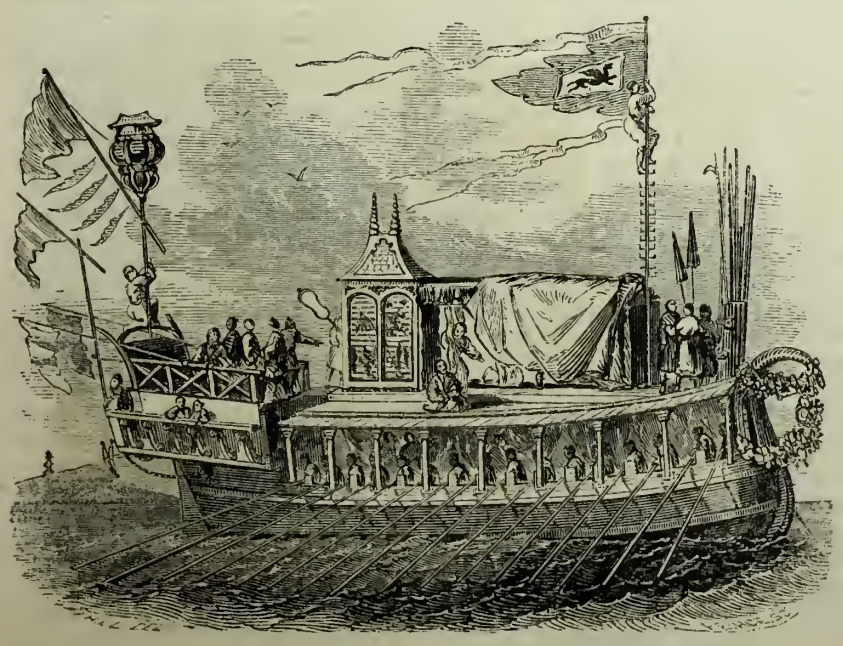


JAPANESE FISHERMEN.

private room, she lifted up her hands again to heaven, and cried, 'Amida! Amida!' which said, she was beheaded. Furthermore, it is be observed, that there are several images representing this god; for whereas he is sometimes made (as we said before) with a dog's head, riding on a seven-headed horse, another resembling a naked youth, with holes in his ears, sitting on a large rose carved of wood, and in a strange shape, with a fantastic cap on his head slit before, with two large huttons on the top, with a comely and youthful countenance. In his ears hang two rings, one within another; about his neck a scarf; his breast covered with an oval plate curiously engraven; over his shoulders and back hangs a coat of feathers neatly wrought and joined together; in his hands a string of beads, his breast and body exceeding large, sitting on a great cushion. Before him stand several letters engraven on a square stone. They also oftentimes place near their god Amida, another idol with three heads, which are covered with one flat cap or bonnet joined close together, their chins hairy, about the neck a pasteboard band, on each four arms and hands, the breast and arms girded with five strings of pearl; the body appears like the sun darting rays, with several characters in the middle; the walls are all hung with rich and costly Japan garments, and before them many burning lamps." The fifth picture represents a Japanese tournament, or tilting—one of their favorite amusements. The greatest dignitaries of the empire are assembled to witness the bloodless efforts of the ring. In one part of the lists is a carved head, at which some tilt with spears, others assault it with hills, and others display their skill with arrows and guns. From Thunberg's account of the arms of the Japanese, it would seem as if they could render the soldiers very formidable. He mentions bows and arrows, scimetars, halberts and guns; their bows are very large, and their arrows long, like those of the Chinese. Guns were not ordinarily employed. Thunberg saw some, apparently matchlocks, only as articles of curiosity in the dwellings of the imperial officers, displayed upon a stand in the audience chamber. The few cannon at Nagasaki, formerly belonging to the Portuguese, were discharged only once in seven years; the Japanese, knowing little of their proper management, and fixing the match to a long pole, so as to fire them off at a safe distance. Their longer swords are broad-backed, a little curved, a yard long, and of excellent temper, the hilts roundish and flat, with a round and substantial guard. The scabbard is thick and flat, made of wood and sometimes covered with shagreen and lackered. The shorter sword is straight. These swords are costly and are of high value. The sixth engraving is an accurate representation of the Japanese fishermen, a very numerous class in the islands. The men commonly have their heads shaven, leaving a ring of hair, like the tonsure of the Roman Catholic priests. Their drapery is folded over their dress, and confined by a broad girdle, sustaining a sharp knife. Over their shoulders passes a yoke, which sustains a square vessel containing water on each side, wherein their fish are kept alive. The fishermen's wives wear a scarf around their heads, with a tuft falling down on their brows—the bosom covered by a square cloth interwoven with silken flowers, about their necks a long cotton cloth that falls down their backs, their dress, full and long, descends to the ankles, their sandals are fastened by a strap. The seventh engraving represents a Japanese pleasure boat, or *Fayfena*, and as will be seen, it is a sumptuous craft, with its banks of oars, and not very dissimilar to pictorial representations of the Egyptian galley in which Cleopatra sailed down the Cydnus to meet Mark Anthony. These barges commonly have forty oars, and are elegantly fitted up, the cabins being supplied with mirrors and tapestries. They move with incredible swiftness and traverse long distances. Kampfer writes: "All the ships and boats we met with on our voyage by sea were built of fir or cedar, both of which grow in great plenty in the country. They are of a different structure, according to the purposes and waters for which they are built. The pleasure boats, made use of only for going up and down rivers, or to cross small bays, are widely different in their structure, according to the possessor's fancy. Commonly they are built for rowing. The first and lowermost deck is flat and low; another, more lofty, with open windows, stands upon it, and this may be divided like their houses, by folding screens, as they please, into several apartments. Several parts are curiously adorned with a variety of flags and other ornaments. The merchant ships that venture out at sea, though not very far from the coasts, and serve for the transport of men and provisions from one island or province to another, deserve a more accurate description. They are commonly eighty-four feet long and twenty-four feet broad, built for sailing as well as rowing. They run tapering from the middle towards the stem, and both ends of the keel stand out of the water considerably. The body of the ship is not built bulging, as our European ones; but that part which stands below the surface of the water runs almost in a straight line towards the keel. The stern is broad and flat, with a wide opening in the middle for the easier management of the rudder, which reaches almost to the bottom of the ship, and lays open all the inside to the eye. The deck, somewhat raised toward the stem, consists only of deal boards laid loose, without anything to fasten them together. It rises but little above the surface of the water when it hath its full lading. The cabin juts beyond the ship about two feet on each side; and there are sliding windows around it which may be opened or shut, as occasion requires. In the furthermost parts are the cabins, or rooms for passengers, separate from each other by folding screens or doors, with floors covered with fine, neat mats." Our last engraving represents the chariot of a noble Japanese lady, drawn by oxen and led by a servant. The oxen are sometimes harnessed with golden chains. There are carriages with steps of eight angles to ascend them, each corner adorned with a couchant dragon. The outside is curiously painted and gilded—with several pictures framed in richly carved panels. The Japanese have certainly exalted ideas of luxury, though they may not coincide with us in their notions of taste. But that there is no disputing about tastes is an axiom as old as Horace.

FRICTION MATCHES.

Among articles of demand that have become of importance, nothing is more worthy of notice than the friction or lucifer match. About twenty years ago, chemistry abolished the tinder-box, and the burnt rag which made the tinder went to make paper. Slowly did the invention spread. The use of the match is now so established that machines are invented to prepare the splints. In New York, one match manufactory annually cuts up a large raft of timber for matches. The English matches are generally square, and thus thirty thousand splints are cut in a minute. The American matches are round, and the process of shaping being more elaborate, four thousand five hundred splints are cut in a minute. We will follow a bundle of eighteen hundred thin splints, each four inches long, through its conversion into three thousand six hundred matches. Without being separated, each end of the bundle is first dipped into sulphur. When dry, the splints, adhering to each other by means of the sulphur, must be parted by what is called dusting. A boy, sitting on the floor with a bundle before him, strikes the matches with a sort of mallet on the dipped ends till they become thoroughly loosened. They have now to be plunged into a preparation of phosphorus or chlorate of potash, according to the quality of the matches. The phosphorus produces the pale, noiseless fire; the chlorate of potash the sharp crackling illumination. After this application of the more inflammable substance, the matches are separated, and dried in racks. Thoroughly dried, they are gathered up again into bundles of the same quantity, and are taken to the boys who cut them. There are few things more remarkable in manufactures than the extraordinary rapidity of this cutting process, and that which is connected with it. The boy stands before a bench, the bundle on his right hand, a pile of empty boxes on his left. The matches are to be cut, and the empty boxes filled, by this boy. A bundle is opened; he seizes a portion, knowing by long habit the required number with sufficient exactness, puts them rapidly into a sort of frame, knocks the ends evenly together, confines them with a strap which he tightens with his foot, and cuts them in two parts with a knife on a hinge, which he brings down with a strong leverage. The halves lie projecting over each end of the frame; he grasps the left portion and thrusts it into a half-open box, which slides into an outer case, and he repeats the process with the matches on his right hand. This series of movements is performed with a rapidity almost unexampled; for in this way two hundred thousand matches are cut, and two thousand boxes filled in a day, by one boy. The increased summer demand for the matches shows that the great consumption is among the masses—the laboring population—those who make up the vast majority of the contributors to duties of customs and excise. In the houses of the wealthy there is always fire; in the houses of the poor, fire in summer is a needless hourly expense. Then comes the match to supply the want—to light the afternoon fire to boil the kettle. The matches sometimes fail, but they cost but little, and so they are freely used, even by the poorest.—*Knight's Knowledge is Power.*



JAPANESE PLEASURE BARGE.



CHARIOT OF A NOBLE LADY OF JAPAN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"IN SPHERES OF LIGHT."

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

My present life is dark and drear—
The past is laid on memory's shrine;
Yet o'er the future hangs a star,
It beameth forth with light divine:
It bids my fainting spirit cheer—
It buoys my soul like ancient wine,
And whisperings float in accents dear,
"In spheres of light thou shalt be mine."

My path lies through a darksome waste—
The rays of hope no longer shine;
My dreams of love and life are passed—
The dreary hours alone are mine.
And yet, anon, at vesper hour,
An angel bids me not repine,
And soothes my soul with magic power—
"In spheres of light thou shalt be mine."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HEROIC SACRIFICE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

The morning breeze blew cheerily in its September freshness into the high windows of a lofty chamber. The long white curtains escaped from their loops, and were streaming, with their deep fringes, across a table, where lay books, papers and writing materials. The chamber was at the very top of a high house, almost on the summit of a hill. Here the winds revelled at their will, in the upper branches of the tall trees encircling the house; and all day the birds rocked there securely, or picked the crumbs from the ledges of the windows, which a careful hand had placed there to tempt them into familiarity. The walls of the room were of a light stone color, a subdued tint, which suited well for the hanging of the fine pictures which adorned them.

One entire side of the chamber was filled with books in rare bindings. Excepting the books and pictures, there was nothing that did not present an air of grave simplicity; and yet there was not wanting an appearance of elegance that bespoke a cultivated taste, and ample means in the owner to exercise it.

By the long table which stood in the centre of the room, a young man was sitting in deep abstraction. His forehead was buried in his hands, over which fell long chestnut curls, soft and silken as a child's. He was tall, but of slight figure, and when he moved, there was an unconscious grace in the light, almost boyish limbs. As he raised his head, one could have seen a proud look of determination about the firm mouth, even though the soft gray eyes were suffused with tears.

This was the young physician, Ernest Kenneth; a man of remarkable promise, who had already drawn the attention of the colleges to his clear and lucid expositions of certain branches of medical knowledge, and his rapid rising in his profession in various ways.

Now, the eyes of many older practitioners were looking to him to define a new position in the medical world; a new disease had arisen, which baffled the skill of the oldest physicians. It was said—whispered at first, for men trembled as they spoke—that nothing but a positive and thorough examination after death could give them any clue to the cause, or develop any mode of relief to new sufferers from the terrible disorder; and to this was appended almost a certainty that the examination would prove fatal to the operator.

But where was the heroic spirit that would dare this risk? Talk not of the heroism of him who flies to arms at the sound of the trumpet, with the phantom Glory beckoning him onward. Somewhere for him, in the dim future, there may be honor and power, of which he dreams that he shall be the possessor; and hope whispers that he shall bear a charmed life amidst the smoke and din of the battle. But it bears no analogy to the heroism of him who voluntarily gives up his life to the interests of humanity;—who consents to die that others may live; and makes this sublime sacrifice, not that he may be crowned with glory, but that he may, through suffering death, bind up other broken hearts, and heal other wounded spirits.

The fresh autumn breeze came over the fevered brow of Kenneth, and cooled its burning glow; he knelt down where it kissed his hot forehead, and prayed. He rose up strengthened and refreshed; his resolution, so far as regarded himself, was taken, and he was calmer afterwards than before he had decided.

He went out to attend the appointed meeting of the practitioners of the city. Most of them were old men; a few were in the prime of life, and had wives and children. There were other lives enfolded in their own; and it was terrible to see the struggles which evidently were going on in their hearts. As Kenneth entered, he felt that all eyes were turned upon him. Already, it would seem, that they were ready to baptize him into the suffering from which they shrunk with almost mortal fear.

As they stood round in little groups, there were many expressions that met his ear, which seemed to be suggestive of excuse and exemption for every one but himself. With a brave and manly look, Kenneth walked up to the president, and announced his intention of examining the next case that might occur, if no other physician of longer experience, or higher talent, should wish to take the responsibility. The president looked with undisguised admiration upon this offer of noble self-sacrifice, and a tear stood in his aged eye. Many of the older men gathered around him, and blessed him in the name of humanity.

At that moment a student entered, and making his way to the chair of the president, informed him of a death which had just taken place. There was a stirring sound, as of persons turning suddenly round to take a look at Kenneth. He alone was calm, while he heard sobs on every hand from hearts that truly bled for the approaching trial.

"I will be ready at ten o'clock this evening, sir," said Kenneth; "and now I only ask to have the few remaining hours to bid adieu to the friends who are yet unaware of my design." Pressing the hands of those nearest to him, he left the room.

The next hour found him again in his chamber, writing rapidly. They were letters to his distant friends; for Ernest was but recently a resident in the city, and his only relative was the good old bishop, who had induced him to settle there. To the bishop's house he made the first call; but the first look at his face showed that the old man was ill and anxious. He forebore to tell him the secret which weighed upon his mind, and proceeded to call at another house in the western part of the city.

It was a pleasant little place to which he directed his footsteps. There was a pretty garden in front, where the autumn flowers were freshly blooming. It was the abode of a widow lady, to whom Ernest had been as a son. Her daughter lived with her, and it had been her sole joy to call him brother; she did not know that there was a love in her heart's lowest depths that is far beyond sisterly affection. They had been Kenneth's first friends in the city, and his affection for them was deep and sincere. There was little of mere personal beauty in the face and figure of Evelyn Mordaunt; but goodness and intelligence beamed from her eyes, and irradiated her otherwise plain and sallow countenance.

Almost every morning Ernest had gone to the house of his friends before he commenced his daily professional visits. It was a daily brightening up of the dull life which Evelyn and her mother would have otherwise felt theirs to be, now that their once large family circle had narrowed down to these two solitary ones; and the book which he was sure to bring, beguiled the time until he came again. From Evelyn's beautiful collection of household plants, he always bore away a cluster of richly scented flowers, to refresh his sense of beauty when he visited the chambers of the sick; nor was the offering forgotten on this morning, for as he entered the empty parlor, it lay awaiting him on the table.

Mrs. Mordaunt soon came in, and to her he unfolded his plans, concealing, however, a part of the danger he so justly apprehended. There was something at his heart that forbade his telling Evelyn, and he left the room without seeing her. "If I should live through this trial, dear friend," he said, as he parted from Mrs. Mordaunt, "I will see Evelyn to-morrow; if not, tell her that my last thought shall be of her."

He ran quickly down stairs, with Evelyn's flowers in his hand. Off the landing-place a small room had been built expressly for her own use. Here she had gathered the dearest memorials of her dead father and brother, and the whole room seemed consecrated to memory and affection. From this room he heard the sound of mingled prayer and weeping; and as he pushed the door gently, he saw Evelyn on her knees, and heard her pray for his life. He pressed forward, and laying his hand upon her head, now wet with the dew of agony, he mingled his tears with hers. She had overheard his conversation with her mother, and, unable to suppress her feelings, had flown to her room, to seek consolation where best it may be found for sorrowing hearts.

Shortening this painful meeting as much as possible, Ernest tried to bid her farewell, but she clung to his arm, and entreated him not to leave her. In that mournful hour the state of her affections was first revealed. Death was casting a shadow over her, which made the little concealments and conventionalities of life seem small, and insignificant, and useless; and Evelyn's heart rose against and above them all. With an agony of soul, she poured out her long concealed love for him—a love hitherto unknown to herself; and Ernest could only clasp her in his arms, like one about to part for the last time from a beloved object. There was a shadow over his face, as though death had already swept its wings above him. He tore himself away, and Evelyn sank again upon her knees. When she arose he was far down the street walking slowly and sadly along, with head bent down, and the sunset shadows were across his path. "So near!" he exclaimed, as the sun sunk in the purple and orange clouds of the west.

A few words with the physicians, a parting pressure of the hand from some of his companions, whose student life he had assisted, and his hour had come. Two of his friends, to whom he was more than fraternally attached, accompanied him to the house where he was to pass through the terrible ordeal of the coming night. They parted as friends part on the confines of the spirit-world, and Ernest went up the long stone steps that led to a retired wing of the house.

A young man about Kenneth's own age had died; he was the only son of a man high in the public estimation, and first in all generous impulses. That he had voluntarily entered into the feelings and wishes of the physicians, in regard to an examination of the disease, and had made every preparation of which his exhaustless means were capable to facilitate their purpose, was the best proof of his philanthropy. He hushed the beating heart, which would have naturally shrunk from this sacrifice to others, and offered up his own feelings at the shrine of humanity.

As Ernest entered the large and beautiful room which was appropriated to his use, his eye fell upon the wide marble table, on which the young man lay. How perfect was that still repose! Disease had not marred the spiritual beauty of the face, nor shrunk the lifelike outline of the form, as it lay under the light folds of the ample sheet which fell over it to the floor. There were writing-materials on a table, over which hung a silver lamp, which lighted the centre of the apartment, and the softer beams of a full moon came in at a distant window, making dim shadows across the tesselated marble floor. He was to write out the result of his observations; and the large alabaster vase, filled with concentrated vinegar, and surrounded by blocks of ice, was to receive the papers, which might otherwise have communicated the disease to others, in coming from his hands. Twice he had opened the window for a breath of the fresh air of approaching morning; and once he fancied that he saw a figure, leaning against the little fountain, in the moonlight. But his brain was almost reeling from the effects of his yet unfinished work, and he returned to the table again.

Of the details of that miserable night there was no record, save those which marked the progress of his research. It is enough to say, that the papers found the next morning in the vase, threw a new light upon the labors of the physicians, and the disease was henceforth stayed.

Exhausted by the intense excitement of the night, Ernest tried feebly to reach the door which opened to the outer air. When he opened it, there was a shadow on the broad stone step, and he saw no more. It was Evelyn. Unable to sleep, she had wandered out into the garden, and from thence to the street. Groups of people were standing at the corners, although it was far into the night; and from each group she heard murmurs of admiration, mingled with regret, at the self-immolation of the young physician.

Evelyn's heart beat high with exultation at one moment, and sunk into agony at the next, as she listened alternately to the praises of his noble courage, and the certainty of its proving fatal. With a feeling of desperation, and with a vague hope, dim and undefined, that she might possibly aid him in some extremity, or at least die with him, she pressed onward until she found herself in the large square before the house, where she knew that her heart's best beloved was almost seeking his death. She tremblingly watched his shadow as it passed and repassed the window, and once she saw him lean from the window. Had her life depended on it, she could not then have spoken or moved. She had suffered so much in the last few hours, that all the agony of a lifetime seemed concentrated in that one scorching, terrible thought of Ernest's voluntary martyrdom.

At length she saw him, while she leaned against the fountain, as he approached the door. She sprung to the steps, and received him in his arms. With a strength borrowed of desperation, she almost carried him to the fountain, and sprinkled his face with the cool water; he gasped once, but did not recognize Evelyn. Again and again she bathed the white brow, which looked like marble under the clear light of the moon, but no answer came to her words.

The gray light of morning was brightening into red in the east, when Ernest opened his dull eye, and the breath quickened at his heart. Moment after moment passed, which seemed ages to Evelyn, before he knew her. Then, it would seem that the wild beating of her heart could be heard by him, and she heard her name murmured by his lips. She opened his vest to give him air, and the spray of beautiful flowers which she had given him the morning before, fell from his breast. She heard him talk of the flowers, too; and her heart told her that it was of those very ones of which he was dreaming. Once he faintly murmured, as if talking to another, "Dear Evelyn, she will mourn for me!" Then followed a few indistinct sentences, in which the names of his student friends were mingled with that of young De Blois, the last victim to the terrible scourge.

Evelyn believed him dying. She had neither heart nor hope to call assistance; all her thought was centered in dying with him; all her duty and affection as a daughter, seemed merged into one thought—that of yielding up her life as he had done. The world seemed receding like a dim cloud from her view, and heaven was already opened; she could believe that she saw the wings of the angels who were to bear Ernest to the skies, and her only cry was, "Take me with ye!"

The morning light was now deepening in the east, and a window in the house was softly opened; some one called to Evelyn, but she did not heed their call. A man passed hastily by, and seemed frightened at his proximity to apparent death. Evelyn knew by his countenance, that he believed them some poor creatures, who were driven out from the houses to die, and she would not ask his aid.

By-and-by one after another wandered through the square, and at length she saw two men approach the house, and look anxiously up at the windows of the room where Ernest had passed the night. They were the friends who accompanied him hither the preceding night, and they recognized his apparel, as he lay beneath the fountain, although all traces of Ernest Kenneth had faded from his countenance. They raised him up, and again they sprinkled him copiously with the pure cold water from the basin of the fountain. It was long before the faintest color came to the cheek, or light to the glazed eye. By this time a couch was brought from the house, and Ernest was laid upon it. Under the shadow of the tall house, and within reach of the sparkling spray from the water, they tended him for hours.

The horrors of that night had done a fearful work upon Ernest Kenneth. It was long before even the quiet and stillness of Evelyn's peaceful home could restore the wonted tone of his shattered spirits. Of the great work which he had done for science he had scarcely any consciousness for many months; but men blessed him, as his feeble steps, guided by Evelyn, were watched and waited for—and his thin, white hand was eagerly pressed by those who felt that he was a benefactor.

The spring time had succeeded to winter, and was fast deepening into summer, when they went abroad for the recovery of his health. They returned the following year, and Ernest was brave and strong again, ready to follow up the work he had so nobly begun. There was an angel, too, in his home, helping, sustaining, blessing him. "Men called her *angel*, but he called her *wife*."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

"VIVE LA BAGATELLE!"

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

I've drank of the wave of the fountain,
And sipped of the dew of the flower;
I've climbed to the peak of the mountain,
And dreamed in the twilight hour.

I've danced on the strand of the ocean,
And swam through the billowy spray;
I've worshipped the spirit of motion,
And sang when my heart was gay.

I've dashed on the bounding courser,
Through the morning's misty gray,
And clung to his mane the closer,
And laughed as he bounded away.

I've bowed to the storm king's thunder,
In silent and fearful awe;
And dreamed in the firmament's wonder
That the realms of bliss I saw.

And I've danced in the *salons* of fashion,
Enjoying myself "very well:"
Mais le beau-mond—n'est pas ma passion;
Il n'est—"Vive la bagatelle!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SUDDEN CONVERSION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE simple story I am about to relate possesses much interest for those who were ever acquainted with the parties concerned, and to others its interest will not only be in its truth, but also in the peculiar soul-touch it develops.

In one of the northern towns of Vermont lived a young man whom I shall call Daniel Bryam. He was a lawyer by profession, and one of the most intellectual men in that section of the country. No one possessed the confidence of his friends more than did he, and no one was better calculated to secure the good will and friendship of all with whom he came in contact. Business poured in upon him, and he failed not to give the utmost satisfaction.

At the age of twenty-seven Bryam took to himself a wife from among the most favored ones of the country. Mary Felton experienced a strange pride when she gave her hand to the young lawyer, and if none envied her, many at least prayed that they might be as fortunate.

But ere long a cloud came over the scene. Conviviality ran high among the members of the bar, and young Bryam possessed one of those peculiar temperaments which at length give the whole body and soul up to the demon of appetite. For three years he followed the social custom of the times without neglecting much of his business, but finally he sank into the lowest pit of degradation. When at the age of five-and-thirty, he had become a confirmed drunkard. He now neglected his clients altogether, for he could not remain sober long enough at any one time to carry any case through court. The only business he had now upon his hands was the collecting of some few small debts.

On the evening of his thirty-fifth birthday he joined the Washingtonians, and once more his bright genius shone out upon the world. But it could not last long; amid the examples of those who were his constant companions he went back to his cups, and down he sank, as rapidly as he had risen. In one short year from that time he was a miserable, degraded thing. People who had left notes and accounts with him to collect called at his house, and upon inquiring of his wife where he was, she would tell them he was away. Poor woman! they could not bear to dispute her, and they would go their way, though they knew full well that the remains of Daniel Bryam were prostrate upon his bed-room floor.

One day a Mr. Vinson called to see him. Vinson had left notes and accounts to the amount of several thousand dollars with Bryam to collect, and he was anxious about them. His poor wife answered him as usual—that her husband had gone away.

"My dear madam," returned Mr. Vinson, "I know your misfortune, and I appreciate your feelings, but I must see your husband. If I can see him for even one minute I can learn all I wish to know."

Mary Bryam spoke not a word, but with a tearful eye she turned away, and Mr. Vinson followed her. He found Bryam in a back room, stretched at full length upon the floor, with a jug of Medford rum by his side! With much effort Vinson aroused the poor man to a state of semi-consciousness, and asked him if he had done anything about the notes and accounts he had left with him.

"Yes," returned the lawyer, in a weak, husky, hiccoughing voice. "I've had the money for you over a month. "I've deducted my per centage, and you'll find the rest in that trunk. Mary's got the key."

Mrs. Bryam was called in, the key was produced, and Mr. Vinson found his money—four thousand and some odd hundreds of dollars—all right and safe.

In his worst moments Bryam never used for himself a single penny he held in trust. Hundreds there were who labored hard to reclaim the wanderer, but without effect. Year after year went by, and he sank lower and lower—yet his wife left him not. Her brother, a young lawyer, named Moses Felton, often urged her to forsake her husband, at the same time offering her a comfortable home beneath his own roof, but she would not listen.

At length all hope was given up. Week after week would the fallen man lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was ever known. He was now too low for conviviality, for those with whom he would have associated would not drink with him. All alone, in his own office and chamber, he drank the accursed poison, and even his very life seemed the offspring of the jug.

In early spring Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the brother. "You are all faded away, and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

"Hush, Moses. Speak not so," answered the wife, keeping back the tears. "I will not leave him now. But he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer."

At that moment Daniel Bryam entered the apartment. Even Moses Felton was startled by his appearance. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on, and his jug was in his hand.

"Ah—Moses—how are ye?" he gasped, for he could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him a few moments in silence. Then, as his features assumed a cold, stern expression, he said, in a calm, but strongly emphasized tone:

"Daniel Bryam, I have been your next best friend but one. My sister is an angel—but mated with a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved man before, for you were noble, generous and kind; but I hate you now, for you are a perfect devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—the only sister God ever gave me. I wish her to live with me, but she will not while you live; yet when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely pray that the first intelligence which reaches me from my native place, after I shall have reached my new home, may be—*that—you—are—dead!*"

Bryam gazed upon the speaker some moments without speaking.

"Moses," he at length said, "you are not in earnest."

"As true as heaven, Daniel, I am. When I know that you are dead I shall be happy, and not until then—so go on. Fill your jug, and—"

"Stop, stop, Moses. I can reform."

"You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough—enough to have reformed half the sinners of creation—and yet you are now lower than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus shall set mourners free!"

Bryam's eyes flashed, and he drew himself proudly up.

"Go," he said, with a tinge of that old, powerful sarcasm that had often electrified a jury, "go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go, sir, and watch the post!"

With these words Daniel Bryam hurled his jug into the fireplace, and while yet its thousand pieces were flying over the floor, he strode from the house. Mary sank fainting to the floor. Moses bore her to a bed, and then having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting.

For a month Daniel Bryam hovered over the brink of the grave, but he did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of all stimulants from a system that for long years had subsisted almost on nothing else was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill and not take more."

"Ay," gasped the poor man, "take a gill, and break my oath! Moses Felton shall never learn that brandy or rum killed me! If the want of it can kill me, then let me die! But I wont die! I'll live—live, till Moses Felton shall eat his words!"

He did live: an iron will conquered the messenger death had sent, and Daniel Bryam lived. For one month he could not even walk without help. But he had help—joyful, prayerful help. Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the court-house at Burlington, and Daniel Bryam was upon the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started with surprise. Never before had Bryam looked so noble and commanding, and never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court-room, and he met Moses Felton.

They shook hands, but they did not speak. When they reached a spot where none others could hear them, Bryam stopped.

"Moses," he said, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?"

"I do, Daniel."

"Will you now take them back? Unsay them now and forever?"

"Yes—with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment?" asked Moses.

"I must die an honest, unperjured man! The oath that has bound me thus far was made for life!"

That evening Mary Bryam was among the happiest of the happy. No allusion was made in words to that strange scene of one year before, but Moses could read in both the countenances of his sister and her husband the deep gratitude they did not speak.

And Daniel Bryam yet lives, one of the most honored men of Vermont. Five times has he sat in the State legislature; thrice in the senate, and once in the national congress, and he is yet a noble man, and an ornament to society, declining all offers of public office, from the fact that his profession is more lucrative, while plenty of others want the offices which he cares not for.

Many who read this will know the characters whom I have thus used, and will at once recognize the true individuals beneath the fictitious names I have borrowed.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A VISION OF THE PAST.

BY LILLIE LIGHTFOOT.

As beside my casement lonely,
Brooding sadly o'er the past,
In the gentle, silver moonlight,
When the shadows long are cast;
As I mused, before my vision
Passed the train of days of yore,
And a gentle voice beside me whispered,
"Never, never more.
And I turned to see the speaker, but 'twas fancy—
Nothing more.

First one in the dim procession
Came the ghost of childhood's day,
With her light feet nimbly tripping,
O'er a bright and flower-strewn way—
Swift as light she glided by me,
And the childish vision o'er—
Then again the voice beside me whispered,
"Never, never more."
But 'twas no one—only fancy—
Nothing more.

As this picture faded from me,
Gentle girlhood passed me by,
With her fair young brow unclouded,
Love and joy shone in her eye—
Little thought she of the morrow,
Sunny lay the path before,
While that soft, sad voice beside me whispered,
"Never, never more."
But 'twas fancy—only that—and
Nothing more.

Further on again I saw her,
Kneeling at the altar's rail,
And this time her head was covered
With the snowy bridal veil.
Close beside her knelt her bridegroom,
And those two were twain no more;
And I heard the voice beside me saying,
"Never, never more."
But again I knew 'twas fancy—only fancy—
Nothing more.

Close upon the young bride's footsteps,
Passing onward with the rest,
Came a loving, fond young mother,
With her baby on her breast.
Smiling on her babe she gazes,
As she passed my mind before;
While the same sweet voice beside me whispers,
"Never, never more."
The same fancy—only that—and
Nothing more.

What these dim and shadowy phantoms,
That upon my vision crowd?
These are they whose work is finished,
Who to death's decree have bowed.
Onward moves the sad procession,
Onward to the silent shore,
And that low, sad voice beside me whispers,
"Never, never more."
'Twas sad fancy—only that—and
Nothing more.

Slow before me glides my father,
Two young brothers—sisters three,
And he, who at God's altar
Vowed through life to cherish me—
As they pass, my tears are stealing,
And I'd call them back once more;
But that truthful voice beside me whispers,
"Never, never more."
It is true, though spoke by fancy—it is true—
O, never more.

What this being in white raiment,
Pointing upward to the sky,
With a cross upon her bosom,
That tells of faith that may not die?
As she passes by she whispers,
"Thou'lt join them on the other shore;"
And a joyful voice beside me whispered,
"Ever, ever more."
And it was a heaven-born fancy that did whisper
Ever more.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for nearly fifteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its own sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother, or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest paper in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

☞ Specimen numbers furnished when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

MRS. JULIA BENNETT BARROW,

OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

The accompanying portrait of this distinguished actress and amiable lady, the "bright particular star" of the Boston Theatre, was drawn expressly for our paper by Mr. Hill, from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, and may therefore be relied upon as accurate. She was born in London, February 6, 1827. Her father, William Bennett, was long a favorite London actor, and is now secretary of the "Drury Lane Dramatic Fund." She was liberally educated, and exhibited great aptitude in mastering not only the solid branches, but the French and Spanish languages and music. She was strongly urged to appear on the operatic stage, but her *penchant* was for the acted drama. She made her first appearance with complete success at Southampton, (Eng.), in 1841. Since then her career has been one series of triumphs. Eighteen months after her debut, she occupied a leading position on the London boards. During her London engagements, she associated professionally with that coterie of brilliant lady performers that gave such lustre to the metropolitan stage fifteen years ago. It was an excellent school for a novice, and undoubtedly exerted the happiest influence upon the artist development of the young actress. In 1848, the subject of our sketch was married in London to Mr. Jacob Barrow. After this event, she retired from the stage, with no prospect or intention of ever returning to it, and for two years she enjoyed without interruption the tranquillity of private life, her house in Grovesuor Place being the resort of much of the wit and talent of the day. Unfortunate circumstances, however, induced her once more to resume her professional career. Mrs. Barrow arrived in America in February, 1851, preceded by the reputation of being one of the greatest favorites of the London public, and immediately played her first engagement at the Broadway Theatre, opening as Lady Teazle. Having concluded a two weeks engagement, she proceeded to Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for two weeks; returned for another engagement to Broadway Theatre for two weeks; then played at Baltimore and Richmond, and at Philadelphia for a second time, and at the Broadway Theatre for the third time, in almost as many months. Subsequently she has appeared in all the principal cities of the United States with uniform success. Delicate health, however, prevented her, in 1854, from subjecting herself to all the vicissitudes of climate attendant upon starring, and she accepted a liberal offer from Mr. Barry to fill the leading place in his establishment. She was already well known to and appreciated by the Boston public, having, in 1852, played a most brilliant engagement of fifty nights at the Boston Museum, appearing in comparatively few parts: "Twelfth Night," running nine nights; "Satan in Paris," fifteen nights; "As you Like it," five nights; "She would and she would not," five nights; indeed, all her pieces making undeniable *hits*. Mrs. Barrow, having undertaken the management of the People's Theatre, St. Louis, the following spring, was prevented playing another fifty nights according to agreement at the Museum. The admirable productions of "Macbeth," the "Jewess," "Richard the Third," and other pieces, during Mrs. Barrow's season at St. Louis, will long be remembered as being entirely unequalled for correctness and splendor in the west, vieing with the representations of the same pieces in New York, Boston and London. At the Boston Theatre, she found a splendid stage, magnificent appointments, a liberal management and appreciative audiences. From these audiences, favorable to her at the outset, she has gone on winning applause and favor until she now stands one of the most popular artists that ever appeared in this city. The house, on the occasion of her late benefit, was completely filled, and the applause continuous throughout the performances of the beneficiary. This was an honest tribute rendered to talent of the highest order, which, in this community, never goes unappreciated or unrewarded. So long as Mrs. Barrow continues in this city, she will be sure of success; for if Bostonians are not remarkable for impulsiveness, they are for fidelity to their once established favorites.



MRS. BARROW.

THE TRAPPER AND THE INDIANS.

The spirited picture on this page, representing an actual incident of western adventure, was designed for the Pictorial by Billings. The naked figure on the right is John Colter, an American trapper, while the Indians who are advancing upon him in single file, armed and thirsting for his blood, are a party of the Blackfeet. Colter and a man named Potts had been trapping in company on Jefferson's Fork of the Missouri, in 1810, Colter having for this purpose left Lewis & Clark's exploring party. They were suddenly surprised by Indians, and Potts was shot. The Indians then stripped Colter, and their chief gave him the forlorn chance of running for his life, the white man being allowed a start of three or four hundred yards. Though the task seemed hopeless, as there were five or six hundred of the Indians, he started, and ran desperately over a plain six miles in breadth, and covered with the prickly pear, as shown in our engraving. He ran nearly half-way across it before he ventured to look round, when he found his pursuers very much scattered, and that he had gained considerably on the main body of his enemies, though one Indian, who carried a spear, was not more than a hundred yards from him. This sight nerved him to incredible exertion, and he made for the river, though his straining efforts caused the blood to gush from his nostrils in the panting agony of his flight. He seemed to feel the hostile spear in his back, and turning round at last, when the savage was not twenty yards from him, he suddenly stopped and extended his arms. The Indian, surprised by the action, and, perhaps, by the sight of Colter bathed in blood, also attempted to halt, but, reeling with fatigue, fell, and his spear, entering the ground, was broken short off. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned the savage to the ground, and then continued his death race. Gaining the cotton-tree wood, on the borders of the fork, he rushed through the trees and plunged into the stream. Fortunately for him, hard by the point where he took the water, a raft of drift timber had lodged, and under this he dived, and afterward rising, secured a breathing-place, while the Indians, yelling like demons, searched for him in vain. During the day, Colter frequently saw them on the raft, and at night, fearing that they might set fire to it, he dived under the raft, swam down the river, landed a considerable distance off, and travelled through the night. But though his life had been saved, he had still a dreary prospect before him: no covering from the burning sun, his feet lacerated and filled with the thorns of the prickly pear, no means of killing game, and seven days' journey to a friendly settlement. Still he lived through his trial, subsisted on roots, and finally arrived at Lisa Fort, on the Big Horn Branch of the Yellowstone River, to receive a warm welcome and the praises due to such unexampled bravery, spirit and endurance. This hero of the west was fortunate enough to find a biographer, and consequently immortality. The whole world knows his story. But his case is certainly a remarkable one; still there must have been numberless deeds of daring performed by the backwoods and frontiersmen of our settlement worthy to live in song, story and painting, which have been lost to the world. The whole history of the settlement of the northwest and west is a mass of adventures possessing more or less heroic interest.



THE TRAPPER AND THE INDIANS

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

FIGHTING LADIES.

We see that some of the "strong-minded" in different sections of the country have been punishing offenders of the male sex by horsewhipping them. This is rather an improvement on the mode of revenge adopted by some of the fair sex in the good old times, which we find recorded in Millingen's very curious "History of Duelling." The most celebrated female duellist was the actress Maupin, one of the performers at the French opera. Serane, the famous fencing-master, was her teacher in the use of the sword. One evening, at a ball, having behaved rudely to a lady, she was requested to leave the room, which she did, after requiring that those gentlemen who had espoused the offended lady's cause should accompany her. To this proposal they agreed; when, after a hard combat, she killed them all, and quietly returned to the ball-room. Louis XIV. granted her a pardon, and she withdrew to Brussels, but soon after returned to the Parisian opera, and died in 1707, at the age of thirty-seven. Under the regency, a duel with pistols was fought between the Marchioness de Nesle and the Countess Polignac for the love of the Duke of Richelieu; and in more modern times, so late, indeed, as 1827, a lady at St. Rambert received a challenge to fight with pistols; and about the same period, a lady of Chateauroux, whose husband had received a slap in the face without resenting it, called out the offender, and fighting him with the sword, severely wounded him. So it seems the French ladies have not always relied on killing glances—saw-handled pistols and thirty-two inch blades being sometimes found more effective. What darling creatures these fighting beauties must have been! A careless look or word from a gentleman was the precursor of a "bullet in the thorax," or a rapier-thrust in the region of the heart. The cowhide is a safer though not quite so refined a weapon.

WONDERFULLY MADE.—On one occasion, recently, an English clergyman put the following question to one of his parishioners: "John, what are you made of?" The man, not being very ready with his reply, was prompted by one of his neighbors who whispered "Dust and clay." "Curds and whey!" roared Johnny, confidently. "Soft metal—soft metal!" muttered the clergyman.

AMERICAN LADIES ABROAD.—Some cavillers say the American ladies abroad render themselves remarked by over-dressing; but they confess that in any garb they are always beautiful.

A HINT.—Of the twelve passengers killed on the New York railroads in 1855, eleven were standing on the platform of the cars.

SPLINTERS.

.... A law for preventing the adulteration of milk has been enacted by the New York legislature.

.... John R. Scott, the eminent American tragedian, died recently of apoplexy in the city of New York.

.... The New York Bible Society proposes publishing the Bible in newspaper form. An excellent idea.

.... General Lane and Governor Robinson, of Kanzas, lately visited Washington, attired in neat bearskin coats.

.... A man in Weimar, Germany, was lately sentenced to imprisonment for forging Schiller manuscripts.

.... The revenue cutter Dobbin lately encountered several gales, and was seriously damaged by them.

.... Mr. Fisher, Hunt's Merchants' Magazine thinks, has invented a practicable steam carriage for highways.

.... A dinner-table wit was disconcerted completely by an order from his hostess to "begin to be funny."

.... Sonora and Coahuila, Mexican States, are anxious to be annexed to the "smartest nation in all creation."

.... A man in Buffalo, playing with a pair of handcuffs, got his wrists fastened, and wore them for two whole days.

.... The boiler of the ill fated ferry boat New Jersey was found to have been wholly unfit for service.

.... The Emperor of France pardoned an immense number of criminals on the birth of the young heir.

.... Jenny Lind has contributed ten thousand dollars to the Nightingale fund. Just like her.

.... There are over thirty-five millions of Catholics in the empire of France; of all other creeds half a million.

.... A black silk handkerchief thrown over the face is *said* to recover a person in an epileptic fit.

.... A man recently died of glanders from a diseased horse. Look out for Brighton horses.

.... The fern plant, so abundant in the Scotch Highlands, makes a very superior paper.

.... Mr. Augustus W. Fenno, the excellent American light comedian, is to play in England.

.... An attempt was recently made to assassinate Alderman Sylvester Sexton, of Chicago.

.... The figure head of the Minehaha, carved by Mr. Gleason, of this city, is a fine work of art.

.... A new chapel for Harvard College is to be erected with the funds left by Hon. Samuel Appleton.

.... The practice of surprising clergymen by visits of parishioners with presents is very prevalent.

.... B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) has become connected with Clapp's Evening Gazette.

A WORD ABOUT EAGLES.

We never could bear the idea of shooting an eagle. It seems a species of high treason to bring from his soaring height the emblem bird of our banner—the king of the feathered tribe—the proud lord of the upper air. Yet it was only the other day we read in the paper of somebody in this vicinity shooting an eagle that had lighted on the very tree from which his grandfather shot another eagle a good many years ago. There was no charge brought against the bird of sheep-stealing to justify the charge of swan-shot that was poured into him; there was nothing said of any attempt to carry off an infant or two from the neighborhood—only there was that hereditary reputation of marksmanship at stake, and a sort of proud necessity for a bunch of eagle's plumes to grace the cap of the grandfather's grandson.

The first eagle we ever saw was in Essex county, many years ago; and we remember, when he was pointed out to us, being rather disappointed because he did not carry an United States shield, an "E Pluribus Unum" ribbon in his mouth, and a claw full of thunder and lightning, just as the flags and the Fourth of July orators depicted him. We have seen eagles since, and within rifle shot, too; but the idea of cutting a single feather from the broad pens of a single specimen never occurred to us. We consider eaglicide justifiable only in self-defence, or in defence of one's property. We dislike to see an eagle in a cage; it's like the imprisonment of an American citizen. His proper place is soaring aloft in the clouds, or backing liberty on a ten-dollar piece, or helping a patriot out of a dilemma, and filling up a hiatus in an oration.

Christopher North sighed for the "Life of an Eagle written by himself!" and he goes on fancifully to describe such a life from an eagle's—that is, a "bird's eye"—point of view. "He kept himself in constant trainings—taking a flight of a couple of hundred miles before breakfast; paying a forenoon visit to the farthest of the Hebrides isles, and returning to dinner in Glencoe. In one day he has flown to Norway on a visit to an uncle on his mother's side, and returned the next day to comfort his paternal uncle, lying sick by the Cambrian Dee. He soon learned to despise himself for having once yelled for food, when food was none; and to sit or sail, on rock or through ether, athirst and an hungered, but mute."

Then Wilson goes on to describe, in his glowing prose poetry, the wooing of the royal bird, and the process of incubation, concluding: "Through all thy glens, Albin, hadst thou reason to mourn at the bursting of the shells that queen-bird had been cherishing beneath her bosom. Aloft in heaven wheeled the royal pair from rising to setting sun. Among the bright blooming heather they espied the tartaned shepherd, or hunter, creeping like a lizard, and from beneath the vain shadow of a rock watching with his rifle the light he would fain see shorn of its beams. The flocks were thinned, and the bleating of desolate dams among the woolly people heard from many a brae. Poison was strown over the glens for their destruction, but the eagle, like the lion, preys not on carcasses; and the shepherd dogs howled in agony over the carrion in which they devoured death. Ha, was not that a day of triumph to the star-starers of Cruachan, when, sky-hunting in couples, far down on the greensward before the ruined gateway of Kilchurn castle, they saw, left all to himself in sunshine, the child of the lord of Glenorchy and all its streams? Four talons in an instant were in his heart! Too late were the outcries from all the turrets; for ere the castle gates were flung open, the golden head of the royal babe was lying in gore, in the eyrie, on the iron ramparts of Ben Slarive—his blue eyes dug out, his rosy cheeks torn, and his brain dropping from beaks that yelled revelling within the skull! Such are a few hints for 'Some Passages in the Life of a Golden Eagle, written by Himself!'" There is poetry in the foregoing passage, coupled with a fair, sly hit at the "sensation school" of writers.

IMPROVE THIS CHANCE.

We have a few sets of the first eight volumes of our Pictorial complete, bound strongly in paper covers, which we will send by mail *free of postage* on the receipt of *twelve dollars*. These volumes, from the commencement of the work, are of great value, and besides containing some *ten thousand* original engravings, present a fund of original miscellany, biography, notes of adventures, description of famous localities, records of the times, wit, humor and romance, that can be obtained in no other way at so low a price. We have but a limited number left, and those who send first will be supplied. The great expense attendant upon getting up such a work precludes the possibility of these volumes being ever again reprinted.

A MUSICAL CURIOSITY.—A novel instrument has lately been invented by a gentleman of Spartansburg, Pennsylvania. He calls it the "Father of Fiddles." It is described as consisting of fifty shells, or viols, with strings similar to a violin, the sounds being produced by drawing a bair bow across them. It contains four full octaves, and is played with keys after the manner of a piano, or organ.

A NEW YORK BARBER.—It is stated that Mr. Edward Phalon, the New York barber of the St. Nicholas Hotel, gave a party recently which cost $5000. There were seven hundred guests, and in the orchestra were some of the best performers in the country.

WATERMELONS IN MARCH.—Our New York friends, during the month of March, were enjoying the luxury of watermelons from Nicaragua.

MANUFACTORIES.—Several capitalists of our city are investing largely in manufacturing business in East Boston and Chelsea.

THE MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

Once in a while we read in the papers of the departure of some veteran who bore a part in the scenes of our revolutionary drama. Soon—very soon, no more such records will greet the eye; soon the very last survivor of that heroic age will be consigned to the quiet grave. It seems surprising, and indeed providential, that the lives of so many of the revolutionary patriots were preserved to our days, to witness the inception and growth of a republic, whose progress fills one of the most brilliant pages in the history of the world. What a crowded panorama of events passed before their gaze? what a multitude of figures—sages, statesmen, warriors! what wonderful triumphs of civilization! what marvels of science and of art! The age of which the representatives are now being garnered in the grave, is now mellowed by distance, as a picture is mellowed by time. It is ripe for the pencil and the pen. Its minutest records, its most trivial incidents, will now, at the hand of genius, be transmuted into glorious visions, at which the world will stand a-gaze. The revolutionary era! It is an exhaustless mine for the dramatist, the historian, the biographer, the painter, the sculptor and the writer of romance. It will need the accumulated testimony of contemporaries, the weight of documentary evidence, and the existence of monumental records, to convince far distant peoples and generations that its glory was real—and not like the mythic vision of the golden age. The true greatness of our revolutionary men and times shames the visions of the most sanguine believers in the high mission of humanity.

NATIONAL EMBLEM.—Dr. Thornton in a letter to Mr. Jefferson, said: "The rattlesnake, being peculiar to this country, is the finest emblem of the United States that can be found. It never acts but defensively—it never strikes without giving a fair warning—and when it does strike, it is fatal." Paul Jones thought so too, and it was the rattlesnake, with the legend, "Don't tread on me," that floated from his mast-head, when the guns of the renowned Bon Homme Richard ripped the Serapis completely to pieces.

RAILROADS IN MAINE.—There are in the Pine Tree State fifteen railways, whose aggregate length within the State is 406 miles. Their entire cost is $19,272,495. This includes the entire cost of the Boston and Maine, and the Atlantic and St. Lawrence roads, large portions of which lie in other States.

HORSE RAILROADS.—The Cambridge Horse Railroad works admirably. Before long most of our large suburban towns will be connected with the city by this means of intercommunication.

HYGIENIC.—A lady has been writing against tight lacing and tight shoes in the Boston Courier. It don't do for us men to meddle with such subjects.

ENVY.—Envy is a sin it takes two to make. If you wish to avoid it, throw away your finery, and add to your goodness.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. William Carr to Miss Eliza Robinson; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. George T. Scott to Miss Matilda H. Lester; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Wm. H. Pieree, of Charlestown, to Miss Sarah W. Rust; by Rev. Dr. Blagden, E. W. Wilder, Esq., of West Newton, to Mrs. S. A. Bradley, of Worcester; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. James Allison to Miss Jane Ramsey; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Lawrence Leary to Miss Mary Ring.—At Charlestown, Mr. George A. Kidder, of East Boston, to Miss Charlotte Lewis, of London, Eng.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Newell, Lieut. Henry L. Abbott to Miss Mary Susan Everett.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Kibby, Mr. N. D. Freeman to Miss Alphia C. Nickerson, all of Provincetown.—By Rev. Mr. Stubberts, Mr. Ezra W. Brintnall to Miss Frances H. Fogg.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Benjamin P. Ravel to Mrs. Annah Kimball.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr Frank Graichen to Miss Margaret Hannah, both of Clinton.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. Charles C. Ball to Miss Rebecca Pierce.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. William H. Greely to Miss Eliza A. Jones.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Cutler C. Cleveland to Miss Eliza M. Lovell.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Brigham, Mr. William B. Durfee, of Fall River, to Miss Susan M. Brown.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Seeley, Mr. D. W. Chapin to Miss Emily Hunt, of Northampton.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. John Keene, 40; Widow Lydia Spear; Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. Martin Hall; Widow M. Ireland, 72; Mrs. Lucy Nichols, 67; Widow Margaret Elizabeth Kupfer, 77; Miss Fanny Costallo, 32; Mr. Joseph Main, 18.—At Charlestown, Miss Jane Elizabeth Rugg, 25; Mrs. Betsey Rockwood, 85.—At Chelsea, Widow Susannah Jenks, 85.—At Jamaica Plain, Mrs. Elizabeth Cowell, 68.—At Brookline, Mr. Samuel Craft, 68.—At Watertown, Mrs. Widow A. Bangs, 64.—At Waltham, Mr. Benjamin T. Lane, Esq., 64.—At Natick, Mr. Curtis Alden, 30.—At Dedham, Mr. Reuben Farrington, 81.—At Abington, Mrs. Susan M. Healy, 25.—At Newburyport, Widow Elizabeth Ladd, 70.—At Lowell, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. William Dearden, 37.—At Worcester, Miss Delia M. Preston, 16.—At Monument (Sandwich), Mr. Charles Bourne, 82; also, three days after, his wife, Mrs. Hannah Bourne, 82.—At Clinton, Mrs. Martha A. Freeman, 29.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Chloe, wife of Mr. Samuel S. Daggett. 51.—At West Sutton, Mr. Amos Waters, 92.—At Dartmouth, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of Mr. Nathaniel Howland, 90.—At Springfield, Mr. Samuel Hammond, 33.—At Hallowell, Me., Mr. William Drew, formerly of Kingston, Mass., 89.—At Winooski, Vt., Mr. William B. Brigham, 28.—At Hillsboro', Ill., Mr. Meek A. Paisley, 31; Mr. Abial H. Abbot, 20.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year..... $3 00
4 subscribers, " " 10 00
10 " " " 20 00

ANY person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHY.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

Down by the lonely shore we strayed,
Down by the shore, when the day was old,
O, the wild dashing waters, what music they made,
And the sorrowful wind, what strange stories it told.

Then the moon wandered up and looked down on the sea,
And a lonely white cloud blew across her sweet face—
O, why comes this memory back to me,
As I sit at the board in a pauper's place?

As I sit at the board, in a pauper's seat,
And gnaw like a wolf at my pauper fare,
With the thorns of the way in my blood-stained feet,
And the dust of the road in my matted hair?

O, why comes this memory back to me,
Through the dismal gloom of a pauper's place?
What brings the wild dash of the sounding sea,
And the cloud blowing over the moon's sweet face?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHIG AND TORY.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GIDDINOS H. BALLOU.

It was a chilly, dreary afternoon in November, and the winds whistled about the little cottage where the remnant of Colonel Harper's scattered family drew around the hearth, from which the blazing firelogs sent forth unwonted cheerfulness. It was long since Madame Harper and the fair Mary had seen so happy an hour. Never since the news came that the stalwort man to whom they looked for protection, to whom they clung with mingled love and reverence, had been barbarously murdered at the close of a disastrous skirmish with the royalists on the Santee. The family had some time before this sad event removed from their plantation on the river to a small estate in the more remote interior, where they would be less exposed to the malice of their enemies, to whom the name of the Harpers was sufficiently obnoxious. And when their prime stay was thus torn from them, the widow and orphan felt doubly desolate in their solitude.

But young Master Frank was now at home for a short space, recruiting from the effects of a severe wound received in one of the recent battles. He had come with the glad tidings of victory; and a promotion, well deserved, was made more grateful by the special commendation of his general. So the genial spirits of the soldier communicated themselves to all around him; the mother and sister smiled at his camp jests, and were never weary of listening to his stories of martial adventure. Old Cæsar and Dinah also came in for their share of the social enjoyment; and the few sables which the little establishment still retained, participated in the common happiness, now that, to use their own words, "Mass' Frank come home real Congress cap'n." Notwithstanding the outer dreariness of a chill November afternoon, all was pleasant within doors. As a fresh blast made the fasteuings of the shutter rattle, Captain Frank would hitch his seat nearer to the fire.

"Ah, my dears," he would say, "would I not like that Marion and his soldiers could be sheltered this night as well as I shall be! But I dare say that the general is, at this very moment, making bivouac at the foot of some oak or hickory—maybe at the edge of a swamp, or impenetrable mountain jungle. Eh, and even our friend Gaston, Miss Mary, may very probably lodge this night on 'the cold, cold ground,' as the roundclay has it."

"And if it be so," replied the black-eyed sister, "it will not have been for the first time; nor will Charles Gaston be the first to complain."

"Ho, ho, my lady," rejoined Frank, laughingly, "pray take no offence at my remark! I meant no insinuation against the young gentleman's hardihood. I am well aware that if he *should* suffer serious injury, there is a certain warm-hearted relative of mine who would be much more ready to complain than he would be himself. But then, don't seek to retaliate! I will give you the honors of the field, and retire from the contest at once—By the way, has anything been heard lately of that rascally neighbor of ours, that once was, Tom Dashwood?"

"Hush, Frank!" exclaimed his mother, with an involuntary uplifting of her finger; while Mary, with evident discomposure, murmured something about affairs in the kitchen, and hurried out.

Frank stared at his mother in surprise.

"What means all this agitation?" he inquired. "I have only asked a simple question, which methinks scarce demands such emotion from either you or Mary. I know that the fellow once pretended some uncouth attentions to her, but what of that?"

"You mistake, Frank," replied his mother. "It must be, then, that you are ignorant of what we have lately heard of this man's villany. You know not, then, that he is thought to have been the cause of your father's death?"

"Good Heaven!—no! It is the first intimation of the sort that I have had! But how?"

"You are doubtless aware," answered his mother, "that the Dashwoods never bore a good reputation for honesty in their dealings. Some years since, this Thomas Dashwood was implicated in a fraudulent conveyance of estate; and your father was employed as a magistrate in ferreting out and punishing the crime. It was just about this time, also, that Dashwood received a rebuff in his rather obtrusive attentions to Mary. In the law business, he succeeded in getting quite clear, as there was not legal evidence sufficient to prove the connection between himself and his principals. But the odium of fraud clung to him notwithstanding; and this, joined with the absurd disappointment at Mary's treatment of him, are supposed to have filled him with venom against the whole family. Against Gaston, also, he entertains the same spite. I do not know the precise agency which he had in producing our misfortunes, but I am told that he spread the report that your father had treated certain tory families with great cruelty; and also that, having professed allegiance to the British at Charleston, he had, nevertheless, taken up arms against them once more—and that, too, on the very first opportunity. Doubtless he managed as insidiously as possible; but the quarter from which the story reached me, and what I know of the man besides, leaves me little doubt. Nay," she continued, casting a timorous glance at the securities, which now barred both window and door from the outer darkness, "such is the character of Dashwood, that did I suspect him to be within possible reach of this dwelling, I should not feel at ease a single moment."

"The hypocrite!—the satanic scoundrel!" said the captain to himself, as, with clenched hands and close set teeth, he walked the room. "O, that I had but known this before!"

"Frank, Frank! Do not give way to passion, I entreat you! Indeed, I ought not—should not have spoken of this, had it not been—but hark! What noise is that?"

One or two blows, as of a person asking admittance, were heard on the outside of the door. Frank went towards it. "Who goes there?" he asked. A musket was instantly discharged from without; and Frank, receiving a slight wound, stepped quickly back, while the door shivered beneath the axes of the assailants.

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the terrified mother, throwing her arms around the captain. The latter, about to grasp his rifle, paused; he saw the uselessness of attempting defence. Therefore, he would so conduct, that the passions of the unopposed assailants might, at the least, reach no further than himself.

"Ha, good folk!" cried Dashwood, who the next moment bounded over the threshold. "Good evening to you, Mistress Harper;—and you, captain;—and you, Miss Mary," he added, turning to the poor girl, who stood breathless as marble at the further extremity of the room. "An unexpected meeting, I presume, on your part, but none the less rejoiced to see me. Is it not so, my dear?"

Mary Harper shuddered; and though she attempted to speak, the sounds died away on her lips as she glanced on Dashwood, and those by whom he was surrounded.

"What, so overjoyed that you can't even speak to me, my dear? If you but knew what a long way I have come to meet you. More than that, I have brought the ring, and a parson to see that it is fitted rightly. Of course, you will not refuse me. No, no, that would be impossible. How fortunate, too, that Captain Frank is here to witness the wedding!"

A choking lump was struggling in Frank's throat during this monologue; and it was perhaps as well that in the meanwhile his arms were firmly held by two brawny ruffians, or he might not have been able to restrain his hot southern blood within the bounds of prudence. There was a savage exultation about Dashwood, which, coupled with the recent information received by young Harper, made the blood of the latter fairly seethe in his veins. Nevertheless, he so far controlled himself, as to say:

"Dashwood, if you have any disposition to return a favor, remember the flight at Mountain Creek, and act accordingly. Had it not been for me, you would not have lived to be here. Take our goods, and what little money we have, but spare ourselves."

"By heaven!" retorted Dashwood, with a sullen fury in his face. "I should think some lord was giving us his commands! Look you, Master Frank Harper, I *do* mean to return the favor. I want neither to harm you, nor to take any of your rascally possessions—unless it may be a glass or two of wine, and such odd silver as you may wish to make a present of to my fellows. But there is *one* thing, Master Frank, that I am determined on; and that is, that Miss Mary shall consent to become my wife this very eve, or else there'll be such a muss as was never heard before in this house! I have brought Parson Jones—"

But here Frank's passion overmastered his caution; and shaking off his sinewy guards as though they were children, he threw himself on Dashwood, and bore him to the floor. The latter was quickly relieved by his companions, but not before his swart face had become still darker from the grip which Frank had placed on his throat.

"Seize, seize the scoundrel!" cried Dashwood, as soon as he was able to articulate. "He shall swing for it, as I live! The rope, Oakman!—the rope!"

This was forthwith produced; and regardless of the piteous entreaties of the women, Dashwood knotted the cord with the readiness of an adept, and cast it round the neck of the prisoner, whose arms were now tightly strapped behind him. An end of the rope was thrown over a beam which ran above.

"There, Miss Mary," said Dashwood, coolly, "don't take on so! He isn't dead yet; and for your sake I will let him go, notwithstanding the injury he has done, and the more which he intended to do me—provided, however, you do me the favor of attending me with the parson yonder. Here, Parson Jones, come hither!"

A man of vulgar appearance—whose face betokened the habit of constant potations—now came forward, book in hand, and wearing a faded surplice, which hung in disorder from his shoulders.

"Look at him," exclaimed Dashwood, with an air of ruffianly effrontery. "I call all persons present to witness that this is a true blue parson (Giles Jones by name), whom I have brought with me all the way from Scragg's Creek, believing that I should want his services. So, Parson Jones, spout away; here am I, and here is Miss Mary, who doubtless is willing enough, only a little coy. Oakman, stand by the ropes. Now then, my dear, you had best be pliable, or your brother will have to swing for it!"

He essayed to take her hand, but though faint and scarce conscious of what she did, she thrust it away with instinctive disgust.

"String him up, Oakman!" exclaimed Dashwood, his face inflamed with rage. "Up to the rafters with him! I'll not be fooled in this way!"

Oakman was in the act of obeying, when the women, with the resolution of despair, threw themselves in his way. While he rudely struggled against their frantic efforts, the door flew open, and a score or more of men rushed into the room, overthrowing Dashwood and his murderous tool, and disarming their mates. Frank was released, and Mary found herself in the arms of Gaston, who, in a few words, told her how he had been apprised by accident of Dashwood's probable designs, which he had thus barely been able to prevent. Dashwood was bound with the rope which he had provided for another, and carried to the camp of General Sumpter, who lay about fifteen miles from the dwelling of the Harpers. Here he was placed before a court-martial, charged with murder in cold blood, and also with deserting from the continental flag, under which he had at one time taken a commission. The accusations were proved, and he was executed forthwith—the country being well rid of a brutal and faithless ruffian. Mary and Gaston were married near the close of the war, and settled on an estate which he had recently purchased near the Harper plantation.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD OAK TREE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Down by the mossy brook-side,
Just under the ferny hill,
Where the birds sang sweetly ever,
And the brook ran deep and still,
There was a gnarled tree olden,
With branches leaning low;
And 'twas there I played at sunset,
In the light of years ago,
When my heart was full of a joyous flow,
And my round cheeks blushed in the rosy glow.

'Twas a tree which bore oak-acorns,
With glossy leaves 'twas crowned,
And I gathered up the acorn-cups
As they fell on the grassy ground;
And with leaves, and shells, and flower-bells,
I spread a gray old stone
With a banquet sweet, that a fairy queen
Might well have supped upon—
And a mossy rock might have been her throne,
And her orchestra the wind's low moan.

And the sunbeams golden yellow
Fell through the leaves aslant,
And the winds and bird-notes sounded
Like a grand, cathedral chant!
Low breathings were in the forest,
Weird sounds in the dark pine trees,
And I listened with awe, for well I loved
Life's guarded mysteries;
And the wind its love tale told the leaves,
And the streamlet's bosom kissed the breeze.

But autumn came, and the shining leaves
Grew brown in the frost king's breath,
And the acorn cups and the glossy fruit
Were laid on the breast of death.
And the streamlet's silver flow was hushed,
The birds sought southern bowers;
The green grass mourned and withered up,
And paled the summer flowers!
And cold winds shrieked the long, dark hours,
And clad in gloom was this world of ours.

But the memory lingers around me yet,
In dreams I play again,
Where the forest dark and the old oak tree
Are chanting that lost refrain!
Those acorn-cups and green-veined leaves
In fancy glad I see,
And again is surging through my soul
That spirit-minstrelsy!
To the Great Unknown my wild thoughts flee,
And I worship again life's mystery.

A WONDERFUL MIRROR.

Among the curiosities exhibited in the Paris Exhibition, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic. On standing close to it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your physiognomy. On retiring a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion but reversed, the head downwards. But retire still further, standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold, you see yourself not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection—but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mirror. The effect is almost appalling, from the idea that it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact, that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other self, you will see it pass clean through the body and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you at the same instant. The artist who first succeeded in fashioning a mirror of this description, brought it to one of the French kings—if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV.—placed his majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword, and thrust at the figure he saw. The king did so; but seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor; his majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice that he never again would look at either the mirror or its owner.—*Boston Statesman.*

There is this good in real evils,—they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.—*Lacon.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The celebrated banking house of the Rothschilds loaned during the past year $515,000,000. —— There is an unparalleled emigration from New Hampshire to the West, this spring. The N. H. Patriot says, "There is no doubt that more people will leave this State for the West this year than have gone in any three past years." —— The population of St. Louis is 120,000, nearly as much as Boston. —— In Brooklyn, N. Y., the Church of the Holy Trinity (Episcopalian) became embarrassed, and the structure was about to be sold nnder the hammer, when a story got afloat that Archbishop Hughes would be the purchaser, a meeting was called, and the $30,000 necessary to redeem the mortgage was promptly subscribed. —— There are sixty German papers published in the United States. —— Com. Perry's great work on Japan is in a state of rapid completion, and will be ready for delivery by June. It is a magnificent affair, elegantly illustrated, and full of scientific, historical and geographical interest. It costs the government two hundred thousand dollars. —— The garrison at the Brooklyn navy yard consists of only *twelve* men; rather a small army, but probably as many as are required there at present. —— In the reign of Henry V., about the year 1114, a sheep could be bought for four pence, and wheat enough for feeding one hundred men a whole day cost but a single shilling. —— A little sugar dissolved in any writing ink changes it to a suitable copying ink. —— The exports of oil, bone, and candles from the United States to foreign countries during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1855, amounted to more than three millions of dollars. —— It is in contemplation to rebuild, in a handsome style, Tompkins Market, at the junction of the Bowery and Third Avenue, New York. —— An old lady in Morristown, N. J., nearly ninety years old, has had a growth of fine black hair on her head for a year past. She is also cutting new teeth, and her sight has come to her the second time. —— The Alabama legislature have passed a law, prohibiting gambling on steamboats, under heavy penalties. —— Frozen plants if taken at once and thawed out in cold water, will not be injured, but if left to thaw by atmospheric heat, will be destroyed. —— It has been calculated by Professor Bache, that the waves of the sea travel at the rate of six and a half miles a minute! —— A nursery of five thousand peach trees, cultivated by Mr. Burnet, of Vincennes Ind., have been all destroyed, with the exception of fifty, by the long-continued frost. —— One of the little Aztecs, Theodore, aged 14, has just died in Berlin from an attack of fever. —— The venerable Rev. Dr. Prime, recently deceased, was well known as a minister of ability, and author of the "History of Long Island." Two of his sons are connected with the New York Observer, and one of them is a lawyer, now travelling in the East. —— The number of students at present in Bowdoin College is 188. —— Sydney Smith once remarked that you find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and two pence. —— The animal population of the Jardiu des Plantes has just been increased by the birth of a male giraffe, the first of the race, says Galignani, which has ever been born either in France or any part of the continent of Europe. It already measures nearly six feet in height. —— The United States has 67 tunnels on canals and railroads, the largest of which is a little over one mile. —— Give the roots of any plant a chance to grow downward, and they will go where they will always find moisture, no matter how hot or how long the sun may shine and parch a few inches of the surface. —— The female butterfly dies immediately after depositing her eggs, tho male having already preceded her. —— John Murrell, of Lynchburg, died recently in New Orleans. He was, perhaps, the wealthiest man in Virginia, being worth, it is supposed, full $2,000,000. —— A project has been started in England, of establishing under the patronage of the government a "gallery of original portraits;" such portraits to consist, as far as possible, of those persons who are most honorably commemorated in British history as warriors or as statesmen, or in arts, in literature, and in science. —— The annual valuo of poultry in the United States is estimated at twenty millions of dollars. The city of New York expends yearly one and a half million dollars in the purchaso of eggs alone.

THE GREED OF GOLD.—An inordinate thirst for wealth is one of tho besetting sins of the day. Mammon-worshippers should read daily this sentiment of Dr. Channing: "A people that deems the possession of riches its highest source of distinction, admits of one of the most degrading of all influences to preside over its opinions. At no time should money be ranked as more than a means; and he who lives as if the acquisition of property were the sole end of his existence, betrays the dominion of the most sordid, base and grovelling motive that life offers."

COSTLY SCULPTURES.—Lynor Weitkanoff, a Russian gentleman, owner of the marble quarries at Carrara, in Italy, has lately had executed from selected and spotless blocks, a magnificent altar piece for the now nearly completed cathedral of St. Isaacs, at St. Petersburg. The cost of the work, previous to its shipment from Italy, was a million and a half of ruhles.

DIET.—Quin said that Mossop, the player, adapted his diet to his duties. If at night he had to play the part of a tyrant, he dined on pork nearly raw, while for tho character of a lover, he prepared himself by a milder repast of hoiled tripe or a knuckle of veal.

SUNDAYS IN ENGLAND.—Tho Sunday desecration bill, as it was called by its opponents,—for opening places of amusement on that day,—has been defeated in parliament, by a vote of 376 to 48.

SENTIMENTAL.—"I am indeed very much afraid of lightning," murmured a pretty girl, during a storm. "And well you may be," sighed her despairing lover, "for your heart is made of steel."

Wayside Gatherings.

In twenty-three counties in the western part of New York, there are said to be forty millions of young fruit trees growing.

The remains of Commodore McKeever were recently interred at Norfolk, with military honors. Thero were two thousand persons in the procession.

The grand aqueduct at Sebastopol, about eight miles in length, width six feet, and meau depth seven feet and a half, has been destroyed by the French.

At Savannah, John Turner, contractor for sweeping chimneys, had his contract revoked, and was fined $50, for profane language in the presence of ladies.

A fine young lad, eight years old, son of Mr. R. Whitehead, near Cleveland, Ohio, was killed by two savage dogs, recently. One of the dogs was a Cuban bloodhound.

Organ grinders are numerous and popular in Philadelphia. One hundred of these itinerant musicians passed a certain point during a single day, says the Courier.

Three hundred and sixty thousand dollars have already been subscribed to the university to be located at Greensboro' Ala., and its friends say they will start it with $400,000.

The light-house at Cape Florida has been finished, and is now lighted. The light is a second class Fresnel, elevated 100 feet above sea level, and may be seen fifteen miles.

At St. Peter's church, Rome, a peculiar warmth always prevails and the cause is unknown. The candles about the shrines, and the thickness of the walls, have been erroneously thought the cause.

Three hundred tons of sugar passed over the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad during one week, recently, to Chicago, destined for one house in that city. This was the first invoice from New Orleans this season.

A company is soon to be organized in Milwaukie, under a new charter, to be called the "Milwaukie Transportation Company," with a capital of $1,000,000, and to go into operation when $400,000 more shall have been subscribed.

A project is on foot for the construction of a line of telegraph through the different towns along the route from Williamstown to Pittsfield, connecting at the latter place with the various lines to Springfield, New York, Boston, and other places.

It is remarked as a significant coincidence that the number of the Moniteur announcing the birth of an heir to the throne of the Bonapartes, contains a decree that all the money which bears the effigy of liberty shall cease to be current coin.

The young Prince of Prussia, son of the heir of the throne, is on a visit to England, with a view to be betrothed to the princess royal. Last year, when this youth came on the same errand, the British press scouted the alliance, but times have changed since then.

In the interior of Asia Minor and Armenia, the late winter has been one of unusual severity. In the vicinity of Koniah, a caravan of eighty persons was buried by a snow slide. Fifty of them were rescued alive by those who hastened to their assistance; the remainder were beyond recovery.

Mr. J. Brown, of Hart county, Ga., who is described as the father of twenty-nine children, has discovered a rich vein of gold, which yields from a small panful of earth a pennyweight of gold. The old man and his little boys, with their mortars and pans, make from five to six dollars per day.

A deputation of the friends of Poland waited on Lord Palmerston, and presented a memorial begging him to give instructions to the Britisb plenipotentiary at Paris to insist on the restoration of Poland. Palmerston merely replied that the subject should have the consideration of the government.

Not long since a Portuguese officer passed through Lyons, accompanied by an ourang-outang, which he had captured in a forest of the Brazils. The height of this animal is about six English feet, and it walked upright without any appearance of discomfort. It was dressed in nankeen trousers and a straw hat.

The French Count Escayrac de Lauture, member of the central committee of the Geographical Society, who has already gained a world-wide celebrity by his travels in Central Africa, has been entrusted by the Viceroy of Egypt with the command of an expedition for the discovery of the sources of tho Nile.

Astronomers, it is said, expect the appearance this year of tho comet of 1556, called Charles V., and so named from having, according to some historians, caused that monarch to abdicate and retire to the convent of St. Just. It is the identical wandering star, somo say, which appeared in 1264, 995, and in 683.

An iron screw steamer, of 600 tons, recently built at Glasgow, Scotland, has her mainmast, from its step to several feet above her upper deck, of a strong iron tube, into which is fitted the usual wooden mast. By this means, should the mast break or be cut away, a new one can be easily fitted without disturbing the cargo.

There has just been discovered, between St. Valeryen-Caux and Vanles, a new oyster bank, which, according to the French papers, had its origin in the foundering and breaking up of a vessel laden with oysters, bound from St. Vaast to Dieppe, thirty years ago. The quality of these oysters is declared to be exceedingly fine.

Lieut. Maury's agricultural admirers are about to urge upon Congress the establishment of a "Meteorological Bureau," under his able supervisiou. A committee appointed by the "National Agricultural Society," has the matter in charge, and petitions are pouring in from agricultural and horticultural societies throughout tho republic.

One thousand dollars have been given by Erastus Corning, of Albany, N. Y., for the construction of an astronomical clock on a new plan, prepared by Dr. Gould. A meridian circle, which it is expected will be the most perfect instrument of the kind, as well as equal in size to any hitherto constructed, has also been contracted for in Munich, and is now in process of construction.

There is a tolerable prospect that in the mountains of Virginia there will be snow enough to afford good sleighing during tho entire summer. The snow in tho Alleghany mountains, at this time, averages about three and one-half feet in depth; and it is drifted in some places to the depth of from 100 to 150 feet, so that the topmost branches of the tallest trees barely project above the surface.

A case of great interest was recently tried in tho courts of France. Captain Goetschy, of the 88th regiment, was formerly a Roman Catholic. His wife had died, leaving two children. Captain Goetschy became a Protestant, and tho relatives of his wife applied to the courts to deprive him of the care of his children, on the ground of his conversion and of his determination to educate them in tho Protestant faith. The case was argued by able counsel, but the court, after a deliberate examination, decided in favor of the father and the rights of conscience.

Foreign Items.

Count Orloff, the Russian envoy to the Paris Peace Conference, is 71 years old, and like the late Emperor Nicholas, over 6 feet high.

The Ticinese Gazette announces that the ratifications of the commercial treaty between Great Britain and Switzerland were exchanged at Berne.

The Minister of Finance of Parma has issued a decree allowing the exportation of rice, which had been prohibited two years ago on account of the scarcity of food.

The Emperor of Austria, "desiring to recognize the services which Baron de Rothschild has rendered to the State," has conferred upon him the decoration of the Second Class of the Iron Crown.

Queen Victoria has presented to the London Orphan Asylum, Clapton, three hundred guineas, to purchase for the Prince of Wales the right to keep one child always in the asylum during the lifetime of his royal highness.

There is at Cowthorpe, near Weatherby, one of the largest oak trees in England. It is 20 yards in girth, and one bough is 19 yards long. Its age is five hundred years, and a dozen people can comfortably dine in the hollow trunk.

The merchants of Liverpool are making efforts to adorn St. George's Hall with masterpieces of sculpture. £1750 are provided to be given for the best model of a statue of Archdeacon Brooks, to be sent in by either of twelve of the most eminent English sculptors.

According to Rayer's agricultural statistics, the number of chickens in France is 72,556,862, laying on an average fifty eggs per year each, making a total of 3,772,956,823, worth 178,331,110 francs. Between fifty-two and fifty-five million eggs are annually exported, mainly to England.

Sands of Gold.

.... Imitation is the sincerest of flattery.—*Lacon.*

.... Critics are judges who rely on precedents with the rigor of judges on the bench.—*G. H. Lewes.*

.... Beauty is no local deity, like the Greek and Roman gods, but omnipresent.—*Bartol.*

.... That virtue which depends on opinion, looks to secrecy alone, and could not be trusted in a desert.—*Lacon.*

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.—*Landor.*

.... The men who jump at conclusions, seldom reach any that are worth having. These must be got by climbing.—*Wigglesworth.*

.. Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of ancient saints, full of true virtue, and without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed —*Bacon.*

Genius has an orbit of its own; if it moved through the orbit of common-place lives, it would not be genius, but common-place.—*G. H. Lewes.*

.... When fame is regarded as the end, and merit as only the means, men are apt to dispense with the latter, if the former can be had without it.—*Wigglesworth.*

.... The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall: and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.—*Landor.*

.... When the worm has eaten of the mulberry leaf, we demand of it silk. So, if one has fed on the beauty of the world, he should render back what is more beautiful and enduring than itself in ideas for the immortal spirit.—*Bartol.*

Joker's Budget.

What do we often drop, yet never stoop to pick up? A hint.

A sick cobler must be regarded as being well when he begins to *mend.*

"What blessings children are!" as the parish clerk said when he took the fee for christening them.

Circumstances alter cases. Red paint, which is a great improvement on the looks of old houses, is but an injury to the cheeks of young ladies.

Last year, Lord John postponed his Reform Bill in consequence of the war. This year you will see that he will postpone it in consequence of the peace.—*Punch.*

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a pair of sunken eyes, wrinkled face and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

Why are the collectors of the customs the most praiseworthy men we have? Because they never neglect to attend to their duties, their whole duties, and nothing but their duties.

A curious typographical error appeared in a country paper recently. In giving an account of an inquest, it was stated "the deceased bore an *accidental* character, and the jury returned a verdict of *excellent health.*"

A damsel was asked, "When a lady and gentleman have quarrelled, and each considers the other in fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance towards a reconciliation?" Her reply was, "The best-hearted and wisest of the two."

Paddy said he had a first-rate rifle, only it needed mending. Upon being asked what it needed most, replied, "By the wooden leg of ould Moses, it only needs a new stock, lock and barrel, and thin it would hit a mark five miles upon a bee-line."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

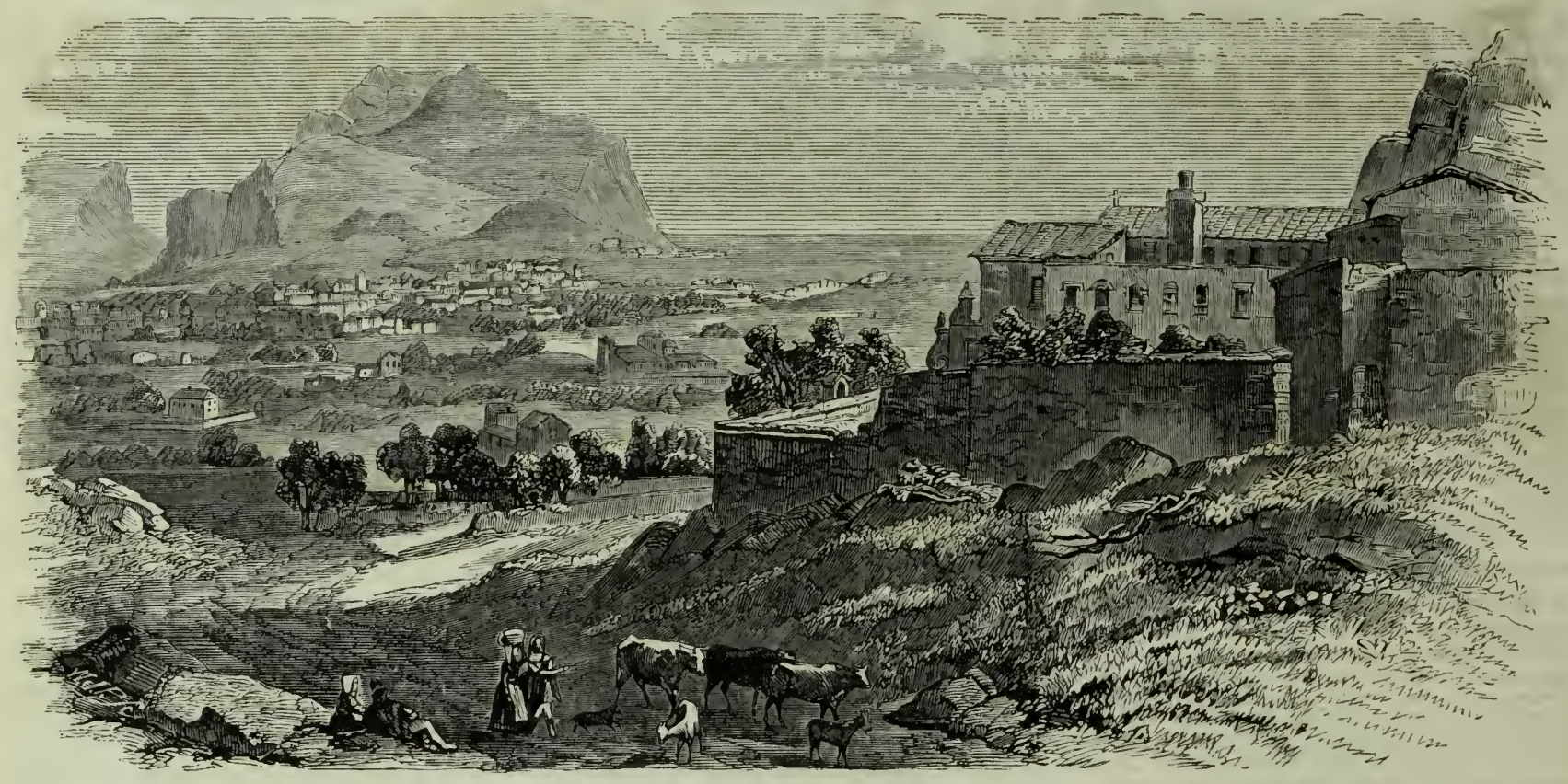
It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber,	one year	$2 00
4 subscribers,	" "	7 00
10 "	" "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



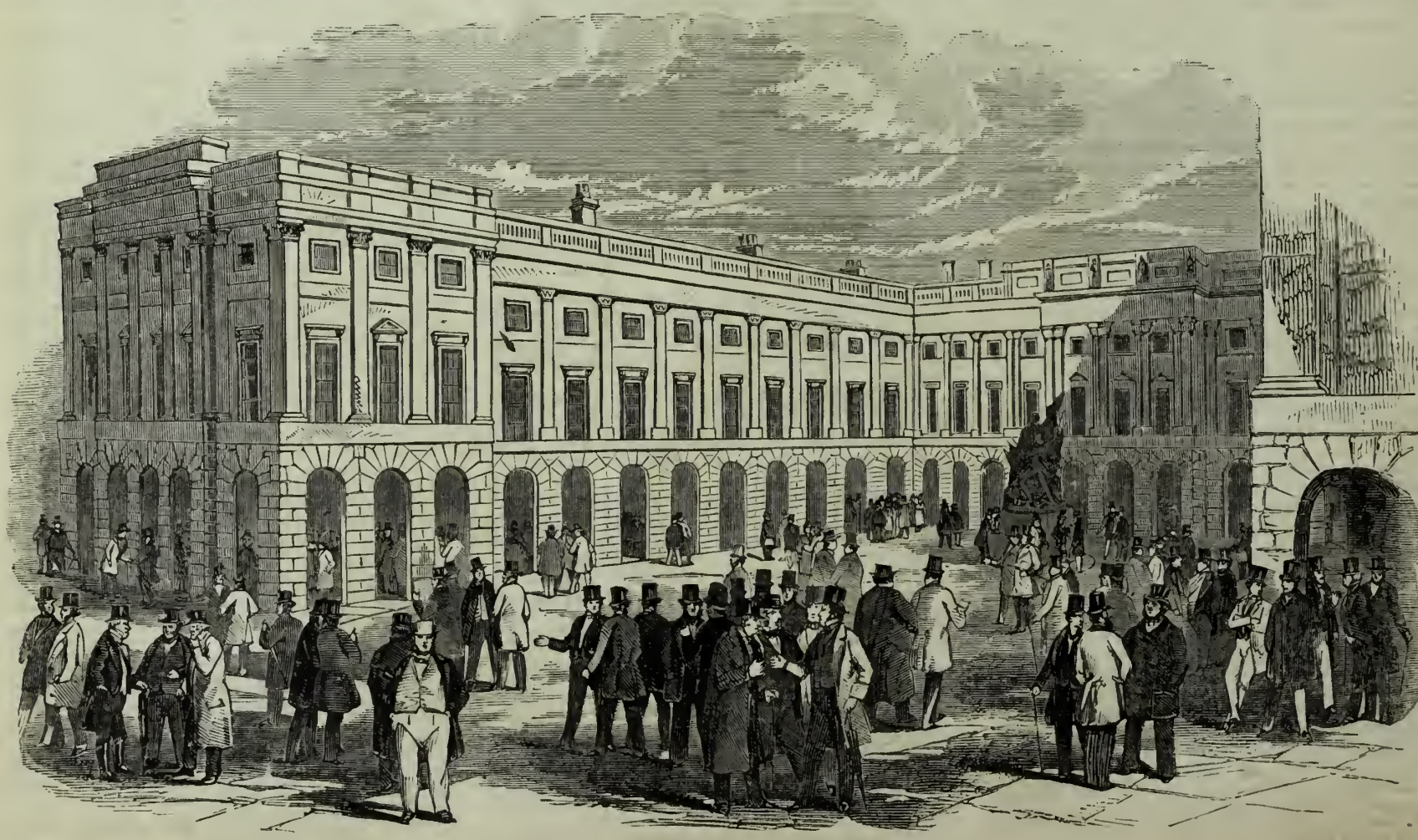
CITY OF PALERMO, ITALY.

CITY OF PALERMO, ITALY.

The accompanying engraving embodies a striking general view of Palermo, the second capital of the Two Sicilies. The group of buildings on the right, the flocks and herds, with their male and female attendants in the foreground, the rich foliage that beautifies the valley, the distant sea and the frowning steep that overlooks it, make up a picture of Italian beauty delightful to the eye. Palermo was founded by the Phenicians, and as Panormus (universal port), a name indicative of its commercial importance, became the capital of the Carthaginian possessions in Sicily. It was taken by the Romans 250 B. C. Afterwards it became the capital of the Saracenic possessions in Sicily. In 1072, it was taken by the Normans. In 1282 it was the scene of the massacre known in history as the "Sicilian Vespers," an event which forms the theme of a striking drama by Casimir Delavigne, and another from the pen of Felicia Hemans. From 1806 to 1815 it was the residence of the court of Naples. During the revolution of 1848, it was bombarded and much injured by the royal forces. It is a fortified city, and the strong fort of Castellamare commands the bay. There are many handsome public buildings, among which is a cathedral of the 10th century, enclosing many interesting and beautiful monuments. The church of St. Peter and the royal palace are fine buildings. The archiepiscopal palace, the mint, custom-house, libraries and theatres are noteworthy buildings.

EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, LIVERPOOL.

This flourishing commercial city is one in which the people of this country feel an immediate interest. Its port is thronged with our shipping, and the stars and stripes are as familiar to the eyes of its inhabitants as the union jack itself. It is the very home of commercial activity, and the traveller from this country, accustomed even to the magnitude of New York, is struck with astonishment at its miles of docks and acres of masts growing as densely as the primeval forests from which they were hewed. We have selected for illustration the Exchange Buildings, which have only been completed a few years—a mass of solid architecture graceful in design and fitted for the purpose of their erection. The locality shown in the engraving is, perhaps, the most important site in this important town; the rapidity of whose rise is exemplified in the fact that, since the beginning of the eighteenth century, Liverpool has increased in population fifty-fold, or from five thousand inhabitants to more than a quarter of a million. The ancient meeting-place of the merchants and traders of Liverpool was at the Market-place, around the High-cross, at the junction of the four principal streets of the town. This cross was removed in 1674, and a public exchange erected upon the spot. This was, after some years, taken down, and a building on a larger scale constructed. In 1795, this edifice was destroyed by fire, and, until 1803, Liverpool was without an exchange. In the latter year, the first stone of the present extensive buildings was laid. The whole is stated to have been built under the direction of John Foster, Esq., from the designs of James Wyatt, Esq. The material is stone, of reddish hue, from the quarries of the Earl of Sefton, in Toxteth Park. The edifice occupies three sides of a quadrangle, 194 feet by 180 feet, the area being 3492 feet, or twice of the late Royal Exchange, London. The plan has three interior façades, two of which, on the east and west sides, are surrounded by a range of columns with Corinthian capitals, supporting a massy cornice and balustrade, and covering arched piazzas of fifteen feet in width, extending along each of the façades. The north side offers a projected centre, with a portico of duplicated columns, through which the road passes out of the quadrangle into the adjoining street. Surmounting the columns is an entablature, supporting four sculptured figures of the elements, and corresponding with emblematic figures representing the four quarters of the world, placed on the Town Hall, which building forms the south side of the square. In the east wing of the building is a spacious news-room, and a corresponding room immediately above it is appropriated to the use of the underwriters. In the centre of the extensive area formed by these buildings, is placed Lord Nelson's Monument, modelled and cast from the designs of Matthew Charles Wyatt, by the celebrated Westmacott. It was erected in 1812, at an expense of £9000, raised by public subscription.



MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. X., NO. 20.—WHOLE NO. 254.

MRS. BARROW, AS MINEHAHA.

The beautiful engraving below is from a drawing by Mr. Hill, and represents Mrs. Barrow as she appeared on the occasion of her recent benefit, in the beautiful Indian costume in which she recited passages from Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The surrounding scenery, the lodge, the foliage of the wildwood, are all appropriate to the central figure of the picture. Until this triumphant essay of Indian life, our Indian legendary lore had no place in poetry. In "Yamoyden" the attempt had been made—but the style of that poem was foreign to them. The Indian nomenclature was but sparingly introduced, and that softened and Europeanized. Longfellow dealt with his theme more boldly. If it be objected that the measure of his poem be too regular and monotonous, it may be answered that the original chants—the music, the rythm of the dances, of the aborigines are so. The flow of the verse affects us like the accompaniment of an Indian dance—it is strange and peculiar, but characteristic. A bolder effort was the liberal introduction of Indian common as well as proper names. The birds of the forest, the fishes of the lakes and rivers are named in the Indian tongue. Sometimes these names are as musical as Italian, and melt into the tide; again they roughen its course, like rocks in the channel of a river. But musical, or dissonant, they aid the purpose of the poet, and carry out the illusion he seeks to create. We confess that on first glancing at the poem, some of the very points which now strike us as beauties, were regarded as defects; and when a second perusal corrected our first impressions, and we saw how highly "Hiawatha" deserved the rank as a work of art, we feared that it would not be generally recognized as having such claims. Its reception by the public soon, however, dissipated those fears. The magic of the poem—not the magic of Longfellow's own name—gave it a passport to all hearts. In England its reception was enthusiastic. The English public more than echoed the plaudits of the poet's countrymen. Of its transatlantic sale we have not received more than a general report as yet; but we have ascertained that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the American publishers, have just sold the fortieth thousand, and that orders are still flowing in upon them. And yet this has been called an unpoetic age!—and we Americans have been called an unpoetic people till we half believed the justice of the charge! Yet nowhere is true poetry more highly appreciated than in America, as Mr. Longfellow's continuous success evinces. In her personation of "Minehaha," Mrs. Barrow looks the Indian maiden to the life. She looks as

> "She was thinking of a hunter,
> From another tribe and country,
> Young, and tall, and very handsome,
> Who, one morning, in the spring-time,
> Came to buy her father's arrows—
> Sat and rested in the wigwam,
> Lingered long about the doorway,
> Looking back as he departed.
> She had heard her father praise him,
> Praise his courage and his wisdom—
> Would he come again for arrows
> To the Falls of Minehaha?"

Mrs. Barrow recited with exquisite effect the passage where Hiawatha comes to the arrow-maker's lodge to woo his daughter—when he pleads his cause, and receives the old man's consent conditionally on the acceptance of his suit by Minehaha—

> "And the ancient arrow-maker
> Paused a moment ere he answered,
> Smoked a little while in silence,
> Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
> Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
> And made answer very gravely:
> 'Yes, if Minehaha wishes—
> Let your heart speak, Minehaha!'"

The timid air, "neither willing nor reluctant," with which the Indian maiden goes to Hiawatha, and takes her seat beside him, whispering, with blushes, "I will follow you, my husband," was beautifully rendered. On another occasion, Mrs. Barrow recited with great effect the powerful description of the "Famine." She has recited portions of the poem in different places, and before different societies, with the same effect everywhere. In fact, here she has identified herself in a great measure with the character of Longfellow's heroine; and it was a deserved compliment to place her figure, in Indian costume, on the bows of the noble clipper Donald McKay recently launched at his shipyard, and which is now breasting the waves of the Atlantic on her passage to England. The circumstances attending that launch will long be remembered by those who participated in the festivities of the occasion. In the first place the noble vessel—the Minehaha—a structure of more than 1900 tons burthen, went off the ways without an accident, and took her first bath as if born in the element she is destined, we trust, to ride in triumph for many and many a day. After the launch, at the liberal entertainment provided by the builder, a distinguished company was present, including the poet Longfellow and the lady who forms the subject of our sketch. Both of them were complimented by sentiments which elicited the warm applause of the company, and to which Mr. Longfellow replied with the modesty characteristic of true talent, paying a deserved compliment to the genius of McKay. Mrs. Barrow, by request, repeated some of the finest passages. We should like much to hear this lady recite Longfellow's noble poem, the "Building of the Ship." The figure head carved by Mr. Gleason, of this city, for the arching bows of the "Minehaha," representing Mrs. Barrow in the costume we have delineated, is a fine piece of work, evincing much taste, and rising to the dignity of art.



MRS. BARROW, AS MINEHAHA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER.

—OR,—

CALYPSO, THE WANDERER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR,

BY T. HURLINGAME ROSS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHASE IN THE GULF.

Both Clarence Howard and the boy Peter had procured disguises, and after much debate with himself, the young captain resolved to go by water as far as Matamoras, and from there to take his way as should then seem best. The next mission of the Lone Star was to go to New Orleans, and as soon as the full complement of men could be made up, Mr. Lofton agreed to take command during his superior's absence. Ere long, Clarence found a small coaster which would take him to the mouth of the Rio Grande, which was distant near three hundred miles. It was an old schooner which had been used for carrying game and produce up and down the rivers, and along the coast, and though by no means much of a sea-boat, yet she would answer every purpose for so short and safe a voyage. The skipper had a lot of beef and vegetables to carry to Grayson, and he was willing for a small consideration, to run on to the Rio Grande.

It was early morning when the old schooner got up her anchor, and as Howard lent a hand at the windlass and at the halliards, he was very quickly on excellent terms with the crew. The skipper's name was Max Winter. If he was ever christened Maxwell, he had no recollection of having ever heard the name, though he never objected to put *his mark* to the name when it was thus lengthened out. He was a short, stumpy fellow, some five-and-forty years of age, and spent about half his time in the woods with his rifle and traps. The second in command was an Arkansas ranger, named Jack Sloan, and about Winter's age. And then there were five men besides who constituted the crew. They were stout, hardy fellows, all hunters, and used to the dark and rough ways of life, following their leader in everything—at one time away at the head waters of the great rivers after game, and at another running their old schooner about the coast, selling the product of their labors.

When the schooner had cleared the southern point of Galveston Island, the wind was found to be so near south that they had to beat their way down the coast. Max knew nothing of the use of the sextant or the quadrant, and it was very seldom that he was willing to trust himself where it could become absolutely necessary that he should be guided by the compass, though he had a good tight binnacle and a good compass in it. The consequence of all this was, that the old skipper seldom let his vessel get him out of sight of land. The day passed away, and the next morning they found that they had gained just about fifty miles on their way, which gave them a log of about two miles an hour on their direct course.

"I guess we'd do better to stand out further," suggested Clarence, as he made out the land upon the starboard bow.

"'T don't do, ye know, for hens to ventur arter ducks," replied Max, "but I tell ye what, Capt'in Howard, ef you'll keep the reck'nin' an' bring us to land agin, why, out 'tis. Eh?"

Of course Clarence assented to this, and as the wind still remained to the south'rd, the old schooner was put upon the starboard tack, and stood out into the Gulf. At nine o'clock the land was out of sight, but Clarence kept her on till noon.

"Aren't it best to be standin' in afore long," said Max, rather suggestingly.

"Pretty soon," returned Clarence. "I want to run about half an hour more, and then we shall easily fetch the Padre Lagoon to-night."

"Eh—d'ye think so?"

"I know we shall if the wind don't go down," was Howard's confident reply.

But there were other things beside the winds to be considered, and which Clarence did not think of. He did not consider that vessels had before that time sprung aleak at sea, and gone down. Perhaps that was because he had always been in the habit of sailing in new, staunch crafts, and hence did not allow for the age and infirmities of the one he was now in. And again, before that time venturesome vessels had been captured by Mexican cruisers when too far from shore to make good their escape. But perhaps Clarence, having always before been rather anxious to meet these same cruisers than otherwise, forgot the comparative weakness of the craft he was now in.

However, at one o'clock the schooner's head was put to the south'rd and west'rd, and she behaved herself very well. All went on nicely till about half past one o'clock, and then one of the men at the bows reported a sail.

"Where away?" asked Clarence.

"Right straight ahead," replied the man.

Clarence looked, and he saw a brig not over four miles distant. It might have been seen some time before, had any one been on the lookout, but the man whom Clarence had requested to perform that duty had been attending to something else.

"What d'ye s'pose 'tis?" asked Max.

"Have you a glass?" asked the young man, in return.

"Yes. Spy-glass ye mean?"

Certainly."

"Got a sort of a one down in the cabin."

And thus speaking he went down and brought it up. The glass proved to be an excellent one, and Clarence was not long in making the stranger out to be a Mexican, and an armed vessel at that.

"And she is standing directly for us, too," concluded he, as he lowered the glass.

"Then what'll we do?" asked Max, somewhat nervously. "By the great bar, ef I was ashore now, I'd know dreffal quick what to do; but, yo see, here on the water I don't stan' a fair chance. Ken we run away from the fellow?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Clarence, rather dubiously. "That fellow is directly to the windward of us, and I am sure his best point of sailing is with the wind abaft his beam, while that is our worst. Before the wind we might run off seven knots, while that chap can run nine; so you see he'd overhaul us in two hours at the farthest."

"By the great Moses, then we're as good as trapped, eh?"

"I'm afraid so."

It was quickly arranged that the schooner should be kept away and run for the land; so the sheets were eased off and the helm put up, and as soon as the brig could notice the movement, she turned her course more to the northward.

"Captain Winter," said Clarence, "I am sorry I got you out here, for upon my soul, I did not think of this."

"Don't be sorry on my account," returned Max. "I ha'n't got no blame for ye. Ef I'd a had the knowledge I should 'a' run out here myself, so let that drop. But we're in a bad pickle, though, and no mistake. What ken we do?"

"I know of no way but to surrender," returned Clarence.

"We've got our rifles wi' us. Would them be of any kind o' use?"

"Why not?" uttered Clarence, starting with the thought; "how far can you shoot with any certainty?"

"Almost a mile, with our tight slugs."

"By heavens, Max, let's have them loaded. It's a new mode of naval warfare, but it may work well."

Max immediately ordered his men to get up their rifles—they had two each, and some three—and load them. They were quickly brought up, and Clarence knew, the moment he looked at them, that they would do much execution; they were the heavy, long hunting rifle, made for great range, and faithful to their aim. When one of their balls missed its mark its owner knew that he alone was to blame.

The brig was now a little over two miles distant, and her character could be more plainly made out. She carried sixteen guns, and appeared to have a full complement of men, though Clarence could see that she was not handled with much skill.

"They're a set of lubbers as sure as the world," he said, as he lowered his glass, "and if I am not much mistaken, I can handle the schooner so as to bother them some; they're some squad of rancheros or leperos, who may have smelled salt water some, and have taken advantage of a letter of marque to change the field of their robberies. Let the schooner be put off a little, and when she gets within shooting distance we'll try a new scheme."

Captain Winter had the utmost confidence in the young commander's capacity for handling the schooner, and he fell in with all Clarence proposed.

"And now there is one thing more," resumed our hero, after a moment's thought. "I had started on a peculiar mission, and I took everything I could think of that I might need. Among other things, I have a lot of small, keen files, with edges like saws. Now if we are taken by that fellow we shall be put in irons and huddled together somewhere, and why may we not contrive some plan for escape? By my soul," continued the youth, warming with zeal, as the plan more fully developed itself in his mind, "we may capture the brig, after all. Before she can bring a shot to bear upon us, we can pick off a number of her men; and then, after we are in irons on board their vessel, if we can get the shackles off undiscovered, why may we not overcome them at night, when they think not of it? By the great book, my boys, there's hope yet. We wont fight a moment after our own lives are fully at stake, for that would be madness. As soon as we find they must come alongside, we'll surrender at once."

"But," suggested Sloan, "wont they be likely to butcher us, out of clear revenge?"

"Revenge for what?"

"Why—for shootin' so many of their men, ef we do shoot 'em—an' I *think* I ken shoot a few on 'em ef my old shootin' iron don't rebel."

"You mistake these fellows," said Clarence, with a pitying look, "The poor wretches will thank us roundly for every one of their number we kill. Your cargo is a pretty valuable one, worth how much?"

"P'r'aps three thousand dollars, besides what money we've got, which is a thousand more," replied Sloan.

"Then I have a little," resumed Clarence; "but call it four thousand dollars. These fellows are bound together by no other ties but those of aid in plunder; and you may be sure they will much prefer to divide that plunder only among ten than among fifty. You understand now?"

"Yes," said Sloan. "And it's jest like 'em, too."

After this, Clarence went down to his chest, and from thence took a bundle of tools which he carried on deck. In the first place he had two curiously constructed saws; the bows were of stout steel wire, covered with cotton cloth, and so shaped that they could be worn about the neck as a part of the shirt binding. Into these frames little saws, made like a watch spring in size could be quickly set. One of these he kept himself, and the other he gave to Max Winter, after having explained to him how to use it. Then to each of the men and to Peter, he gave two small, sharp files, which they were instructed to conceal in their shirt sleeves, just under the shoulder. After all this had been attended to, and some instructions given about the best method to file off the Mexican shackles, their attention was once more turned to the brig.

She was now about a mile and a half distant, and it was but a little after two o'clock. The wind was very near south, and the schooner was heading a very little north of north-west; the brig was upon the schooner's larboard or weather quarter, and heading about north by east, the direct line of her course striking ahead of the former. And thus they stood on fifteen minutes more, at which time the brig was due south from the schooner, and of course just dead to windward.

"Now," cried Clarence, "we have them in the toils. Up with your helm, and spread your booms wing-and-wing. We will take the wind directly astern, and you see the brig can't help doing the same thing. In this way, and in this alone, can we give them any trouble in overhauling us. But now we can have the wind upon every inch of our canvass, while that chap's forward sails are of no earthly use to him, unless, indeed, he clews up the main. There—steady, so. Now give me the helm and I'll keep her where she is, and you may try your rifles. Ha! that's your salutation, is it?"

This last sentence was elicited by the brig's firing a gun.

"She means for us to heave-to, I s'pose," said Max.

"Exactly," returned Clarence.

"Wal—I reckon we'll heave 'em somethin' else that'll answer every purpose," cried Sloan, as he set the sliding sight of his rifle for its longest range.

"Can you reach them yet?" Clarence asked.

"I'd rather wait a *leetle* while longer," was Winter's answer, as he measured the distance carefully with his eye.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT THE SCHOONER'S CREW DID ON THE CHASE.

It was soon found that the relative speed of the two vessels was much changed by the position the schooner had now assumed. Before, the brig had been gaining rapidly, but now she was not so fleet. She had changed her course when the schooner changed hers, and she must either now follow in the latter's wake or yaw about at a disadvantage. She gained some, but it was almost imperceptible. The Mexicans were crowded about the bows of their vessel, and their motions were anxious. At length the distance between the two was less than a mile—perhaps not over three-quarters.

"Jack," spoke Captain Winter, addressing his mate, "do ye see that chap perched upon the bowsprit there, ahold on the fore-stay?"

"Yes, I do," responded Sloan.

"Think ye can fetch him?"

"Ef he was a bar I'd bet on startlin' him."

"Then try it; your rifle is just a hair the smartest throwin' in the crowd. Draw on him."

Jack Sloan took his rifle and raised the hammer just so as to be sure that the cap was pressed down, and then he moved to the taffrail. His weapon was a beauty, and yet he claimed that it was better than it looked. He raised it to his arm and cocked it; the Mexican still stood upon the brig's bowsprit, with his right hand ahold upon the fore-stay, gazing after the schooner, probably to note how much they gained upon the chase. With a deliberate movement Sloan raised the rifle to his shoulder. His taking aim was but the work of a moment—he knew that his first sight was the sure one. He steadily raised his muzzle until his sight covered the man's left breast, and then he fired. The moment the piece was discharged, he stepped back, cocked the hammer, took off the exploded cap, and then resting the breech upon the deck, gazed off towards the brig. The man's hand was seen to drop suddenly from the stay—then there was one spasmodic movement of that and its mate toward the breast—and then he fell sideways into the water, and in a moment more the brig was rushing over his submerged body.

"I wa'n't *sure* of that," said Jack, as he saw the man fall; "but I kind o' thought there'd be no harm in tryin'."

"I know'd you could do it," responded Max. "So now I reckon we'll give old *Pick-'em-off* a trial."

That was the somewhat characteristic name he had given to his faithful rifle. As the gnarled old trapper-coaster thus spoke, he raised his weapon and stepped to the taffrail. His piece was of the same make and pattern as his mate's, though it had been demonstrated that the latter would shoot a "*leetle*" the farthest. There had been some change in the position of things on the brig's deck, many, or most of the men having left the bows, probably having gone aft to see the fallen man's body come up there. Yet there were some left.

"See that chap with a red shirt on, just turnin' his head to speak to some one behind him," said Max, as he drew the hammer of his piece back. Several acknowledged that they saw him.

"Wal," resumed Max, "I am just a goin' to give old Pick-'em-off's compliments to him."

As the last word dropped from his lips, his rifle was at his shoulder. The ponderous steel barrel was steadily raised to the true sight, and without the tremor even of a lid, the old man pulled the trigger. He did not stop to remove the exploded cap as Sloan had done, for if he had missed he had failed to do what another had done. But he had not long to remain uneasy, for in a moment more the red frock sank from sight beneath the bulwarks, and many men were to be seen crowding about the spot.

"Take 'em now!" cried Max, turning red in the face from excitement.

Sloan was prepared for another shot, and he quickly drew his piece upon a man who stood back to. He fired—and the man fell. Almost upon the same instant one of the men fired, and he dropped a Mexican from the larboard main rigging.

"Hi!" cried Max, as he drove a slug into his rifle, "see them bloody scamps in the fore-top. Mac, you take bim as is on the starboard side, and you, Lascom, pick off that one a leanin' agin the larboard riggin'. Go it! Remember what old Sam Houston told us at San Jacinto!"

This reference to the bloody but glorious field where arose the LONE STAR in its power of freedom, and where every one of the present crew of the schooner fought bravely, called forth a quick, noble shout, and then the two sturdy men whom Max had addressed by name, stepped to the taffrail and fired; and in a few moments more one of the Mexicans fell from the fore-top, while the other one was seen to leap up and then settle down with his head bowed between his knees. One was dead, sure; and the other was, in all probability, unfit for duty.

Howard found that the schooner was very easily managed, and having called Peter to come and take the helm, and explained to him the peculiar motions he was to look out for, he took the glass and gazed off upon the brig.

"Well," he said, still keeping the glass to his eye, and watching the movements of the Mexicans the while, "they are beginning to get out o' the way of our shots. Ha—there is one with—"

But before he could finish his sentence, the quick eye of Adams, the oldest man of the crew, had caught the Mexican, and he had fired. The fellow had just raised his head above the rail by the bowsprit. As the old man's rifle was discharged he leaped up—stood for an instant like one in a sudden fright—and then fell over backward.

"You hit him in the head," said Clarence, who kept the glass to his eye. "By the mass, but they have taken the fright—ha! look sharp, some of you. There are two men crouching along after the man last shot; they may raise their heads when they lift the body up."

And so it proved. In a few moments more two heads were seen to pop up above the rail, and on the instant both Max and Sloan fired.

"One of them drops!" cried Clarence; "and perhaps both. I couldn't tell whether the other dodged of his own accord or not."

Some, who know nothing of our western hunters, might think this mode of warfare not quite so likely to prove effective as we must prove it to have been in this instance. But remember that one of these old rangers, who has spent long years in hunting—whose every idea of skill, and whose every thought of eminence and ambition of renown, has been confined to his rifle—is not likely to miss his mark. Those seven men who composed the schooner's crew might fire all day long at a most dubious mark, and you shall find a single miss the theme of shame and regret. Is it a wonder, then, that their bullets were now fatal? Far from it. To have fired and missed his man would have been the exception in the common course of events as connected with the hunter and his faithful rifle.

The schooner was still running off wing-and-wing, and the brig was directly in her wake, and now, at three o'clock, about three-quarters of a mile distant. The latter craft gained but slowly now. Could she have had her course in any other direction, she would have overhauled the schooner ere this; and even now, could she have had studding sails to keep her on, she might increase her speed one quarter, at least. But she had no studding-sails set, and that seemed pretty good evidence that she had none. During the next ten minutes after Max and Sloan had fired together, not a human head was seen above the brig's rail. The man at the brig's helm was hidden by the foot of the foresail.

"Look ye," uttered Max Winter, starting into new life under the influence of a new thought, "we ken never take them chaps from here, but two men on them cross-trees can pick 'em off good. Jack, will you go up with me?"

"Yes, I will," replied Sloan, energetically.

"Capt'n Howard, you ken fix the haulin' lines, and my men ken load the rifles as fast as we ken fire 'em."

"All right," returned Clarence. "Go up at once, and I'll see that you have your rifles as fast as you can want them."

Four lines were procured and taken up to the cross-trees at the main-top, and when the two men reached the place, they made them fast there. Thus they had two lines each, by which means each could have one down after the fresh rifle while he was firing another from the top.

"Aha!" cried Max, as he had perched himself snugly in his place, "I ken see 'em now."

Two rifles were sent up, and as soon as they were fired they were sent down and two others hauled up. They were fired without being cast clear from the hauling lines, so they had only to fire and lower away—pull up and fire again.

"By the great horn spoon," shouted Sloan, "we're a droppin' 'em now!"

"Hi-yi!" returned Max, levelling his rifle as he spoke; "here's another one for the pile."

Thus they had fired five-and-twenty shots, Sloan having fired one the most, when the deck was cleared.

"They've gone below," said Max, who held a loaded rifle in his hands, ready for the first head he might see. "O, I wish I could git jest one peep at their helmsman."

One of the men, named Wilson, stood a moment looking up at his commander, and then he turned his gaze upon the brig. In a moment more he proposed firing some shots at random.

"We know whar her wheel must be," he said, "and who knows but out of half a dozen balls one on 'em might hit him?"

Wilson's proposition was received with favor, and two of the men commenced the work. The slugs for this purpose were sharpened with a knife at the conical end, so that they might go through the foresail without much resistance. They fired six times, and would have fired more had not the report of Winter's rifle interrupted them.

"Look sharp!" the skipper cried, as he sent his rifle down. "They's tryin' to run a gun for'ard!"

The brig was now less than half a mile distant, and could she have brought a gun to bear upon the schooner, it would only have required a good aim to do much damage. The brig's bow-port on the starboard side was thrown open, and in a few moments more the muzzle of a gun was seen protruding therefrom. But they were not destined to make much by the movement, for they could not work the gun without exposing themselves to the eyes of our Yankee marksmen.

Within five minutes from the time the port was thrown open, four men had fallen about the gun under the bullets that sped from the schooner's cross-trees. After this the Mexicans seemed to hold a consultation, and the result must have been that they would risk no more lives, for in a few moments more the gun was left and the men disappeared; not, however, until two more of their number had fallen, for the distance was such now that the men could not have wished for a more safe mark than a man's head.

It was now four o'clock, and for half an hour not another man was seen on board the brig. Some effort had been made by Max and his men to shoot away the running rigging of the enemy, but without much effect. The topsail ties were either of raw hide or of iron chain, so that the bullets had no effect upon them; and the other ropes which were of consequence towards keeping the sails spread, were hidden behind the canvass. By half past four the brig was less than quarter of a mile distant—considerably less—and it was soon evident that she was about to present her side to the chase, for her yards began to swing, and her head turned slowly to the westward.

"Now we are going to catch a broadside," said Clarence, as he noticed the movement.

"Aren't it best to give 'em one more salute as they come around?" queried Max, who had come down from the cross-trees some time before.

"Yes," returned Clarence. "Let all hands of you be prepared and stand by. They can't load their guns without exposing themselves. Stand in a row and pick your men, being sure that no two take the same mark."

There were fifteen rifles, and fourteen of them loaded, and these were placed ready—each man having a spare one to grasp as soon as he had fired the first. The brig soon presented her broadside, and three or four men at each gun went immediately at work to level the pieces and prepare for the shock.

"Steady!" uttered Max, at the same time raising his rifle. "Be sure of your men—take 'em as ye stand."

In a moment more the seven rifles were discharged, and there was a momentary suspension of operations on the brig's deck; but those who remained quickly set to again.

"Now!" cried Max; and as he spoke, they fired again.

Clarence could plainly see that consternation had seized the survivors on board the enemy, but after a few moments' hesitation they went at the work again, and ere long her broadside was fired. The heavy balls came crashing and splashing about the schooner, but not one of her crew was injured. One ball had passed through the low bulwarks at the bows, and another had carried away the extreme end of the main-boom.

"They only fired seven guns," said Max.

But the words were hardly out of his mouth when the eighth gun was discharged, and the schooner's foremast was crashed to splinters about six feet from the deck. Ere many moments the disabled craft began to yaw, for she could be kept before the wind no more. The brig had put her helm hard a-port, and was now coming down swiftly, seeming inclined to pass under the stern of the schooner.

"She means to give us another broadside," said Max.

"And if she does she'll rake us badly," replied Clarence.

"Then why not surrender?"

"I see nothing else for us to do," Clarence said, speaking hurriedly, but clearly. "We have stood bravely out while there was the least opportunity; but it would only be clear madness to do more. We might shoot three or four more of her men, but if she gives us her broadside as she passes under our stern, it may sweep the whole of us. She will be down in five minutes. Let us pull down our flag and await the result. But remember the tools I have given you; keep them safely, and be careful how you use them. Captain Winter, suppose you have two or three rifles fired to leeward as we pull our flag down? that will be more fully expressive of the fact that we have surrendered."

This was agreed to; the flag was immediately lowered, and the three rifles fired to leeward. A minute elapsed.

"Ah," said Clarence, "they will not fire—they are rounding-to."

CHAPTER IX.

STRICKEN!

A WEEK had passed away from the time of Jilok Tudel's first visit to Irene after his return, and he had repeated the visit thrice. On his last visit he had hinted at the idea of having the wedding sooner than had been agreed upon at first. The maiden was surprised at this, for she wondered what could have caused the man to change his mind. Now the truth was, Tudel was more keen than she gave him credit for; while, on the other hand, she was not so witty as she might have been. A simple conversation between Tudel and St. Marc will solve the mystery. It was on the occasion of the pirate's last visit—on the day previous to the one on which we thus return to the scene—that he stopped to see St. Marc before leaving the house.

"St. Marc," he said, after he had seated himself, "we must have our wedding come off a little sooner than we had planned."

"Ah, how so?" returned the host, elevating his eyebrows with a stare of inquisitiveness.

"Why—I must secure my wife before she runs off."

"You're talking in riddles, senor. I don't comprehend."

"I simply mean that Irene is planning to flee."

"You're crazy, Jilok."

"Perhaps I am; but I have sense enough left by me yet to understand that."

"If you are in earnest, perhaps you'll explain."

"Certainly," returned Tudel, with an expressive nod. "In the first place, I know that Irene hates me, and that she would rather live in a hovel with some one she loved than to live in a palace with me. Perhaps you understand this much of it."

"I cannot dispute you there. But you will remember that I had nothing to do with her love for you."

"Certainly not. I do not hold you accountable for any of it. But to go on—she hates me. Next, she naturally possesses a sensitive mind, and would never be calm while her heart was really being crushed. You understand this?"

"Yes," returned St. Marc, as coolly as though they were discussing the merits of a horse.

"And yet," pursued Tudel, "she is as calm as can be when I am present, and the allusion to our marriage moves her not a jot. Now I simply know that she would never be thus if she really believed she was to become my wife."

"Well?" uttered St. Marc, looking calmly on.

"Then," resumed Tudel, "it appears plain enough to me that she means to escape me. Ay, Antonio St. Marc—as sure as fate, Irene means to run off; there is no mistake about this."

"Well, Tudel, you may be right," said the host, in rather a thoughtful mood. "But I have had no means of seeing this."

"But I have," quickly replied Tudel, who, seeing the nail driven home, thought it best to clinch it. "I have, senor; and more than that, I can tell when the thought first entered her mind. I noticed the change in her bearing, from extreme fear to calm indifference. She just knows that you will not help her, so she will help herself."

"Very well, Jilok; I do not dispute you. You may set the day when you choose, and she shall be ready."

"Very right, Senor Antonio," uttered Tudel, with mock gravity. "By the host, we'll astonish the damsel. Let the day for the ceremony be on Monday; to-day is Thursday. That will give her time enough for preparation. And then there's no need of making such a vast amount of preparation; we can do much of that after the ceremony has been performed."

So it was planned that the ceremony should be performed on the following Monday. It was on Friday evening that St. Marc came to inform his child that the marriage was to take place on Monday. She knew from Tudel's remarks that the time was to be changed, but she dreamed not of so much change. She clasped her hands, and besought her father to save her; but he turned coldly from her.

"I have nothing to do," he said, "only to inform you of the new arrangement that has been made. What odds can it make to you whether the marriage takes place in one week, or in four?"

"Father," cried the unhappy girl, sinking upon her knees, and once more clasping her hands, "O, will you not save me from this terrible doom? What have I ever done that you should thus consign me to shame and misery? How have I ever, by a single word or deed, merited this from you? O, have pity on me. Spare me!"

The dark man stood for a few moments and gazed upon the child in silence. Then he gave her his hand and lifted her to her feet. His frame trembled, and his eye burned strangely; and once more Irene saw that same look that had before made her shudder.

"You would be saved from Jilok Tudel?" he uttered, in a quick, nervous whisper.

"Yes—O, yes!" the maiden replied.

She gazed up into his face as she spoke, but she shrank from the look she met there. It was not a kind look—it was not a threatening one. O, she could not fathom it.

"I have promised Tudel," he whispered. "I have promised him; but—"

He stopped and drew the maiden more close to him. He wound his arm about her, and then he whispered in her ear. It was a quick, impassioned whisper, and was uttered at a single breath. Irene heard it—a moment she stood there, with that arm about her, as though she would be sure she heard aright, and then, with one low, wild groan of misery, she darted away to the farther corner of the apartment. St. Marc approached her.

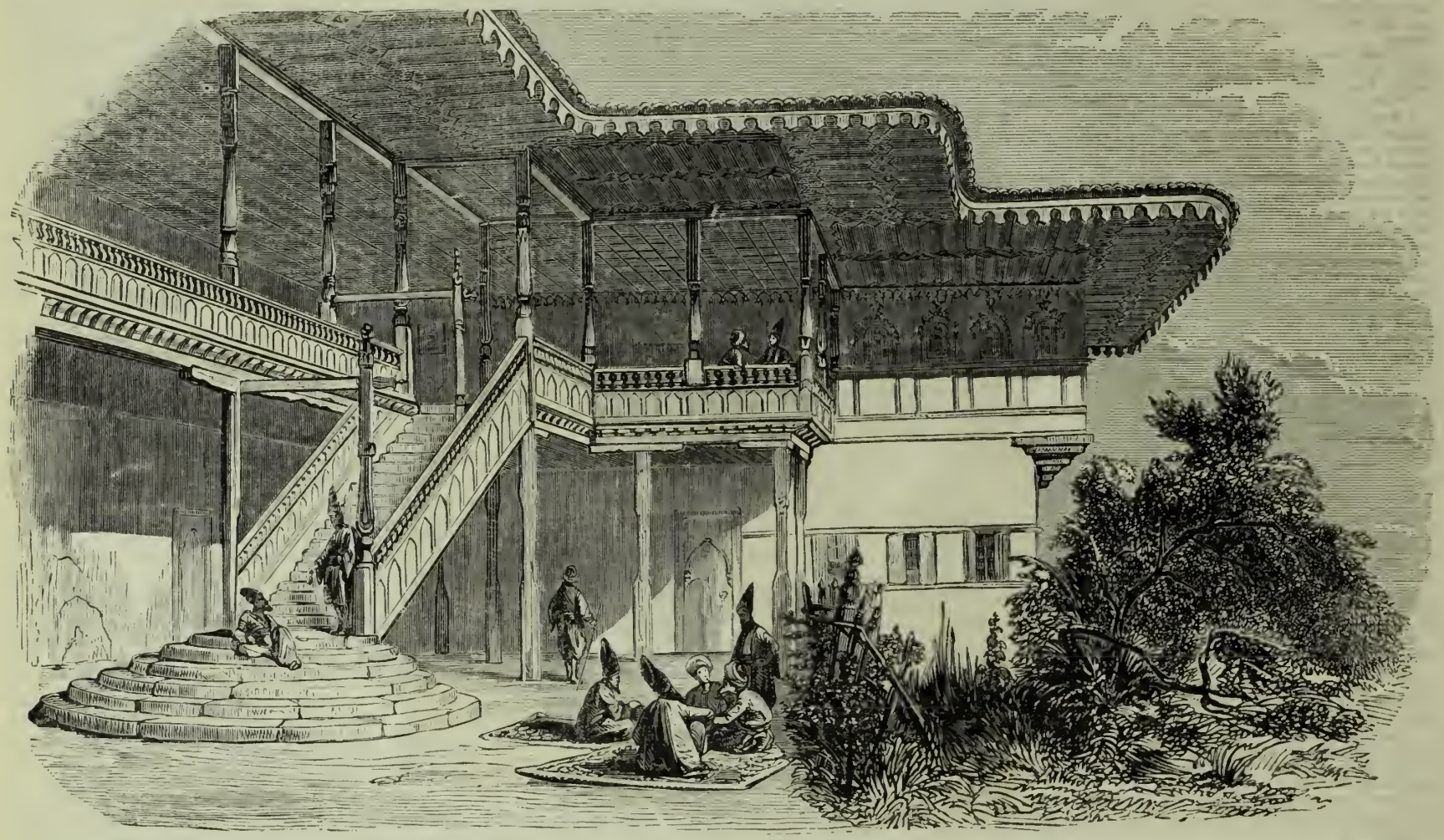
"Leave me! leave me!" she cried, in thrilling, terror-stricken tones. "O, in God's name, I command you—come not near me again!"

"Irene—"

"O, speak to me no more now!" Leave me here alone—go!"

The man stopped midway in the room—he gazed upon the girl a moment—and then left th place. Irene stood there, crouching away in the corner, until she could hear the steps of her father no more, and then, with one deep groan, she sank down senseless upon the floor.

It was half an hour after this that Cassandra came into the



PALACE OF AHMED BEY, AT TREBIZOND.

room and fonnd her yonng mistress lying upon the floor. She hastened to her side, and with cold water and salts soon managed to bring her from her swoon.

"What is it, my mistress?" the faithful girl asked, as she held the maiden's head in her lap.

"Cassandra," whispered Irene, gazing eagerly np, "is it you?"

"Yes, dearest mistress."

"Where is my—*father?*

"I know not; I have not seen him. Shall I call him?"

"*Call him!*" repeated the fair girl, starting quickly to her feet.

She gazed wildly about her, and finally, bending close to her attendant, she uttered, in a hoarse, frightened whisper:

"O, no—I have no father, Cassandra. Never, never more! On all the wide earth I have no father! Speak not now. Let me think. Never, never more. O, God have mercy!"

Thus speaking, Irene sank into a chair and bowed her head npon her hands. She remained thus full fifteen minutes, and when she raised her head again, it was fairly dark.

"Shall I bring lights?" asked Cassandra.

"Not here—not here. Take them to my own chamher; I will go thither at once, and do you follow quickly with the lights—quickly, Cassandra; O, quickly! Do not leave me alone!"

The fair young attendant was surprised and most deeply moved, but she stopped not now to ask questions. Hastening at once to the steward's department, she procured candles, and then went np to the chamber of her mistress, where she found Irene already seated upon the bed. The waxen tapers were set in the costly sticks, and then Cassandra sat down upon the soft divan which her mistress sometimes used for a footstool. Awhile Irene gazed upon her in silence, and then she went and sat down near her and drew her head into her lap. This movement startled the young girl. For an instant the thought flashed upon her that her poor mistress might have her mind turned. Yet she allowed her head to rest qnietly where it had been placed, and she moved not until she felt a warm tear drop upon her cheek. Another—and another. She turned her gaze upward, and Irene was weeping. Starting quickly up, she threw her arms about her gentle lady's neck, and in a low, eager tone, she cried:

"What is it, Irene? O, trust me, for this heart is all your own, even unto death. Tell me all, and fear not."

The maiden wiped away her tears, and with an effort she was calm.

"Cassandra," she said, in a low, yet distinct tone, "I have no home. O, God! I have no home!"

This last sentence was addressed to that Father whom the orphan owns, for her hands were snddenly clasped and raised heavenwards. But she was quickly calm again, and then she resumed:

"I have no father any more, Cassandra. Never, never more! No father!"

"But he is not dead," whispered the maid.

"Dead to me—worse than dead," returned Irene, with a fearful shudder. "But ask me no more of him. I cannot stay here, Cassandra; it is no more my home; this roof covers a pest-spot—a charnel-house! Yon will bear me company."

"Yes, yes, my mistress. You will not command me in this, for only bid me stay behind, and on my bended knee will I pray that I may accompany you. But when will yon go?"

"As soon as possible. O, to-night if I could."

"Is there need of such haste?"

"Ay—as there is of the condemned man's breaking from prison. They have fixed upon Monday next as the day of my marriage."

"So soon?" nttered Cassandra, forgetting what had passed. "And will not your father save yon from this?"

Irene St. Marc turned pale as death. She pressed her hands hard npon her bosom, and at length she said, in a voice fearfully distinct in its deep, moaning volume:

"He would save me from the pirate—as the ravenons, lusting wolf would save the lost lamb!"

Cassandra gazed fixedly into the speaker's face, and her own cheeks turned ashen, and her own frame shook. Once more she wound her arms abont Irene's neck, and drew her head upon her bosom.

"I will ask thee no more," she said, speaking gently and soothingly. "Let ns plan for our escape, and make our way off as soon as possible."

Irene made one more powerfnl effort, and thereby she threw off the terrible load from her mind, so that she eonld bend her thoughts to the subject in hand.

"O, we must be very careful," she said, "for I feel sure that I know why this move is taken. I have been too bold and assured. I have exposed my thoughts when I knew it not. From my utter coolness when in the bad man's presence, and from the deep contempt which I have allowed to exhibit itself toward him, he has rightly judged that I meant to make my escape. For no other reason would he have made snch a change in onr arrangements. So, once more, we mnst be very careful. Yon are quick of wit, Cassandra; O, help me if yon can!"

The yonng girl gazed her mistress steadily while she spoke, and when she had finished, she bowed her head and remained for some



GULF OF KABAK-MEIDAN, TREBIZOND.

moments in deep thought. At length she raised her eyes, and the very light that beamed therefrom told that she had gained something by her pondering.

"I think I can obtain the garbs of two priests, Irene—I am sure I can. I can do it this very night. You remember my father, lady?"

"Very well, Cassandra."

"Well—Gonzales Rondo was a poor boy once—despised and turned away by the wealthy because he was poor and friendless, and shunned by the leperos because he was of a caste above them. My father, poor as he was, and but a simple ranchero, fed him and clothed him, and by his own influence alone got him into the church. It was in this wise. Belvardo, the bishop, was in a carriage, and his horses were running furiously away with him, having thrown his postilion off. Near to my father's house there was a frightful precipice; towards this the horses were dashing on in all their mad fury, when my father rushed out in front of them and seized them; they dragged him a short way and hurt him much, but he stopped them and saved the bishop's life. The prelate forced a purse upon him, and bade him come for any favor he might want while they both lived. But my father never went but once, and that was to ask that poor Gonzales Rondo might be taken into the holy orders; the good bishop was true to his promise, and he not only gave Gonzales a noble opportunity for advancement, but he also made him understand that he owed it all to my father. So now I know that Gonzales will help me. He is a good priest and of much influence. He was but a boy when he entered the college, and I think he told me he still kept his noviciate suit. If we can obtain the garb of priests we can easily escape. From the top of our house we can step directly upon the next, and from thence upon the roof of the chapel; and of course no one will think of questioning two priests coming from that direction."

"O, ten thousand blessings on thee, dear one!" murmured Irene, winding her arms about her companion's neck. "Already I begin to live once more. Let me once be free from this place, and God will keep me—and you, too, Cassandra; when can you see the priest?"

"To-night—now. I will go at once."

"But will they not suspect thee?"

"No, for I have liberty to go and come as I please; the distance is not far."

"Then go at once. But O, be careful. Should I lose you, my last and only stay would be gone."

"And is there not *one* other?" Cassandra asked.

"Whom do you mean?"

"The young and noble American captain."

Irene St. Marc started, and for a moment the rich blood mounted to her cheeks and temples.

"Alas!" she murmured, "once I might have hoped, but his people are now at war with ours, and his duty now keeps him away. I must not think of him—perhaps he never—never loved me. He will never know how devotedly I have loved him! O, why was it so? why did I ever see him? Clarence—God bless thee ever!"

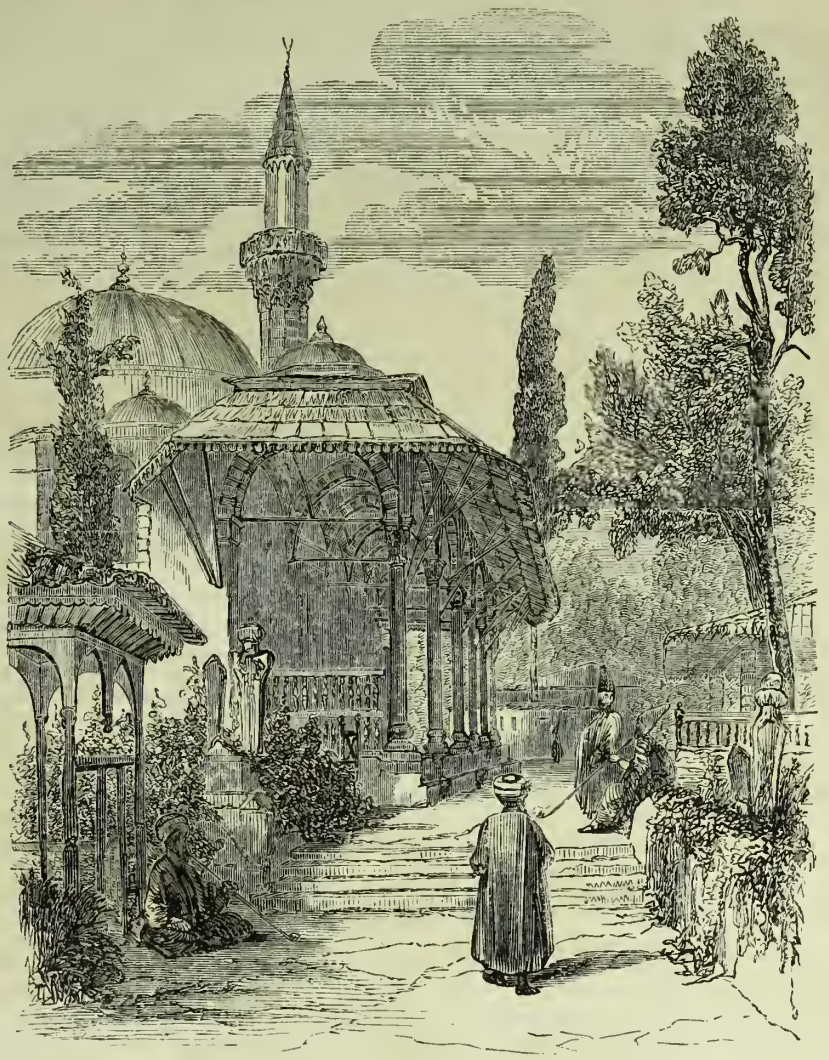
Words of hope were upon Cassandra's lips, but she did not utter them; she had no ground for them, and she left them unsaid. But she pressed her lips to Irene's fair brow, and then she said:

"Rest you easy here while I go to Father Rondo's house. I will not be gone long."

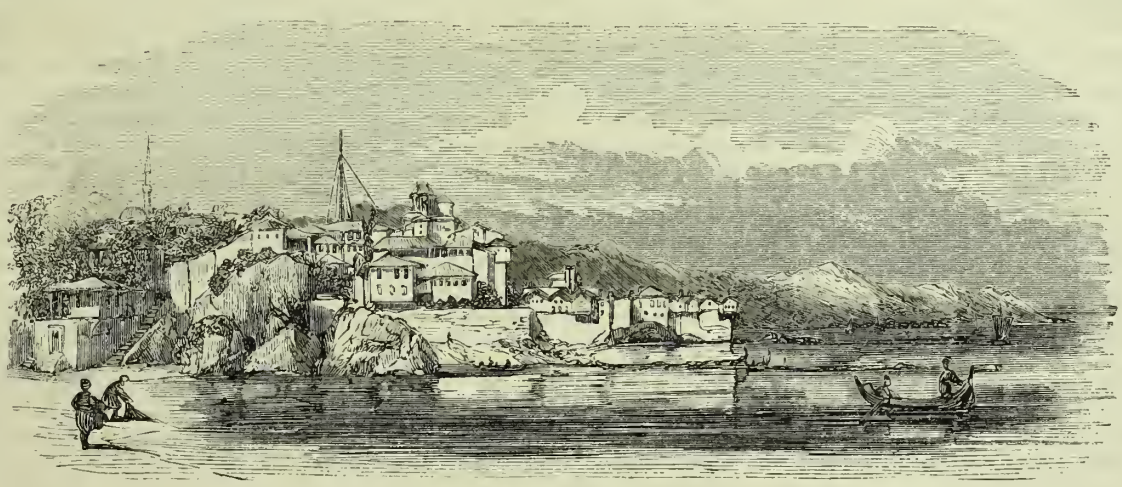
"Hurry, my good Cassandra. Leave me no longer than you can help."

And when the true-hearted girl was gone, Irene locked her door, and then she sank down upon her bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MOSQUE OF MIMARET, TREBIZOND.



QUARANTINE AT TREBIZOND.

EASTERN SCENES.—TREBIZOND.

The series of sketches herewith presented to our readers, illustrating the ancient city of Trebizond and its environs, are not only faithful as views, but interesting as works of art. Our first view is the exterior of the palace of Ahmed Bey. Nothing can be more picturesque than that far projecting roof, with its elaborate ornamental and overhanging snow-white walls—that quaint and rich staircase and gallery. The group of Orientals, with their high caps, seated on a carpet in the foreground, and those seated on the gallery and on the stairs, add to the effect of this scene. Trebizond is situated in Asia Minor, in Anatolia, the country of the rising sun, and nearly at the extremity of the Black Sea. The city rises in the form of an amphitheatre, on the flanks of the Taurus, known by the names of Mounts Zinggana and Karakapan, which begin at Batoum in Georgia, and end at Samsoun; their summits adorn and protect it. About 225 leagues from Constantinople, sailing vessels are frequently occupied a month in the transit. By steam it is about seventy hours. Trebizond is a very ancient city, which, according to the Greek historian, was founded by a colony from Sinope. Xenophon, in his history of the retreat of the "Ten Thousand," speaks of Trapezus, whence comes Trebizond, so named from its form, which represents a trapezium. Taken by the Romans a second time before the Christian era, it was raised to the rank of capital of the province called Pontus Cappœdocius. Its power was kept up by the Greek emperors, and when Byzantium fell, in 1202, Alexis Comnenus made it his capital. The two founders of the empire of Trebizond contented themselves with the title of duke. John Comnenus, the grandson of Alexis, was the first who took the title of emperor. Its active commerce supported it, notwithstanding the disturbances in the Greek empire; the luxury of Byzantium was transported thither, and the court was famous for its splendor. Enchanting palaces arose in every direction, and even the wealthy visitors from Persia and Asia were astonished at its magnificence. Mahomet II. laid siege to this city, and David Comnenus, the reigning sovereign, capitulated. Since then it has remained under the Turkish domination. After a long period of prosperity, the intestine wars of the janissaries, and afterwards the barbarous sway of the pachas, reduced it to a deplorable condition. In 1800 it still had 100,000 inhabitants, but in 1830, only 15,000. Now, in consequence of the relations of Europe with Persia, and the introduction of steam navigation in the Mediterranean and as far as Trebizond, the population has gone up to 40,000. It has become the principal entrepot of Asiatic commerce. The population is composed of Turks, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Circassians, Persians and Italians. Our second engraving represents the gulf and plain of Kabak-Meidan, or the place of tombs—the bold shores, fertile vegetation and picturesque architecture are shown. The third view shows the exterior of the beautiful mosque of Mimaret—it is exquisitely elegant. The general view of Trebizond from the quarantine ground gives an excellent idea of its scenery. We also add a view of a singular coffee house on the water at Samsoun. The different apartments are, for the sake of coolness, built out on piles, beneath which the water circulates freely. It will be seen that they are highly adorned with flowers and certainly have an air of great attractiveness. The Orientals understand out-door luxury, and their summer retreats are all distinguished by good taste. The coffee-house which we have sketched, is, we believe a perfectly unique establishment, and affords a most luxurious resort to those so inclined.



COFFEE-HOUSE ON THE WATER, AT SAMSOUN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ETHOL.

BY H. D. L. WEBSTER.

Never faltering—ever struggling,
Ethol labored year by year;
Cheerful as the morning sunbeam,
Free from doubt, full of prayer.
There's a secret worth the telling,
That makes Ethol's life flow on
Strong and even: he, not leaning
On his neighbor, stands alone.

'Tis a secret worth the telling,
That makes Ethol bold and strong:
Stalwort spirit, onward pressing—
Pressing through the world along;
Standing firmly in his manhood,
From his face a light there shone;
Rays of honest truth and courage,
Giving strength to stand alone.

Cheek long weather-browned and sallow,
Yet with manly beauty gleams;
Heart as brave as any warrior's,
Yet a woman's love there beams
From each big and warm pulsation:
Poor but honest, he began
Climbing up life's rugged mountain,
But he stood alone—a man.

Ay, he stood alone, and labored;
Year by year his sturdy strokes
Echoed through the dusky forest,
As he felled the towering oaks.
Small his gains, but they were constant;
Now a fortune's all his own:
This he got by self relying,
As he learned to stand alone.

All his fortune's not in silver,
Lands, nor gold, nor glittering ore;
Jewels bright around his hearthstone
Shine upon him more and more,
As he presses to his bosom
Loved ones he can call his own;
Wife and four "wee little birdies"
Bless him as he stands alone.

'Tis a secret worth the telling,
That makes Ethol's life to shine
Beautiful in its own meekness,
With a light almost divine.
You may learn it, O my brother;
'Tis not hard for you to con:
Only rise in your own manhood,
Learn to toil—and stand alone.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JOHN HARDEW'S LOVE.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

"I AM not a well taught man, Mary, and don't best know in what way I can speak to thee, and gi' thee some idea of what your unkind words are makin' me feil upon this, to me, most unhappy night. Thou hast made up thy mind, Mary, that every tender and loving tie that has bound us two together for these many long years shall be forever parted to-night. That the words of affection which I am uttering, whiles my pride of manhood strives agin the feeling that forces them from me, shall fall upon listless ears. Well, be it so. If yo' are the happier for what yo' have now done, all as I say is, in God's name, I am willing; for right well you know, that above your happiness and your comfort, I have no thonght in life."

He was not, as he himself said, a well-taught man, but his simple words, spoken with the depth of feeling which was shown by his tremulous voice, and by his pale and care-worn face, possessed an eloquence that no teaching could ever bestow. And when he said, "in God's name, I am willing," his arm was raised in an appeal for a true witness, to bear evidence to the deep solemnity of his words. He had uttered them very slowly as he stood inside by the door, and now as he turned the handle and made one step forth from the sill, he spoke even slower yet.

"Don't think, Mary, that I linger to give time for yo' to call me back agin. I *could* not unsay what I have said this night, nor tak' back my resolution to be no longer a hindrance to your happiness and prosperity. But I canna' pass out forever from the old roof without the thoughts of times past comin' over me with a sort o' rush, and bringin' me down to the days when we two played beneath this same old porch, and gathered posies from this very turf that's now beneath my feet."

She was about to make some reply, when he interrupted her quietly.

"Let me finish, Mary. I wont keep yo', an unwilling listener as yo' must be—I wont keep yo' long. Should the day ever coom when you need friendship, or stan' in want of either aid or assistance, protection or pity, don't forget that so long as *I* can offer them they will be truly yours."

She would have, perhaps, tossed her head slightingly at his generous offers, but that the thought shot sharply through her brain that his words might prove prophetic. Might not the feeling of presentiment be upon her at that moment? She listened in silence while he went on.

"Yo' may think, Mary, my words are only the jealousy that a cast-off lover feels for his rival, but I think you know me better, and, I hope, will heed me when I tell yo' that George Vernell is not the man to make you happy. I cannot go from here, loving you so well, and not tell you that such is my solemn belief. The young squire could tak' his pick from among the wealthy and the highly born, and knowing him as I do, and having been wi' him since I were but a boy, I feel that I am not mistaken in his character. Therefore do I say that it is but your pretty face which ha' struck his fancy, and made him believe himself that he be deep in love wi' you. All I ask is that yo' pause well before it may be too late. And if that warning, given by one who thinks so much of you as to hand you calmly to another, rather than that the day should come that saw a regret from you that you had chosen as you had,—if that warning be unheeded, I say once more, that whenever you need a friend, I will strive to be that friend, and stan'ing here in the face of Heaven, my promise becomes as holy as if I had sworn to keep it faithfully and true!"

He took off his hat reverently, as he spoke, and stood so for a moment, while his words thrilled strangely through her, as she stood silently regarding him. Then taking her hand in both of his own rough ones, he gazed earnestly upon her downcast face for a moment, murmured forth, scarcely articulately, the words "God bless you!" and was gone.

The place was upon the porch of the little cottage, beneath whose roof dwelt Mary Warden and old Mr. Warden, the village schoolmaster, her uncle. Brightly was the face of nature beaming in the rays of the silver lady of night; and stillness reigned throughout the sleeping village, and couched in the soft air wafted through the gently heaving boughs, and lay out upon the surface of the lake that shone like silver in the moon-rays, beaming silently down upon its placid face. Peace hovered round about on all sides, and mocked the conflict of emotions within her troubled bosom, as she stood, without motion, watching the retreating form of him who had loved her so deeply and so well, whose echoing footsteps sounded like a reproachful voice upon her ear, as she heard them grow fainter in the distance.

John Hardew's way home lay past the mansion of the young squire, his foster brother, who had but lately returned from the continent, recalled by the intelligence of his father's decease. The old man was scarce laid in the ground, when the new squire began a course of life which gave rise to gloomy forebodings on the part of those who had been his father's steadfast friends and were well inclined to his boy, and to prophecies of evils to come from all sides, neighboring squires and surrounding tenantry.

As he passed close to the house, his ears were saluted by the loud cries and laughter of the kindred spirits whom the squire delighted to gather round him, and he saw that the windows of the mansion were one blaze of light and brilliancy.

"An t'ould squire but just laid to rest in his narrow home! O, Master George, this be not the return for the love he has showed to yon ever sin' the day when your eyes first saw the light! Is the sorrowing spirit of the old man lookin' on yo' now? and is he askin' for pardon for his wrong-doing boy, I wonder—I wonder?"

Thus sadly commuuning to himself, John Hardew plodded wearily homeward. Onward towards the hearthside which had seemed for a long time past but blank and cheerless, even with the confident anticipation of soon beholding it lighted up with the magic smile of a wife; to be now, O! doubly black and gloomy, doubly blank and cheerless, when he found his hopes crushed, and withered, and blasted, from that time forth forever more. Onward, through the green lanes, and past the rustling trees, whose dark foliage, seen in the moonlight, looked funereal and sad, when he chanced to raise his downcast head to glance towards them. Onward, past the dismantled old mill, once so busy, now silent and ruined, even as his heart was silent and his hopes were ruined. Onward, by the placid village stream, whose bosom might have invited him to repose eternal, but that his good, honest heart knew not how to vibrate with one beat that was fraught with anything like selfishness. By the village graveyard, too: here he paused a moment to undo the rustic gate, which, having softly closed again as though fearful of awaking the slumberers around him, he moved towards a little group of mounds, marking the spot where rested the ashes of his dead kindred. Upon the white surface of a stone placed at the head of one of these, he read, in the clear, solemn light, the words, "Sacred to the memory of Ellen Hardew," and the simple couplet,

"On earth, a minister of love;
An angel guardian, now, above!"

Kneeling down beside this, for the first time the strong man's heart gave way, and he felt the hot tears upon his cheek as they dropped slowly down upon the grave beneath.

"*Yo'll* not think the less of me for these tears, mother. To what fitter place should I come to shed them than upon the dust of her whose living breast has been the pillow where they ha' dropped so mony, mony times before? O, mother, I loved her so true; my whole soul was, as it were, so bound up in her; and now that I find I ha' been *so* deceived, and that my bright future is all *so* black and dreary, I canna, canna help them falling; they must coom! She has always been my love an' my pride, even sin' I were but a child, and now when she is bound to another, I will not think of what has been my fondest hope and wish; but I will be a protecting brother to her, and unknown and unnoticed, I will mak' her my care an' the object of my life-long guardianship, while she will never know that I am watching over her. Help me, then, mother, in forgetting that I ever loved her but as a brother, and help me, too, from now forward, in actin' towards her as a brother should."

Here then, beside his guardian spirit's grave, the holy shrine of the only saint he ever knew or wished to know; here, with the silent moonlight bathing his prostrate form in a gorgeous flood of silver; here, in the holy temple of the dead, John Hardew proves the depth and intensity of his unselfish love, and calls upon their kindly spirits to aid him in maintaining it immaculate.

And but a step from there a widely different scene is going on, for Denwood Hall is one blaze of light and brilliancy, and high revel is therein held by the young squire, George Vernell, aided and seconded by his boon companions, a crowd of satellites revolving around the orbit of their, at present, brightly beaming planet.

A right noisy, red-faced, deep-drinking, chorus-singing and loud-talking crowd of satellites they are, too! Some of them—hard-headed ones—are just beginning to shed their rays around, and but add to their brilliance at each bumper drained. Others again are paling visibly, and one or two more communications with the freely passing bottle consign these luminaries underneath the table, being suddenly and totally quenched for the night.

As has been the usual case in these orgies, since the deity of wine was first worshipped, and mankind first became jovial one with another, there are the same peculiarities visible in their conduct as has ever transpired before on similar occasions. As their forefathers and *their* predecessors, they are even now swearing an eternity of friendship that will last till the morrow's sobriety cancels the past, and consigns all recollection to the very depth of oblivion. In short, as their forefathers have often and often done, time and again, they are all vieing, one with the other, in getting indisputably, mellifluously and unquestionably drunk.

And noisiest of the bacchanals, loudest of the revellers, the young squire, George Vernell, appears in the very acme and summit of his glory. There are hard lines about his sensual mouth, and premature crowsfeet upon his face, marking the anniversaries of many more such scenes as these, and frequent debauches have already begun to leave their traces on what would otherwise have been a handsome countenance. He rises unsteadily to his feet.

"I'll give you a toast, gentlemen. Fill up bumpers, and pledge me the enchanting and angelic little Mary Warden!"

"Certainly, with all the honors. The angelic Mary!"

One of the gentlemen is troubled with a slight inaccuracy of speech, and drinks to "'gelic lil' Mary Morton, by all means!"

Somebody begs to be informed who she is.

"Who is she? She's a little divinity that I have found buried in the obscure dwelling of the village schoolmaster, and whom it is my intention to disinter and enshrine in her proper sphere, a fit object for the world of taste to fall down and worship."

"But suppose some fellah should happen to please her fancy and walk off with her some fine day, yon'll have the labor of excavation for nothing, me boy!" drawls out the fascinating Augustus Puddlenob, a gentleman distinguishable principally for an overwhelming display of hair; so much so that his countenance appears at first sight to be limited to little more than a nose and eyes, and they to be planted in the midst of a boundless waste of hair—a bristling hirsute prairie.

"Why," laughs the squire, "had you some thonghts of laying siege yourself, that you offer such a snggestion?"

"Honah, me boy,—honah!" murmurs the immaculate Augnstns; but at the same time settles in his own mind that it wonld not be so bad an idea after all, if he finds that time hangs heavy on his hands during his visit at Denwood Hall.

"No, no, Gus,—it's of no nse; yon conldn't come within a mile of her. She had a sort of liking for a certain John Hardew, a tenant on my place; bnt though I believe she did at one time encourage him, *that's* all up now. Poor John, I quite feel for him—I do, upon my word!"

So much so that a brimming glass of champagne is necessary to calm the intensity of his grief. Two of them seem to have that effect, for he volunteers a comic song immediately afterwards, and informs the company generally that a cobbler lived in King Dick's reign, with his ring-tum ping-tum folderiddle lay, who, trudging home through a muddy lane, found his legs to keep was a task in vain, with considerably more to the same interesting effect.

More wine is drunk and more songs are sung. Anecdotes are told which would be excellent without doubt, but that, as a general thing, the relators find, at their conclusion, that they have forgotten the points. Feats of a gymnastic nature (ending nsually in a demolition of furniture by the amateurs) are presented; and Babel is, in short, represented with tolerable accuracy and vividness in the great dining-room of Denwood Hall.

More wine is drunk and more songs are sung. Mr. Augustus Puddlenob, having begun a very dolorous ballad, succeeds in reaching the second line, and then, without the slightest apparent cause, subsides suddenly with a hiccup, and goes down with all on board, leaving no trace but his wine glass broken short off at the foot, upon the table, where his place had been but a moment before.

More wine is drunk and more songs are sung. But it now appears to be a general chorus of voices, each singing something suitable to his individual taste, totally regardless of surrounding sounds. Thus, for example, one remarks that he's sitting on the stile, Mary, and the peculiar addition from some distant quarter, "with a bottle and shillelah I'll the boys of Dublin rally," greets his ear. The well-known cherub who is represented to be continually sitting up aloft, seems all at once to have shifted his position, and now finds agreeable quarters in full fathom five. Mr. Peter Snout was invited out—that fact has been long established; but tradition said nothing of the banks of the blue Moselle being the scene of hilarious gathering, which he was entreated to attend.

Thus pass the hours away, and the revellers sink, one by one, to slumber; some with their heads placidly reclining upon the floor, while their feet rest easily on the chairs they have just occupied, and others having apparently sought the same balmy comforter, among the burnt-out ashes of the grate.

And as the candles disappear in their sockets, the rays of the pale moon shine softly through the huge windows, and light up the faces of the drunken sleepers in a grotesque, ghastly manner,

as though a troop of clowns and mountebanks had been by some magician's hand turned suddenly to stone, while in the very act of insane contortion and grimace.

She peeps in and sees all this, and sees, too, the favored lover of Mary Warden as he lays wallowing in his debauchery, surrounded by the same heartless, useless and abandoned beings as himself, and as she gazes with her great wondering face, shedding her lustrous beauty on the slumbering world, her beams are cast down upon a drooping figure kneeling by a mound of grass-grown earth, and a halo seems to form itself around about it, as it kneels there in the dead and solemn silence of the moonlit night.

The chimes hanging in the little belfry of the moss-grown church are mournfully swinging to and fro, and tell to the ears of the sober-visaged neighbors that one soul has gone out from among them, and to the village children that there will be one more tombstone for them to spell reverently over, as they pass through the ancient graveyard, on their way homeward from the church.

Mr. Warden is dead, and Mary Warden is now without her good old uncle to advise and counsel her, or to warn her kindly, as he had always done before, from the dangers that surrounds the path of inexperienced youth.

The humble funeral is over, and she sits at the trellised window, thinking with a heavy heart of her lonely position, with not one relative now living to whom she can look for protection. The tears arise upon her sight as she thinks sadly of the dead old man who lavished all his love upon her, and of the honest heart which she had cast from her, who would, in such a strait, have been so true a friend to her. She has seen nothing of him since that night when he took his leave of her for the last time, and she reproaches herself for the coldness she had shown to him. Then again her thoughts wander to him who fills so deep a place within her bosom, and she struggles against the doubts which the solemn words of John Hardew have given rise to.

"He is—he must be true; I wrong him to think otherwise."

She had spoken aloud, without hearing that a step had crossed the threshold, and that a figure stood silently beside her.

"Of whom does Mary Warden speak?"

It was the subject of her thoughts that asked the question, though the tell-tale blush that lit her pale cheek, as she turned and saw him, was sufficient answer to it.

"True, Mary," said he, in a reproachful tone. "Is it needful to ask it? Have you, then, so little confidence in me?"

"Forgive me, George, if I doubt you for one moment. But O, without you I have no one in the world to whom I can now look for a friend. He who has befriended and cherished me for so many long years lies cold and silent beneath the churchyard's mound. No—no; you could not do a wrong to one so desolate as I."

She laid her head upon his shoulder, and as she wept, revealed to him the confidence she placed in his honor and love, and felt assured that in him she had found one who would be all in all to her, a comforter and friend. Woe betide the man who would betray such confidence! Anathema and maranatha be his portion and his lot forever!

He suffered her to weep in silence for some moments before he spoke.

"This is not a time, Mary, to speak of marrying and giving in marriage, with death so lately in the house, but the *living* must be cared for; repining at the will of fate will neither bring those back whom we have loved, nor will it provide for the necessities of the mourning ones left helpless by their loss. Therefore I must speak the words which will both provide for you, and at the same time render me happy in the possession of a loving and beloved wife. Will you suffer me to call you by that dear title, Mary?"

Her silently clinging still closer to him was her only answer. It was enough. To her fears as to the displeasure of his family in uniting himself so far beneath the station which he filled, he replied that to their displeasure or their satisfaction he was alike indifferent, but that for some weighty reasons it would, for the time, be necessary to conceal his marriage, and that, after it had taken place, he would provide comfortably for her, until such time as he could openly and before the world give her the rightful position that she was entitled to.

No doubt crossed her mind as she submitted to him in everything. The marriage was to take place at an early day, and should be solemnized at the hall, in the presence of a few friends in whom he could place his confidence, fearlessly and entirely.

So time wore on, and the hour approached that was to see Mary Warden bid farewell to the days of maidenhood, and take the vows of eternal fidelity and love. And seldom would they be spoken with more of reverence and truth than when they should be uttered by her lips, for her love had grown to be her religion, and she thought of George Vernell as of a something better than general humanity, so much was his devotion to her in her sorrowful helplessness magnified by the confiding girl.

Black and heavy were the clouds that filled the autumn sky upon the morning that ushered in the wedding-day. Sombre faces seemed looking down upon it from the gloomy vault above. The birds, whose cheerful notes were wont to hail the rising morn, sat cowering upon the tossing boughs, in ominous silence. To and fro waved the branches of the barren trees, having the appearance of hands wringing wildly in the extremity of woe, and their falling leaves might well be likened to the tears that were shed in the abandonment of their deep grief and agony.

A covered carriage stopped at the gate of the cottage, and Mary Warden, stepping forth, was received in the arms of George Vernell. Quickly the door was clapped to, and the vehicle driven rapidly towards the hall. Arrived there, the steps were let down, and pale and trembling, she stood within the mansion whose mistress she was from thence to be, though she felt that it was more like a culprit than a happy bride that she was entering it.

A young woman came forward to assist her. She could not tell why it was, but the girl's face did not exactly please her. There was a downcast expression of the eye, and a smooth, unpleasant voice, although the face itself was rather a handsome one. She tried to banish such feelings as childish, but they would return each time she caught her glance fixed upon her, with a strange expression, from time to time.

Through a lofty corridor, lined on each side with the family pictures, she was led in silence by the girl into whose care the squire had given her, to prepare herself for the bridal ceremony. Grimly these faces looked down upon her, and sternly they seemed to follow her with their eyes, as she looked back, half terrified, behind her. She felt as though she were running the gauntlet among the threatening ghosts of deceased Vernells, and breathed a deep sigh of relief when she found herself within a snug apartment, lighted cheerfully up with a ruddy fire that burned within the grate.

In almost perfect silence was she dressed by her attendant, who expended no undue amount of words, even in replying to the few questions asked her. Mary was busy with her thoughts, and the silence was rather agreeable than otherwise. Yet when she did chance to recall herself back from the realm of dreams, she was sure to find that peculiar look fixed steadily upon her. Why it should make her uncomfortable she knew not, but she could not help the feeling each time she met that strangely gazing eye. She at length made an effort to banish the embarrassment that she felt coming over her, knowing that that eye was fixed upon her whenever she chanced to look away, and asked her kindly was she unhappy. Unhappy? O no!—she was not unhappy. In fact, she was quite merry at times—quite merry; and she laughed with such a strange, wild sound, that Mary shuddered to hear it, and began to think that the strange being must be somewhat disordered in her intellect. She did not dare to ask any more questions, and finished her toilet in silence.

And now George comes for her, and kisses her, and tells her how well the simple but rich white silk becomes her, and that a ducal coronet could not enhance the love he feels for her. He tells her this as they pass together through the gloomy corridor, where the ghosts of the dead Vernells are keeping watch and ward, and as he speaks, she could almost swear that some one laughed close to her. She turns and finds that her attendant has noiselessly followed them, and walks quietly behind, with her eyes cast down upon the ground. She sees no expression in her face, however, and sets it down as but the vagaries of her own excited imagination.

"You must not mind her, Mary dear. She is not altogether right in her mind," George whispers to her as he, too, looks back with something of trepidation in his face towards that singular figure following them with its stealthy step and down-bowed head. "I have brought down a clergyman from London, for, of course, it would be unsafe to trust our secret with the village pastor," said he, as they reached an oaken door leading from the gallery.

She knew not why, but this startled her. No time, however, was given her for thought, before the door opened, and she found herself within a handsome, old-fashioned apartment, in the presence of three gentlemen besides the minister. A glance towards this latter personage served somewhat to re-assure her, for she saw that his hair was of snowy hue, and his appearance in his white robes and surplice perfectly correct and well-ordered.

No time was lost, and they stood up before him, while he began the solemn marriage service of the Church of England. He had proceeded about half-way through, when a loud scuffling was heard in the hall, and while they stood irresolute, the door was dashed fiercely in, and John Hardew stood before them!

It might have been a group of statuary rather than a living one that stood in various astonished attitudes at this abrupt invasion, so motionless were they. John Hardew broke the silence, fixing his gaze sternly upon the face of the young squire, whose eyes were glaring fiercely upon him.

"George Vernell, I did not think that thou wert so black-hearted a man!"

"What means the fellow? Where are my servants? Am I to be insulted and outraged thus in my own house with impunity?"

"Is it yo' who dares to use the words insult and outrage, while insult and outrage of the deepest kind are bein' acted underneath a roof which, till now, has been the home of good and honorable men? Insult and outrage wi' yon innocent face before you! Insult and outrage, while your very soul be filled wi' them to overflowing!"

O, the withering and crushing effect of his impetuous words! Before them his face blanched, and he leaned for support against a chair, while Mary, sick at heart and reeling, would have sunk to the ground, but that the strong arm of John Hardew was around her in an instant, and he was supporting her with the tenderness of a mother. He seated her gently before he proceeded:

"Well for yo', squire of Denwood Hall, that this wickedness be gone no farther. If yo' had injured one hair of *her* head, although we ha' been boys together—although we two drew life from the same bosom—although I have loved yo', bad as I knew yo' were,—if yo' had injured her, I su'ld ha' killed you—I su'ld ha' killed you!"

He spoke with terrible earnestness, and one glance at his dilating eye would have shown how much of dreadful truth there was in what he said. He *would* have killed him—crushed him with as little compunction as he would have placed his foot upon a viper, and ended its hideous powers of doing further mischief.

"Come, Mary, let me lead yo' from this place. Yo' are in the midst of wickedness and wrong. This man, who bears upon his shoulders the covering of the lamb, is but a wolf in disgui[illegible]!—did I not say so?"

And before that individual was aware of his intention, he lifted the gray wig from the monster's head, and discovered the wolf in the person of Mr. Augustus Puddlenob, who had kindly volunteered for this occasion only, having, though grievously against his own wishes, been divested of his magnificent whiskers and moustache for the purpose. That gentleman conceiving his holy cloth deeply insulted, made a rapid exit from the room, and shortly afterwards from the house itself.

"These men are blacklegs and scoundrels," continued he, pointing to the others who had stood, by no means unmoved, spectators of this singular scene.

To this charge they made a movement of virtuous indignation, as though to advance towards their libeller.

"Yes, *do!* I'll crack your crowns wi' as much ease as if they were so many filberts!"

John held in his hand a stout cudgel, which he evidently could wield with a masterly grasp,—at least these injured gentlemen seemed so to consider, for they disdained any further reply, and followed in the footsteps of the departed Puddlenob.

"Mun, I say it! there be one o' thy own sex here, and she had so little feelin' for her helpless sister that she was helpin' and aidin' the guilty wrong that was about to be committed."

He looked towards the girl who had helped Mary in her toilet, and who sprang forward fiercely as he spoke.

"Why should I warn her from the path which I myself have trodden—trodden with agony and tears for so many long and weary years? What is she better than me that I should spare her? If the raising of a finger of mine would have done it, I would not have lifted it. I am sorry she is saved. I would have her loathsome and infectious as *I* am, for *I* was once as pure as she. Take her from here—quickly! The sight of her is poison to me!"

Forth from this contaminated house they went, Mary clinging to him closely—convulsively. She knew that in him only was safety. In him she had implicit trust. Blind no longer, the scales had fallen from her eyes. Forth from that contaminated house.

Hear them—only listen to them!—the chimes hanging in the little belfry of the moss-grown church. "Ding-dong-dell—ding-dong-dell! Let's be joyful, ding-dong-dell! Aint it jolly? Little louder! Ding-dong-dell—ding-dong-dell!" They work themselves up into a perfect mania of jollity and joyfulness, and little louderness, and ding-dong-dellness. One would think they must grow exhausted with the intensity of their mirth, but not a bit of it; louder and clearer on the morning air comes the refrain "Ding-dong-dell!"

The farm-yard dogs begin to conceive themselves insulted, and commence a chorus expressive of defiance and derision. They retire, however, from the combat, perfectly used up, and silent from very hoarseness, and can only express themselves by the means of a feeble and imbecile growl for the remainder of the day. Louder and clearer on the morning air comes the refrain "Ding-dong-dell!"

All the lads and lasses collect together for a dance upon the green, and the fiddler essays almost in despair the task of tuning his well-worn instrument, so much does the melody of the bells interfere with the successful accomplishment of his object. Still, they keep it up with untiring vigor: "Ding-dong-dell—ding-dong-dell!"

John Hardew leads his newly-wedded wife from beneath the porch of the moss-grown church, and as he steps forth, a proud and happy man, the bells reach the climax of their joy, and the echoes of their cheerful voices may be heard far and near from valley to hill, and back again from hill to valley, for miles around. High and clear upon the morning air the never-tiring "ding-dong-dell—ding-dong-dell!"

UNIVERSALITY.—Short-sighted people—I mean such who have but narrow conceptions, never extended beyond their own little sphere—cannot comprehend that universality of talents which is sometimes observable in one person. They allow no solidity in whatever is agreeable; or when they see in any one the graces of the body—activity, suppleness, and dexterity, they conclude he wants the endowments of the mind—judgment, prudence, and perspicacity. Let history say what it will, they will not believe that Socrates ever danced.—*La Bruyere.*

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

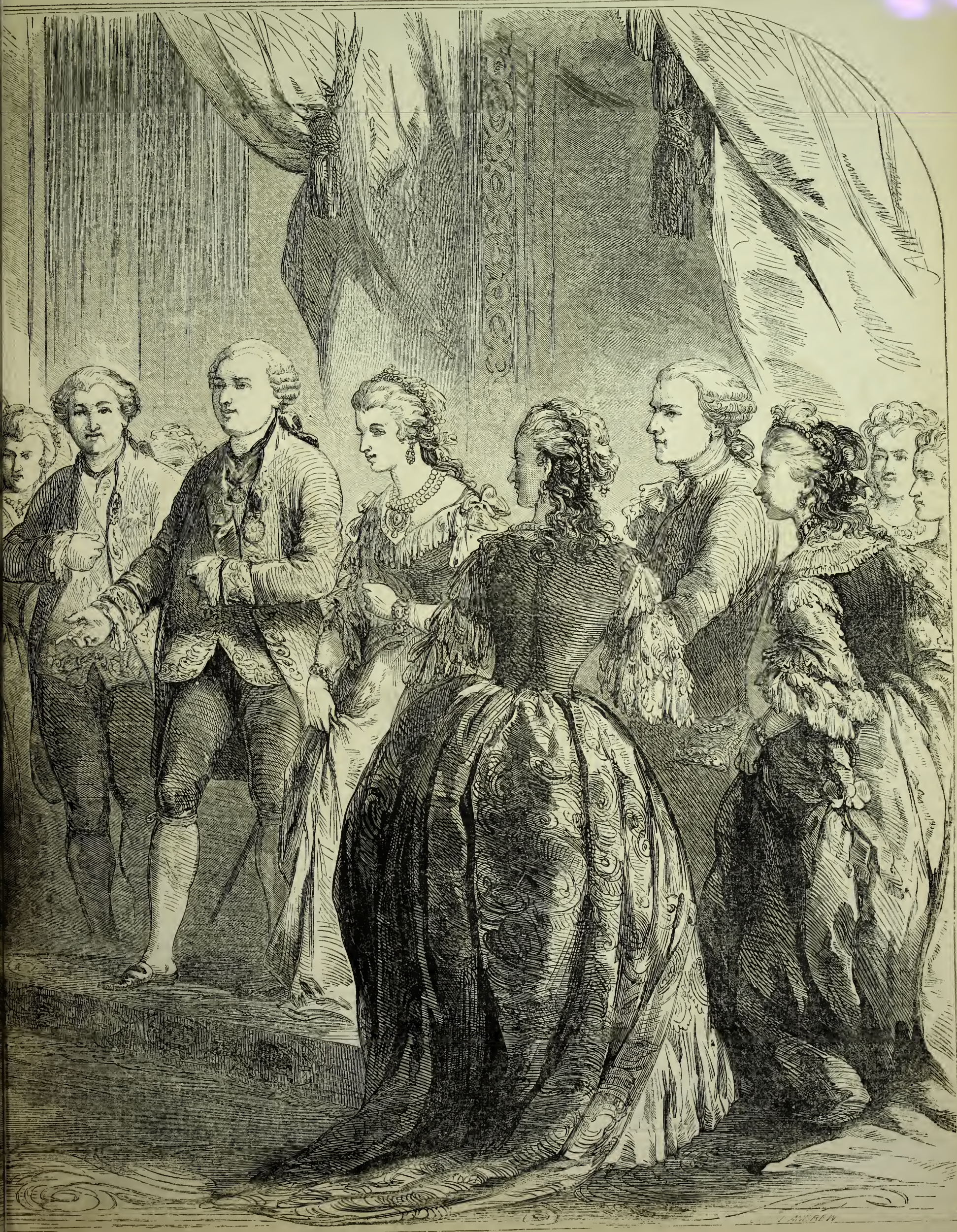
Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

☞ Specimen numbers furnished when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



FRANKLIN PRESENTED



AT THE FRENCH COURT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHILDHOOD.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Give, O give me back the days of my childhood,
When my heart beat to hope's high thrill;
O give me back the days of my childhood,
Ere my life-path was crossed with ill;
When the star of my youth shone gaily—
When the bright sun lit my path daily—
When life glided away—O merrily—
When love lit my life-path cheerily.
Give, O give me back the days of my childhood,
When the sun never set on my fears;
O give me back the days of my childhood,
When my cheek was not deluged with tears.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

It was Thanksgiving week in Farmer's Hollow—that grand old festival to which so many of the unfortunate feathered tribe have fallen yearly sacrifices ever since the institution became one of general observance—a period considerably in advance of *my* remembrance, good reader; and on the occasion to which we refer, there was no lack of the customary provision among the good people of the Hollow—and a great many populous roosts were perceptibly thinned; a great many fingers were blistered in the process of scalding defunct fowls; a great deal of merriment prevailed, and a great many sly jokes and teazing allusions to anticipated feather-beds, that caused rosy cheeks to tingle with rosier blushes, were made by roguish younger sisters, as the glossy covering of chanticleer was stripped from his yellow sides and spread somewhere in the sun to dry; a great many staid fathers run up long bills for spices, raisins, and other necessary trifles, at the village store; and a great many good things sprang into existence, which delighted juvenile eyes, and caused juvenile palates to water in anticipation of the promised feast.

But with the young people—that is, the self-styled young ladies and gentlemen, ranging from the age of fourteen upwards—these items of home festivity were of secondary moment. How could the girls confine their interest to the probable lightness or whiteness of the pastry they moulded?—or the probable figure it would make on the family board, when, in reality, they felt a much greater degree of anxiety with regard to their own appearance on a certain evening not far distant? And how could the beaux dispose their minds to the sober contemplation of a quiet fireside gathering, when another, of a much more brilliant character, kept saucily intruding itself upon their imagination?

But this abstracted state of feeling was at once made plain, when it became known that extraordinary preparations were going forward for a grand union ball, to take place the night preceding the customary Thursday appointed by his excellency the governor, as a day of public thanksgiving and praise.

What a flutter of excitement did this give rise to! What a tumbling of ribbons in the seven by nine shop of the little milliner! What a putting on and off, experimentally, of fancy slippers, both masculine and feminine, at the sign of the golden boot opposite! In what mysterious knots the young men collected in the tavern-porch, wearing very anxious, business-like faces, talking very rapidly and in very loud whispers; and then suddenly dispersing, and betaking themselves in various directions, with as much consequential haste and bustle as though bent on an official embassy of vital importance to the state.

O, what an eventful epoch in the annals of Farmer's Hollow! What a fever of doubt prevailed as to who would invite who, and who would accept who's escort; and what a universal feeling of pleasure succeeded, as all these doubts were happily resolved, and the temporary partnerships satisfactorily adjusted. All, indeed, but one! One still remained unmated, although not uninvited—and she the prettiest girl, and quite the belle of the Hollow. Many an aspiring gallant had dashed over the intervening mile between the village and her sunny hillside home, to solicit the honor of her company at the ball; but each was forced to return with the same success, or rather the same disappointment, to meet the laugh of his companions, and join in the general wonder as to whether pretty Helen Smith was really going to do so silly a thing as to stay at home on the night of the ball, or whether she had been previously secured by some manœuvering rival, of whom they were yet ignorant, but upon whose imaginary head they vowed tremendous vengeance!

Meanwhile the charming object of all this bootless speculation maintained a provoking silence as regarded her intentions for the momentous evening, and continued to assist her mother in the customary household duties much in the same way as if there had been no ball in contemplation; save that she now and then paused in her work, and shading the faint November sunlight from her eyes, looked inquiringly down the long pleasant road leading to the village, wondering secretly why a certain somebody need be so very remiss in paying her the compliments of the occasion, and presenting the important invitation—which she half resolved to refuse, in punishment for his neglect!

Extreme curiosity prevailed in the family circle of the Smiths, as to what disposition the eldest daughter of the house would probably make of herself on the night in question; and a great many doubts, and a great many conflicting opinions were expressed. But when it fell out that a trio of the young Smiths (determined spirits!) having assumed the liberty of inspecting the young lady's wardrobe, bounced down stairs with a shout, and announced the important discovery that "Nelly's white gown was spread out on the spare bed in the north chamber," it became at once the general conviction that Nelly designed going—but how, or with whom, was a mystery which defied the research of even the indefatigable juvenile trio.

As might be conjectured, Helen herself felt intensely uncomfortable under the fire of so many inquiring eyes—and the more so, as day after day wore away, and she was still looking vainly down the long road in the direction of the village.

At last, as the eventful time waxed near at hand, she ceased her unrewarded watch, and mounting the broad worn stairs to the chamber above, sadly surveyed the simple yet tasteful preparations, which she had been so happy in making, now wasted! Of what use now was the pretty dotted muslin, so white and so nicely smoothed;—or the new light boots, with their shiny tips;—or the delicate satin ribbon, glossy and rustling, and terminating at either end in the slightest perceptible curl, betokening its recent release from the block, and which she held for a moment over her hand, and saw it ripple down, like a stream of light, to her feet. This was *his* gift, which she would have worn for *his* sake—alas! and a bright round tear, looking like a liquid diamond, glanced down its glistening length as she folded the cherished trifle away, and then quickly withdrew it, and placed it again in contrast with the snowy muslin skirt. "Yes, it would be very pretty," she said, with a half sad smile, "no one need know it was not so intended at first."

She had suddenly decided that Sarah—who was two and a half years younger than herself, just turned fifteen, and was now going wild with delight at the anticipation of her first coming out—could be very becomingly arrayed in the toilet designed for herself. It suited her fresh complexion perfectly, and with the assistance of a few sprays of scented oak plant in her brown hair, she would look charmingly for her first appearance.

Pleasing herself with this plan, and the anticipation of Sarah's surprise, she tried to forget her own disappointment, and believe that the neglect of the favored expected arose from some unavoidable cause; but a thousand miserable suspicions *would* keep whispering that nothing stronger than his own will had detained him, and cruelly hinted that possibly his attentions were more agreeably bestowed elsewhere. All this served still more to torment and distract her; and when, on the following morning, a messenger came at foaming speed from a neighboring town, to announce the violent illness of a distant family relation, which resulted in the immediate setting off of the respective heads of the family for the scene of distress, she watched their welcome departure with a sensation of relief, and a feeling that there were now four eyes less to detect the slightest variation of countenance, and a corresponding deficit of two distinct minds to draw their own inferences therefrom. And she set about her daily duties, satisfied that she could indulge in the luxury of wretchedness to a much greater degree, unembarrassed by parental scrutiny.

But this indulgence was speedily rendered unnecessary. A sudden sunbeam burst upon her from an unexpected quarter; no less a comforter than little Dicky, busy in a corner with a miniature kite, rose up to apply the balm of healing.

"Nelly," he commenced smartly, forsaking his play and sidling up to the table at which she was busy, "you can't *guess* what Tommy Fields told me about you, when I see him down to the village yesterday!" Here he paused, with a wise look, savoring of defiance; but finding Nelly manifested no inclination to "guess," he proceeded with annoying good nature to unfold Tommy Field's remark, to the effect that "everybody" (meaning his big brother, who was somewhat moved by the spirit of pique in consequence of Miss Smith's having declined his gallantry) "said that nothin' kep' her from goin' to the ball, only cause Phil Rider didn't happen to be at home to ask her."

"Where is he gone?" asked Nelly, quickly, without any regard to the scandalous charge, and in a tone, which, though meant to be indifferent, betrayed her surprise and anxiety to even the inexperienced ears of Dicky.

"What makes you blush so, Nelly?" demanded that observing young gentleman, with a great deal of juvenile archness; and being sufficiently penetrating to perceive that the information of which he stood possessed was of some importance, bravely refused to be entreated, until persuasion, in the shape of a very large lump of sugar prevailed, and Helen learned to her happy amazement that the tardy gallant, whose non-appearance had resulted in so much waste of feeling, had been absent nearly three weeks on business in a distant part of the State.

How light seemed the burden of Helen's labor that day; and what a flood of sunshine filled the room, and rested on the air without. How soon the night shut down, and so busy had the whole day been, that Helen's short, soft curls had not once felt the smoothing influence of comb or brush, but clung in tangled masses around her Hebe forehead; and the faded bombazine and long white work-apron had not as usual given place to the neat afternoon print and becoming collar—and as she stole a peep into her unflattering glass, she felt that, above all other things, she *should* dislike to have the handsome eyes of a certain Phil behold her unpromising appearance! But resolving soon to find time for improvement, she resumed her work, and had become well absorbed in the preparation of a delicious turkey dressing, when she caught the sound of a slight bustle in the yard, and shortly after, as in the case of 'Zekiel's Huldy,

"She heerd a foot, and knowed it, tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper;
All ways tu once her feelings flew,
Like sparks in burnt up paper!"

In another moment she would stand confronted by the very one of all others she would have wished to avoid!

But was there no means of retreat? She could not fly to her chamber; for to gain the staircase, she must cross the identical entry that even now contained the enemy! In this extremity she fled for shelter to the only attainable covert, the door of the cellar, and had just time to close it after her, when she heard the pleasant exchange of good evenings that followed the entrance of the visitor.

"Ah," was the internal thought of her wicked brother Nathan, as he saw her vanish into voluntary exile, "I'll pay you off a great many unsettled scores before you escape from that trap, Miss Nelly!" And the memory of several occasions when he had found himself mysteriously fastened out on the coldest of the midwinter nights; the thought of the intruding chairs purposely set as stumbling blocks in his way up stairs when obliged to grope in the dark, because somebody had maliciously misplaced the candle-box—together with the stinging recollection of sundry pins cunningly introduced into his coat-tails, causing him for a while to suppose the sofa of the lady on whom he called was stuffed with needles, and that every unlucky chair on which he essayed to sit concealed a minute but terribly effective instrument of torture, thereby making himself very ridiculous in the lady's estimation, by suddenly bouncing up, as if in obedience to unseen wires, *a la puppet*, at each successive sitting down. All these indignities, passing in review before the mind of the injured Nathan, detracted nothing from the zest of his determination; and accordingly, meditating profoundly that a fire in the parlor could only be produced by immense backlogs and forestcks, which only *he* could split and prepare, he resolved to be deaf to Sarah's beseeching looks, glances in the direction of the cellar door, and final verbal statement of her desire, and to declare, in a vastly good-natured way, that "there was no *need* of another fire—Phil was very comfortable as he was," which would, of course, be warmly seconded by their courteous guest, who would consequently remain in the kitchen, and Nelly, as an inevitable result, down cellar!

Meanwhile, Nelly was seized with horror, when, in reply to an inquiry for Miss Helen, she heard her brother's polite rejoinder that she was "somewhere about the house, and would probably be in soon—she knows of your coming, I believe; doesn't she, Sarah?" elevating his eyebrows interrogatively upon that young lady! Thus appealed to, poor Sarah could only gasp a faint "yes," and wonder within herself what Nathan proposed to do next; something was in contemplation—she could see it in his eyes.

Nathan himself was at no such loss; he carried forward his determination to the very letter! There was no fire in the parlor, in spite of Sarah's despair, and he addressed himself immediately to the entertainment of his visitor, forcing him to talk upon a great variety of subjects, which it was apparent possessed no interest in his eyes, but which it pleased his amiable host not to observe. Mr. Philip evidently sat upon figurative pins of quite as excruciating a nature as the real ones of Nathan's memory! His growing impatience manifested itself in frequent fidgetings of his watch-chain, and his reflections certainly were not the pleasantest.

If Helen was really at home, and knew of his presence, why didn't she appear? It seemed to him nothing less than a case of intended slight; he felt that it was folly to remain longer, and was a dozen times on the point of rising, but Nathan contrived to detain him, without appearing to notice the movement—and at last, not wishing to appear disconcerted by this singular treatment of the lady's, he determined to "make an evening of it," which he *did*, to Helen's intense agony, who was in a state of mind that passeth conception—vexation, regret, alarm and mortification predominating by turns. Indignation for her graceless brother stood decidedly in the ascendant, however; and what dire plans of retaliation were concocted and matured in that shiny, unkempt head of hers, no one knew better than herself, as shivering with the damp atmosphere, she muffled herself partially in a dilapidated garment which hung near at hand, and crouched down by the door.

Meantime the fire in the old-fashioned chimney waxed fiercer and higher, and radiating powerfully in the direction of the tortured visitor, rendered him externally as uncomfortable as he was already miserable in mind. Successive backward movements of his chair contributed sparingly to his relief! His face became very red, and he applied his handkerchief nervously to his reeking brow.

"Warm, Phil?" demanded the incorrigible Nathan, concluding a very funny story, and abandoning the poker, with which he had been accompanying himself upon the blazing logs; "might open the door—*that* perhaps," pointing to the fatal cellar door, near which the victim, in his violent retrograde movements, had arrived. Phil clutched at this merciful suggestion as his only chance of escape from suffocation, and sprang upon the indicated door, but immediately staggered back aghast, as a spectral figure in dirty white tumbled forward into his arms! Poor Nelly, tired and chilled, had fallen asleep on the topmost stair, with her head against the treacherous door, and awoke in the embrace of her lover.

There was one suppressed exclamation from the convulsed circle of Smiths, among whom, however, there appeared to exist great unanimity with regard to the time of retiring, for, on the instant, the room was deserted by all but the solitary pair by the cellar door; but a close observer might have detected a row of faces ranged up and down a very narrow aperture of the door which assisted their retreat, and a quick ear might have caught a sound of a great many smothered whispers and snickers in a great variety of intonations!

It may be superfluous to add, that Sarah did *not* make her first appearance in the dotted muslin and silver ribbon, as had been contemplated; or that pretty Helen Smith did no such silly thing as to stay at home on the night of the ball. But we know it will be gratifying to all our sentimental friends to learn that the next time St. Nicholas perched on the great chimney-top of the hillside home, his happy old ears were greeted by the merry sound of a gay wedding-party below—but who Hymen the sportsman noosed that night, we leave our acute reader to guess!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO ANGIE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Sing who may, of gold or glory,
Miser's meed or warrior's dream;
I will weave a fairer story,
I will choose a purer theme.

Pen who may, a sounding sonnet,
Heavy in its statelluess,
Laying rules of rhyme upon it
Till it lose its loveliness;

I will wake a random measure,
I will touch a truer string;
And perhaps a purer pleasure
To the pleading spirit bring.

Angie! laughing, blue-eyed maiden,
Fills the tenor of my song;
May her years with bliss be laden,
As they swiftly glide along.

In the flush of woman's promise,
Angel could not be more fair;
And the praise she winneth from us
Rises incense-like in air.

All that's pure and all that's holy,
Cluster round one loving shrine;
Those who worship, there bend low,—
To their worship I add mine.

Youth is fair, yet youth is fleeting,
Time is now surnamed the Bold;
But I send her this sweet greeting:
True hearts never can grow old.

Change may come and bitter trial,
But life's gold is thus refined,
And the stream from sorrow's vial
Falls upon a chastened mind.

As we tread the path of duty,
Thoughts of dear ones fill the soul,
And a form of grace and beauty
Points us to life's distant goal.

Then we fancy angel pinions
Flutter round us as we go;
Coming from those fair dominions,
In their robes as white as snow.

Angie! take this simple token,
Poor, perhaps, to give to thee;
But, when names beloved are spoken,
Angie, then—remember me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MONOMANIAC.

A SCRAP FROM A PHYSICIAN'S DIARY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

During the summer of 1849 I was in the western country, whither I had gone merely for recreation and to escape for a season the wearying duties of my profession. I reached Louisville, Ky., towards the latter part of July, and there I meant to remain some time.

I was sitting in my room one morning, enjoying my newspaper and cigar, when one of the servants of the hotel informed me that there was a gentleman in the office who wished to see me very much. I asked his name, and then the fellow remembered that he had the visitor's card. I took it and read, in a neat, copper-plate impression, "Philip Severns, M. D." I directed the messenger to see the doctor up; and ere long afterwards the gentleman entered. He was a stout, good-looking man, past forty, and looked "every inch the doctor."

"This is Doctor Belknap, I believe," he said, bowing with a warm smile upon his face.

"It is," said I; and in a few moments more we were engaged in just such conversation as might be holden between friends of years standing.

"Doctor," he said, after we had rattled away for some fifteen minutes or so, "I have come to obtain your professional assistance. You have probably had some cases of insanity to deal with in the course of your practice?"

"A very few," I told him.

"But you are willing to help me if you can?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Well, the case is here: just in the edge of the adjoining county lives a wealthy planter by the name of Landear. He is one of our first men, and much respected by all who know him. But lately he has met with a strange and sad misfortune. He presents one of the most curious cases of monomania that I ever heard of. For many years he has been in the habit of going off at certain seasons for the purpose of hunting bears. Last spring he went, and during one of his hunting excursions he was attacked by an old she bear, that got him down, and would have killed him had not timely assistance arrived. The bear was killed, and Landear was picked up insensible and carried to the camp. When he revived he seemed sad and melancholy, and expressed the opinion that he should not live long, and begged that he might be carried home at once. This request was complied with, and when he reached home I was sent for. I found him with a very slight fever, and a contusion upon the side of the head. But the skull was not injured at all, and I soon made up my mind that he was suffering more from the effects of the shock upon his mind than from any physical effect. I found that he shuddered fearfully when the subject of the bear was mentioned. He had given himself up as a dead man before the succor arrived, and his mind seemed to dwell upon that one moment when the mad beast stood over him ready to devour him. I gave such medicine as I knew would very soon relieve him of all physical difficulty, and then took my leave, having, among other directions, cautioned the family against speaking about the bear in his presence.

"When I next heard from him his son came to my office—it was about a week after my visit—and informed me that his father was crazy as could be—that he tried to kill everybody that came near him; and that with the assistance of the negroes they had got him bound. I hastened off at once, and found Landear in the most confirmed state of monomania. He begged of me not to come near him, for he assured me he should eat me if I did. He swore that he was a bear! I conversed with him a long time, and found him perfectly rational on all other points. He conversed freely, but that one idea clung to him. He would growl and glare, and ask me to look at his claws, imagining that his fingers were real claws.

"Since then I have done all that lay in my power. I have resorted to all kinds of pleasant stratagems that I could think of, but to no purpose. The poor man still suffered, and he seemed to grow weak and faint in body, but savage and ungovernable in disposition. He will have raw meat to eat, and he tries to scratch and bite every one who approaches him. Now what can be done?"

"Does he state any cause for his having been turned into a bear?" I asked.

"Why," returned Severns, "he imagines he was killed in the forest, and that they made a mistake and brought the bear home."

I pondered a while, and then informed my visitor that I could think of but one plan; and that was to kill him.

"Kill him?"

"Yes—just enough so that he shall think so."

"Ah, yes—now I see."

I threw aside my paper, and entered at once into a consideration of the subject; and in the course of half an hour we had the plan all laid. I asked Severns if there was a stuffed bear-skin in the place, and he informed me that he had one himself—one that Landear had stuffed and given him.

We went at once to Severns's dwelling, and there I found a bear as natural as life. We put the effigy into a covered wagon, and then started for Bullit county, the residence of Laudear being about fifteen miles distant. I found the estate to be a noble one, and everything around betokened wealth and refinement. We called such members of the family as we wished to assist us, and explained to them what we desired to do. They entered into the arrangement with much zeal, and I soon found that Severns had been telling them that I was something extra in the way of attending to such cases.

We had the representative bear taken into the house, where it would be handy, and then Landear's son—a young man about one-and-twenty—went around so as to enter his father's room by a door directly back of the place where the ill-fated man sat. I then took a gun loaded with a heavy charge of powder and wadding only, and after this we started for the room where the patient was confined.

I found George Landear to be a stout, noble-looking man, not far from fifty years old, but pale and haggard now. He was sitting in a great, stout arm-chair, with straps passing around his legs, breast, arms and head, and thus confined.

"Mercy!" I cried, assuming as frightened a tone and look as possible, "why do you keep this bear here? He'll bite somebody!"

Upon this the monomaniac began to growl and gnash his teeth.

"Hold!" I cried, coming nearer to the poor man, and holding up my hands in astonishment. "This ferocious beast has killed a man. If we kill him now, the man he slew will be restored. Stand back! Let me kill him! I'll shoot him through the head!"

With these words I raised my gun and aimed it at the man's face. He glared at me furiously, and seemed anxious to reach me. He growled louder than ever before, and his teeth gnashed in rage. With a quick, slight movement, I raised the muzzle of the gun and fired. The report was deafening, and the room was filled with smoke. The young man, who had stood prepared, immediately hurled his father's chair over backwards, and then threw a thick quilt over him. While one party brought in the stuffed bear, and poured a lot of dark red fluid, prepared for the purpose, over the floor, Severns and myself cut the straps that bound the monomaniac, and dragging him away, we put the bear in his place.

Landear was now lifted to another chair, but it was some moments ere he came to himself. When the return of perfect consciousness was apparent, Severns was ready for him.

"My dear Landear," he cried, starting forward and grasping the planter's hand with every appearance of astonishment and delight, "where *have* you been? What has been the matter with you? Just look there, sir! Look and see what we found in your chair. For mercy's sake, look!"

Landear turned his gaze in the direction pointed out, and there he saw the big chair overturned, a huge bear bound to it all bloody and dead, and the purple tide of brute life standing in pools upon the floor.

"Wasn't I in that chair?" he whispered, shuddering fearfully.

"I don't know where you were," returned Severns. "We were determined to shoot the bear, for we knew that some wicked spirit held you away from us while that bear was here."

Then the doctor turned to those who stood around, and ordered them to drag the bear away. The order was quickly obeyed. Two men seized the animal by the hind legs and dragged him off, and Landear gazed fixedly upon the wide trail of blood that was left behind.

"There!" shouted Severns, as soon as the door was closed, "you are safe now, my dear friend. The accursed beast can have all power over you no more. Thank God, he is killed at last!"

Slowly Landear seemed to awake to a sense of things about him. He raised his eyes from the trail of seeming blood, and gazed into the face of his physician.

"Doctor Severns," he said, in a hoarse, whispering tone, "are you sure the bear is dead?"

"Most certainly, sir," Severns replied; "the ball went directly through the heart. You have no more to fear."

Landear placed his hand to his brow, and after remaining so for some moments, he attempted to rise; but his strength failed him, and he would have sunk to the floor had not Severns caught him. I advised that he should be conducted to his bed at once, and the advice was followed. We prescribed such restoratives as we thought his system would bear, and then took our leave, promising to call again on the next day.

It was a week before I went out again, though Severns had been nearly every day. At that time I found Landear up and dressed, and looking very well. The tears ran down his cheeks in copious streams as he blessed me for the service I had rendered him. Of course I dared not then undeceive him, so I professed to have done a real service to him by really shooting the bear.

Before I left Louisville I received a handsome sum of gold from the younger Landear, and as I knew they were amply able I kept it.

Six years afterwards I visited Louisville again. I found Dr. Severns, and together we went out to see Mr. Landear. He was now stout and strong once more, and the stern power of intellect was his again. He thanked me again—this time earnestly and frankly—and then we sat down to a social chat.

Even now Landear could hardly realize that he had not once been a bear, and suffered all that he then imagined. The whole scene of his monomania was fixed in his memory; he could remember every feeling he then experienced, even to the moment when I aimed the gun at him.

"It is very strange," he explained to me, "very strange; but yet of course I understand it all. When I trust to my memory, it really seems as though all those things were realities—just as a vivid dream seems to you. I remember when you came in with the gun, and when you cried out in affright about the bear. Then I *was a bear!* Even now I cannot force my mind to a single idea of anything connected with my person at that time but the body—hair, claws, appetite, and all—of a huge bear. I remember your aiming at me—and your firing. Then I fell over, and I thought I was dead. When I came to, and saw the bloody floor and the dead bear, and remembered what you had said before you fired, I knew I was a man. My mind was changed as if by magic. I believed then that I had been in that bear—that my soul had animated him; but that the moment he was shot, and his animal life gone, my soul came out from its confinement, and my body had returned to me."

"And does it appear the same to you now?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Let me explain: When you wake up out of a sleep, and remember a very vivid dream you may have had, it is just as plain to you as though it was real."

"Of course," said I.

"Well," he added, "the scenes of that season of monomania are not only fixed as a dream, but they have all the accompaniments of reality. Of course my *reason* tells me that 'twas all imaginary, but my memory will hold all the horrors of those dark hours; and though I know I have never been anything but a human being, yet I feel, in every respect of experience, that for long, long weeks I was a mad, raving bear. I have tried very hard—even to hours of study—to remember some incident, or moment of thought, during that monomania which had some connection with myself as a human being, but I never can do it. I can only see a huge beast, confined in a chair, eager to eat men, women and children."

I remained a week with the noble-hearted planter, and then I went my way. I hear from him often now. He is well, and firm in mind, and has no fears of any more monomania. But be sure he has not been bear-hunting since that eventful season.

DIAMONDS.

During a recent lecture on mineralogy, at the Truro institution, Captain Mahmond, as an instance of the practical importance of being able to ascertain the scale of hardness of minerals, related a circumstance that occurred to a gold digger. This man, when working at the diggings, found a rock crystal, and thinking it was a large diamond, he immediately left his work and went home. He invited a friend to take tea with him, and produced the supposed diamond on the tea-table; his friend offered $1000 for it, which the digger refused to take. He made his voyage to England, and on arriving in London went to a mineral dealer, and offered him the precious stone for sale. The dealer, however, on trying its hardness, found that it was only common quartz; and after convincing the digger of his mistake, he gave him a few shillings for it, on account of its beauty.—*New York Tribune.*

RIGID NOTIONS OF DUTY.

A soldier on duty at the palace of the emperor, at St. Petersburg, which was burnt a few years ago, was stationed and had been forgotten in one suite of apartments that was in flames. A Greek priest was the last person to rush through the burning rooms, at the imminent risk of his life, to save a crucifix in a chapel; and returning, he was hailed by the sentry, who must in a few minutes more have been suffocated. "What do you want?" cried the priest; "save yourself, or you will be lost."—"I can't leave," replied the sentry, "because I am unrelieved; but I called to you to give me your blessing before I die." The priest blessed him, and the soldier died at his post.—*Court and Camp.*

If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion or stature ceases.—*Goldsmith.*

THOMAS BLANCHARD, THE INVENTOR.

The gentleman whose portrait, drawn for us by Mr. Hill, from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, accompanies this sketch, has achieved fame and fortune by a series of useful inventions which fairly entitle him to take rank among the benefactors of mankind. Though Mr. Blanchard is a modest and retiring man, quite content to let his works speak for him, we have deemed it a duty, as it certainly is a pleasure, to present our readers with a slight sketch of his career. Thomas Blanchard was born in Sutton, Worcester County, Mass., June 24, 1788. The origin of the family is French; an ancestor of Mr. Blanchard, having left Normandy, removed to England, and thence to Massachusetts, where he settled in Charlestown, in the year 1639. The father of the subject of our sketch was a farmer, and the father of a large family. At an early age, Thomas exhibited a fondness for mechanical pursuits, and was noted among his companions for his ingenuity and dexterity in contriving mechanical toys, such as water-wheels, windmills, etc., with no other tools than a knife and gimlet. His occasional visits to the blacksmith's shop, fired him with the desire of constructing a little establishment of his own, and with the kitchen bellows, an iron wedge for an anvil, and such other substitutes as his ingenuity suggested, he contrived a miniature forge, which actually performed his work respectably. His first practical invention was a machine for paring apples, which he contrived and put in operation when only thirteen years of age. By this machine, still in extensive use, he could accomplish more work than half a dozen girls by their unaided labor. His next undertaking, commenced when he was eighteen, though the idea had occupied his mind long before that, was a machine for making tacks, the process then being performed by hand, and tedious and not entirely satisfactory. He encountered various obstacles and discouragements, the want of means being the most serious, but finally he triumphed. His success was so complete that he was able to manufacture five hundred tacks per minute, with more finished heads and points that manual labor had ever succeeded in making. He sold the patent for this invention to a company for five thousand dollars—a sum far below its value, but which enabled the inventor not only to relieve himself from all pecuniary embarrassments, but gave him a small capital which enabled him to study the science of mechanics more thoroughly, and to devote himself to the development of his inventive genius. His next great invention was a machine for turning musket barrels with an external finish. The lathe which he produced not only turned the cylindrical part of the barrel, but the flat and oval sides of the breech, by the combination of one single, self-directing operation. He almost immediately secured a contract for erecting one of his machines at the Springfield Armory. "While the workmen," says Mr. Howe, "were gathered around to witness its operation, an incident occurred which finally led to the truly wonderful invention for turning irregular forms. One of the men, addressing himself to a companion, says, 'Well, John, he has spoiled your job.' 'I care not for that,' was the reply, 'as long as I can get a better.' One of the musket-stockers, with a confident shake of the head, then boastingly exclaimed, 'that he (Blanchard) could not spoil his, for he could not turn a gun-stock!' This remark struck Blanchard very forcibly, and in answer he observed, 'I am not so sure of that, but will think of it awhile.' The idea of turning by machinery such a long irregular form as the stock of a musket seemed absurd, but he could not banish the subject from his mind. After remaining a few days longer at Springfield, he left for his residence in Millbury, Worcester County. While passing in a one-horse vehicle, in a state of deep meditation, through the old town of Brimfield, the whole principle of turning irregular forms from a pattern at once burst upon his mind. The idea was so pleasing and forcible that, like Archimedes of old, he exclaimed aloud, 'I have got it! I have got it!' Two countrymen, overhearing this, suddenly started up from the wayside, with countenances expressive of wonder; when one of them, addressing his companion, said, 'I guess that man's crazy!' In a short time, Blanchard built a model of this machine, and so exact were its operations that it would perfectly turn a miniature stock." The



THOMAS BLANCHARD, THE INVENTOR.

date of this great invention is 1818. One of its most useful and universal applications is in the turning of boot and shoe lasts. The application of the principle to making copies of busts and statues and to cutting cameos was subsequently made by Mr. Blanchard, and it was these applications which excited such admiration at the recent Paris exposition, and obtained for the inventor a first-class medal. It would be impossible without diagrams and drawings to convey an intelligible idea of Mr. Blanchard's machine for cutting busts of equal dimensions to the model, or on an enlarged or reduced scale. Suffice it to say that its operation is perfect, and that the copy, whether equal in size, reduced or enlarged, is mathematically accurate, and requires for its finish only a little polishing of the surface. We have seen a reduced bust in marble of Napoleon III. and one of the Empress Eugenie, executed in Paris, in the presence of their majesties, most elaborately finished in the minutest and most delicate details. The importance of this application of Mr. Blanchard's invention must be obvious to every amateur of the arts. "By means of these admirable machines," says M. Boquillon, "a reproduction may now have the value of an original. With them will disappear the mere approximations executed by doubtful artists, or those copies which true talent reluctantly undertakes, because, after all, it can only make a fatally inaccurate translation. They reconcile industry with art, which they place henceforth beyond the reach of the attacks of the spirit of traffic, by giving to commerce its finest creations, by popularizing them, and placing within the reach of all those masterpieces which have hitherto been the possession of the smallest number. By these machines, the modern artist feels himself relieved of the irksome task of copying himself; under his hands, unfatigued by the labor of marble, stone, or steel, the clay will yield more readily and oftener. The distinction between the bronzes of art and the bronzes of commerce will disappear, for one will be no dearer than the other. The masses will be brought back to the admiration of the beautiful and true, and the general taste will be purified." But we are anticipating somewhat. Mr. Blanchard's turning machines were introduced into the national armories at Harper's Ferry and at Springfield, and in 1833 his patent, having expired, was renewed by Congress, on the ground that it was "an original machine, standing among the first American inventions, for which the inventor had not been compensated according to its utility." In 1825, when public attention was engaged on the subject of railroads and locomotive power, Mr. Blanchard built a steam-carriage for travelling on common roads, which is believed to have been the first locomotive ever put in operation in this country. It performed to the satisfaction of the inventor, turned corners, went backward and forward, and ascended grades. He also built models of railroad turnouts, and other improvements, now in general use. He submitted to Gov. Clinton, of New York, a plan for building a railroad from Albany to Schenectady, which had received the approval of heavy capitalists, but yielding to the opinion that the time had not arrived for their adoption, abandoned his project. In 1826, he built a light draft steamer, with the wheel astern, which ascended the falls between Hartford and Springfield with perfect ease, thus commencing a new era in the history of Springfield, steam navigation having previously ended at Hartford. In 1828, the inventor, with a party of friends, made an excursion up the river to a distance of 150 miles. He was everywhere received by the inhabitants with enthusiasm. His boat, the "Vermont," was succeeded by another, the "Massachusetts," of larger tonnage, but drawing only eighteen inches of water. In 1830, he was employed to build a boat to ply between Pittsburg and Olean Point, on the Alleghany, a distance of 300 miles, the fall amounting in the whole to 600 feet, and the river in many places having a very rapid current. The boat was named the "Alleghany," and made her trial trip with 30 passengers and 25 tons of freight on board, penetrating solitudes in which the smoke of a steamer had never before been seen. Mr. Blanchard was on board, and by his invitation, the celebrated Indian chief, Cornplanter, came on board, when the boat reached his village, with his whole family, and made an excursion up the river to his infinite delight, exclaiming, "Great! great! great! great power!" The success of the "Alleghany" demonstrated the practicability of navigating small and rapid rivers by steam, and this kind of boat is now in general use. But the most important of Mr. Blanchard's inventions is now to be noticed, viz., his machine for bending wood. By the operation of this machine, ship timber of the largest size can be bent into any desired curve, without breaking its longitudinal fibres, while the pressure to which it is subjected increases its solidity. The timber is first steamed or softened in a chemical bath. It was this machine which had received the unqualified approbation of the United States' government inspectors, which created an unparalleled sensation at Paris, obtained the unanimous approval of the jury, the first-class silver medal, and the sale of the patent right for France for a very large sum. It was particularly appreciated in France, because there the natural ship-knees furnished by the forests had become entirely exhausted. The machine also has its important uses in manufacturing felloes of wheels, plough handles, picture frames, curved furniture, etc. It has been truly said that the advantages of this invention are beyond the powers of conception, and that it inaugurates a new era in shipbuilding. We have thus rapidly passed in review Mr. Blanchard's principal claims to honor and emolument, reserving no room for noting the various honorable testimonials he has received, or the various trials in the way of violations of his patents and plagiarisms from his inventions to which, in common with all distinguished inventors, he has been subjected. He is now in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, secured by his own genius.



CITY OF TIFLIS, IN GEORGIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

GOLD IN AFRICA.

According to a newspaper published in Algiers, France will be henceforth richer in gold mines than any other country in the world, for while the spirit of adventure seeks this precious metal at a distance, in California, Australia and Guiana, it neglects the inexhaustible resources of this mineral offered by the whole of Sahara. The Touaregs, who inhabit this country, which, by the way, is far less a desert and far more easily approached than it is generally supposed to be, in the month of January last offered the French government the friendship and services of the tribe for the protection of caravans coming to trade with or to pass into Soudan. They offered in exchange for French products, ivory, peltry, perfumes, wax and gold dust. Mr. Herbrugger quotes the following passage from the Berber historian Ebn-Khaldoun: "A trustworthy man of Sedjelmesa, states that in the country of Kaskas, among the blacks, the Sultan Djata, the successor of Monsa-Moussa, sold the celebrated block regarded as one of the rarest treasures of the sovereign of Mailli. It weighed 20 quintals just as it was taken from the mines." Something of a nugget! Now we really hope that the colonists of Algeria will not go mad about gold-digging. The cultivation of the soil, particularly a soil as fertile as that of Algeria is represented to be, will prove far more remunerative than digging and delving after gold. Many a New England husbandman has bitterly lamented his abandonment of the old homestead in pursuit of the yellow mirage of California. If gold were as easily obtained as the sanguine expect, it would be a drug in the market. It is purchased at the sacrifice of health, happiness and life. Nothing is more delirious and mad than the gold fever. California lies at our doors. Each man has a gold mine in his profession or his trade, if he choose to work it; and the same resolution, energy, toil and self-denial which extract the precious metal from the bowels of the earth, would yield the equivalent of gold, if directed in other channels. It is not the desire of wealth, but the fatal haste to be rich, that works so much woe in our age and generation.

Organ Grinders.—These peripatetic nuisances are again painfully prevalent. They have been hybernating, but are now coming out remarkably strong, in company with cracked fiddles, tamborines, hurdy-gurdies, and ridiculous little monkeys with dingy red frocks and Kossuth hats. *Viva la musica!*

Cooking without Fire.—The Scientific American tells us about a way of cooking without fire by means of quicklime and water. The next improvement will be eating without food.

SPLINTERS.

.... John Pintard, Esq., of New York, has three chairs which belonged to the first United States Congress.

.... The National Intelligencer says Everett's Washington oration is already a part of the literature of the country.

.... Mlle. Vestvali has returned to the United States after a most triumphant campaign in Mexico.

.... The Princess Royal of England will be married to Prince Frederick of Prussia some time in the coming year.

.... Miss Frederica Bremer is living in the neighborhood of Stockholm very quietly, engaged in writing a new work.

.... Bayard Taylor will leave this country in July for a tour n the northern part of Europe.

.... They are going to erect a great hotel in London on the sito lately occupied by Covent Garden Theatre.

.... Madame de Sevigne tells us of a holy man who cheated at cards for the benefit of his favorite charity.

.... The Chinese say that every man is the architect of his own fortune, because character is fate.

.... The ball of the waiters of the Metropolitan Hotel, N. Y., is described in England among the fashionable doings here.

.... The amount of precious metals received at the United States mint during the last year was $56,151,902.

.... A "new charter for the city of New York" has come to be an annual occurrence in the Albany legislature.

.... A Frenchman says in 200 years America will be on a par with some European States. Patronizing!

.... Somo "confounded foreigner," says, "look on each railway as a loaded pistol aimed at your head."

.... James says Rumor ought to be painted not only with a hnndred tongues bnt with a huge magnifying glass.

.... A whale sixty feet long, worth $250, lately went ashore off Currituck, N. C., and Abraham Baum secured him.

.... Alpheus J. Lyman, a Hartford schoolmaster, was lately fined $29 70 for brutally whipping a pupil.

.... Barnum told the court in New York that he had been squeezed perfectly dry, but invited another turn of the screws.

.... The shipping of Coolies from China is a new form of the slave trade. How *coolly* it is done!

.... Sarah Haycraft, who murdered a man in St. Louis, is to be imprisoned for twenty-five years—not hanged.

.... The French have not got over the excitement consequent on the birth of "that blessed baby" yet.

.... To be obliged to wear an overcoat in the "merrie month of May," is particularly pleasant and refreshing.

.... It is n't too late yet to set out trees by the roadside, and thus earn the thanks of posterity.

THE MISERIES OF NEW YORK.

The legislature of New York has been making inquiries into the condition of the poorer classes of the city of New York, and the report already presented comprises details sufficiently painful to every philanthropic heart. It is stated that in 22 districts there are not less than 1200 tenements, the smallest of which contains ten families. In one house there were 112 families, the greater part having eight or ten members each. In a building in the 13th ward, there is a house with 96 separate rooms, occupied by 146 families, the whole forming a mass of 577 individuals. The inmates are crowded together without distinction of age or sex, malady or health, if health can be maintained in a pestilential atmosphere, deprived of sun and air. Of course, such places are the abodes of the most abject misery, the hot-beds of disease and vice.

It is not our intention, however, to enlarge upon the revolting details of this misery, but to remark upon the commentary of the New York "Courrier des Etats Unis," a French paper. That journal says:—"Such is the picture. However repulsive it may appear, however exaggerated it may be thought, the colors are unhappily far from being overloaded. *The mysteries of European capitals are nothing*, in fact, compared with those comprised in certain quarters of the haughty and superb New York. Nowhere does misery wear a more ignoble or repulsive aspect; nowhere is the descent, down which it glides from misfortune to abjection, more irresistible. Nowhere, also, we assert, are the disinherited classes abandoned to such an extent to their fate."

Can it be possible that the French editor asserts that the miseries of his own capital are surpassed by those of New York? Has he forgotten those villanous faubourgs of Paris, where the most hideous destitution and the most hideous crime reproduce each other constantly? Or is there no faith in statistics—no reliability in journalists—no truth in travellers who have described scenes that we dare not even sketch? That there are wretchedness, squalid destitution, vice and disease, accumulated in certain localities of New York, we cannot deny—such things are incidental to the life of every great city; but that these evils surpass those of the great European capitals—of Paris and of London, for instance,—we can never be made to believe.

But when the writer speaks of the abandonment of the wretched to their fate, and intimates that society is indifferent to it, and inactive with regard to it, he palpably consults his prejudices rather than his convictions, or his knowledge of facts. Can it be possible that he is ignorant of the strenuous and constant efforts made to ameliorate the condition of the depraved and destitute? Has he never heard of the Five Points' mission and its success? Has he never noted the action of the various charitable societies with which New York abounds?

New York deserves the name of "imperial" for nothing more than for the munificence of her charities. In no city of the world is the golden law of Christianity—"love thy neighbor as thyself"—more steadfastly acted up to. The public and private charity of New Yorkers, as well as their boundless hospitality, is proverbial. The peculiar position of the city, its commercial character, its vast extent, attract to it naturally a larger amount of the waifs of humanity than any other city in the United States. Hence it has its full share of human misery as well as human prosperity. But that this misery is suffered to multiply itself, unchecked, is untrue—as untrue as the assertion that the distress and destitution exceed that of the great European capitals. Possibly, legislative wisdom may devise some plan for a general reform and improvement of the destitute classes; but that they receive no care and no thought, is a loose and random assertion, unworthy of an intelligent journalist.

Improvements in Arms.—The War Department at Washington has been manufacturing, at the different armories, a rifle musket far superior to any of the small arms now in use. The barrel of this new weapon is but 40 inches in length, with a calibre of 0 48 of an inch, and has three decreasing grooves cut in it, with sights graduated from 100 to 1000 yards. The locks are adapted to the use of Maynard's patent primers, which are regarded as greatly superior to the old percussion priming. The ball, on the Minié plan, weighs 497 grains. The new piece is one quarter of a pound lighter than the old one, and requires but one half the charge.

Trouble from France.—The Richmond Dispatch says: "It is believed that the emperor of France would willingly turn his victorious arms to this hemisphere, and attempt to humble America as well as Russia." We cannot believe it—and for this simple reason. Louis Napoleon has lived in America, and if he has not learned to love, he has at least learned to fear it. He knows our resources and our spirit, and that the starred and striped flag of our Union never has been, and never can be humbled in the dust.

Hard to Credit.—A story is going the rounds, that a gentleman in Iberville parish, Louisiana, shot a strange bird as large as a turkey, in the craw of which he found nine hundred diamonds, worth over $15,000. "Evidently a foreign fowl," says the story. Wasn't it a French *canard?*

Theory and Practice.—A preacher in London says that the world will come to an end in 1865. Yet this gentleman has just signed a lease for nineteen years for the house he occupies. Comment is superfluous.

An odd Notion.—At a French ball lately, a man came in dressed as a bottle of champagne! We should say that the individual was disguised in liquor.

FRANKLIN PRESENTED AT THE FRENCH COURT.

Another of our series of large national pictures, designed expressly for our "Pictorial" by Billings, and engraved by Andrew, occupies the whole of pages 312 and 313, of the present number. It depicts an event well worthy of commemoration by art, the presentation of Benjamin Franklin at the Court of France—the first American minister accredited to a European government.

The artist has entered fully into the spirit of the scene—he has given us accurate portraits of the good-natured and unfortunate Louis XVI., with his lovely queen, Maria Antoinette, surrounded by a court dazzling in attire, and refined to the highest degree in manners. He has indicated also the splendid appointments of the royal saloon—its rich tapestries and gorgeous drapery and gilded pannel work. But the eye turns from the courteous monarch, from the beauty of his queen, from the splendor of the court—to gaze upon that venerable figure advancing, attired in the humble dress of the citizen of a republic. Near the queen, a maid of honor turns away, shocked at the disregard of etiquette manifested by the strange plenipotentiary—while the courtiers are gazing curiously on the novel spectacle. Yet the character and genius of Franklin were then so well known that he inspired respect even in the artificial atmosphere of a court. His unshaken fidelity to his country, his scientific discoveries, his statesmanship, his age, his wit, his humor, his genuine manhood commanded universal respect.

Lord Chatham had characterized him as "One whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom; who was an honor, not to the English nation, but to humanity." He had been in France since 1776, but not at first in an official capacity. He had been everywhere received in private with every demonstration of respect and admiration. The loveliest ladies in France had gathered round him whenever he appeared in society. At the French Academy, Voltaire received him in his arms. In 1778 he had the happiness of concluding the first treaty of these United States with a foreign power. As soon as he had received his credentials as minister, he was presented at court, and the event caused a sensation throughout Europe. Little perhaps, did even Franklin dream that the star of those sovereigns who accorded him so generous a welcome as the representative of his countrymen, would so soon set in blood. The wisest cannot foreshadow the vicissitudes of empires.

TIFLIS, GEORGIA.

On page 316, we give a view of the city of Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, in Asiatic Russia. The river which is seen flowing past it, darkened here and there by a boat or raft, and spanned by an adjacent bridge, is the Koor. In the foreground is a group of Tartars with their horses. Along the river side are many noble buildings of a semi-oriental character, while spires and pinnacles are artistically combined in the architectural mass in the middle portion of the picture. Beyond, the land rises in a bold slope, the crest and sides of which are covered with heavy military works of defence. The whole scene has a strong individual character. The population of Tiflis is estimated at about 50,000. It stands in a narrow valley, and is strongly defended by admirably planned fortifications. On the river bank, in the old quarter of the town, are numerous Armenian churches and large caravanseries; this quarter is chiefly occupied by the Armenians, who almost monopolize the trade of the place. Contrasting strongly with this quarter, which typifies the past, is the Russian quarter, in the upper part of the city, which illustrates the present. Here all the improvements incidental to modern civilization are noticeable. The streets are broad and airy, and lined with noble buildings—there are broad squares tastefully laid out, and the government offices and military quarters are built on a liberal plan. The Russians have also established schools, and in fact, in every way improved the place since it fell into their hands. It is the capital city of all Russian Trans-Caucasia. It contains several mosques, a German Protestant chapel, a French and German hotel, and a flourishing establishment for hot bathing, which yields a large revenue to the Russian government.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. James G. Thompson to Miss Phila A. Baxter; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Henry V. Ward, Esq., of Baltimore, to Miss Caroline M. Reynolds; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. Le Preleit Drake to Miss Mary L. Moyes; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. William T. Cottle to Miss Rebecca M. C. Smith; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Almon Ainsworth to Miss Fanny M. Flagg.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. Richards Bradley, of Brattleboro', Vt., to Miss Sarah A. W. Merry.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. Isaiah White, Jr. to Miss Mary Josselyn.—At Dedham, by Rev. Mr. Clark, of Canton, Mr. Wm. H. Mason to Miss Mary L. Gardner, of Boston.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Patch, Mr. Thomas Chadwick to Miss Ruth Woodfin.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. Henry L. Wetherbee, of Kirby, Vt., to Miss Emeline S. Wright.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, Mr. Enoch C. Tappan to Miss Sarah E. Hunt.—At Holden, Mr. L. C. Drury to Miss Maria Stratton.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Tisdale Harlow, Jr., 22; Mrs. Eliza Smith, wife of B. Porter Chamberlain, Esq., of Salem, 51; Mrs Mary L. Carruth, 37; Mrs. Sarah Edes, 93; Mr. Marcus Howe, 68; Miss Martha T. Watkins, 22; Mr. Daniel G. Sullivan, 27; Mr. Samuel B. Manning, 60; Mrs. Charlotte A. Cutter Morse, 67.—At Chelsea, Mr. Daniel Powars, 57; Mrs. Abby W. Conner, 28.—At Maiden, Mr. William Nichols, 64.—At West Cambridge, Widow Nancy Hill, 90.—At Woburn, Mr. William Winn, 72.—At Quincy, Mr. Charles Francis Savil, 39.—At Salem, Widow Mehitable Ruse, 81; Capt. John Hovey, 77; Widow Sally Bott, 76; Miss Priscilla Glover, 71; Widow Mary Moore, 71; Mr. Paul K. Brown, 72.—At Milton, Mrs. Martha Stanley, 77.—At South Danvers, Mrs. Abigail C. King, 70; Miss Eunice Symonds, of Salem, 67.—At Gloucester, Miss Ellen Mc Gwire, 23; Mrs. Charlotte P. Hodgkins, 64.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Emily A. Amber, 38.—At New Bedford, Mr. James Tripp, 48.—At North Fairhaven, Mr. Nathan Wilcox, 85.—At Lanesboro', Mr. Laban Lassell, 86.

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year..... $3 00
4 subscribers, " " 10 00
10 " " " 20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of Ballou's Pictorial, and one copy of The Flag of our Union, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every Saturday, by M. M. BALLOU, Boston.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HARVEST-TIME.

BY MRS. ROBERT D. CROMDIE.

Full sheaved on the harvest-field
Stand the golden shocks of grain;
Full numbered in pride and strength,
Are the reapers on the plain;
For summer has gone to rest,
And autumn has come again.

And many the harvest-maids stand,
With lips all pouting red,—
With winning smiles that lead you
As a little child is led,
And beating hearts, whose sinlessness
To sinlessness is wed.

Soft flutter their snow white vests,
In the bracing autumn air,
Disclosing forms of beauty
Than a sculptor's dream more fair,
And bands of the golden wheat
Are wreathed in their flowing hair.

And what though their matchless hands
Be browned in the harvest sun?
What though their tender limbs
Toil on till the work be done?
Think you those reapers strong
Care less for the hearts they have won?

And matrons staid with age are there,
And silver-haired old men,
Boasting the days of old,
The untiring strength of limb, when
They were foremost in the field,
Who never shall reap again.

No more shall the summer sun kiss
Those sheaves of beaded gold;
No more in their pride and strength
Shall the stalks stand manifold;
No more shall the wild wind's love
To their bended heads be told.

For full many the reapers stand,
And their sickles are keen;
Low shall the yellow grain lie,
And the flowers that blush between,
For autumn has come again,
And withered the summer green.

Carefully 'neath the brown, brown roof,
Whose eaves drip down in spring,
Shall the laden wain and sturdy ox
The golden harvest bring;
And over it in peace
Shall the twittering swallows sing.

And then at the close of day,
When the harvest work is done,
And fleecy clouds are wreathed
In the smile of the setting sun,
Shall the flush and glowing reapers,
And the blooming maidens come:

And unto God, the highest,
Shall the voice be raised in prayer,
In blessings manifold,
For his mercies and his care,—
For his watchful guidance,
Which extendeth everywhere!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GOVERNESS.

BY JOHN I. DASLBY.

We read stories of the ill-treatment governesses meet with in England, and virtuously shudder, and feel proud that *we* are not so hard-hearted. It would be well if, before censuring our neighbors, we looked a little closer at our own faults.

In a tenement lodging in C—— Street, New York, I first saw Ellen Bird. She was watering a little rose-bush that was making ineffectual attempts to grow in the hot atmosphere of June. I afterwards became acquainted with her and learnt her history. Her father had had an immense fortune, and lost it all by speculating. Worn out by disappointment and anxiety, he died, leaving his wife and daughter nothing. A rich relation placed Ellen at a boarding-school to educate her for a teacher. It was all he could do, he said. To be sure, he had a great house, and many servants, and a country-seat, but it was, at least, all he *would* do. She returned to her mother, after two years, to support both by her exertions.

"O what a life a governess leads! A servant's is felicity compared to it. Do you know, my dear madam, that if you get angry with your cook and give her a "good scolding," she will leave you, especially if she is a good cook? But who ever heard of a governess giving warning? They are "too happy" to get employment on any terms, for there are scores of young women who will be glad to take her place if she gives herself airs.

Well, at this time, there was not in all the neighborhood a better girl, a prettier girl, a more loving, dutiful daughter than Ellen Bird. She would often nurse her mother the greater part of the night, and then be up early to take her long walk to the very other end of the city. One morning, when it had been raining hard, she wet her feet badly in a little pool in front of a grocer's shop. The shopkeeper happened to be standing at the door, and invited her in to dry her shoes. Thus sprang up a little intimacy between them, and she would often step into the store for the same purpose, for, to tell a homely truth, her shoes, well nigh worn out, were far from waterproof, and where was a poor governess to get new ones? The grocer was the only acquaintance, besides myself, that Ellen had. He always had a kind word for her. Nor did Ellen fail to ask him after the child that had broken its arm, or how his wife was, and other little queries.

"A hard life hers," the man would say to some customer, as Ellen left the store.

"Not hard at all," answered Mrs. Flanagan, the washerwoman. "Put her over a wash-tub for five or six hours, and see how she would bear it."

"You don't know all," he replied. And he was right.

Mrs. Henshaw, to whose house Ellen was going that morning, was a little out of spirits, and ready to take offence at anything Ellen might do. The very dress of the governess displeased her—it was too plain.

"I really wish you would dress better," she began in a querulous tone. "Are you ready with those quadrilles for Lucy to practise?"

"I am very sorry, ma'am, but I have been so much engaged; I have so little time to spare."

"Well, Miss Bird, if you have such pressing engagements, I suppose I shall have to engage a new—"

"O, ma'am," faltered Ellen, "I am too happy to be employed by you. I—I certainly will have them ready by to-morrow."

Poor thing! She spoke the truth. She was too happy to be employed by Mrs. Henshaw.

"Well, I will excuse you this time. Ah, I think you said, when we engaged you, that you could teach Italian."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Ellen, looking more cheerful.

"Lucy is to learn. I shall expect you to teach her without any increase of pay. I cannot afford to give any more."

Poor Ellen's face fell. She had anticipated that the increased employment would bring increased salary.

"If you object, of course I must find some other teacher, who will include Italian, at no more than your present salary," said Mrs. Henshaw.

What could Ellen do? Her mother was very sick, and needed all the comforts she could give her. Of course, she was "*too happy*" to teach Italian without further remuneration, as Mrs. Henshaw said she could not give her any more. I happen to know that on that very day Mrs. Henshaw discharged a coachman, who was not handsome enough to suit her, and hired another at an increase of wages which would have supported Ellen and her mother for a month.

When Ellen returned home that night—she had been to five or six houses first, and walked at least twenty miles,—she found her mother very weak, and a doctor, who was called in, could give her no hope. Her mother, he said, could live but a few days. She had to practise the quadrille that night, as she had promised Mrs. Henshaw. But could she play that gay music in the house of death, and disturb the slumber—perhaps the last *earthly* sleep—of her mother? The very thought shocked her.

There was no alteration in her parent when, with a heart, O! so sad and heavy, she set forth upon her morning walk. The grocer saw how sad she was as she passed his door. He had heard, during the night, of her mother's sickness. He, too, was sad, for the child that had broken its arm was dead. "Better not tell her now," he thought; "she has her own sadness."

"You are full ten minutes behind your time," said Mrs. Henshaw, pettishly.

"I am very sorry, but my mother is very sick—dying, the doctor says," replied Ellen, bursting into tears.

"Dying?—that is unfortunate. But you should remember the value of punctuality. Well, do not wait any longer. Luey is dying to begin her quadrille."

"I am very sorry, ma'am, but I could not run through them last night when my mother was so ill."

"Of course, I consider that, but you promised me. A young lady of your occupation ought to keep her promises at any sacrifice."

"I could not disturb my mother," said Ellen, appealingly.

"I excuse you this once, since your mother is dying, but don't let it happen again. You are, at least, ready to commence Lucy's Italian this morning?"

"Unluckily I forgot to bring my grammar. I suppose Lucy has one."

"Mr. Henshaw says he can't be at the expense of buying books for you to teach Lucy with. He expects you to furnish them."

Ellen, of course, had to say that her books were at Luey's service. Thus her life was passed. All the ladies whose daughters she taught were not so unfeeling as Mrs. Henshaw, but none of them had any sympathy with her situation, and every one was fully as exacting.

That evening her mother was much worse. The neighbors said that, during the day, she had been delirious. Was it her duty to disturb her with the gay notes? She thought not. It would be better to lose the situation than forget her duty as a daughter. The next day, Mrs. Henshaw heard of a governess who not only taught Italian for the same terms as Ellen, but included German also. Ellen was, therefore, dismissed. She did not care much, for she could now stay longer in the morning with her mother. She spent now all her time at home in soothing the death-bed of her mother, hardly allowing herself any time for sleep. So worn out was she by continual watching, and so occupied with the dread anxiety about her parent's health, that she did not notice the departure of the kind grocer, and that another man, gruff and repulsive, had taken his place.

Her mother died in about a week, and Ellen began to feel the loss of her friend. She was all alone in the world. A letter sent to her rich relation had brought back a cool response recommending her to work hard and keep a good character. Work hard! In a few days she was delirious with a fever, brought on by exhaustion and grief. When she recovered, all her pupils had procured new teachers. Then there was all the work of procuring new pupils to be gone through. Advertising took away all her slender funds. The only place she obtained was soon lost, for her employer made dishonorable proposals to her.

One cold November evening, an east wind was making every one feel uncomfortable, and most of all Ellen, who sat shivering in her desolate room, bending over the place where the fire ought to have been, and trying to fancy herself warmer for it. She was thinking sadly that she had no money to buy coals or food—that the next day her landlord would turn her out of the room. She was wondering what she should do then—whether it would be best to apply again to the rich relation. Best!—it was the only thing she could do. She had made many vain attempts to get employment, but had failed everywhere.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! A heavy step was mounting the lower stairs. Ellen did not heed it. It came higher. She wondered drearily whether it was her landlord come a day too soon. Higher and higher came the feet, and paused at her door. Rat, tat! sounded the door, hit, it would seem, by sturdy, vigorous knuckles. Ellen started, and said, "Come in!"

In came the grocer, her friend. Not in mealy clothes, with the great white apron and paper hat he used to wear. No; he was dressed like a gentleman. A great pity he had not fine manners as well as fine clothes, for he had the *heart* of a gentleman—of a true gentleman, that is.

"I am come," said he, bashfully, "to get you to teach my children."

Ellen did not understand him, she thought.

"To teach your children?"

"Yes, miss. I have now some property; a rich relation left me all his fortune, and my wife thinks we ought to have our children educated."

"Yes," said Ellen, as if in a dream.

"And if you will come and live with us and take care of them, and be one of the family like, we shall take it very kindly of you."

"Do you mean," asked Ellen, "that I am to be your children's governess, and to live with you?"

"Yes, miss, if you will; and if five hundred dollars will satisfy you, wife told me to tell you she would heartily welcome you, and that is all about it."

While delivering this speech, the grocer had been rolling his hat over and over in his hands, and in his satisfaction at having safely delivered his message, he crushed the hat entirely. His confusion at this misfortune restored Ellen to her senses. She joyfully accepted his offer. Then they had a short conversation, in which he explained how his good fortune had come to him. A distant relation of whom he had never heard before had died intestate, and there were no other heirs. As soon as the estate was settled, and he was sure that he was so rich, the thought of the poor governess came into his head. He had heard of her misfortunes, and determined to make her happy. If you had seen Ellen six months afterwards, you would have seen that he had performed his intentions. Truly the pleasure that his goodness to her gave him, was greater than he felt when he heard the news of his great fortune.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE: or, *The Joys and Sorrows of American Life*. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Phila.: T. B. Peterson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 522.

This volume comprises some of the lamented Mrs. Hentz's best stories, including the famous "Mob Cap" and the "Pedler." A most readable book, and one that will have a vast circulation. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE. Edited by Mrs SARAH J. HALE. New York: Mason Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 408.

Though Lady Montague enjoys a reputation as a letter-writer as great as that of Madame de Sevigne, her letters have not hitherto been accessible to the mass of readers. They are now presented in a neat and commodious form, and their wit, pleasantry and elegance of style will be enjoyed by thousands. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

SKETCHES AND ADVENTURES IN MADEIRA, PORTUGAL, AND THE ANDALUSIAS OF SPAIN. By the author of "Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 445.

A very pleasant account of scenes rather out of the line of the ordinary tourist. The sketches of Madeira, and of the Alhambra, are particularly interesting. The whole book is excellently done. For sale by Redding & Co.

PHYSIOLOGY AND CALISTHENICS. For Schools and Families. By CATHERINE E. BEECHER. New York: Harper & Brother. 1856. 18mo. pp. 251.

A handsome and liberally illustrated little volume, explaining, in the first place, the structure of the human system and the laws of health, and then presenting a system of calisthenic exercises, so simple and well described, that no teacher is required. A book that will do, in humble phrase, a world of good. For sale by Redding & Co.

A LADY'S SECOND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD. By INA PFEIFFER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 500.

Those who have read the "Lady's Journal Round the World" from the same pen, will need no urging to induce them to purchase the present volume. It is admirably written, and even the scenes are rendered interesting by being presented from a new point of view. Much of the book is occupied by descriptions of American localities. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE TEACHER. By JACOB ABBOTT. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 353.

This book is intended to set forth a system of arrangements for the organization and management of a school based on the agency of moral influence. The views of the author are sound and convincing, and expressed with great purity of language. Every one entering on the task of teaching and governing the young should have a copy. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE WEATHER, AND A GUIDE TO ITS CHANGES. By T. B. BUTLER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 401.

Everybody talks about the weather, but few understandingly. We advise all who desire to have some sound knowledge of its variations, and their rules as far as deduced, to purchase this very interesting treatise. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. A History. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. 3 vols. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

It is with sincere pleasure that we welcome this noble history, destined to take a high rank among the solid productions of American literature. The rise and grandeur of the Batavian republic form an historical phenomenon worthy of being studied from every point of view. From that republic, with its triumphs and its glories, flowed influences of which all modern civilization is sensible. Mr. Motley has written its story in beautiful language; while the elevation of his philosophical views, the evidences of research and impartiality which meet us on every page, are worthy of the highest commendation. The author made his debut as a writer of romance; but his early productions, though creditable, gave no evidence of that power and brilliancy which his matured genius has here presented. This valuable work may be obtained of Redding & Co.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

There are over 2000 newspapers in the United States, or twice as many as in all the world beside. —— Rev. Mr. Mason, at the Isle of Shoals, has to pull teeth, file saws, repair clocks, and do his own bell-ringing. He is a Presbyterian, but is sustained by that good old society for "propagating the gospel among the Indians," which is under Unitarian auspices. —— The New York Freeman's Journal is convinced that the Catholic Bishop O'Reilley, of Hartford, took passage on board the missing steamer Pacific. —— John Gilpin, celebrated by Cowper, had a personality, as an individual once lived who performed the feats of horsemanship attributed to the hero in the poet's tale. —— A grant of $1000 per annum has been made to the Wisconsin Historical Society by the State. —— A shoemaker at Lowestoff suddenly dropped down dead from excitement at unexpectedly meeting his son in the streets after his return from the Crimea. He had known of his return, but came upon him suddenly, and for a while did not know him. —— At latest dates from St. Paul, Minnesota, land warrants were selling at from $1 10 to $1 15 per acre. Warrants of one hundred and sixty acres were scarce, and commanded the highest price. —— Artificial teeth are now made with a gutta percha base. The strength, elasticity and lightness of this material, together with the ease and comfort with which it is said it may be worn, as well as the life-like feeling it must impart to the tongue, would seem to render it an admirable article for dental structures. —— The City Council of Savannah has voted an appropriation of $25,000 for the removal of obstructions in the passage of vessels up to that city, known as the "Knoll." —— There are to be three daily steamboat lines between the cities of New York and Albany this season, and one between New York and Troy. —— In the time of Ovid, the Euxine was frozen over every winter. The Tiber was often frozen over, and snow once lay in Rome for forty days. —— Mrs. Juliet Fisk was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary, in the Oneida Circuit Court, at Rome, New York, for writing threatening letters demanding large sums of money from a widowed lady, Mrs. Ferguson, residing at Watervleit, N. Y. —— Grace Greenwood—Mrs. Lippincott, of Philadelphia,—is at "The Cleveland Water Cure" (Dr. Seeley's), for the benefit of her health. —— If a piece of white paper be moistened with pure otto of roses, the oil will evaporate, leaving no trace, but a marked perfume. If, however, it is a mixture, a stain will be left on the paper, without odor. This is the scientific mode of testing the quality of this article. —— The lighthouse authorized by Congress to be built on St. Joseph's Island, Lake Borgne, cannot be commenced until the government receives a title to the land required for its erection. —— The first minister who preached a sermon in the English language in any Reformed Dutch Church in this country, was the Rev. Archibald Laidlie. He was born December 4, 1737, at Kelso, Scotland, studied in the University of Edinburgh, and was ordained to the ministry in 1759. —— A girl, however fair or beautiful, can walk the streets of Cadiz, alone and unprotected, any hour of the night, and without fear of insult. —— In a short time there will be a line of railroad completed from Savannah to Memphis, by which the people of the former city will be within forty-eight hours travel of the Mississippi River. —— Milton has wrote upwards of fifteen thousand English verses, Collins and Gray fifteen hundred each, and Lord Byron upwards of seventy thousand verses. —— The patrons of the Andover Theological Seminary are making efforts to raise $150,000, for its better endowment, so as to raise the salaries of its professors, and build a fire-proof building. —— An advertiser in the New York Sun advertises for several females to work on vests, and says a good stitcher will be paid $1 per week. —— The memory of the 8th of January still exercises a wholesome influence. It is not at all surprising John Bull omits all mention of New Orleans when he becomes belligerently inclined, in the newspapers. There's always method in John's boastings. —— Proud Britain pays £100,000 a year for the pin-money of one woman, and only £30,000 a year for the public education of several million children. —— The subject of establishing a reform school for juvenile delinquents is at present engaging the attention of the Ohio legislature.

FRENCH TELESCOPE.—At a recent general *reunion* of French *savans* at the house of M. Leverrier, much interest was occasioned by the famous glass, now nearly finished, to complete which, M. Arago obtained from the Chamber of Representatives one hundred thousand francs, and by which, said the illustrious astronomer, "we shall be able, at last, to see the moon as we see Montmartre from the Boulevard Italien."

RENTS IN NEW YORK.—The New York Herald says that rents in that city this year are exorbitantly high, notwithstanding the predictions of last year that they would fall twenty per cent. Houses that let last May for four hundred dollars are now from four hundred and fifty to five hundred; but the rents of stores remain about the same.

FEMALE PICKPOCKET.—At a fire, the other day, Mr. Thaxter, of the Evening Gazette, felt a hand in his outside pocket. It belonged to a pretty young female, who was in search of the editor's wallet. Of course his gallantry permitted the offender to escape.

THE PACIFIC.—Little hopes are now entertained of the safety of the Pacific, or any of her crew and passengers. Into how many homes does this conviction carry agony!

THE WEATHER.—Don't be beguiled into leaving off warm clothes, because summer is at hand. American thermometers play sad tricks.

Wayside Gatherings.

It is said that the peach crop of New Jersey promises to prove large.

The next election for president takes place on the first Tuesday of November, 1856.

In New York it was decided recently that a pedestrian has the right of pathway in preference to vehicles.

The bill to extend the right of suffrage to colored citizens, was lost in the Wisconsin senate, by a vote of 13 to 6.

Epes Sargent's "Priestess" was produced in New Orleans, by Mrs. Hayne.

A box of plate belonging to Queen Victoria was lately stolen from a wagon, while it was on the road from Windsor to Buckingham palace.

It is said that Professor Liebig has been offered five thousand dollars if he will come over to this country and deliver a course of lectures.

A petition for a new tariff, signed by more than three thousand individuals and firms in Montreal, has been presented to the Canadian parliament, and is likely to lead to important results.

The town of Bernardston, Mass., has accepted the donation of $10,000, by the late E. E. Powers, of Georgia, for educational purposes in the place, and named the legacy "The Powers' School Fund."

Madame de Bodisco has advertised her furniture to be sold at auction in Washington, and intends leaving for Europe. Her two eldest sons are serving the Emperor of Russia as pages of the household.

In the New York District Court, Judge Ingersoll ordered that the schooner Falmouth, seized as a slaver, be condemned, together with her cargo. No claim for her was put forward on behalf of any party.

A man in New York State recently failed, and he accounted for it by stating that he was robbed of $16,000 in small bills that he had in his vest pocket. One creditor inquired the size of a vest pocket that would hold that amount in small bills.

A gentleman who, a few months since, left this vicinity for the west, writes home from St. Louis, Mo., that he finds it almost impossible to obtain a tenement for his family, such is the demand. Rents in that city, he says, are double what they now are in the city of Boston.

New Orleans has three colored Methodist Episcopal churches, and three colored local preachers who are slaves, as are most of the 1200 communicants. One is the driver of a dray, another a carpenter, and the third a porter in a wholesale coffee store. Over all is a white pastor, appointed by the Louisiana Conference.

The geological survey of Missouri shows "that the coal beds of that State can furnish 100,000,000 tons per annum for the next 1300 years; and with regard to iron, that there is ore enough of the very best quality within a few miles of Pilot Knob and Iron Mountains, above the surface of the valleys, to furnish 100,000,000 tons per annum, of manufactured iron, for the next 200 years."

It is stated that 60,000 copies of the Rev. Mr. Caird's sermon, preached before Queen Victoria, on "Religion in Common Life," have been sold; that Mr. Caird has already received the large amount of £700 from the publisher, and that it is his intention to apply the whole sum to the endowment of the Errol Female's Industrial School.

The Princeton Press says that two gentlemen, while crossing the fields near Rocky Hill, N. J., came in contact with an animal which at first they supposed to be a calf. When they approached it closely, it set up a growl that convinced them of danger, and they beat a very hasty retreat. One of the gentlemen, who had seen "bars" in California, is certain this is "one of 'em."

A patent has been issued to Mr. H. H. Fultz, of Lexington, Mississippi, for an improvement in cotton gins—consisting in giving the cotton to be ginned a spiral motion in the feed box, over the saws, so that the cotton is made to pass from one end of the feed box to the other, to present a fresh surface of it to the action of the saws as it passes along; also to prevent the staple from being cut off by the saws.

A recent writer says of Cuchares, the great Spanish *matador*, or bull-fighter: "He was the Edwin Forrest of matadors—and very popular with the *majos*, the proper critics of bull fights. He was about the same height as the American tragedian, but not of such artistically developed proportions. The first time I saw him he reminded me of Forrest in the 'Gladiator'—in manner and look."

Rev. T. B. Thayer, of the First Universalist Society of Lowell, having recently proposed leaving his parish, the society voted to raise his salary from $1500 to $2000. When Mr. Thayer was notified of this action, he returned answer, that he would cheerfully renew his engagement, but only on the condition that his salary remain at $1500. It is needless to say that his offer was gladly accepted.

The time required for a healthy person to digest boiled rice is one hour; sago, an hour and forty-five minutes; tapioca and barley, two hours, new bread, three hours; boiled cabbage, four hours; oysters, two and a half hours; salmon, four hours; venison chops, one and a half hours; mutton, three hours; beef, three hours; roast pork, five and a quarter hours; raw eggs, two hours; soft boiled eggs, eight hours; and contrary to general opinion, hard boiled eggs, three and a half hours.

A pearl of lustrous, rosy tint is sometimes found in the old pearl fisheries at the head of the Persian Gulf; but these rose pearls are so rare and beautiful, that they are sedulously gathered and retained among the jewels of the richest Asiatic princes, and are seldom encountered in Europe. So few and inferior are the rose tinted pearls that find their way to European gem dealers, that the famous pearl, called the "blush of the morning" by the Persian poets, was almost deemed a creation of fancy.

The model of Richardson's atmospheric telegraph, in Washington, attracts crowds of curious spectators, to whom the ingenious inventor never seems weary of describing his plan of transporting mails and merchandise all over the country, at a rate of speed which sets time and space at defiance, and threatens them with utter annihilation. The untiring energy and enthusiasm displayed by Mr. Richardson in his appeals for aid in making a practical trial of his invention, are worthy of all praise.

The Mennonites in this country embrace 400 churches, 250 ministers, and 30,000 members. The Winebrennerians have 6 elders, 130 preachers, 198 churches, 415 preaching stations, and 17,500 members. The Orthodox Friends have church accommodations for 287,073 persons. The Unitarians number about 260 congregations, and 33,000 members. The Swedenborgians rate about 3000. The Universalists have 828 churches, 640 ministers, and 50,000 members. Roman Catholics, about 3,000,000. Jewish synagogues, 65.

Foreign Items.

There are indications of bad feeling between Russia and Austria.

A new street in Paris has already been named Rue du Prince Imperial.

Germany is at present almost equally divided between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism.

The epicures of Paris have recently taken to horse-flesh as an article of food, and one can already see signs like this, in the shops in the suburbs of that city—"Good horse-meat for sale."

The citizens of Dublin have presented a silver shield to Sir Edward Blakeney, the gallant general who for so many years filled the responsible and often arduous post of commander of the forces in Ireland.

Edinburgh, with a population of 161,000, only cast 4215 votes at the recent election of a member of Parliament, to fill the seat made vacant by Macaulay. Mr. Black, the great publisher, was returned.

At Middlesborough-on-Tees, England, there exists a singular freak of nature—"a boy with a real tail." He is about four months old, and in good health. He has a perfect caudal appendage, four or five inches in length.

The greatest clothing establishment in the world is that of M. Godillot, in Paris. It employs sixty-six sewing machines, kept in motion by a steam engine of nine horse power, and which sewed all the overcoats for the Crimean army.

A bookseller of Southampton, England, was lately fined five shillings for selling a newspaper on the Sabbath. The magistrate, in pronouncing sentence, remarked that by the terms of the English law (Stat. Charles II. and William III.) nothing could be sold on the Sabbath but milk and mackerels.

Sands of Gold.

.... Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Speaking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words, is a niggard in deeds.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

.... Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.—*Colton.*

.... Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be esteemed; and such will thy deeds as thy affections, and such thy life as thy deeds.—*Socrates.*

.... Things change so rapidly that much of our knowledge and skill soon becomes inapplicable, and is rapidly forgotten.—*Wigglesworth.*

.... Never join with your friend when he abuses his horse or his wife, unless the one is about to be sold, and the other to be buried.—*Colton.*

.... Men's happiness springs mainly from moderate troubles, which afford the mind a healthful stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits.—*Wigglesworth.*

.... If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to?—*Tillotson.*

.... Nature has concealed at the bottom of our minds talents and abilities of which we are not aware. The passions alone have the privilege of bringing them to light, and of giving us sometimes views more certain and more perfect than art could possibly produce.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Joker's Budget.

What kind of *braces* do ladies prefer? Embraces.

Why can't young ladies abstain from kissing babies frantically before strangers?

Why is a piece of sterile ground like a certain toilet article? Ans.—Because it's bare soil (bear's oil.)

Lodgings are so scarce in Australia that men pay a dollar for lying in the gutter, and fifty cents extra for resting their heads on the curbstone!

Punch notices a wine newly advertised as naked Sherry. It will probably be recommended to those invalids who have no coats to their stomachs.

Dr. Valentine Mott once said to a graduating class, "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made—a large one to hold the insults and a small one for fees."

A very excellent lady sought to instruct her grandchild in relation to the provident care of Heaven. "Who gives you your daily bread?" asked she. "Dod!" replied the child; "but uncle Peter puts the butter and sugar on!"

One of our exchanges, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a contemporary, says:—"He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor—whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."

Fame is not universal. An Irish waiter behind Mr. Thackeray's chair, in a hotel dining-room at Cincinnati, was overheard to say mysteriously to his fellow: "Bill, that's the great Mr. Thacker" *(sic.)* The reply was not unnatural: "Who on earth's the great Mr. Thacker?"

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

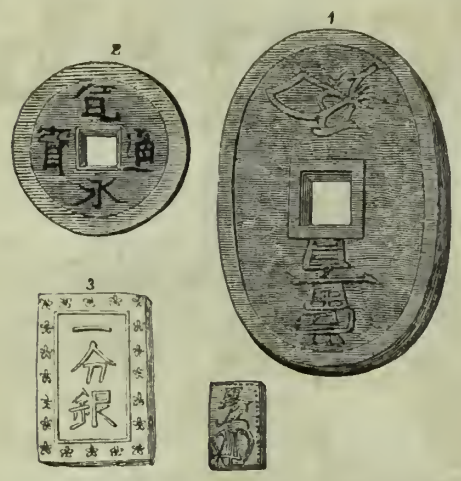
It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

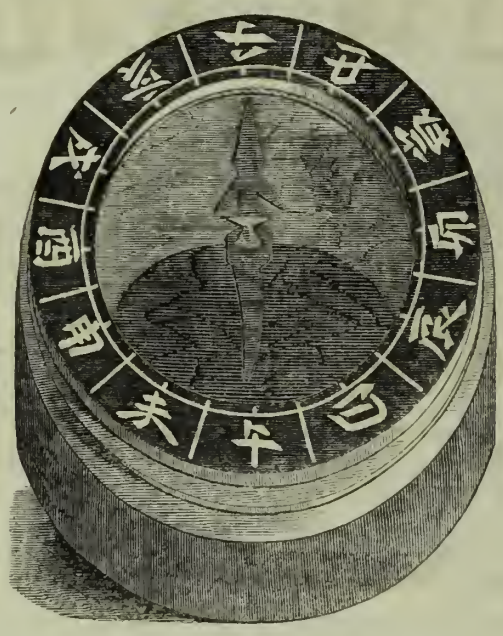
1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



JAPANESE SILVER AND COPPER COIN.



JAPANESE MARINER'S COMPASS.



JAPANESE COIN—FORTY PIECES OF SILVER.

JAPANESE CURIOSITIES.—CASCADE IN ICELAND.

We present herewith engravings representing several Japanese articles which may truly be regarded as curiosities. The first group shows us specimens of the gold, silver and copper coins of the empire. Nos. 1 and 2 are copper coins. All the copper coins are perforated with a square hole in the centre. The silver coin is oblong in shape, about one inch in length, and three qnarters of an inch in breadth. It is also stamped with a device and inscription. No. 3 shows the gold coin. The gold coins current in Japan are worth about a dollar each; they are oblong, about half an inch long, and a quarter of an inch wide. Each piece bears upon both sides some curious devices, resembling characters of Chinese writing, and has the appearance of one of the small weights used by druggists in compounding medicine. The smallest figure in our group of coins is a representation of one of these gold pieces. Our third engraving shows a package of forty pieces of silver as it appears when opened. The Japanese compass, shown in our second engraving, is of exceedingly delicate workmanship. It is enclosed in a solid box, and covered over with glass. The edges of the box are marked with symbols and characters, sometimes executed in gold and sometimes in silver leaf. The four cardinal points of the one from which the drawing was made was indicated by similar characters, painted in vermilion. The compass differs from that in general use in having twenty-four points only instead of thirty-two. Each point is marked with the shape of, and named after some animal as goat, dog, cat, rat, etc. The compass is so exceedingly delicate that it is a marvel how it can be used in anything like a rough sea. Many of these specimens of Japanese workmanship that we have examined are finely executed.—The striking scene depicted in the engraving below is one of the most romantic in Iceland. Over a huge ledge of rocks, the water comes pouring down with a thundering sound, the spray passing off in cloud-like strata along the edge of the precipice. In the front of the picture is a group of Icelanders, in front of an Icelandic farm-house, preparing to start on a journey. The Iceland houses, as the picture shows, are of a very primitive form and construction. The walls are of stone, laid up with turf and grass, so that the sides are soon covered with verdure. The roof is made first of rafters, then overlaid with brnshwood, and finally neatly finished with green turf, so that in summer these dwellings have a very agreeable aspect. They are usually about twelve feet high. The Icelanders always travel on horseback. Their horses are small, bnt strong and active. The men use saddles similar to ours, but the ladies' saddle is a sort of arm chair, with a foot board, on which the rider, sitting sideways, rests her feet. As there are no roads or wheeled vehicles, timber, for building purposes, is carried, as shown in the engraving, by fastening one or more pieces to each side of the pack-saddle, while the ends are suffered to drag on the ground. The cascade we have depicted is one of a large number. Pliny Miles says:—"The Jokulls (pronounced Yokull) or mountains covered with perpetual snow, like the glaciers of the Alps, feed numerous rivers and streams o water that rush with great impetuosity down into the sea. The immense mountain near the southeast coast, that goes by the names of the Skaptar Jokull, the Vatnar Jokull, and the Oræfa Jokull, has a base more than 300 miles in circumference, being much larger than Mt. Ætna. Sometimes an eruption will take place sixty or seventy miles from where the previous one had been, and viewed from different sides, instead of one vast volcano as it is, appears like different mountains. It is on this account that different names have been given its different peaks. The point known as the Oræfa Jokull is the loftiest mountain in Iceland, rising seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Seen from a vessel sailing along the coast, and viewing it in the clear atmosphere of Iceland, it is one of the most magnificent sights in the world. The icy peaks glittering in the sunshine contrast strongly with deep yawning caverns and black precipices of dark volcanic rocks where the snow cannot rest. The violent and rapid character of the rivers, and the height and grandeur of the waterfalls, in this part of Iceland, can be partly imagined when it is remembered that on a line of more than a hundred miles of coast, this mountain is no place more than fifteen miles from the sea, and rises up from two to seven thousand feet. Probably in no part of the world, except the west side of the Andes, can as rapid and violent rivers be found as on the sonth coast of Iceland. The Thiorsa, one of the largest rivers in the country, takes its rise on the glaciers of the western part of Skaptar Jokull, and flows southwest a little north of the Heckla, and empties into the Atlantic. This river is a larger stream than the Hudson, and in its course of a little more than a hundred miles, falls over 2800 feet! There are several large lakes, of which Myvatn Lake, in the northeast, is the largest. This lake is estimated to be about forty miles in circumference, and has upwards of thirty islands composed of lava.



LOFTY CASCADE IN ICELAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1856. | $3 00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X, No. 21.—WHOLE No. 255

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The beautiful scene depicted on this page was drawn for us by Mr. Kilburn, from a point of view selected among the thousand islands which gem the bosom of the St. Lawrence. The group of wooded islets embraced in our engraving vary in size; on one of them is seen a log cabin. The steamers that cleave their way through the swift current do not detract from the picturesque effect of the scenery. In the foreground a boat with three figures adds life to the lovely landscape. The "Thousand Islands" extend from Lake Ontario thirty miles down the river. Many persons who have not sailed through them are inclined to think the number greatly exaggerated, but such is not the case; there are in fact, over fifteen hundred of them, none of them attaining any large size, and many being merely rocks, slightly elevated above the surface of the water. Most of them are covered with foliage, although very few have any available soil. In many places they lie so close to each other that a canoe can barely pass between them. The scenery here and throughout the St. Lawrence is lovely beyond description; no pen or pencil can do justice to the exquisite charms of this vast collection of islands. At some points as many as eighty can be counted at one time, and the beauty of the foliage, as the light streams in upon them, and the reflections in the water around them, must be seen to be appreciated. The St. Lawrence, forming the outlet to the great chain of lakes or inland seas, lying between the United States and Canada, is one of the most important rivers on the continent. For a part of its course it forms the boundary between the United States and Canada, but after crossing the 46th degree of north latitude, its course is wholly within the Canadian territory. From Lake Ontario to Montreal, it is sometimes called the Iroquois, but it is more generally known as the St. Lawrence from the outlet of Lake Ontario to its mouth. Its width below Montreal varies from half a mile to three miles, and it passes through Lake St. Peter, which is from twelve to fifteen miles wide, at fifty miles below Montreal. Below Quebec the river increases rapidly in width, and its mouth, as it enters the gulf of the same name, is nearly one hundred miles across. Its average descent is about six inches to the mile, though its current is unequal, in some places flowing along calmly and peacefully—in others roaring and rushing among the rocks that fret and break its course. Among its important tributaries are the Richelieu, which is the outlet of Lake Champlain, entering at the head of Lake St. Peter, and the Saguenay, which flows into it on the north, 140 miles below Quebec. The Ottawa, or Grand River, flows into it a little above Montreal. It is a great commercial artery, and wealth to the extent of millions is entrusted to its bosom. It is navigable for ships of the line to Quebec, 400 miles, and for 600-ton vessels to Montreal, and beyond, by a series of ship canals, constructed for the purpose of passing the falls and rapids, into the lakes. The fleets which navigate its waters add much to the beauty of its scenery—the white sails of the ships and smaller craft contrasting with the black funnels of the puffing steamers, while ever and anon the passage of an enormous timber raft, sometimes propelled by sweeps, and sometimes spreading a sail to the breeze, completes the variety of the moving panorama. These timber rafts have huts upon them for the accommodation of the raftsmen. There is also another sort of craft nowhere else known, with long, low hulls, destined for the transportation of timber, and singularly picturesque in their appearance. At all times this noble river with its magnificent scenery is a favorite resort of the artist and the tourist, who admire its beauties.



THE THOUSAND ISLANDS—RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER.

—OR,—

CALYPSO, THE WANDERER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY T. BURLINGAME ROSS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

THE FLIGHT.

During all the time that Irene was left alone she moved not from her bed. She lay there and pondered upon the years that had passed, and upon the days that had passed. She thought of her father—and she wondered if any other child in all the country had a parent like him. She hoped not—she prayed not. Then she thought of the noble youth upon whom she had bestowed the whole of her pure heart's love, and she wondered if he loved her as she loved him. He had never told her of his love, though she had hoped that in his looks she had read the happy assurance.

"It is a strange tale of love," she murmured to herself, as she clasped her hands upon her bosom. "And yet, how could I help t? What to me was his nativity or his tongue? God makes no nations—no tongues—no castes. He makes men, and He fashions human souls. O, Clarence—Clarence—can our Father in heaven have in store for me the protecting love of thy noble heart—the shielding power of thy strong arms?"

And thus, many and many a time, in the dark hours of the past, had Irene St. Mare called upon the name of Clarence Howard. With a heart as pure and true as heaven itself, she had not one thing to love with that strong, holy love which is woman's most potent emotion, save the youth who had so strangely crossed her life-track. Had she possessed such a heart as the common husband-hunter possesses, she might have soon forgotten the handsome American; but her love was a truth—her soul was a holy, solemn minister of right—and her heart was an altar where on her own life would have been offered up, could true love have demanded the sacrifice. O, she was a noble-hearted, virtuous girl. Surely, good angels were watching over her then—perhaps dwelling in the very gloom that surrounded her. Who shall say that the worn spirit of earth awaked no sympathy in an angel soul? Who shall say that Heaven has no silent messengers who can see and feel, and who can bear away to God the story of the grief-burdened child of mortality? At all events such thoughts as these passed through Irene's mind, and she derived some consolation from them.

At length the maiden was aroused by hearing a light creaking from the stairs which came down from the roof, and in a few moments more, some one tried her door. She arose and went to ask who was there, and the soft voice of Cassandra was heard in reply.

"Are you alone?" the girl asked, in a very low whisper.

"Yes—no one has been here since you left."

Cassandra turned and picked up a bundle she had dropped by the side of the door, and then came in, and as soon as the door had been re-locked, the two went back to where the candles were. Irene sat down, but she dared not ask a question; she had rested all her hopes upon her maid's success, and she was fearful of eliciting a fatal answer. But she was not kept long in suspense.

"Did you notice which way I came?" Cassandra asked.

"You came down from the roof, did you not?"

"Yes."

"But how?" queried Irene, whose mind had just caught the difficulty of the thing.

"Ah, my mistress, good Father Rondo has been more kind than I had even hoped. Not only has he given me the dresses I sought, but he also gave me a key to the chapel, which I am to return to him."

"Bless you—bless—" murmured Irene, at the same time drawing the good girl's head upon her bosom and kissing her. "We can escape now."

"Yes—easily," returned Cassandra, raising her head. "All we have to do, is simply to put on the dresses I have brought, and then make our escape. But we will not start yet; it will be safer to wait until after midnight, for then all will be safe here in the house. We had better retire now, for there is no knowing who may come to look in upon us. If suspicion is already entertained it will not do to excite more."

Irene saw at once the propriety of the girl's suggestion, and ere long afterwards she prepared to retire. The candles were extinguished after a small night-lamp had been lighted, and then Cassandra lay down with her mistress—which she often did when the latter was unwell or lonesome. It was not far from eleven o'clock when a light footstep was heard near the door, and immediately afterwards some one tried the latch. Upon the instant Cassandra commenced to snore.

"Who's there?" asked Irene, speaking as though she had just been awakened from a sound sleep.

"It's only me—old Bel," returned the applicant. "I thought I'd just stop and see if you wanted anything."

"No, I thank you—I want only sleep."

After this the woman went away. Cassandra listened until she was out of hearing, and then she said:

"Your father sent that old woman up, I am sure. I saw her in conversation with him as I passed his window this evening."

"I thought of that, when I first heard her," returned Irene.

Nothing more was said until the clock struck twelve, though neither of the girls had closed their eyes from drowsiness. All was quiet in the house, and had been since Bel's visit to their door.

"Now," said Cassandra, in a low whisper, "let us up and prepare. I will make sure that there is no one about the hall."

Thus speaking, she arose and walked softly to the door, and having opened it she passed noiselessly out and looked about. But she found nothing in the way. All was still and quiet, and the lights were all out; she returned, and having re-locked the door she raised the wick of the lamp, and then proceeded to open the bundle she had brought with her from the good priest's. First she helped dress Irene. The black silken hose were drawn on; then the buckled shoes; then the close vest; and then the long robe. The latter garment was not an inch too long, and when the girdle was round about the loins and tied, the garb fitted well. Next she put Irene's long, silken tresses snugly up on the top of the head, and having bound them up, she put on the tight skull-cap. It only needed now the great-brimmed hat, and this the girl brought up from her bundle. Irene took the lamp and went to the mirror, and she was well pleased with the disguise, feeling sure that in the night, at least, she should not be detected.

As soon as this was accomplished, Cassandra proceeded to put on her own disguise, which was just like that of her mistress.

"Now," she said, "let us pack up what we shall most need, and then we will be off. We can take one change of dress, and that must suffice in that line."

The bundles were quickly made up, and then they turned their attention to such things as they wished to secure about their persons. Irene had quite a lot of valuable jewelry, besides about five hundred dollars in golden coin. All this she secured about her, and then she sat down upon the bed. The excitement of the occasion was almost overpowering.

"All is ready now," whispered Cassandra, placing her arm about the maiden's neck.

"Do not fear for me," Irene quickly returned; "it is only a momentary weakness—I was only thinking—"

She stopped here and burst into tears. For some moments she wept upon her companion's bosom, and finally she gazed up and brushed the tears away.

"It is past now," she said. "I could not help it, Cassandra; it was my last thought of the place that has been so long my home. But it's over. I am strong now—let us go."

The two girls took up their bundles and passed out from the room. Cassandra locked the door behind her and put the key in her pocket, and then noiselessly led the way to the roof-ladder, and thence to the top of the house. Here she blew out her light, and having set the lamp down where it would not be easily seen, she started on towards the roof of the adjoining building. They walked very quietly here, for some of the servants slept beneath them. There was no moon, but the stars were all out clear and bright, and the fugitives picked their way very easily. Having passed the roof of the second house, they came to the chapel, on the top of which there was a cupola. Upon one side of this cupola there was a door, and this Cassandra opened by means of the key which the priest had given her. She knew the way well, and thus found no difficulty in reaching the porch of the chapel, from which place they made their way to the open court without any obstruction. A few steps further and they were in the street, with the way open before them now to go as they pleased.

"—sh!" uttered Irene, drawing more closely to her companion, "there is a man!"

"Ah, Irene, you must be more careful than that. Let come what may, we must be bold and fearless, else our disguises will avail us nothing. But we have nothing to fear here, for I think this is good Gonzales."

And so it proved. The priest was the first to speak.

"Fear not, lady," he said, as he noticed Irene's tremulousness. "If you you have a holy purpose in view—and I believe you have—go boldly on, but carefully. You have the key, Cassandra?"

"Yes, good father. Here it is."

"Now come with me," the man said, as he placed the key in the pocket of his gown. "I will go beyond the gates of the city with you, and beyond there you must trust to your own strength and wit. But within the city I may be of service, for if the sentinels hail us, my identity will be passport enough for you."

And it was fortunate for them that Gonzales went with them, for they were stopped by three different sentries, though no opposition was offered. Arrived at the gate, the real priest readily obtained egress, and in a few moments more they were standing without the walls of the town. There was a sense of dreariness came over Irene's soul as she cast her eyes over the wide expanse of land and marsh which lay spread so darkly and gloomily beneath the night.

"Which way now?" she involuntarily uttered, as the party stopped not far from the gate.

"There is but one way that I could recommend," returned Rondo. "I will go with you a little further, for I have no desire to return too soon; we must take the Jalapa road, for there is none other that would be safe. Among some of the—stop! By the mass, I know a native not far from the road who owes me a debt of gratitude. I saved him from the executioner's hands not two years ago, when a party of them were apprehended for highway robbery; his name is Jacar Xanpa. I will send you to him, and there you shall be safe. But come—I can explain as we go on."

The trio now set forward as swiftly as the priest thought prudent.

"You must not be too eager on this journey," he said, with an expressive shake of the head, "for the last end must be as important as this. You do not suppose that your escape will be discovered before morning, so you have some hours yet in which to work. Take a measure that you think you can maintain, and then throw your energies into it."

The road from the city ran for nearly a mile and a half over the low, sandy shore of the sea, and then it turned abruptly to the westward, winding along among numerous hills of sand. At the end of three hours they had travelled a little over nine miles, and as they now came to a spot where a small clump of trees had found a standing-place in the sand, they sat down to rest for a while. But they dared not stop too long, and at the end of some fifteen minutes, Irene said she was ready to start on, though Gonzales had informed them that he could go no further.

"And now," he said, as he arose to his feet, but motioning for them to remain sitting, "I must leave you; but I can direct you so that you cannot miss your way. On this road you must travel nearly eight miles further; you will then come to a small framed house, before which is a water-stand. Of course you cannot miss this. About quarter of a mile beyond this you will find a narrow horse-path turning from the main road abruptly to the right hand. You cannot miss this, either. Take that path, and it will lead you around a high hill, beyond which you will come to a fertile spot where trees and grass grow, and where there is a collection of about a dozen small, cane-built huts, inhabited by Indians; find Jacar Xanpa, and tell him I sent you to him. You may be sure he will not only receive you kindly, but do all for you that lays in his power. But you had better retain your disguises while you remain there, for I cannot speak with regard to the characters of the rest of the people there. And you might ask Xanpa to keep your secret for you."

Irene requested him to give the directions once more, and when he had done so, she arose to her feet.

"Of course I must be back by daylight," the good priest said, "for my companions will not expect to miss me. But you have the way direct before you now, and I know not how I should assist you."

"We would not ask you to go," said Irene, "We shall do very well; God will bless you for what you have done."

"Speak not of it, lady. All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to Cassandra's father, and for her and her's I am only too happy to do all I can. So much for gratitude—and now I owe something to justice and humanity, and on that score you may command me. But go to Xanpa's, and in three days I will come to you if I can do so without exciting any suspicion that might work against you. But time wanes—God bless and guard you."

As he spoke thus, he turned away and moved back towards the town. Once he stopped and turned his head; the girls had not moved. He raised his finger towards the point they were to pursue, and then lifted it towards heaven. In a few moments more he was on his way again, while the anxious fugitives, with a quickly uttered prayer, moved on further and further from the point where they had separated from their guide.

CHAPTER XI.

IN IRONS.

Clarence was right with regard to the intended movement of the brig. She rounded to, and came up alongside the schooner. Her men were at the guns with lighted matches, but they did not fire. As soon as the graplings could be made fast, the captain of the brig leaped upon the schooner's deck. He was a dark, ignorant-looking fellow, but possessing not only great brute strength, but apparently a good degree of boldness. He was followed by about a dozen men, who looked ragged and dirty enough to have just come from the mines.

"Who's commander here?" the Mexican asked, in no very good humor.

Max looked at Clarence, and Clarence looked at Max; but the younger man replied:

"This man, senor, is captain of the vessel, but 'twas I that ordered the resistance that has been made."

"Not by a long shot, ole chap," uttered Max, who spoke the language well. "We're both in the mess. I own the craft, and I own all the mischief we've done ye; only I must say that Capt'n Howard's more extended knowledge has been a most tremendous help to us."

"And now wouldn't we be serving you all just right to string ye up in the rigging and sink the old craft with ye still hanging to her?" uttered the Mexican, in rather a threatening tone.

"That depends upon whether you care anything about our cargo, or not," coolly returned Clarence. "I suppose you'll find about four thousand dollars' worth of plunder here; and when we resolved to defend ourselves, the point in our minds was this: we'll escape if we can—and of course you wouldn't blame us for that, for that is the conceded right of even an enemy; then we thought—here: if we don't escape, our enemies went complain, for four thousand dollars will go further among a few captors than among a great many."

The Mexican's face changed its expression wonderfully.

"Eh?" he uttered. "What's your cargo?"

"Some furs—nice ones; some provisions—beef, pork and venison; and some money."

"And ye surrender now?"

"Of course," returned Clarence, for Max had nodded to him to speak. "We resisted as long as we could, and when we found we must be captured, we concluded to give up."

"Well," resumed the Mexican, in a relenting tone, "it's lucky for you, perhaps, that we are none of us relatives. Those that are gone run their own risk, and they've got it. I guess we'll have

you carried on board our vessel and put in irons, and then we'll overhaul your craft, and see what we can find."

In obedience of an order to this effect, the crew of the schooner were transferred to the brig, and there put in irons. The vessel carried a large long-boat amidships, and into this our men were placed before being ironed. The first impulse of Clarence, upon reaching the brig's deck, was to look about upon the result of his companions' work. At first he could see nothing, but as he cast his eyes forward, upon the larboard side, he saw the dead men gathered there. Of course he could not count them, for they were piled one atop of the other, but he could see that there were a great number of them. At length he had an opportunity to ask, and he was informed that *thirty nine men had been killed!* and that only one man had been hit who survived it! At first the young captain could hardly credit it; but then he quickly remembered how unerringly the old hunters could shoot, and when he came to reflect upon the number of times they had fired he had no more to wonder at.

The brig had, previous to the chase, fifty-eight men. She had sailed from Vera Cruz with sixty, but two of them had been killed in a private fight got up for their amusement and exercise. Consequently she had now but nineteen men left; and under these circumstances they concluded not to allow over three men to man the prize, for as the schooner would sell for something, they wished to save her. Three men were easily found who would take charge of the schooner, and when they were detailed, it left the brig's crew cut down to sixteen men. But they felt sure that would be enough to carry the vessel safely into Vera Cruz, for they could have their prisoners securely ironed, so that no trouble need be apprehended from them.

The sun was down and night almost shut in, when the last load of stuff was brought off from the prize, and then the three men were sent on board to take charge, with instructions to keep as near as possible to the brig through the night, a light being suspended at the main peak as a guide.

"Quite a prize," said the Mexican captain, standing upon the chocks on which the boat stood, and holding his lantern over so that he could see the hands and feet of his prisoners. "Your beef and pork comes quite handy."

Clarence would have spoken, but just then another of the Mexicans came and stood by the captain's side, and took the lantern. The captain's next movement was to get into the boat, and when he had taken the lantern, the second man followed his example. The prisoners were all in the stern-sheets of the boat, where they sat around facing each other—Clarence and Max being upon the extreme after thwart, facing forward; then two more upon each of the side thwarts; and three upon the quarter-thwart, who were facing aft. The captain of the brig stepped over among them, and his first movement was to examine their irons, which he found all secure.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, with a very peculiar smile, "you must pardon me for my suspicions, but I must examine you to see if you have any concealed weapons. Senor—you first; stand, if you please."

This was spoken to Clarence, who arose at once. The captain passed his dingy hands over his pockets and bosom, and the first thing of importance he noticed was Clarence's watch, which he pulled out. It was a gold-cased chronometer.

"Do you call that a weapon?" our hero asked, unable to repress the smile which the fellow's cupidity called up.

"*Rather* dangerous," the Mexican responded, with a very suggestive wink. "This must be a valuable one."

"I paid two hundred and twenty-five dollars for it, senor."

"It *is* valuable."

"Which is equivalent to dangerous, I suppose."

"Certainly; for there is hardly a man in my crew who would not cut your throat before morning to procure it."

Clarence did not doubt this at all. But his nether lip quivered a little when the villain run his dirty hand down into his pocket and drew up his purse, though he said nothing.

"Aha—gold here, too," the captain uttered, as the yellow coin gleamed upon his sparkling eyes. "I'll keep it for you until you get out of the Vera Cruz prison."

Having thus gathered all the "weapons" from Howard's person, he turned next to Max.

"Ye wont find much here," the old man said.

"Perhaps not," returned the Mexican, at the same time drawing a heavy silver watch from his fob. "This is something, however."

He found a large clasp-knife, also, upon Max, and then he turned to the next. And in this way he went around. He found no more watches and but little more money, Peter being the only other one who had enough worth taking.

"And now I'll bid you good night," the collector said, as he stepped into the waist of the boat. "If it should happen to rain we'll draw the tarpaulin over you."

Clarence watched the move of things very carefully, and also kept his ears well open. The captain, whose name the prisoners had found to be Migdon, called his men together and set them off into new watches, and having given them particular directions respecting the inhabitants of the long-boat, he directed them to assist him in burying the dead. They did not stop to sew them up in any kind of winding-sheets, but simply lashing a double-headed shot to the feet of each body, they were cast over without ceremony of any sort.

"They might have read a prayer," suggested Max, turning in disgust from the scene.

"Poor wretches!" returned Clarence, "I doubt if they ever heard one. Could some transmigrating power change them into bears, and take away their simple organs of speech, I don't believe their present souls would be much above their stations. Did you notice them? If they'd found our vessel with nothing of value on board, they'd have cut our throats with all the pleasure imaginable."

"Sartin they would," said Max.

The conversation was here interrupted by the captain's coming to take one more peep at them, and to see if there was anything wanted before the watch was relieved. Nothing was wanted, and he went aft.

The irons with which the Yankees were confined were different from those used on board United States vessels. They were formed thus: two stout iron rings, the bar of the ring being three-quarters of an inch in diameter, were joined together by two small rings, which worked with a swivel like the swivel of a common ox chain. These large rings were of various sizes, to fit different sized limbs, and opened into two equal semi-circles, working on a hinge, or pivot-pin. The other ends were secured, when closed, by a spring and catch, a key being only required to open them. When closed, they looked like solid rings, the only blemish visible being the key-hole, which was very small. The irons for the ankles and wrists were exactly alike, only varying in size. These irons were put on, care being taken to select as small ones as could be comfortably clasped on, and then a moderate sized chain, about two feet long, was noosed upon the wrist-irons, and then confined to the foot-irons by means of a padlock. This formed a pretty sure means of confinement, for no force of mere strength which any number of men could bring to bear on them under the circumstances could injure them.

"How is it?" whispered Max, after Captain Migdon had gone below, "do ye imagine we ken ever git these things off?"

"O, yes—very easily," returned Clarence, in the same low tone; "that is, if we have the least bit of chance to work."

"And they may watch us so snug that we can't do it."

"I guess there's no danger of that, Winter. Let us see—we've got nearly five hundred miles to go to reach Vera Cruz, and I imagine the wind is out here for some days yet; and if that is the case we may be five days running it. But I don't have the least fear that we shall make the run in less than four days, at the inside. If we are pretty quiet to night they may become more easy, and trust to our irons to hold us. The little saw that you have in your possession would cut off one of these rings in its stoutest place in less than a minute, if you could have fair play at it; and even with our hands shackled we can do it quick enough, if we can only get the time. But mind—it wont do to touch them until we are prepared to act the whole play, for they might discover the secret; and then—farewell to life for this world."

By ten o'clock some of the prisoners were asleep, and by midnight even old Max had given up to the somnific influence of drowsiness and fatigue. On the following morning they were freed from their irons, one at a time, and allowed ten minutes liberty, and after this their breakfast was brought to them, a large pan of black tortillas—a kind of corn cake—being set down in their midst, with a pail of water, and a dipper formed of half a cocoa-nut shell with a long wooden handle to it. The prisoners were hungry, and the pan was quickly cleared, there having been two cakes allowed for each man.

This same thing was done again at noon, and again at night. But there was one thing occurred that had not been counted on. Just as the sun went down the wind came out from the east'rd and blew fresh. Migdon came and examined the prisoners, naturally casting his eyes about the boat to see that all else was right, and as he stepped down he was heard to say to one of his men:

"All safe enough. By the cross, they can't get out of that!"

"Perhaps we can't!" whispered Clarence, at the same time giving Max a poke with his elbow. "But I'll tell you what," he added sometime afterwards, "if this wind holds so, we've got to do something to-night, for we're running off ten knots now, sure; and on the true course, too. Keep your eyes open, my men, for our chance may come soon. Don't ye see—the sentry has left us and gone aft. They place the fullest confidence in their irons. Winter—as sure as fate, if this wind holds, we sha'n't spend the whole of another night at sea."

"I believe ye, capt'n."

"Then look ye—'sh! Get out your files when I give the signal, and be sure that you make no noise. Each man must work upon his companion's irons, for he cannot work upon his own. Don't sleep, now—only be ready to pretend it if anybody comes. Let the man next to ye get your file out for you. Now keep your eyes open. We wont wait long."

So there they sat all ready for commencing the work that was to set them free—if fortune deserted them not. It is no wonder that their hearts beat rapidly, for surely the stoutest man may find excitement under such circumstances.

CHAPTER XII.

A TURNING OF THE TABLES.

The first hours of the night passed slowly, heavily away. The bell was not struck at the regular half hours, but only when it was time to call a new watch—yet Clarence judged it was about eleven when he bade Max hold out his hands. He had set the blade of his saw, and only waited for the opportunity to use it. He gazed carefully about the deck, and he was sure there was no one near the boat. Carefully he applied his saw to the swivel of Winter's hand irons, keeping the place moist with spittle so that it might not be heard by the crew. The tiny teeth took hold keenly upon the soft iron, and at the end of a minute the swivel was separated and Max's hands free.

"We'll have to leave the rings on our wrists and ankles," whispered Clarence; "but that will do no harm. Here—now take off mine."

Max placed the saw at the proper place, and though he was somewhat longer at the work than Clarence had been, yet he did it well. The next movement was to saw off the irons from the ankles; or, rather, to saw them apart—and this was done without exciting any suspicion from the watch. The small files that the men had did not work so well as could have been wished, and Clarence at once proposed using the saws for the whole work. He sawed off Peter's shackles himself, while Max was at work upon Sloan's. Sloan next took the saw and freed the man next to him, while the boy did the same for his companion.

At length the work was complete—all the prisoners were free. To be sure the rings were upon their wrists and ankles, but they were no longer connected, and the chains were removed. But this had not been done without anxiety, for the prisoners had been interrupted many times, and once or twice they came near being detected, one of the Mexicans having come to see if the noise he had heard had come from the boat; but all hands appeared to be fast asleep when he came, and he went away satisfied.

"And now," the young captain said, "we must have some weapons when we leave the boat."

"—sh!" uttered Peter. "Perhaps I can get out. There are four iron belaying-pins that I can get, for they are not in use now, and with care I think I could get out."

"Hold on," said the old man, Adams, raising his hand to demand attention. "There's something in the bows of the boat; if Peter could crawl along under the thwarts without making any noise, he'd find 'em only a little ways from where I am."

The boy said he could do it, and he at once set about the work. Slowly and noiselessly he crawled along upon his hands and knees, and when he reached the place designated by the old man, he found a pile of small wooden rollers; they were made of some very hard wood, and were evidently used for moving ponderous bodies about the deck. Peter passed one of them up. It was about two feet long and not over two inches in diameter—surely nothing of the club kind could have been better. The boy handed up eight of them, and there were four left. He wanted none for himself, for his first work was to gather cords of some kind for binding the Mexicans.

The clubs had been passed up, and Peter had nearly regained his seat, when a chance movement caused his foot to slip, and as he came down there was some rattling of irons. One of the watch came to the boat, and looked in.

"Where's the boy?" he asked, with some show of fear.

"Eh?" groaned Clarence, yawning and stretching as if he were just waking up, but being careful to keep his hands clasped. "What is it?"

"Where's the boy?" the man repeated.

"Ah—he's laid down here on the flooring at our feet. Poor fellow—he don't take it very easily. He aint used to such confinement."

The man looked over and saw the boy lying there at the feet of his companions, and having taken one more survey of the party, went off again.

It was now so near midnight that Clarence concluded to wait until the other watch had been called; and it was well he did so, for hardly had their minds been made up to that effect, when the boatswain's mate sounded his shrill whistle. The prisoners all placed their hands and feet together, and then laid their heads back as though asleep. Captain Migdon came on deck, but he did not come to the boat. He simply saw that the brig had the wind still fresh upon the beam, and that she was going through the water at the rate of about ten knots.

In fifteen minutes all was still again; but the prisoners chose to wait until they were sure the off watch would be asleep. So they waited half an hour, and then Clarence asked Max if he would go ahead.

"I'll go ahead quick enough," returned Max; "but I want you to be leader. You know more about this kind o' work than I do."

Clarence Howard was modest, but he would not sacrifice his life to that polite principle, so he took command of the expedition, feeling sure that his experience in maritime warfare would enable him to take advantage of things that might escape Winter's notice.

"Gather up your clubs!" he whispered.

They did so.

"Peter—you will be ready with lines when wanted."

"Yes, sir."

"And now, here—Mac Wayne, you will let yourself over the side of the boat as soon as we have got out, and work it so that they shall think you have fallen. Of course they will hasten to your assistance. Leap to your feet the moment they reach you—and be sure we will be on hand. Come; be careful. Steady now, and the brig is ours!"

With these words Clarence Howard let himself noiselessly down upon the deck on the lee side. Max followed next, and Jack Sloan next. The watch were all on the weather side of the deck, and they saw none of these movements. Ere long Mac Wayne was left alone in the boat, and on the next moment he jumped out on the weather side, and allowed himself to fall over upon the deck. The instant he struck the deck, all hands, save the helmsman, darted towards him. The moment they had passed the mainmast, Clarence started, and the waiting Yankees rushed upon them. Those heavy clubs did the work well, for one blow, fairly dealt upon the head, was sure to level the poor fellow who received it.

At an order from the leader, Sloan hastened to the forward

hatchway, and there he knocked the other watch down as fast as they attempted to come up. The place was not fairly wide enough for two to come up abreast, so that Jack's work was comparatively easy, for the light woolen caps which the Mexicans wore upon their heads offered no resistance to the blows of the heavy club.

The Mexicans labored under disadvantage on all hands. They were wholly unarmed, and the suddenness and strangeness of the attack struck them with a degree of astonishment that nearly upset their powers. Within five minutes from the time that Mac Wayne reached the deck the eight men who were on deck were down and bound The feat of knocking them down was very easily performed, for when the Yankees first came upon them they had all gathered wonderingly about the fallen man, and thus they began to fall ere they knew any more had left the boat.

The outcries of the man at the helm soon brought Captain Migdon to the deck, but he was knocked down ere he had taken a dozen steps forward, and in a moment more his feet were in a noose formed on the end of the topgallant halliards. His hands were then bound behind him with a piece of marline stuff, and he was then laid away in the waist. The next move was to the wheel, where they took and bound the Mexican, and placed Adams in his place. Then they hastened to the fore-hatch, where they found Sloan just running the risk of being overcome, one of his blows having missed its object, and a man having darted up by him. But the business was quickly settled now. There were two of the men below already stunned by Sloan's blows, and the other six quickly surrendered upon being assured that no harm should come to them further than imprisonment. As soon as the six men were secured, Clarence had the brig's head put to the north'rd and west'd, thus taking the smart wind fair upon the quarter, and peeling through the water faster than before.

The next work was to put the Mexicans in irons. The captain was the last one they came to.

"Well, senor," said Clarence, as he and Max approached the fallen chieftain, "you see the fortunes of war have changed."

It was some moments before Migdon spoke; but finally he opened his lips, and his tone presented a strange mixture of anger, regret and surprise.

"Perdition have thee, thou Yankee villains! But how did you do it? Tell me how."

"Why," answered Clarence, "this is but part of what we had planned long before you thought you'd captured us. This was all arranged when we commenced to shoot your men on the chase."

"But how did you do it? Tell me that. How did you get those irons off?"

"Don't you see—we haven't got them off yet. We have only bitten them in two."

"Pity you couldn't bite your lies off before they drop from your mouth," uttered the captain, showing a feeling of anger.

"Perhaps we might if we had them to practise upon," returned Clarence, with a smile. "But come, we must have you try on some of your own ruffles, for we have concluded to relieve you. The fact is, that we didn't think it hardly right that we should enjoy the sail without doing our share of the work."

Migdon looked as though he would like to show fight, but he probably made up his mind that he should not benefit himself much thereby, so he suffered the irons to be put on.

"Where do you mean to run?" he asked, with some anxiety manifesting itself amid his anger, as soon as the irons were on.

"You will probably be landed somewhere near Galveston," Clarence returned.

Migdon seemed on the point of asking some favor, but he now changed his mind, and remained silent.

"Look here," said Max, after Migdon had been stowed away between two of the guns, "what do ye s'pose has become of the schooner?"

"O, she's probably out of sight to leeward by this time," returned Howard. "When this breeze sprang up, I noticed that the brig left her fast. I don't think it best to pay any attention to her, and for two reasons. In the first place, this brig, which is now your prize—"

"*Our* prize, capt'n," interrupted Max.

"Yes—*your* prize. I meant to include your men, of course."

"And you, too."

"No, no, my good sir. Under no circumstances whatever will I accept or claim anything save my own property. I got you into the scrape, and if I have helped get you out, God knows that my own escape is a heavenly reward for my labor."

Upon this there followed quite a little passage of dispute, for old Max seemed determined that his young friend should take a big share of the prize. But finally, when Clarence brought his foot down with such promptness that there could be no more mistaking his real wishes in the matter, the point was conceded.

"And now," the youth resumed, "as I was remarking—the prize will more than repay you, and when I am gone you will not have more than men enough to manage her. And in the second place—if you attempt to wait for the schooner, you may lose all you've gained, for in all probability there are other Mexican cruisers about."

So the brig was kept on her course, and the schooner left to shift for herself. Clarence obtained his watch and money, and the rest of the victors got back their rifles. Jack Sloan swore that sooner than lose his two rifles he'd lose the schooner—that is, if he had to choose between the two; and there is no reason for doubting him.

It was arranged that the brig should touch first at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and then keep on up to Grayson, and from thence to Galveston. On the following morning the schooner was not to be seen, and from that time no more thought was given her. The prisoners were now attended to, one of them having died during the night—the first one whom Sloan had knocked back on the forecastle ladder—his skull having been broken. All the attention in their power had been shown him on the previous night, but he could not be helped. The rest of the prisoners were doing very well, only two of them suffering at all, if we except two or three headaches. The wind held fresh and fair through the day, and Clarence knew that they should make the land by the coming midnight. About eleven o'clock the brig was hove-to, and thus she lay until morning, at which time the land was seen only about ten miles distant. Clarence and Peter ate a hearty breakfast, packed up their bundles, and at seven o'clock they were ready to leave, the brig having laid her main-topsail to the mast within half a mile of the shore. The boat was lowered and dropped to the gangway. Clarence shook hands with those he was to leave behind, and then went over the side, Max and Sloan accompanying him.

Finally the young man stood upon the beach, with Peter by his side.

"I hope we shall meet again," he said, extending both his hands—one to Max, and the other to Sloan.

"We shall. I feel it in my bones," exclaimed Max, shaking the hand he held vehemently. "I know we shall. It mayn't be at sea, for I don't go much; but we'll heave in sight somewhere. Maybe on the plains of Texas—maybe on the mountains of Mexico; and perhaps away in California. But we'll meet somewhere."

"I sincerely hope so," was Clarence's warm response. "And until that time comes may God bless you and yours. You may say in Galveston that I didn't get you into a scrape without helping you out of it."

"I will. God bless you."

"Adieu."

Ere long after this the boat started back towards the brig, while Clarence Howard, throwing his bundle across his shoulder, and bidding Peter to follow, turned away towards the country. There were gloom and danger ahead, but he faltered not. Hope lightened the former, and he had no fear for the latter.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

SLOWLY and wearily Irene and Cassandra moved on their way. It was a long distance for them, in a strange way, and at a strange work; but they stopped not until they had reached the small house with the watering place before it. A few rods beyond this they walked, and then Cassandra proposed sitting down.

"Let us move on to the turn," said Irene. "I am weak and weary. The dawn of day is close at hand, and we will not stop here. People may come out from this house."

So on they moved. It was only quarter of a mile further, but it seemed a long, long distance to them. Every step now seemed but an expiring effort, and the fainting nerves were busy only in carrying their messages of pain to the brain. But the corner was reached at length. Down the narrow path they turned, and at the distance of a few rods they stopped beneath a large sabino tree, and sunk down upon the light turf. Irene placed her hands to her face and burst into tears.

"Good Irene," murmured Cassandra, drawing her arm about the neck of her mistress, "faint not yet. Cannot you hold out? O, is there not something I can do for you?"

"And are you not weary?" Irene asked, the tears still flowing.

"I will not speak falsely. I am weary, my dear lady, but perhaps not so weary as you. O, it gives me more pain to see you suffer thus than can come from all my fatigue."

"Forgive me! forgive me!" the maiden cried, wiping away her tears. "I am very foolish to do so, Cassandra, I am very foolish; but I will not do so again. I am but a child after all, but I'll be a woman now. There—it's past, my love. I will complain no more."

"No, no," cried Cassandra, in quick, eager tones, at the same time throwing both her arms about her companion's neck. "O, I did not mean to chide you. I did not mean that I would be free from the knowledge of your sufferings. No, no—pour them all out here. I did not mean—!'

"—sh! Cassandra; I understand. I know your heart. O, you are good—you are kind. God bless you, Cassandra."

The earnestness—the deep, soul-sent power of this address affected the faithful girl deeply, and she wept in spite of all her resolves to the contrary. A little while they sat thus, gazing off in silence upon the stars that were twinkling in the dark vault, and then they sank back, and rested their heads upon the small bundles which contained their clothing. They meant not to sleep—they meant only to lie there a little while, just to restore somewhat of their wasted strength. Closely bound in each other's arms they lay, and unconsciously their pained and heavy eyelids drooped. Twice Cassandra strained the reluctant lids apart, and she knew that she was awake, for she saw the stars. She had a faint idea that her companion was breathing more deeply and steadily than before, and she would have opened her eyes to see if she were not asleep already, but the eyes opened not. She saw the bright stars gleam out for an instant, and she saw them reflected as from a huge mirror before her—but she saw all this in the first faint dream of her unconscious slumber.

Irene St. Mare slept very soundly for a while; but at length she began to dream. She dreamed that she had done a murder—that she had struck her father with a dagger and killed him. To avoid apprehension she had fled from her home, and was in a dense wilderness, where the giant trees grew thick, and the underwood was rank and matted. Anon she found herself in a wide swamp, where venomous reptiles ran from her, and from among the slimy trees of which huge monsters gazed upon her with glaring, fiery eyes. In her fright she turned to go back, when she was stopped short by finding a gigantic alligator directly before her—his monster jaws opened wide, and his long, sharp teeth gleaming in the strange light that came from his glaring eyes.

With a deep groan Irene started back and turned to flee. But lo! the way was closed up behind her. Where she was sure she had before seen a narrow path she now found a tangled mass of cypress shoots and thorny vines; and wound all in among the dark foliage were innumerable serpents, whose slimy folds gleamed with horrid distinctness, and whose heads were raised as if ready for a blow at the intruder. In her agony the wanderer turned again. The alligator had grown larger in bulk, and flames of fire were issuing from his mouth. Irene sank down, utterly unable to stand longer, and slowly the monster crawled towards her. The flames which came from its mouth enveloped her round about, and she felt that she was burning up. Her face was hot—she was burning—burning—when a low sound seemed to issue from the monster's throat, and it distinctly pronounced her name.

"Irene! Irene!"

The maiden uttered a quick, sharp cry, and started up. She opened her eyes and gazed about. For awhile she was completely blinded by the dazzling brightness that surrounded her; but when she did get her eyes open she found the sun shining down hotly upon her, while Cassandra, who sat by her side, held one of her hands, and was gazing anxiously into her face. But this was not all she saw. Close by, and gazing earnestly upon her, stood a man, and a boy who held a couple of mules by the halters.

"What is it?" asked Cassandra, anxiously. "You are not hurt?"

"No, no—but I had a dream; O, a terrible dream!"

"So did I," returned Cassandra. "I had a dreadful one, and this man was just in time to wake me out of it. We must have slept a long while, for see—the sun is far up in the heavens."

The man still stood, only a few feet distant, gazing upon the two girls. He was a native Indian, towards the middle age of life, and very stout and strong. He was by no means a good-looking man, so far as beauty was concerned, but he had a kind look, and Irene thought he gazed sympathizingly upon her.

"Ladies," he said, speaking in very good Spanish, "you will pardon me for waking you, but I found you here, and I knew the sun was burning you up. I passed this way very early this morning, just before daybreak, and you were here then, fast asleep; so I knew you had slept about long enough. Ah, those robes don't hide your sex by daylight."

"You were very kind, sir," returned Irene, gaining courage from the stranger's kind tone. "We walked all night, nearly, and were very tired when we reached here."

"Perhaps you came from the city?" said the Indian, interrogatively.

Irene hesitated.

"You need not fear me," the man said, for with a perception natural to him, he instantly read what was going on in the mind of the maiden.

"We did come from the city, senor."

"And may I not ask which way you are going?"

"Why not trust him?" whispered Cassandra, in her mistress's ear. "Perhaps he is going the same way we are, and in all probability will know where we go. So we had better trust him, for these people seldom betray one who engages their honor."

"I will," replied Irene; and turning to the stranger, she said: "There is a native settlement beyond here, I think."

"Yes, lady—over beyond the hill."

"We were going there."

"Ah—you know some one there?"

"No, senor. But perhaps you do."

"Yes—I live there."

"Then perhaps you may know one Jacar Xanpa?" Irene said, earnestly.

"Yes," returned the man, with a smile; "though here is a boy who knows him, perhaps, better than I do."

The boy thus alluded to was a bright, intelligent looking lad, about fourteen years of age, and though rather slight in frame, yet muscular and agile. He gazed up with a quaint smile, as the man spoke, and the expression of his countenance wore a puzzled shade.

"However," resumed the man, "though the great book-makers say that a man can't find a more difficult lesson than to learn himself, yet I fancy I have gained a good share of the knowledge. My name is Jacar Xanpa, and this is my son, Zeno."

Irene started to her feet at once, and every shade of doubt left her face.

"Do you know the good priest Father Gonzales Rondo?" she asked.

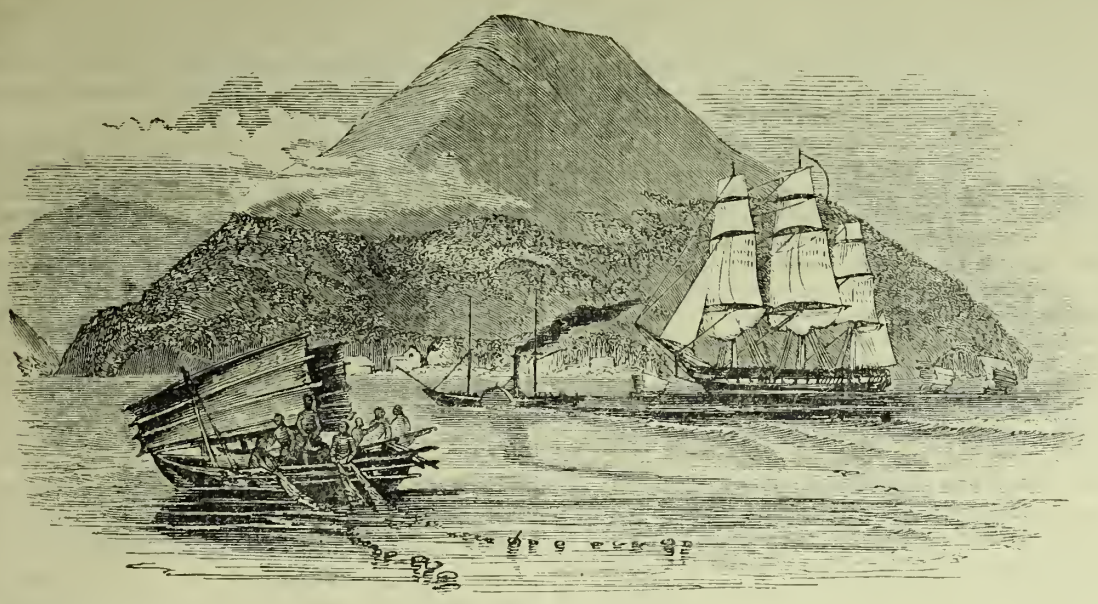
The smile departed from Xanpa's face, and a look of deep prayerful gratitude took its place.

"Yes, lady," he returned, in a low key. "I know him well. I am not one who makes long prayers, but I can pray for him."

"Well, senor, he came with us last night to within eight miles of here; and he directed us to seek Jacar Xanpa, assuring us that he would not only give us shelter, but help us otherwise as well as his means would permit."

"Ay—and he told you truly," cried Xanpa, joyously. "Since that man stretched forth his hand and saved me from an ignominious death, this is the first time he has given me a commission to perform. But come—I have been away with a burden this morning, and you will find easy seats upon these broad panniers. Trust yourselves to me, and be assured that I will do all for you in my power."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



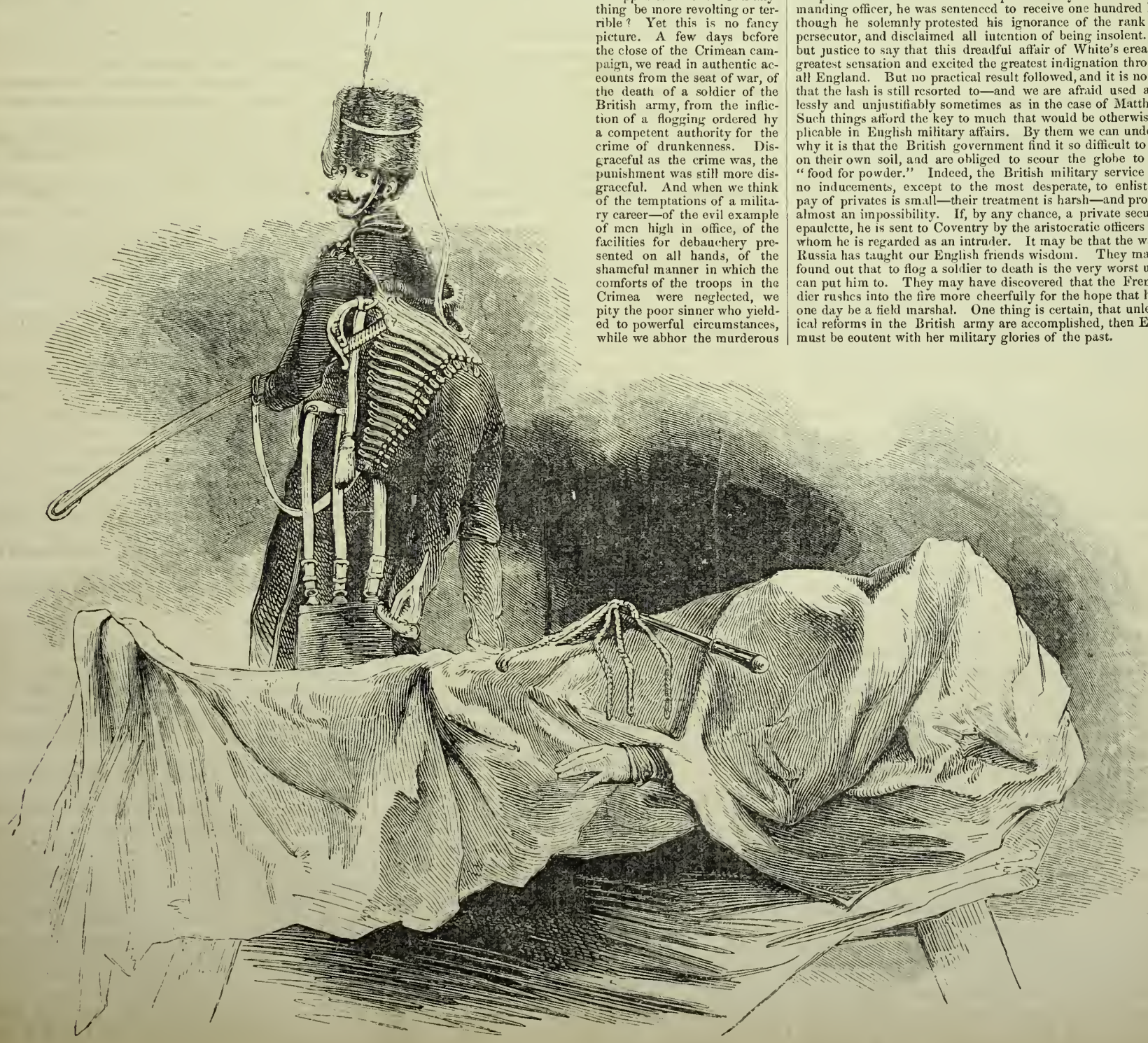
ISLAND OF LABUAN, BORNEO.

VIEW OF LABUAN.

Labuan or Labooan, of which we present a striking view taken from the water, is an island of the Malay archipelago thirty miles north of Borneo, which was taken possession of by the British in 1846. In the foreground is one of the curious native fishing boats with a group of islanders engaged in drawing a seine. Further off a steamer is towing along a full rigged ship with her courses hauled up. Then rises a bold mountain elevation, wooded at its base, but with a stern and naked crest, round which the clouds are floating. The island is about ten miles long and five miles broad. It possesses a good harbor, and has valuable coal mines, which, by the aid of combined skill and capital, are suseeptible of being worked with profit.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

The large picture on this page represents one of those terrible scenes of a military campaign, from a mere eontemplation of which, a shuddering sensibility might turn away aghast, but which those who feel it a duty to study all evils afflicting humanity, in order to urge reform, will not be indisposed to examine. The two figures in the picture represent one and the same person. The one, erect, and soldierly, youthful and proud of bearing, and clad in the brilliant trappings of his profession, is a gallant hussar of the British army—the other, stretched upon a pallet and covered with a sheet, motionless and cold as marble, is the same man, murdered by the severity of military punishment. The instrument of torture and death, the LASH, is laid across his person. Whipped to death! Can anything be more revolting or terrible? Yet this is no fancy picture. A few days before the close of the Crimean campaign, we read in authentic accounts from the seat of war, of the death of a soldier of the British army, from the infliction of a flogging ordered hy a competent authority for the crime of drunkenness. Disgraceful as the crime was, the punishment was still more disgraceful. And when we think of the temptations of a military career—of the evil example of men high in office, of the facilities for debauchery presented on all hands, of the shameful manner in which the comforts of the troops in the Crimea were neglected, we pity the poor sinner who yielded to powerful circumstances, while we abhor the murderous cruelty which eonsigned him to so shameful a death. But let us do justice to our English friends—let us not suppose that the tale of horror found quiet and indifferent hearers in Great Britain—on the eontrary, a cry of indignation arose from the British public when the facts came to light. It helped to swell the demand for reform—particularly army reform—which has arisen in England, and which cannot but produce good fruits. We have ever been opposed to the punishment of flogging. It is a relic of barbarous times. It does not produce reform. It is so severe and so revolting to humanity, that those who witness its infliction lose sight entirely of the crime or offence which has produced it, in sympathy for the offender. And this must always be the effect of extreme severity. The recipient of a public flogging is either entirely broken down in spirit by it, or he becomes perfectly hardened. The man who would yield to the temptation of liquor when it came in his way, but who might be weaned from the use of it by persuasion, or by confinement, would—after being flogged for the offence, be ready to shoot his officer the next time he went into action. Its tendency is to change an erring man into a hardened ruffian; and the witnessing of such punishment has the same hardening effect on the spectators. If it be desirable to fill up the ranks with calloused ruffians—then it is well enough to continue the punishment; but if to have reliable and high-souled men, then the sooner it is abolished, the better. We recollect a case of death in consequence of flogging which occurred in England a few years since, and produced so profound a sensation at the time that we thought it would effect the abolition of flogging in the army. The victim was a man named White, a private of the 7th Hussars. He had been guilty of a grave offence—that of striking his sergeant. He was tried by court-martial and sentenced to he flogged. His punishment took place in the regimental riding-school, in the presence of the 7th Hussars. He was tied to a ladder, and the punishment was inflicted by two farriers attached to the regiment. The number of lashes ordered was one hundred and fifty, and the two executioners alternately administered twenty-five each, until the whole complement had been inflicted. After this terrible scene, during which many of the men fainted, he was placed in the hospital; there he complained of severe pains in the ehest and side, and finally expired in exeessive torment. A private who gave his testimony on the coroner's inquest, said that he himself had been flogged. It appears that he was in a stable, when a sergeant looked through a window and asked, "Who's there?" Matthewson, the witness, exclaimed, "Hulloa!" when the sergeant exclaimed, "Is that the way you speak to a sergeant?" The private replied that he did not know that the other was a sergeant "Well, if you did not know," replied the sergeant, "I'll teach you better manners." The result was, that after the poor fellow had been locked up a week by orders of the commanding officer, he was sentenced to receive one hundred lashes; though he solemnly protested his ignorance of the rank of his persecutor, and disclaimed all intention of being insolent. It is but justice to say that this dreadful affair of White's created the greatest sensation and excited the greatest indignation throughout all England. But no practical result followed, and it is notorious that the lash is still resorted to—and we are afraid used as recklessly and unjustifiably sometimes as in the case of Matthewson. Such things afford the key to much that would be otherwise inexplicable in Englsh military affairs. By them we can understand why it is that the British government find it so difficult to recruit on their own soil, and are obliged to scour the globe to obtain "food for powder." Indeed, the British military service affords no inducements, except to the most desperate, to enlist. The pay of privates is small—their treatment is harsh—and promotion almost an impossibility. If, by any chance, a private secures the epaulette, he is sent to Coventry by the aristocratic officers among whom he is regarded as an intruder. It may be that the war with Russia has taught our English friends wisdom. They may have found out that to flog a soldier to death is the very worst use you can put him to. They may have discovered that the French soldier rushes into the fire more cheerfully for the hope that he may one day be a field marshal. One thing is certain, that unless radical reforms in the British army are accomplished, then England must be eontent with her military glories of the past.



BEFORE AND AFTER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WEARY-HEARTED BY THE WAY.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

O for the hopes of early hours!
Fading as fades the light in wintry afternoon,
Though once as promising as earth in leafy June,
And fair as summer's fairest flowers.

I'm weary-hearted by the way!
A low, sad murmur of complaint is on my tongue;
And sorrow's essence tinctures now my wailing song,
As if my years were in decay.

The blue sky once had charms for me;
And Nature in her changing robes was sweet and fair,
Beauty was round my feet, and odor in the air,
And splendor on the surging sea.

But this was in the by-gone years,
When I, strong-hearted, entered on the race of life
Earnest in fervent faith, and girded for the strife,
With heart unmanned by coward fears.

But now—upon the steps of May
December treads. Her frosty fingers touch my brow,
I sink—all heedless of the bold youth's spoken vow—
Quite weary-hearted by the way.

The solemn midnight hears my cry!
I see love's sunlight sinking in life's clouded west,
And low yet never ceasing murmurs fill my breast,
Yet echo only makes reply.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ROMANCE AND WHISKERS.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

THERE never was a young, pretty head more full of sweet romance than was that of Bertha Alstead. With a hearty love of all that was poetic and picturesque in literature, permitted the unlimited use of a large and not in every respect judiciously selected library, and also the mistress of her own time and actions, her enthusiasm and industry had gathered up a medley of incongruous and exaggerated ideas, each, perhaps, well enough in the place where she found it, but all together ill adapted to the clearly-defined realities of every-day modern life. Bertha lived in a stylish house in New York, built fair and square without nooks and corners, finished in every part with not the remotest hint at sliding panels and trap doors, with no chance for Boreas to improvise a preternatural wail or whistle through multitudinous crevices just by way of making a lively impression on the listeners, and with servants going continually from the highest room in the attic to the darkest corner of the coal cellar. There was not a bit of antiquity about the house; the furniture, the pictures, the plate, and even the edifice itself, had scarcely seen a decade of years, and had just as little association and history connected with them as a recently stuck up magician's palace, or, to use a more material comparison, a new steamboat or western hotel.

There was one exception: the library was an old one. It had been collected by her father, who had long since died, and was then carefully preserved by her brother, with whom Bertha found guardianship and a home. Frank Alstead, young and ambitious, lived for his business; Mrs. Alstead, for her household and society, and Bertha, when she was rid of her tedious prosy masters, for the witching story and the feudal ages. And through those wondrous books slid into her brain such dreams as she could very well have done without, and such fancies as were linked in no sort with the actualities of her everyday existence. But with all this she possessed a large share of good sense and exuberant youthful spirits, and not even her most familiar acquaintance suspected to any commensurate extent what a maze of wonders and idealizations hid behind her sparkling eyes and fair forehead.

Bertha was seventeen, and pretty and accomplished, and was to come into the uncontrolled possession of a large fortune in less than a year, and was as popular as all these advantages and an agreeable manner could make her; but though she laughed with the gayest and danced with the merriest, she was ideally very wretched—so miserable that it was a constant source of astonishment to herself that she did not fade and grow thin like the forsaken inmate of a haunted castle; and she sung Miss Landon's most despairing strains, and chanted the hopeless refrain of Tennyson's "Mariana," thereby working herself into a sort of delicious agony, that was, after all, neither very uncomfortable nor destructive; yet Bertha was surely affirmative on both points. The young lady, though a model in her deportment and a stickler for the minutiæ of propriety, was very certain that she abhorred conventialism, and while from mere luxuriousness she avoided exposure and exertion, she sighed for the adventurous life of the unfortunate beauteous Una, and fancied it would be the acme of happiness to wander like her, with a docile lion, through a savage wilderness, ranging her heavy grief by some new deadly fear, or fresh distress, as she made her uncertain way through tangled wilds, fled from grim, decaying towers, and sojourned with rustic hordes. But Bertha was not likely to gratify her predictions in the metropolis of America, where everything ruinous is repulsive, where all monsters are in shocking bad taste, where rural demonstrations are artificial or vulgar, where whatever is concealed is supposed to be vicious, mysterious and criminal, and where singularity is neither pleasant nor profitable.

Bertha found little in the temperament of her nearest friends to accord with her own, and this circumstance was added to the store of her sorrows. Her sister was gay and talkative; Frank was jovial and matter-of-fact; fifty other friends were just like fifty persons taken anywhere, and Cousin Ben was as bad, if not worse, than any of them. Ben Harnden was Bertha's only cousin, a kind of second cousin, who was just Frank's age, and a dozen years older than herself. Ben had been her brother's classmate, and always a special friend, and though he kept rooms at the Astor House, and professed to board there, he virtually lived with the Alsteads. Bertha could not remember the time when she did not know him. He brought her *bonbons* and books almost daily, and *bijouterie* and costly presents at every festival, because she was his only little cousin, and teased the very life out of her for the same reason, doubtless. She, on her part, professed to detest him for the liberties he took, and never lost an opportunity of pinning him to the cushion, sewing up his gloves, putting peas in his hat, and the like revenges, until she was too old for such undignified reprisals. In fine, there was always a degree of antagonism between the relatives, professedly sportive, to be sure, but appearing very much in earnest sometimes, especially when Bertha, in an access of indignation, would call her cousin detestable; and Ben, to justify the propriety of her qualification, would absolutely refuse to go with her to a concert the same evening because she would wear no other than pale yellow gloves.

But as Bertha grew up into a fine young lady, their disagreement became less tumultuous, and finally calmed down into something like harmony, and our heroine was obliged to confess that Ben would do very well if he was not always so obstinately practical, if he could ever see anything but just the mere outside of the world, if he could ever appreciate what was not palpable and positive. There was not the least use in trying to convert him to her own more ethereal and vague habit of thinking, for he always met romance with reason, and morbid sentiment with a plain, healthful idea; and Bertha, unwilling to provoke merriment or a severe analysis of her opinions, learned to keep them to herself.

Bertha's fortune, with only the incumbrance of her fair self, had many admirers, and not a few positive claimants on the ground of unbounded devotion to its possessor. But she looked with an eye of equal disfavor upon them all. What was a nice young man beside an old-time cavalier? what was a promising lawyer, drudging over the paltry item of a bad case, when compared with a most magnanimous knight? and what a thrifty merchant conducting a close bargain when set against Sir Huon himself? Bertha was so in love with her matchless ideal that she only regarded with coldness and neglect her less marvellous admirers. Indeed she thought very little about them, and almost as little of her cousin Ben, since especially he had left off teasing her, and began to show her as much deference and respect as any lady could claim.

It was a bright, cold winter's morning, with a thoroughly smart everyday atmosphere and sun. The shutters were all open in the back parlor, and it was very light, for Bertha was endeavoring to repair an unlucky rent in a favorite French collar. The attempt proved a protracted labor, but she was determined to persevere to its conclusion before attending to anything else, and she accordingly remained with her hair partially dressed, and in the ugliest chintz morning gown in her wardrobe. To her great disgust, some careless body had left open the doors, and a strong odor of cookery floated into the apartment. That and her close application gave her a headache, and she felt as completely disenchanted as any mortal could.

Just at that time, Ben came in, and sat down to talk. Yet he was unusually grave, and watched Bertha as she plied her intricate stitching. She looked very neat despite her careless attire, and her cheeks, delicately flushed with her labor, gave her unwonted freshness. Her assiduous industry charmed Ben. He had never seen her mending a garment, and there was such a domestic, sensible and snug seeming about the operation that he was really fascinated. It brought him suddenly to the point. He had always known that Bertha was a splendid girl; now she appeared the excellent woman.

Bertha finished her collar, and laid it down with a little sigh of relief. Ben, seated two yards off, then commenced to tell her, with just enough hesitation to make him look somewhat foolish, that he thought it was time for him to settle in life,—that he had always thought very lightly of her, and asked her if she would not consent to be mistress of his house, and promised to make her the best husband in the world.

Bertha raised her eyes in too much astonishment to laugh as was her first impulse, in order to scan her new lover. There he sat with his trim, erect form, his hair rather short, his face closely shaven, his eye clear and fun-seeking, despite his earnestness, and his dress very tidy and suitable. There was not a shade or gleam of romantic fascination about him, and Bertha, without considering his substantial qualities and advantages, which even she had no right to despise, merely remonstrated with him for carrying his jesting too far, and rose to leave the room.

"But I never was more sincere in my life," persisted Ben.

"And I am equally certain you are joking; at any rate, I choose to think so," retorted Bertha, almost crossly, and vanished.

When Ben perceived that the prize, which, for many years, he had supposed was in his grasp whenever he chose to close his hand upon it, had really slipped through his fingers, he awoke to a new sense of its inestimable value. He was so taken aback at first that he could not properly realize his mishap. He, Ben Harnden, who, in all good faith, supposed himself the direct object of at least a score of misses and their attendant mamas, who had been nurturing the delightful little conceit a dozen years, that it was only necessary to offer himself to any lady of his acquaintance in order to ensure a companion for life,—he to be jilted at last curtly and harshly by the only one he ever cared a sou for, was—stunning. He sat like a statue the next ten minutes, regretting his loss and careless precipitancy. He was conscious of having exhibited very indifferent devotion to his "ladye love," while at the same time his penetration had not failed to detect the tendencies of Bertha's habit of thought. He saw his error completely, and striking his hand emphatically upon his knee, exclaimed:

"For a man professing common sense, I have been most egregiously stupid."

"That's just what I was thinking, as I have been watching you the last minute," said Frank, who had entered the apartment unperceived by the pre-engrossed bachelor. "What in the world is the matter? You look as if *your* sky had fallen. Anybody dead?"

"O nothing—nothing, I assure you!" said Ben, starting up in some confusion, and looking exceedingly forlorn, despite a forced attempt at cheerfulness. He went towards the hall as if to depart.

"Stop!" said Frank. "You are not the man to be distressed for a trifle. I have always been generous enough to permit you to share all my afflictions, and now I demand a reciprocity of the favor. Ben stupid, eh? You haven't let anybody spoil your chestnuts, have you? I never saw you look so puzzled and confounded in my life as you did when I just surprised you. And what is the matter?" persisted he, as Ben endeavored to evade his inquiries with a bad grace. A suspicion flashed upon Frank's mind, and he continued: "Bertha has something to do with this, maybe?"

Ben could not resist the urgent importunity of his old friend, much less could he escape from the hand which held his coat, and he confessed his rejection, at the same time with a magnanimous conceit, which is such a balsam to wounded vanity, exculpating Bertha from all blame, attributing his want of success entirely to his own mismanagement.

Frank was provoked and annoyed.

"The stupidity is wholly on her side. How could she be so foolish? I long to give her a paternal admonition," said he, with sternness.

"Not for the world!" returned Ben. "She must be allowed to make her own uninfluenced decision; but it is settled now, and we will say no more about it."

"I must express my unmingled regret," replied Frank, earnestly. "There is no man into whose care I would so willingly, so securely have confided her welfare and happiness as you. You have education, refinement, ability and wealth. I cannot believe that she dislikes you. Perhaps even now you might win her hand if you only would consent to try again."

"It would be quite useless," replied Ben. "I understand my deficiency perfectly." And with a pensive air he left the house.

Ben did just as many another has done in like circumstances—went from home. In three days after his rejection, his baggage was on board an Atlantic steamer. He did not call to see Bertha, but he dropped in at Frank's office at the last moment, and the two friends walked together to the wharf. Ben was quite himself again, and talked very fast, and Frank listened, and clapped his hands, and laughed, and said "good!" repeatedly, and engaged to look after his business and friends, and make his adieus to his acquaintance. It was a wondrous jolly parting, and Frank stood on the pier laughing until he could no longer distinguish the smiling countenance of his cousin, and then hastened home to gravely tell his family of Ben's sudden departure, and to profoundly speculate on the unaccountable eccentricity of the movement.

Bertha listened with surprise, and as soon as she could escape, she went to her room to shed a few tears of sorrow. She felt not a little compunction when she remembered their last interview, and she could not help confessing that Ben united in himself quite as many excellencies as any other person she could mention. He had also been so kind, and so much attached, and such a real friend—ah, there was the point; he was only friendly, and could she marry one who did not love her passionately—who did not adore her? Better never be led to the altar. And thus Bertha justified her decision and quieted her conscience, and smothered any lurking-loving regret that made her uneasy, and Cousin Ben was laid away on a high shelf in her heart to be taken down whenever she wanted a subject for pensive contemplation. Ben was thus idealized in some sort, and certainly did not lose anything by his absence.

Summer came, and Bertha drew near the most important of the birthdays she had ever celebrated. All the world knew she was an heiress, and also that her fortune was money in hand, and bowed and sued accordingly. But she formed no engagement, and became tired of her popularity. So, as the warm weather grew oppressive, Mrs. Alstead being in ill health, she gladly acquiesced in an arrangement that for the benefit of the invalid was to take the family to a retired watering-place by the seaside. The health of her sister, though impaired, was not such as to occasion serious apprehension, and leaving behind her the artificial life of the town, bearing with her no care or solicitude, she was full of a buoyant exultation and an enthusiasm for freedom and freshness, which did ample justice to her cherished theories of living.

"What, Bertha! are you crazy?" exclaimed Frank, yawning and stretching himself to the full limit of an ungainly wooden rocking-chair, as she bounded into the room with a merry laugh and most disordered toilet. "If you haven't been going like bewitched over those abominable rocks for three mortal hours, shouting to the sea-gulls, then I've not been trying to shut my eyes and ears, and get a wink of sleep to kill time. If I hadn't been in bed something like twelve hours *per night* the last week, I might possibly be deaf to your conversation with the birds."

"I beg your pardon," retorted Bertha. "I haven't spoken to the fowls of heaven this morning. Here's my companion, and a lively one, too." And she called in a handsome little spaniel, still dripping from his last plunge in the ocean.

The dog went up to Frank, and giving a vigorous shake, thoroughly bespattered the weary gentleman, by way of salutation. Bertha's laugh rang out again.

"The pest!" exclaimed Frank, searching for his handkerchief and trying to look severe, but his good nature was too much for him. "Bertha, if we only had some company here, it might be endurable."

"Company!" replied his sister, mischievously. "There are at least a dozen visitors in the house. First, the blind old lady and her two daughters, who can only just find time to bathe, and then the Misses Smith, who dare not go out for fear of freckles, and Mr. Somebody, who has such an asthma, and is killing himself here as fast as he can, and then—"

"Do be quiet, Bertha!" exclaimed her brother. "I have half a mind to write to New York for two or three good fellows to come on, and we'll see what can be done. Why, bless you, there are not even hands enough here for whist, and if I were to play solitaire and smoke cigars for the next week as I have during the last, I should be absolutely exterminated."

"Don't in mercy send for any one!" said the sister, who could not discover the slightest occasion for anxiety in her brother's comfortable appearance. "You remember we planned to be quite alone and independent while we stayed here, and you promised to be quiet, too," she added, playfully.

"Quiet? Am I not quiet as a mummy?" exclaimed he, in mock desperation, and pacing the room with a high tragedy step. "But I am a man of my word, and if I unwittingly pledged myself to stagnation and asceticism, so it shall be; yet I'll petition the propitious gods to send us help, and will not consider myself answerable for the consequences if they drop down a score of rollicking fellows."

"I am content to leave thee to the gods," said Bertha, retiring.

Frank's prayers were not without effect. Their ready answer appeared embodied at the dinner-table in the form of a distinguished-looking gentleman, who, it seemed likely, would relieve the unvarying heaviness of the small company. Frank aroused himself at once to enter into conversation with the newly arrived individual; presently recollected him as a person to whom he had some time previously been introduced by a mutual friend, and having recalled the circumstance to the remembrance of the other, they were no longer strangers. Frank presented Mr. Elbridge to the ladies of his party, and afterwards assured them in private that he was a most unexceptionable addition to their society, being an individual of unsullied reputation and large fortune, "and," he added, "his personal qualities you will find out for yourselves if he remains any time, and I have hitherto seen him to be so agreeable that I shall do my best to keep him with us."

Mr. Elbridge was above the medium stature. His complexion was dark, evidently bronzed by sun and wind, for when he put back the long wavy masses of brown hair, a lighter tint was revealed. A heavy silken beard and moustache gave a dignified aspect to a handsome countenance, which was nevertheless disfigured by colored spectacles. These, he took occasion to observe to Frank, were only a temporary inconvenience, a recent injury to one of his eyes making such a protection for awhile indispensable.

"The greater pity," said Frank, to his sister, "since Elbridge has the finest eyes I ever saw."

Elbridge's style of dress was somewhat affected. His cravat was tied loose and low, and his sleeves were very wide; but his linen was elegant and his waistcoat perfect. A single diamond upon his finger, in an old-fashioned setting, conveying the impression that it was worn as a *souvenir* rather than through ostentation, was the only ornament visible about his person.

Bertha, at first decidedly annoyed by the arrival of a visitor who was evidently of the *beau monde*, determined for herself to avoid him to the last possible extent. She remained in her room until tea-time, and directly afterwards stole unattended from the house, to watch from the rocks the soft gloom of night creep up from the great sea, and to wait the expected rising of the moon into the starlit sky. Throwing about her form her large shawl, she reclined against the black rock in an easy attitude, and entranced with the beauty of earth and heaven, listening to the untiring rush of the waves, and absorbed by her busy thoughts which flowed in harmony with the scene around, was lost to everything save the delightful present.

Advancing footsteps did not reach her ear, and not till Elbridge vaulted on to a rock near by, and cut off her prospect of the moon, was she aware of his presence. He apologized for interrupting her meditations in most dulcet tones, hoped he should not intrude if he remained, and sat down at a convenient distance for conversation, without seeming to regard at all her cold and haughty reply. He spoke of the beautiful evening; he had travelled and had watched the sun setting in Norway, in Switzerland, in Italy and in Egypt. He described some peculiar features of these in a terse, graphic manner, that proved him to be a man of cultivated mind and artistic sensibilities.

In half an hour, Bertha had begun to consider him quite endurable, and condescended to talk in her turn. In twice that time she not only respected but admired him very sincerely. His frankness and deference, the justness and vivacity of his expression, and his pleasant voice, gained upon her continually. Then he seemed to understand her so well—and it is no small acquisition when a sentimental young lady finds one thus qualified—and with such a friendly interest dared to prune her exaggerated ideas, and to finish out into clearness and symmetry her dim and helpless thoughts. She experienced a thrill of pleasure in being thus cared for. Few were competent to do it, and those of her friends who might thus minutely have guided her had only laughed at her weaknesses whenever they had betrayed themselves. She could not help remembering how Frank and Cousin Ben had continually teased her into obstinacy and antagonism, nor wishing that they had managed her like this stranger that she might have loved them better. And then she listened anew to Elbridge, and an unwonted tenderness softened her heart, and she instinctively corrected her posture, and gathered up her shawl in more graceful folds.

Every happiness but positive beatification has an end, and so did this conversation on the rocks, which, to Bertha, afforded increased enjoyment each moment. It was interrupted by Frank, who called to them from a distance; declared he never could reach them; wondered if they flew to their rugged seat; said a great many funny, saucy things to his sister's utter consternation, and finally invited them to come to the parlor, where Mrs. Alstead awaited them with cards. Bertha was not sorry to be helped along the rough pathway, and more than once wondered how she had ever made her way so well alone over the broken rocks. They had a long evening in the parlor. Elbridge was as interesting there as he had been without, and was soon on the most familiar terms with Frank, especially, and they together arranged a fishing excursion for the next day.

Bertha did not again see them until they returned at nightfall, and then came another evening of quiet sociability and enjoyment, the remembrance of which kept her eyelids waking deep—deep in the night. If we may not say that she was fast falling in love, it were in vain to attempt a description of her condition. A busy week passed—busy, at least, for the gentlemen who executed most extraordinary plans for amusement. Sometimes these were modified to include the ladies, but oftener Frank carried the day to play the sportsman in the society of a congenial companion.

One evening, just as they were finishing tea, Elbridge remarked that he should probably be obliged to leave on the next day. Mrs. Alstead cordially and politely expressed her regret. Frank made no concealment of his dissatisfaction, and asserted his determination to soon follow his friend to town. Bertha alone was silent with downcast eyes, while her cheek became paler, and the objects before her blended and whirled in her confused sight. She was terrified at her own emotion. Was the presence of Elbridge so necessary to her happiness that the prospect of his departure should fill her with such disquiet? The movements of no other person ever had a similar power over her. She despised herself for her folly when she considered that probably she was no more to him than any passing acquaintance.

"You will certainly visit us as soon as we are at home?" remarked Frank, to Elbridge.

Mrs. Alstead added her own invitation.

Bertha looked up eagerly to hear his reply, but she only met the glare of those odious spectacles. What would she not have given to have seen his eyes, and read in them a meaning which his words failed to convey? He merely expressed the hope that he should see them all again, with an indifference which approached incivility.

"He hasn't a look or word for me," commented Bertha, as Elbridge began to play with fork and spoon, and to speak gaily of an unimportant matter, as if his separation from her was not worth a thought. But she also remembered all his kindness to her during their brief association—his more than kindness. She was heartily glad when they rose from the table, and slipping through a side door, she made a hasty retreat to the verandah on the opposite side of the house, and bending over the railing to let the sea-breeze fan her brow, she sought a degree of calmness which would permit her to return with propriety to the parlor. The next moment a hand was laid on hers.

"Will you not walk with me once more?" said Elbridge, in his most persuasive tones.

She could not control her confusion or her blushes, but she suffered him to fold her shawl around her, and took her hat from his hand, and accepted his proffered arm, and they went along the high bank, and descended to the very edge of the water. The sun had not yet gone down, and its beams glistened on the light mists in the eastern horizon, and crested the waves with gold and vermilion. It was very beautiful—so thought Bertha and so said Elbridge.

"I never shall forget this shore, this air, and these heavens," said he: "I have gazed on many a lovely landscape, and watched the tossing waves by many a seaside, but I was always alone, or with those whose company was less desirable than solitude; but to-night—permit me to speak without reserve, my dear Bertha,—your presence is that which makes this simple prospect transcend all that I have elsewhere beheld. If it were not too much to hope for—to ask, that your companionship might henceforward make my life one continual delight—that the charm of your smiles and the music of your voice might be the reward of my unbounded love and untiring devotion—" Elbridge raised her hand to his lips. "May I ask it?" he added.

She most bewitchingly smiled her consent, and placed her free hand with the captive one.

"Bertha," said her lover, "I do not ask you to pledge yourself irrecoverably to me now, unless you can do so without any misgivings. I cannot tell you how happy it would make me to receive your plighted faith at this moment; but I am fully aware that our acquaintance has been short, and that it is possible you may not fully understand your own heart, and also that you might be influenced by a temporary delusion to commit yourself to a keeping from which death alone could release you. On my own part, I have no hesitation, for my love towards you is such as no other person could ever excite within me—immeasurably greater and more tender. I am conscious that it has power over my entire life, that it has my whole future in its control. I fearlessly give myself to you, but do not accept the offering if your love is less than mine."

Bertha was silent when Elbridge paused, awed by the solemn earnestness of his voice and words. She looked upon the wide ocean a moment, and then turning to her companion, said:

"Your love cannot exceed my own. The present is the prophecy of the future."

She could say no more, for her words were smothered in the bosom of her lover. With completed bliss they continued their walk on the shore.

"I wonder if you would appear to have fewer celestial qualities if I ceased to observe you through an azure medium?" And so saying Elbridge tossed his abominable spectacles far out into the water.

Bertha quickly and curiously looked up to his eyes. The first glance confounded her, and she only winked her own very fast. Those eyes, so clear, so merry, so handsome, and so familiar. There was just such another pair in the world—Cousin Ben's. A sudden thought struck her as she looked again, and like a flash she slipped from her lover's arm, and stood observing him a yard or two distant. Her movement evidently distressed him, but he took off his hat, and put back his hair in the old way, and held out his hand to her.

"Well, I am glad to see you, Cousin Ben," said she, with provoking coolness, as she advanced towards him and took his hand in greeting.

"And is that *all?*" inquired he, bending over. "Will my stratagem to win your heart cost me the treasure I sought so earnestly?"

"I wish I could say it would, if only to pay you off, but I should be the chief loser." And her face was again pressed close to him.

And Cousin Ben then told her how much he had loved her, and how he believed it was possible to win her affections even after his first unsuccessful attempt, and how he remained in foreign countries long enough to prepare a disguise, which had been successful beyond his expectations. And Bertha only clung more closely to his arm, and said she was glad to have once rejected him, since thereby he was pleased to reveal his more excellent qualities that might otherwise forever have remained unknown.

At last they returned to the house, and when they entered Frank's private parlor, he looked up, and seeing Ben's spectacles no longer, advanced with comical gravity, and taking his hand, inquired:

"My dear cousin, how did you enjoy your residence at Jericho?"

"Frank could be such a tease!" Bertha always had said that.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S WIG.

Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on the circuit, when Lady Ellenborough said that she should like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objections, provided she did not encumber the carriage with bandboxes, which were his utter abhorrence. They set off. During the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough, happening to stretch his legs, struck his feet against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a bandbox. His indignation is not to be described. Up went the window, and out went the bandbox. The coachman stopped; and the footman, thinking that the bandbox had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, was going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, "Drive on!" The bandbox accordingly was left by a ditch-side. Having reached the county-town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the court house. "Now," said he, "where's my wig—where *is* my wig?" "My lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage-window." —*Rogers's Table Talk.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MARRIED, NOT MATED: or, *How they lived at Woodside and Throckmorton Hall.* By ALICE CARY. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 425.

This is quite a piquant story with a good moral. After all, these novels of society are best written by ladies. Alice Carey has the happiest vein as a sketcher of life. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

WILD WESTERN SCENES. By J. B. JONES. New Stereotype and Illustrated Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 263.

Very clever and spirited pictures of Western life, which have become standard. This edition is very handsomely got up. For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson has just published "The Invitation," a duett, the "Hymns my Mother sung," a sacred song, and a Polacca for the piano, by Eckhardt.

MEMORIALS, AND OTHER PAPERS. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 2 vols. 18mo.

This beautifully printed volume contains some of the finest essays of the English opium-eater, including, among other things, the whole of the little romance of Klosterheim, which is quite a literary curiosity.

THE HEROES: or, *Greek Fairy Tales for my Children.* By Rev. C. KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 320.

The story of Theseus, the Argonauts, and of Perseus, are told by the author in language exquisitely simple and effective. The book has a charm in the illustrations by the author, which have really artistic merit.

REALITY: or, *The Millionaire's Daughter.* By Mrs. L. C. TUTHILL. New York: C. Scribner. 1856. 12mo. pp. 310.

A story for young men and young women, by an authoress who has met with great and deserved success. It is interesting without being spasmodic, and conveys a moral that all who run may read. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

GARDENING FOR THE SOUTH. By WM. N. WHITE. New York: C. M. Saxton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 402.

A complete manual for the culture of vegetables, fruit trees and flowers in the region south of Pennsylvania. It is clearly written, and thoroughly practical in its character. Any one can garden with this book for a guide. For sale by F. S. Saxton, 81 Washington Street.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have published the "Return Galop" and "Lorimer Mazurka," for the piano.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN: or, *Breck's Book of Flowers.* Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 392.

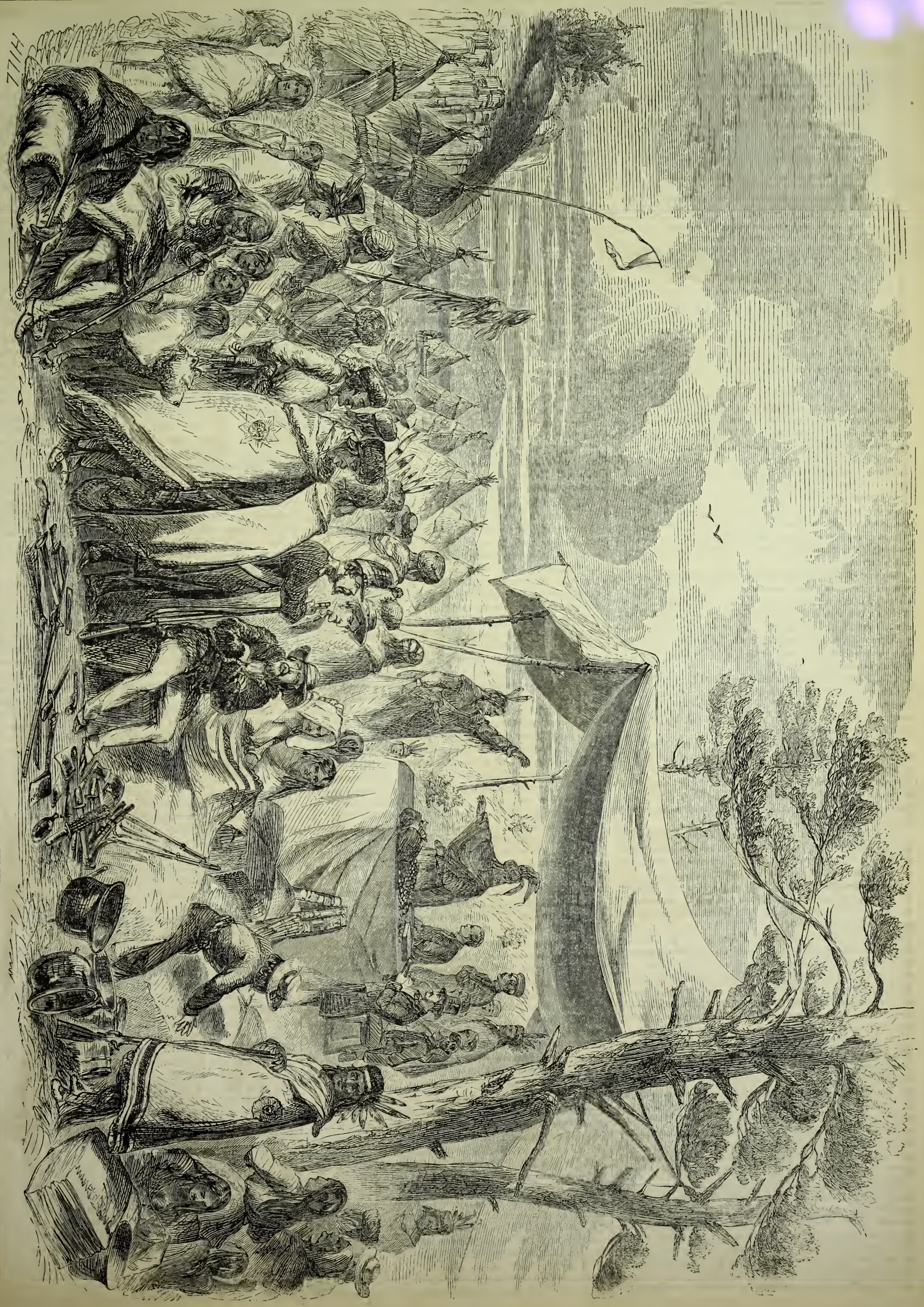
Mr. Joseph Breck, the author of this volume, has had large experience as a seedsman and florist, and has edited both the "New England Farmer," and the "Horticultural Register." His book is a complete manual of gardening, of flower and tree-raising, and the very best with which we are acquainted. No one who has a garden should be without this admirable work.

PETER GOTT, THE CAPE ANN FISHERMAN. By J. REYNOLDS, M. D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

The author tells us that this story is based on actual life—and we well believe it. It has the true smack of the sea, and brings up before us the hardy and generous sons of the Cape, and their fair daughters, as we have seen them and know them. The book is bound to have a run like a clipper schooner before a spanking breeze.



SCENE IN THE CANADIAN FUR DISTRICT. NORTH AMERICA.



AMERICAN INDIANS RECEIVING THEIR ANNUAL PAYMENT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

LET US LAUGH WHILE WE MAY.

BY CHARLES C. SAWYER.

Let us laugh while we may, for we know not how soon
May sickness or sorrow surround us with gloom;
Though the sun may shine bright, when first seen in the morn,
It by noon may be clouded, be faded, and gone!

Soon enough will our pathway, now happy and light,
Be darkened by trouble—our day turned to night;
Soon enough will the cup of anguish be tasted—
Then why, if so few, should our bright days be wasted?

Our lives—like the ship's on the broad, trackless ocean—
Are often in danger—in fearful commotion;
We may now have fair winds, and the sky bright appear,
But we know not how soon we may tremble with fear!

We well know that our lives are as flowers, that bloom
The brightest in sunshine, the dullest in gloom;
We well know there's a time we should sing, and should pray,
And a time we should laugh;—let us laugh while we may.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TWICE MARRIED.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"You will accept him, of course, Lina," said Rebecca Barton to her sister, Mrs. Warwick. "Surely you, of all others, need protection; and for one, I should be glad to see you comfortably situated, and these dear children in a home once more."

These words were uttered by a woman past the bloom of youth, and with a face so deeply indented with lines, as to shadow forth many bitter experiences. And so it was, for Rebecca Barton had borne about a wounded spirit so long, and had drifted, a solitary waif, upon the world for so many years, that to her the sound of home conveyed the idea of everything desirable. She did not for the moment reflect how very far a *dwelling*, even with all appliances of comfort, may be from a home in the truest sense. She did not remember how often woman may invest the ideal protector who offers her love and shelter, with attributes which he does not possess; and that she finds, too late, that her hero has degenerated into a very common man!

She was speaking to her sister, a young and beautiful woman, who sat rocking an infant, while another child played at her feet; and whose deep mourning dress showed that she was a widow. The pale, careworn countenance betrayed the sorrow under which she had passed, showing that the cloud still rested upon her; and yet there was a look of thoughtful determination about the mouth, that betokened one who would struggle against trouble, instead of bending beneath it.

"But I do not *love* this man, Rebecca!" said Lina. "It is too fresh in my mind, that I have loved and lost one who was the impersonation of everything good and noble. How can I replace his image with that of a man who seems to me selfish and sordid, even in his professions of love to me?"

"You are too fastidious, Lina; you must not expect that utter devotion which George gave you. The romance of life ought to be over with you now, and you must come down to sober reality. I cannot bear to think of you floating about the world with no one to protect you, toiling painfully to maintain your children, when here is an opportunity for you to make for yourself a cheerful and happy fireside."

"You forget, Rebecca, that there is still a bare possibility that my husband is living. It seems to me that I can never fully give up the hope that *he* might have been saved, even if all the rest were drowned. I have heard and read of such cases."

"Ah, do not deceive yourself with such vain hopes. Did not the papers say expressly "all on board perished?" Besides, is it not more than a year? Was not little Alfred born some months after George went to sea?"

"Yes, it is fifteen months to day since he left me. Perhaps there is not any shadow of hope, and yet sometimes I feel as if there might be. At any rate, I have such feelings about it, as makes the idea of marrying perfectly hateful to me. And this Mr. Rushton! I wish he had never seen me! O, how I wish that he had married you, Rebecca! You would have been just the right one for him. Let me transfer him to you." And Lina smiled for once, with her old love of mischief.

The withered cheek of the spinster lighted up for a moment with a faint blush, which disappeared as suddenly. Alas, for *her* young dreams! What was Lina's trouble after all to hers? Her sister had at least passed a few happy years with her husband, and had the privilege—a sad one, but still a privilege—of mourning him openly. But far back, in the long past, there was a vision which could not be revealed to other eyes than her own—her own, which had daily wept over its vanishing, until the light and beauty had gone out from them! Even to Lina this dream could not be told, and she left her, to go to her own room, again to struggle against the old misery which had never left her heart.

Rebecca Barton was the eldest, as Lina was the youngest of the Barton family. Thirty years before, the father of these children had left his thriving farm on the Connecticut River, to enter into uncertain trade in Boston. A few years struggle convinced him that he had perilled, not only the interests of his family, but his own happiness and honor. He died heart-broken at his disgrace, for in those days society did not forgive nor overlook deviations from rectitude in business operations so readily as now. Neither had he provided, as some modern defalcators do, for his family; and step by step, with slow and painful progress, Mrs. Barton brought along her little family.

Rebecca was eighteen when her father died; she had been engaged for a year to one of Mr. Barton's mercantile friends. When the transaction came to light which blasted Mr. Barton's good name, she found herself deserted by her lover. He would not link himself to the disgrace attached to the family; and he left her to marry the daughter of a rich speculator, with whose dishonorable transactions all the Boston world was ringing in less than a year afterwards.

Lina was then a mere infant, and there were several children between the two sisters; but one after another died, leaving the poor mother broken alike in health and spirits. She lingered long in poverty and destitution, supported only by Rebecca's needlework. Their house was a low, one-story building in Leverett Street. They had retired to this immediately after the crash which preceded her husband's death; and here they ate the bitter bread of poverty, steeped in a mother's tears.

From the stately and elegant girl which Rebecca Barton had been, she suddenly drooped, after these terrible misfortunes, into a pale, haggard, dejected woman—grew old before her time, and looked at least fifty before she was past thirty. Her daily life was to "stitch, stitch." By this she managed to take care of her mother while she lived, bury her when she died, and to give Lina the food and clothing which she denied herself.

When George Warwick, a young and handsome sailor, came to their humble home and asked her for Lina's hand, she consented; but she would not leave that home. To all their solicitations she said simply, that Lina might want to come back to it some day. After a few brief years of happiness, in which they strove to include the faded spinster, George's vessel was wrecked, and it was said that all on board had died. Then Rebecca's prophecy was fulfilled; the old "ten-footer" in Leverett Street received Lina and her children, and the two women continued to ply the needle in order to maintain them. One child was three years old; the other, little Alfred, was born after his father's death was announced. He was a frail, feeble child, and drew largely upon the time which Lina wished to devote to her sewing.

Rebecca's reluctance to go out had induced her to entreat her sister to carry home the vests which they made; and for the sake of giving little Mary a walk, Lina often complied. She was still beautiful—as much so as in her early youth; for her pale cheek, set off by her deep mourning dress, made her look even more interesting than she had done when bright and rosy with health and happiness. Her errand was to a large clothing store, and she frequently had to wait some time for her turn to deliver her work, and receive instructions for more.

The proprietor of the store had noticed her often, and narrowly watched her. Once, when tying little Mary's shoe-string, she had thrown back her veil, and he caught a glimpse of a very sweet face. He was a hard, cold, ill-tempered man; but the sight of a face like that seemed to humanize and soften him. He even raised the sordid price which he had before given for his work; and as she raised her eyes to thank him, Mr. Rushton's heart—it was a small one, reader—experienced a sensation which, for once, had not its origin in dollars and cents.

He thought how graceful and pretty such a woman would look presiding over his handsome house in Green Street—a house whose shutters and blinds had never been opened on the front since his wife had died, except to be cleaned. He thought of his old housekeeper—cross, ugly and snuffy—and it seemed pleasant to replace her image with that of this graceful little widow. Even the child he felt *almost* willing to take, in consideration of the mother. He knew well where Rebecca Barton lived. He had often sent her work, and moreover his own brother was her landlord; and that evening he made an excuse to carry her a vest which *must* be done the next day, and ventured to walk in for a moment to give her instructions.

It was a small room, in which the paper and paint were dingy with age; but this was atoned for by the perfect neatness and order of its arrangements. A bright fire burned on the hearth; a neat supper-table was spread, although the food upon it was scanty and coarse enough; and, giving life, and spirit, and beauty to the picture, there was Lina, with little Alfred in his night-dress upon her knee, laughing and crowing to his sister with all the unconscious mirth belonging to his age.

Even Mr. Rushton grew almost poetical under the influence of the scene. It was better than the dull, dark parlor at the back of the large Green Street house, with old Mrs. Whiting at the head of the table; and he almost longed to have them ask him to stay and take tea with them. But they would not have thus presumed; and yet their appearance was so ladylike and polished, that he felt intuitively that some time in their life they must have entertained more distinguished gentlemen than William Rushton.

It is not worth while to detail the steps which, one by one, brought Lina to accept a proposition so hateful as this seemed. It was only by looking at the faded cheek of her sister, and by the utter inability of both to work enough to keep them from poverty, and to take care of her children—by looking into the future, and seeing nothing there to help or encourage her, that she passively consented to become his wife.

It was a sad day to her; and only that she was actively employed until evening in her few and simple preparations, she would have sunk under her emotions. Ten times that day she exclaimed, "O, that it had been you, Rebecca, instead of me!"

It was hard that she could not get rid of the old housekeeper, but Mr. Rushton thought best to retain her. Lina would have given anything to banish the vision of her dingy face from the parlor—covered with snuff, as it usually was. She could not bear to have her touch little Alfred, for a long fit of sneezing was the invariable result; nor could she endure the cooking which the old lady seemed bent upon performing.

All over the house there was an air of indescribable discomfort of dulness and want of taste, that annoyed Lina. The old house in Leverett Street, mean and shabby as it was, was infinitely better than this. These were small things—or rather would have been small to her, had she better loved the owner of the home which she must now call her own, too. O, what poverty or desolation would have made her come here, were she once free again?

The memory of her first experience of married life was so different! The noble-hearted sailor, showering down his gifts into her pleasant home; his own generous and loving nature contrasted with Mr. Rushton's, so mean and sordid; the bright freshness of the rooms, compared with the dinginess and dimness of those from which she now looked out upon a close bricked yard, where no leaf of verdure ever bloomed—no ray of sunshine ever came! The figure of the old housekeeper, perpetually sitting there by the one large window overlooking this *paradise*, with spectacles, knitting-work and snuff-box; the hushed voices and checked sports of her children when the gaunt spectre looked at them over her glasses, and the eternal, never-ceasing hum of her nasal voice, talking of what the "first Mrs. Rushton" did and said! It seemed that she was aunt to Mr. Rushton's first wife; and he retained her in his house because she would work for her board, and it saved servants' wages.

Sometimes Lina grew desperate. She could better have borne ill-treatment than this crushing down of nature, such as she had every day to contend with. There was a perpetual series of annoyances and discomforts, growing out of the miserly spirit of Mr. Rushton; there were numberless vexations connected with the meddlesome disposition of the old woman; there was an inexpressible feeling at her heart, when she saw her two frightened children run to a corner and tremble, if they heard Mr. Rushton's step, or saw the ogre eyes of Mrs. Whiting, as she checked their innocent play. She tried to talk it over with Rebecca; but her sister was so self-accused at having encouraged her marriage—so humble in her penitence, that Lina could not have the heart to tell her what she suffered.

One day, in which Lina had been more than usually tried about her children, Mr. Rushton made some ungenerous allusion to the circumstances under which she was suffering when he gave her a home. He did not absolutely call her a beggar, but he implied it; and the old crone by the window chuckled and laughed when she saw Lina was displeased.

Mr. Rushton did not know the desperate being with whom he had just been dealing. He had often talked in this way to Mrs. Whiting, and not only to her, but to his first wife, and they had feared to resent it. Lina had no such fear. She did not love him either; there was not a particle of love for him in her heart—indeed, there had not been a moment since their marriage that she could not have rejoiced to see him die. And then to feel that she was to pass her life with this lump of soulless clay for the sake of a home—a home, too, where the bread which her children ate was evidently grudged them. Sometimes she could have better borne his rude harshness, but not to-day—her mind had been going back to her early marriage, and George, as he rose to her memory, seemed so noble, and so good, compared with this man!

As I said before, he did not know her. He was not capable of knowing that under that calm and mournful exterior there was a current that could be strongly moved by injustice and oppression. He had dealt with her as he had with the more common beings around him, and had little thought of the volcano over which his feet had been treading rough-shod. High-spirited as Lina was, she could better have borne from him some terrible outbreak of passion—a blow even—than this overflowing of a mean soul. Had he possessed either power or principle of a large nature—even had his passion been directed towards her in the shape of personal cruelty, there was a majesty in her quiet movements that might have awed or restrained him. He did not understand it; so he went on with that "mighty sum of trifles," so irritating to a truthful and earnest nature—trifles which stung her sensitive spirit, as the gnat stings the lion.

The next day Mrs. Whiting went to Cambridge to pass a week. Mr. Rushton came home to dinner more than usually bitter and morose from some out of door affair, in which some one else had got an advantage over him. Little Mary was whispering something to her mother, with one frightened eye on him. He ordered her away—her mother's arms were around her, and she did not obey. He struck her! The child screamed, and he pushed her furiously into the closet and locked her in, and then sat down to dinner; the screams of the child had subsided into low moans, and the frightened Lina implored him to let her come out. He enjoyed her agonies, and left her with the key in his pocket. As soon as he was gone she tried the other keys, but not one would fit. Mary's voice was hushed now, and the excited mother applied an axe to the door. It gave way, and she found the child in a swoon, from fright and the close air of the closet. She revived her, and after a little while she sent the children to her sister.

What her afternoon work consisted in, we may infer from the fact that Mr. Rushton came home and found his house tenantless. It was nearly evening, but there was no fire, and everything looked comfortless and dark. The door at the front of the house had readily yielded to his touch, and he had entered with a loud and ringing footstep; there was no one in the back parlor—no sound of the children; the darkness and stillness almost terrified him, for tyrants are cowardly. What if Lina should be ill up stairs! Visions of prospective nurses and doctors haunted him, as a memory came to him of another wife's sick bed, of which his greatest grief was the load of expense it had entailed upon him. He struck a light, and the battered closet met his eye. "She shall pay for

this dearly," he thought to himself. He looked round the room—everything else was in order. He remembered the look which she had given him when he passed out of the room at noon. It came back to him, but he could not understand it even now; and he searched the house, rang the bells, and even called her name. She was gone—that was the only thought which he could grasp in his low-minded rage. No feeling came to him that he deserved it by his mean-spirited treatment of her; but he gazed round the deserted rooms with a sense of desolation, such as even death had never left there before. It was a sense, not of punishment, nor even was it self-accusing, but it was of bitterness notwithstanding.

Lina, as might be expected, was at Rebecca's. At the moment that Mr. Rushton was searching his deserted house, the two women were sitting together, with locked doors, and the children were safe in bed. Lina's brow was very pale, and her lips were purple from excitement. She had bitten one of them nearly through, while releasing her child from the closet. There was now only one feeling at her heart—the thought of freedom! freedom, as to the slave who escapes the master's lash—freedom, as it is to him who comes out from a great moral tyranny and breathes the air of a new existence without hurt or impediment.

And for the rest—her woman's heart, all the braver for its crushing, strong in maternal love, could look into the future without fear, since she had so freed herself. Now she could go forth, with her hitherto weeping soul, bearing her sheaves with her.

It was long before she could reconcile Rebecca to the share which she had taken in her marriage with one so wholly unworthy of her. She besought her to feel that good might come, even from this trial. "Believe me," she said, "I never knew my strength until now."

Mr. Rushton made one effort to recall her. He wrote to her, entreating her to come back, offering to pay her children's board with Rebecca. She returned him the letter without a single word, and commenced for another store sewing, which Rebecca now brought and carried back herself. Lina seldom left the house. They lived in this way for three years. Lina was calm, and, in her children's society, even happy.

One evening she sat down, after the little ones were asleep, and read a newspaper, which had been wrapped around Rebecca's work. She had gone nearly through with its contents, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Rebecca, hear this! 'One of the crew of the brig Curlew, of this port, which was wrecked on the coast of Africa, six years ago, is said to have arrived in England. He was so much injured that his reason was impaired for several years, and it is only within a few months that he has been able to give any correct account of himself. We did not learn his name.'"

"If it *should* be George!" said Rebecca, musingly, "and yet, Lina, how improbable it is. Do not think of it. It will be like losing him again if you should be disappointed."

There was a light, as of hope, in Lina's eye, after this, which pained her sister to see. She never spoke of it; but there was something in her look which told all that she felt. She watched the newspapers daily, and often went without her supper to be able to purchase them.

There were two ships reported in the harbor from Liverpool, and Lina felt that George must be in one of them. The paper stated the number of passengers, but had nothing to say that concerned her. Her hope began to wane, but brightened up with every fresh arrival. She did not expect him to come in the steamer, because she knew he must be poor, and would have to work his passage. The idea that it was really her husband, fastened itself anew on her mind. She turned pale at every knock, and was fast growing nervous and almost unfit to work. Her appetite forsook her, and her strength was evidently failing under the continued excitement of her feelings. Of Mr. Rushton she knew nothing. He had ceased to cross her path, and she wished to forget that passage of her life forever. Rebecca urged her to go out, but she resisted, until her sister was confined to the house with a slight attack of fever; then she was obliged to carry home the work which was promised.

She went reluctantly, and disguised herself as much as possible, wearing her long black veil, for she had put on the garb of mourning again when she left Mr. Rushton. She hurried home, lest she should meet him in the dusk, when he went to supper; and half breathless, she burst into the room. A man sat there by Rebecca's bedside. She thought it was the doctor, for she had sent round for him to call, as she was anxious about her sister. A second look sent her reeling to the floor. When she awoke from her long trance, George himself was leaning over her—not the youthful sailor from whom she had parted, six years before, full of fresh, glad life, but a serene, thoughtful and gentle being, who looked as if he might protect a woman and make her happy too. He had come home, not in an English but a California steamer. After more than five years, passed in a foreign hospital (having been picked up by an outward bound ship and carried to France), he recovered sufficiently to tell his history. He arrived in England in early spring, intending to work his passage in some vessel home. Here he found an old friend, who induced him to accompany him to California. He was the more easily persuaded to do this because he was poor, and his friend told him that in a few months he could make himself independent. The climate suited him—his health was restored, and the injury to the brain was never felt except on exposure to the sun. He was fortunate enough to secure a "pile," and reasonable enough to come away before it was diminished. He had written numberless letters to his wife; one, only a few weeks before his return, stating that he should see her soon; and almost believed her dead, because she did not answer them.

Lina, too, had *her* history to relate; which she did as briefly as possible. She left the room for a moment, and came down stairs again with little Alfred, whom she placed on George's knee. He did not dream that such a treasure awaited him. Little Mary had been nestling asleep on his shoulder ever since her mother had recovered from her fainting. If any one is curious to know which husband Lina chose to retain, they can turn to the files of the Boston Transcript for 1853, where they can read, if they please, the announcement of the *re*-marriage between those whom I have called George and Lina Warwick.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I HAVE MET THEE.

BY MARY F. BARBER.

I have met thee in the spring-time, in the spring-time fresh and bright,
When the pale young buds were waking from the winter's cheerless night,
When the pale young buds were waking, and o'er their leafy heds
The spirits of the beautiful hent low their mist-crowned heads—
Bent low their heads in rapture, while the sunlight lingered long,
And the fragrant air was laden with a gush of ceaseless song.

I have met thee in the summer, in the happy summer-time,
When the huds were changed to blossoms on the orange and the lime,
When the huds were changed to hlossoms where the south wind wandered free,
And with its dainty fingers twined an incense wreath for thee,
And with its dainty fingers stirred the dark waves on thy brow,
And brought to me thy welcome voice, so musical and low.

I have met thee in autumn, the glad year's golden prime,
When the fragile flowers were fading from the buds of scented thyme,
When the fragile flowers were fading in the forest-arches dim,
And the woodland choir were chanting the old year's requiem;
In the shadow of the maples, where the frost-king rears his throne,
I have met thee in the autumn, my heautiful, my own.

I have met thee in the winter, hut thy sunny head was bowed,
Thy graceful form was hidden by the coffin and the shroud;
Thy heart was still forever, thy heart that was the shrine
Of all the mad idolatry now treasured up in mine;
And the pale roses on thy hreast were withering in despair,
That death should linger on a hrow so gloriously fair.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A TALE OF A DONKEY.

A DRAMA OF REAL LIFE.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

ACT I.

STERNE sentimentalized over a dead donkey, the most brilliant of French writers perpetrated a romance on the same subject, Titania fell in love with one of the long-eared, and why should not we, borrowing our facts from a judicial report in a London journal, weave the tale of a donkey in presentable shape?

Fourteen years ago, then, there dwelt in the neighborhood of Reading, England, a charming little fairy, the daughter of a farmer. As a birthday present, the honest yeoman gave his child an infant donkey. It was reared with tenderness, and its asinine beauty, daily developed, richly rewarded the care of its young mistress. As it grew up, a chaise and harness were purchased for it, and in this equipage Mrs. Lydia Wheatley (the name of the fair owner) used to drive about the country and visit her friends. Miss Mitford, the distinguished authoress, pronounced the animal a "perfect love of a donkey;" and a literary gentleman fell into tears when he saw it, because the creature reminded him so strangely of a departed friend.

Thus loved and celebrated, the animal led an Elysian life, and promised to attain a good old age, envied by its kindred that starved upon common lands, or were the property of brutal pedlers, who walloped them when they wouldn't go. But alas! the fairest hopes are subject to blight in this world of chance and change. Moore's young lady was very unsuccessful in raising gazelles, and Miss Wheatley was equally unsuccessful in the donkey line. One morning the donkey's paddock was empty. There was the grass trampled by its tiny hoofs; there was the board fence which had reverberated its musical matins and serenades, sweet as the summer melody of falling waters—but the donkey had vanished. We cannot paint the agony of the bereaved mistress—it was beyond the reach of art. Breathe mournfully, thou German flute! Draw it mildly, big base-viol!—low, whispering, melancholy music—slowly, slowly, slowly—let the act-drop descend.

ACT II.

"Do you vant to buy hany hinyuns, to-day, mem?" pleasantly inquired, in a musical tenor, a grim, unwashed costermonger, in the streets of London, of a very pretty housemaid, who stood at the area rails, in a snowy white cap with red ribbons.

"No, we don't," replied the pretty housemaid.

"*Don't* you vant to huy *hany* hinyuns?" savagely repeated the costermonger, in a thundering base.

"No, I tell you!" said the pretty housemaid, who was waiting for policeman X.

"Then, confound yer!" roared the costermonger.

"Who are you speaking to?" exclaimed the pretty housemaid.

"To my donkey," replied the grim costermonger. "I 'opes as 'ow a man may haddress 'is hown hanimal in his hown fashion! Get up, confound yer! doesn't ye 'ere the *lady*?—ha, ha, don't vant hany hinyuns!"

The donkey was about moving forward, when a scream was heard upon the sidewalk, and a plump, buxom girl, dropping the arm of a stout countryman, rushed forward, exclaiming:

"Bobby!"

"Do *you* vant hany hinyuns, mem?" asked the costermonger, uneasily.

"I wasn't speaking to you. I was speaking to my donkey," retorted the young lady. "I don't wonder at your mistake, however complimentary to the poor beast."

"*Your* donkey!" retorted the costermonger. "Vell, dash my vig, if I ever 'eard the like!"

"He knows me," said the young lady. "Bobby!" and she offered him a piece of biscuit, which she produced from a reticule. The animal ate it eagerly, and then fondled the fair hand that fed him.

"Haven't I proved property?" said Miss Wheatley, turning to the costermonger.

"Not a bit on't!" said the costermonger. "It's werry seldom he gits hanything to heat; and he'd do the same to hanybody as vas fool enough to feed him. Get up, will ye? The gentlefolks don't vant no hinyuns."

"Keep sight of him, Lydia, while I run to Bow Street!" said the lady's companion.

ACT III.

"Your vashup," said the costermonger, now arraigned before the sitting magistrate of Bow Street. "You vouldn't ruin a poor man! It's my hown donkey. I raised him. He supports me, and I support him. I loves him like a brother!" And screwing his dirty knuckles into his eyes, he affected tears.

"But, your worship," said the young lady, "here the farrier has identified the poor animal he has shod so often—he has sworn to the marks."

"All donkeys is alike," said the costermonger, sullenly.

Mr. Clerk, let the animal be brought into court," said his worship.

"No occasion for a subpœna," said the clerk.

His worship condescended to smile. A very fat constable disappeared, choking with laughter. In a few minutes the clattering of hoofs was heard, the crowd parted, and the disputed donkey trotted into court—not the first, however, who had made his appearance at that bar, though the first with four legs, perhaps.

"'Ere, Bobby, my love!" said the costermonger, in a tone of whining fondness.

"Silence, fellow!" said the magistrate. "If you utter a word, I will commit you for contempt!"

"Is it contempt of the court to be familiar with a donkey?" asked the costermonger, insolently.

The magistrate deigned no answer. The donkey, rejecting the blandishments of the costermonger, and flinging its heels in his face, went directly to Miss Wheatley, placed its nose in her hands, and uttered a series of most unearthly sounds, testifying the most intense delight.

"Bless my soul!" said the magistrate. "This is surprising!"

"It is affecting, your worship," said the clerk, who was moved to tears. Some of the ladies present also wept profusely.

"Miss Wheatley," said the magistrate, in a voice of great emotion, "the donkey is yours. Take him and be happy!"

The spectators broke into applause, which was instantly checked by the fat constable seizing a dumb image-vender and kicking him severely, by way of example.

"And as for you, you villain!" said his honor to the costermonger, "if you don't look sharp, Botany Bay shall be your dwelling-place hereafter."

The crowd departed in high spirits, and every one but the costermonger agreed his honor was another Daniel come to judgment.

THE NEW LOUVRE, PARIS.

Some idea of its magnificence may be formed from the fact that, during the year 1855, among materials used, besides immense quantities of granite and artificial stone, were upwards of four million cubic feet of brick work! Upon the parapets of the roof have been arranged sixty-three beautiful allegorical groups of children, representing science, industry, art, commerce, etc. Sixty statues of eminent Frenchmen, of all ages, somewhat larger than life, are placed above the colonnades of the ground floor. The various pavilions, doorways, etc., are all richly ornamented with historical and allegorical groups, and in many parts of the building, the entire surface of the walls is covered with the richest and most elaborate carvings. One hundred and fifty-five of the most eminent artists of the day have contributed two hundred and sixty-one pieces of sculpture, more or less important; and have received the sum of $329,000 for the same. A host of artists of lesser note, have been employed on the decorations of detail, and have been remunerated with proportionate liberality by the government. The total expense of the building will be about ten millions dollars; and it will be, when completed, one of the most magnificent structures in the world.—*Correspondence of Saturday Post.*

WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF A DOG.

One of the most astonishing instances of the sagacity of the dog transpired this morning, which ever came to our knowledge. The Messrs. Staude, tobacconists, No. 35 Congress Street, closed their store last evening, leaving their favorite Newfoundland inside. This morning, on opening the store, the floor in the back room was found to be on fire, and the dog was laboring with his forefeet and mouth trying to subdue it. A pail of water, which stood in the room, had been poured down the hole. The faithful animal had so successfully combated the fire as to prevent its spreading beyond a spot two or three feet square. How long the noble fellow had stood sentinel and fought down the advancing flames can only be conjectured—it must have been several hours. His feet, legs and mouth were badly burned, and it is feared that he is seriously injured internally by inhaling the hot air. He refuses food, and is apparently in much pain. We trust the sagacious and faithful creature is not dangerously injured. This is the same dog which discovered the man Lally on the ice a few weeks since. He is worth his weight in gold, and may safely be pronounced the noblest of his race.—*Troy Times.*

The happiness of man arises more from his inward than his outward condition; and the amount of good in the world cannot be much increased but by increasing the amount of goodness.—*Wiggleswortb.*



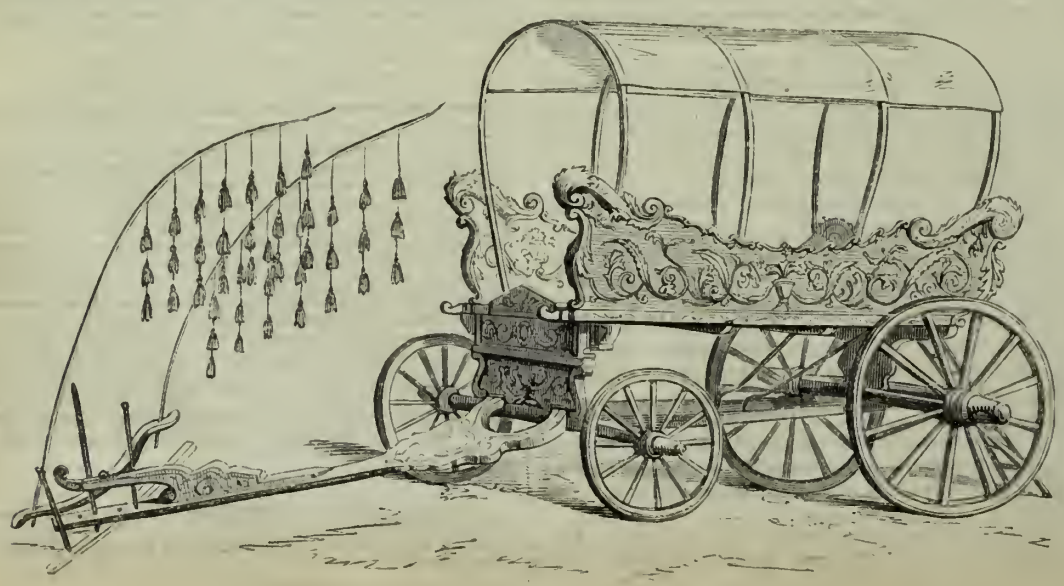
REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS, THE REPUTED BOURBON.

REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS.

The accompanying likeness of Eleazer Williams, an Indian missionary, or of Louis XVII, son of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette—if the late Rev. Mr. Hanson's theory be correct—is a very excellent one. It has not been "cooked up" to suit either the opponents or the advocates of that theory, so that the reader, by comparing it with a portrait of any of the Bourbons, will be able to decide just how much similarity there is between the faces. Up to some fifteen or more years ago, those who knew Mr. Williams, knew him only as a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of a mild disposition and average intellect, devoted to preaching the gospel to the Indians, and enjoying a most excellent character. The story of his family was as follows: The Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield, Mass., with his family, were captured by the Indians about 1704, and carried into Canada. They all returned, except a daughter Ennice, who married an Indian chief. The offspring of this alliance were two daughters, named Mary and Catherine, and a son named Thomas. Mary married an English surgeon named Ezekiel Williams. They had only one son, Thomas. His father died when Thomas was six months old, and he was taken care of by his mother's sister, Catherine. Thomas was considered an Indian of the Iroquois tribe, and renounced civilized life. He married a full-blooded Indian, and had eleven children besides Eleazer, who was reputed to be, and was brought up as his son. Mr. Hanson lays a good deal of stress on the fact that, while the undoubted children of Thomas Williams were strongly marked Indians, notwithstanding the white blood in their veins, they bore not the slightest resemblance to Eleazer. Young Eleazer began education late in life, in consequence of idiocy; and at the breaking out of the war of 1812, was a pupil of the Rev. Mr. Hall, of West Hampton, Mass., and was then 27 years of age. He was induced to enter the government service, and was appointed confidential agent and superintendent-general of the Northern Indian Department. He did good service, and fought at Plattsburg, where he was wounded, and in other affairs. At Plattsburg, he led a heavy column into the fire, and behaved with the greatest gallantry; he afterwards studied divinity, and became a missionary preacher. So much at present for Mr. Williams. A word of the dauphin. Charles Louis, son of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette, was born March 25, 1775. After the death of his mother, in 1793, he was consigned to the care of Simon, a cobbler—a brutal scoundrel, who treated the child with almost incredible severity. He was starved, beaten, abused and reduced to a condition little short of idiocy. But the fall of Robespierre, and the death of the brute Simon, produced a change for the better in his circumstances. The convention of 1794 decreed his banishment. On the 9th of June, 1795, his death was reported to the convention, and three surgeons testified to the fact, and attributed it to scrofula. "He was buried," says the Encyclopedia Americana, "in the common grave of the cemetery of St. Marguerite, where his remains could not be distinguished in 1815. Several impostors have appeared, pretending to be the prince; among them, Hervagant, a tailor's son, in 1802 (died 1812 in prison), and Bruneau, a shoemaker, who, in 1818, was condemned to seven years imprisonment." Since then a third impostor appeared in France. Very many persons disbelieved the received story of the death of the dauphin in prison, and supposed that the body examined and reported on by the surgeons, was that of a child substituted for the heir to the throne. Mr. Hanson firmly believed Eleazer Williams to be the real Dauphin of France; and in support of his claims, collected together a mass of facts, published originally in Putnam's Magazine, and afterwards in book form, which carried conviction to the minds of many. One of the most important points stated by Mr. Hanson, was the following, viz., that in 1841, the Prince de Joinville, on his arrival in this country, inquired for Mr. Williams, and sought and obtained an interview with him at Green Bay, in which, after demanding a conditional pledge of secrecy, he required of him a resignation of the crown of France, as its legitimate heir, in favor of Louis Philippe. The Prince de Joinville, however, on being written to, emphatically denied having made any offer, or required any pledges respecting his resignation. Other points in Mr. Hanson's argument were, that the French ambassador, Genet, in the presence of Dr. Francis and others, acknowledged that the dauphin was both alive and in this country, and in the State of New York in 1817—that Le Roy de Chaumont, who, according to Genet's statement, was acquainted with the affair, had much dealing with the Indians in the neighborhood where Mr. Williams was brought up, and once in a conversation with him, made a remote allusion to the dauphin—that the name of Eleazer Williams is not on the baptismal register of Caughnawaga (where he is reputed to have been born)—that he has none of the characteristics of an Indian—that he closely resembles Louis XVIII.—that various marks on his body correspond exactly with those known to have been on the body of the dauphin—that an unknown Frenchman came to see Mr. Williams in youth, and wept over him—that he recognized the portraits of Simon the jailer, and Madame Elizabeth, when unexpectedly placed before him by Professor Day—that Williams was idiotic at the age of 13 or 14—that the daupbin at the age of ten was reduced to the same condition by ill-treatment—that since the recovery of his reason, faint, dreamy remembrances of the past have returned to the mind of Mr. Williams, corresponding to known scenes in the dauphin's history, etc. It would be impossible in our space, even were it desirable, to go into a full detail of all Mr. Hanson's facts and arguments He certainly adduced many curious coincidences, and linked together a chain of evidence with great ingenuity. The denial, *in toto*, by the Prince de Joinville, of the statements made by Mr. Williams with regard to the nature of his interview at Green Bay, however, was a serious blow to the Williams-Dauphin theory. And about the same time that Mr. Hanson's first article entitled "Have we a Bourbon among us?" appeared, a work was published in France, entitled "Louis XVII., his Life, his last Illness and Death," by M. A. D. Beauchesne, a pious legitimist, who had devoted twenty-five years in collecting all the information to be obtained with regard to the imprisonment of Louis XVI. and his unfortunate family, and particularly the poor dauphin. He traced out the origin of facts already known; he sought out all the living persons who casually or officially entered the Temple during the revolution, and became intimately acquainted with Lasne and Gomin, the two last keepers, in whose arms Louis XVII. expired. The story of the boy, as told by this faithful biographer, is a truly harrowing one. Fiction never surpassed the sad realities of his sufferings. In his latter days, as we have before remarked, when drawing near the close of his life, he was better treated. Lasne, who had seen the young prince before his imprisonment, recognized him perfectly when admitted to take charge of him in the Temple. Lasne was not absent from him a single day. The gentleness of his nature shone out in his dying hours. "But the very day before he died, he said to Gomin, who told him of the arrest of a commissary who had often been on duty at the Temple, 'I am very sorry, for you see he is more unhappy than we; he deserves his misfortune.' He died on the 9th of June, at about two o'clock in the afternoon. On the night previous, he said to Gomin, who expressed pity for his sufferings, 'Be consoled, I shall not always suffer.' Some time afterwards Gomin said to him, 'I hope you do not suffer any pain now.'—'O, yes,' was the answer, 'I suffer, but much less; the music is so beautiful.' As no music was audible, Gomin asked, 'From what direction do you hear music?'—'From up yonder.' Presently the child exclaimed, in ecstasy, 'Among all the voices I have recognized that of my mother.' Next day Lasne removed Gomin from his attendance at the bedside. After a time the child moved, and Lasne asked him how he was. To this he answered, 'Do you think my sister could have heard the music? How much good it would have done her.' Presently he said, 'I have one thing to tell you.' Lasne bent down to listen, but the boy was dead." There is nothing more affecting than this in any of the death-scenes of fiction. Thus died Louis XVII. of France. More than twenty persons recognized the identity of the little corpse as it lay in the Temple. After a post mortem examination, the body was interred—M. Beauchesne thinks in the cemetery of St. Margaret. M. Beauchesne's book has been accepted as conclusive authority in Paris with regard to the death of the dauphin, and probably not a large number of persons will continue to discredit the story of the death of the dauphin in the Temple. Though there is a world of romance in the idea that the legitimate heir to the throne of France, the son of the unfortunate "Son of St. Louis," and of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, the regal star of Versailles, is a citizen of the United States, and has fought her battles, and preached in her pulpits, still we are constrained, for our own part, to dismiss the story as a dream.



THE NEW ENGLISH THREE-HORSE OMNIBUS.



A CONSTANTINOPLE OMNIBUS.

ENGLISH THREE-HORSE OMNIBUS.—TURKISH OMNIBUS.

The first of the accompanying sketches represents a new kind of omnibus just introduced into England, and received with a good deal of favor. It is drawn by three horses harnessed abreast, and carries seventeen inside and twenty-four outside passengers. The raised part of the roof serves as a back to the passengers on the sides, and allows space inside for a good-sized man to walk along the centre of the omnibus. There is no door, the conductor communicating with the driver by means of a bell placed under the seat of the latter. The driver can put the breaks on the wheels to facilitate the stopping, by a treadle on the foot-board. Contrasted with this English vehicle, we present a picture of the omnibus used at Constantinople. The body is raised very high above the perch, and the sides are curiously carved in oriental fashion. Attached to the tongue are two light curved rods, which support a series of tassels, purely ornamental additions to the equipage.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AMUSEMENTS IN NEW YORK.

There is certainly no lack of amusements in the city of New York. Our neighbors of Gotham are as devoted to sight-seeing, and as philosophically a pleasnre-seeking people, as the gay Parisians. If, as a business people, they are hard workers, they do not give up the whole time to labor, but leave a reasonable margin for recreation. As the spring opens with fine weather, and strangers pour into the imperial city, the places of entertainment are thronged—still a very large proportion of the audiences are natives and to the manor born. When we were in New York a few weeks since, the half a dozen theatres then open were doing an excellent business.

The Academy of Music had good houses, having just been reopened for another season. It is worth a trip to New York to see the interior of this splendid house lighted np and filled with the representatives of the beauty, wealth, fashion and talent of New York. La Grange is as popnlar as ever, and the new tenor, Balcioni, was quite a favorite. At the Broadway, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams were playing a successful engagement. Barnum's Museum had more than one attractive card, and was doing as well as nsual. Our Boston comedy, a-*scribe*-d to a "well-known literary gentleman of this city," was played well and successfully at Burton's. Laura Keene's elegant theatre gave evidence of successful catering for the pnblic. The performances are very amusing and Miss Keene is a host in herself. The Ravels seem to be a permanent institution in New York. Mr. Wallack, at his theatre, is still as popular as in the days of Halleck's Fanny—

"Who patronized the theatre and thonght
That Wallack looked extremely well in Rolla."

The National and Broadway Varieties are in full blast, and music for the million is cheap everywhere. Poetry and music were the fashion at Hope Chapel—the National Academy of Design was well patronized; and in one word, we thonght New York snrpassed herself in the way of evening resources. And to think we can remember it, not so many years ago, either—with only two theatres—the Park and the Bowery. Verily the times are changed.

SUBLIME.—The mayor of Goton, a country town in France, having died during a visit to Paris, his administrators raised a magnificent monument to him in Goton, with this inscription:—"Here lies Mayor ———, who was buried in Paris!"

AMUSING BLUNDER.—A soldier in the Crimea wound up a letter to his brother thus: "I will say no more because my feet are so cold I cannot hold a pen."

SPLINTERS.

.... Maine has fifteen railways, with an aggregate length of 406 miles. These roads are well managed.

... Foster, the author of "New York in Slices," "New York by Gaslight," and other works, is dead.

.... Dr. Robert M. Graham, who killed Mr. Loring a year ago at the St. Nicholas, New York, has been pardoned.

.... The steamship Adriatic of the Collins line, is the largest in tonnage of any steamer afloat.

.... Captain Phineas Bennett, of New York, has invented a hot air locomotive, to move by air and steam.

.... Mr. Storms of New York has inveuted a gun and cartridge to shoot out fires with. Curions.

.... General Popoff, hetman of the Don Cossacks, has popped off very suddenly, and was buried at Warsaw.

.... Leutze, the American artist, is very pleasantly situated with his family at Dnsseldorf, Germany.

.... Ristori, the Italian tragedienne, is said to be still eclipsing Rachel in the city of Paris.

.... Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has sold the use of his copyrights for ten years for $100,000.

.... Mr. Mitchell, formerly manager of the Olympic Theatre, New York, is ill and in reduced circumstances.

.... The sons of Madame de Bodisco, of Washington, are pages to the emperor of Russia.

.... The establishment of a commercial exchange bnilding half way between Boston and New York has been suggested.

.... The Steveus mansion, corner of Murray Street and College Place, New York, is to be torn down immediately.

.... The Russian bear undertook to devour all Turkey, but had to be satisfied with a peace.

.... The family Bible belonging to Samuel Adams of the Revolution, is now the property of S. G. Drake, Esq.

.... The gallant Texan ranger, Ben. McCullogh, lately made a visit to the city of Washington.

.... Railroad conductors have a right to eject any passenger who refuses to obey the regulations.

.... The cost of a ship canal across the isthmus of Darien would be only $145,407,142.

.... A young woman in the Newton cars the other day refused to pay her fare, and threatened to fight the passengers.

.... It is estimated that $10,000 worth of cigars are smoked in this city every day.

.... Cast iron buildings were invented by an American. They are dnrable and capable of high ornament.

PEACE IN EUROPE.

The news of the conclusion of the treaty of peace in Paris was received in this country with every demonstration of joy, and it is an event of so much importance to the great interests of the world and of humanity, that it must form for a long time the theme of exultant comment. Even a victorious nation must rejoice at the cessation of hostilities, and nowhere was the most brilliant victory ever celebrated with half the zeal of a treaty of peace. And this is creditable to humanity, which is not half so bad as most of the philosophers make it.

A great war like that which is just closed is felt, dnring its existence, all over the world. A great nation, which keeps out of the vortex of events, as this country has done, still feels the pressure of so convulsive and disorganizing a movement as war waged on a great scale. The poor man's food costs him a third more, while hundreds of thousands of men are changed from producers to consnmers, and Agriculture is mourning over wasted or idle fields. The effect of peace on the price of bread-stuffs was instantly apparent wherever the electric current conveyed the news. And if this peace be a proof that we have reached a point in history when war has become so destructive that it is suicidal for nations to engage in it, then we shall have a consolation of the very highest importance for the horrors which retrospection presents to our eyes; but we cannot flatter ourselves that we have yet reached that millennial period.

It is easy enough to estimate the cost of the war just closed, and not difficult to approximate the moral gains of the belligerent parties. The English papers hope that "Rnssia has gained wisdom and learned justice." Now we fancy that she gained by bitter experience, an experience written in tears and blood, a knowledge of her weak points, and that her whole energies, for years to come, will be bent to strengthening those points, and developing her powerful resources as they have never been developed. Whoever fancies that Russia, in consequence of recent events, will abandon the policy that has formed a part of her national existence since her armed hand was first raised in Europe, mnst be a mere Entopian dreamer. No—she will still be the incarnation of ambitious despotism—and though she may veil her designs for years, when the hour arrives, she will strike again—and strike home with terrible power.

France—or rather Louis Napoleon, has gained in this war all that he desired. He has demonstrated that to will with him was to succeed. He willed war and he willed peace: war, not in the great interests of humanity, bnt to display and strengthen his power; peace, because he has secured those ends.

England has suffered severely in the war—we do not mean in losses of blood and treasure, bnt in that *prestige* which is dear to every Englishman's heart. In the field, with all the bravery of her men, she was completely eclipsed by her brilliant ally. And so completely was she overshadowed by the genius of Napoleon, that thongh she did not desire peace, she was compelled to aid in making it. We admire the cool audacity with which the London Illustrated News remarks: "No Enropean potentate, great or small, has learned to make light of the name and power of England. The only malcontents are at home; and their name is not Legion, but Affectation. Never was England so strong as now."

England never so strong as when she could not raise native Englishmen in force enough to carry on a war respectably, even as an ally? Enlightened Englishmen, and it is to those that the "News" allndes, know better than to sanction such assertions. They see the evils of their system, and demand reform. After the severe lessons of the war, they are thoroughly disgusted with the game of brag, and repudiate its continued indulgence. Let our English friends work and not talk, and they will soon wipe every stain from their national reputation.

A GOOD HINT.—The Post advises ladies who paint a little, to remember that there is such an opthalmic disease as color-blindness, which disqualifies sufferers from distinguishing green from red, and warns them to avoid the "amiable weakness" of appearing in public with emerald faces. Doubtless Mr. Macbeth, of Scottish memory, had this notion in his eye, when he talked of "making the green one red."

VALUE OF MANUFACTURES IN MASSACHUSETTS.—According to the statistics recently published, the annual manufactures of Boston and its vicinity, and the other principal towns of Massachnsetts, reaches the enormous amount of $300,000,000, or one million for every working day in the year.

THE DIFFERENCE.—When the London papers paid three pence a line for "dreadful accidents," the casnalties in the metropolis were alarmingly great. The reduction of the price to a penny has materially lessened the total of calamities.

BENEVOLENCE.—It is astonishing how many dealers in all kinds of goods are constantly selling for less than cost. "Alarming sacrifices!" are posted everywhere—and yet the martyrs are generally well-dressed, smiling and happy-looking.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—What a rnn that piece had at the Boston! It was got up in a style of absolute perfection, and admirably well played. Mr. Barry cannot be surpassed as a tasteful and liberal manager.

BON MOT.—When some persons were ceusnring the dancing of Fanny Ellsler, poor Finn exclaimed: "Can there be *railing* at those *steps* that lead me to *a-door?*"

LINELLOUS.—What the man said when he was ringing the doctor's bell—"I am at death's door."

OUR LARGE PICTURES.

On pages 328 and 329 of the present number, will be found two spirited engravings of American scenes, from drawings made expressly for us by Mr. Hill, whose graceful pencil has become so familiar to our subscribers. One of these is a scene in the far Northwest, on the shores of Lake Superior, where noble specimens of the red men are still to be found. It represents the Indians receiving their annual payment from the United States government. The rendezvous is selected, the time generally being the fall of the year. The Indians congregate in large numbers at the appointed spot.

On arriving at their destinatiou, they cut poles and erect their wigwams, and sometimes loaf about months before the agent arrives; very often reduced to extremities, and spending their allowance before they get it, with some of the hard dealing traders who supply them with rum and other goods at exorbitant prices. Others more thrifty would come, perhaps only a day beforehand, and receiving their money, return at once. As a general thing it does not appear to be of much service to them. In our picture, the agent is sitting at a table under an awning, listening to an Indian discoursing on some offence or imaginary wrong. With and behind the agent, are a military officer from some neighboring garrison and other friends and visitors on the occasion. In the foregronnd are groups of the natives, their dress consisting of various modifications of the Indian and Canadian fashions, with the universal blanket. Among the centre figures, the hard feature of the trader and the honest phiz of the soldier escort, are conspicuous. The man with beard and otter-skin coat to match, assists in the distribution of the blankets and other articles. In the background is the encampment, built nnder shelter of some of the basaltic rocks which form a feature of the district.

The other picture is taken from the Canadian fur districts, and represents a trading block-house at Presque-Isle River, with the dog mail train passing in the middle distance. These block-houses—built strongly of squared logs, for the pnrposes of trade and protection to the Hudson Bay Company's dependents, and themselves protected by a system of forts spread over the wilderness—are generally very pictnresquely situated on a bend of a river or the arm of a lake, the snperintendent reigning supreme over the neighboring country.

Here the Indians and Canadian hunters and trappers resort with the spoils of the forest, to be transferred thence by voyagenrs, to the settlements. And here the Canadian boatman is seen in all his glory—rollicking, light-hearted, patient and good-humored, —with scarcely a care beyond the tie of his sash, an ornament without which, his picturesque dress of embroidered shirt, trousers and Indian cap and feather, would be incomplete.

The block-house occupies the centre of the picture, backed by the tall, dark pines of this region, sometimes reaching an altitude of two or three hundred feet. To the right, over the river, is one of the characteristic forts of the Fur Company, consisting of a wood or stone wall, enclosing a considerable space, at each angle defended by block built towers, with one or two ports for small pieces of artillery, and loop-holes for mnsketry. In the enclosure are the buildings of the company, including the governor's house, ware-honse, barracks, etc. In the foregronnd is a trapper who has just "come in" on snow shoes, with a load of beaver skins drawn by his trained dogs. Other hunters preparing to start, an Indian chief smoking, and some of the resident employees, finish the group, behind which is the dog train carrying the mails, and accompanied by the agent and his wild assistants, who join with the dogs in a continnous chorus of yelling and howling—a noise diabolical on a close acquaintance, bnt qnite musical in the distance. The distance they accomplish under favorable circumstances is surprising; on the frozen lakes and rivers, often amounting to forty miles a day. Four or five months in the year, they form almost the only communication with the settlements, running the mail on the American territory as far south as Detroit.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, hy Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Albert T. Emery to Miss Mary E., daughter of Dea. Nathaniel Andrews, of Nortb Wrentbam; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. George F. Harrison to Miss Helen M. Chisbolm; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Samuel Tibbits to Miss Mary Scannell; hy Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Samuel H. Reed to Miss Pamelia M. Vose; by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. William Hayden, Jr. to Miss Louise Anna Dorr.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. George A. Alden, of Boston, to Miss Hattie J. Hadley; by Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. William J. Baker to Miss Fanny Barry.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Nathaniel J. Bradlee, of Boston, to Miss Julia R. Weld of West Roxbury.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Owen Williams to Miss Margaret Evans.—At Salem, hy Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. Charles H. Allen, Jr to Miss Eleanor M. Mackenzie.—At Cohasset, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. Wm. H. Barnes, of Boston, to Miss Clarissa Orcutt.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmnn, Mr. Orin M. Shaw to Miss Jane G. Hayes.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Abraham Cobb, 65; Mr. Edward Engene Cooper. 26; Mrs. Joanna Moore, 57; Miss Sarah L. Ellenwood; Mr William Henry Glidden 23; Mrs. Sarah J. Hammond, 34; Mrs. L. C. B. French, 34; Mrs. Sarah M. Keezer, 33; Mr. John Rogers, 74.—At East Boston, Widow Mary O'Connor, 70: Sarah J., daughter of Mr. Jason and Mrs. Mary Ann Trask, 6 years and 8 months.—At Dorchester, Mr. James Robinson, 66.—At Cambridgeport, Richard Jennings, 85.—At East Cambridge, Widow Ann Geyer, 76.—At Jamaica Plain, Mr. Amos Holbrook, 75.—At Waltham, Mr. Dana Browne, 28; Mr. Samuel A. Dexter, 82.—At Lynn, Mr. James Pool, 68; Mr. James Ellis. 33; Mrs. Sarah L. Clark, 30; Mr. James E. Barry, 40; Mrs. Dorcas Ireson, 60.—At Salem, Mr. Willis B Whipple. 27; Widow Mary Putnam, 78; Mr. Daniel Sullivan, 70; Mrs. Eliza Pousland, 31.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Susannah Goodwin, 63.—At Danvers, Mrs. Polly, wife of Mr. Seth Putnam, 73.—At Newbnryport, Mr. Joseph Plummer, 74; Mrs. Amanda J. Paddock, 22; Mr. John Rappall, 42.

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,..... $3 00
4 subscribers, " " 10 00
10 " " " 20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

INTROSPECTION.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

There came from the tomb of the past and the gone,
The wail of a sigh, and the voice of a moan;
My ear caught its strain as it melted away—
It sang of the eve of a past happy day.

A thrill in the voice, and a gleam in the eye!
Speak these of the days that have long gone by?
Or light they as beacons the dark path of time,
With glimmerings of glory not less than divine!

From whence comes this thrill, and this glance of the eye!
With the flesh does the fount of emotion, too, die?
Will the thrill that now warms up this apathied frame,
In the regions celestial revive it again?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

Scarcely a happy home, but desolation has marred its happiness forever;—scarcely a rooftree, but the voice of anguish, of agony and despair arises wailingly from its darkened hearthside;—scarcely a house, upon whose door is not inscribed the terrible appeal of "God have mercy upon us!"

The angel of death has spread his darkened wings, and breathed over the ancient city of Chester a desolation and a curse. The great and terrible plague has seated himself in judgment on the land, and reaches with his sceptre the lofty and the low, withering and blasting all on whom his lightest touch may fall. No footfall echoes through the deserted streets, and their pavements have become grass-grown. The golden summer sun looks down from his glory-capped throne, but sheds no ray of hopeful promise in his flood of yellow light, as it falls upon the city of the plague.

Isaac Chadwicke had been the last to quit his post as rector of the old cathedral, and was struck down while standing—a faithful sentinel, doing his duty without flinching from the bolts that were dealing death on all sides around him. Stella, since the organist had fled in dismay from the doomed city, had each day accompanied her father to the scene of his holy labors, and beneath her touch the great organ pealed forth its cries for mercy, while the pestilence still hovered with its leaden wing above the heads of the few affrighted survivors.

But the great vial of wrath was not yet emptied, and day after day saw the few pallid faces who clustered in terror among the echoing aisles, growing still fewer, until scarce twenty souls now lifted their voices in prayers for mercy to the Great Avenger!

The sun rose bright and beautiful as ever, and gilded with its beams the city spires and desolated pavements, and looked in as usual to frighten off the gloom that settled among the shadowy aisles, and the effigies of marble and of brass—knights and ladies laying in dusty stall, deep down in the dim vaults beneath—and curiously peering into the wasted faces of the few gathered silently there, awaiting the coming of the man of God.

But he arrived not as the minutes flew past and became hours; as the shadows of the sunlight flitted higher up upon the darkened walls, and as the early daylight ripened slowly into the full blaze of noon. A measured tread of feet was heard, as if approaching at sober pace towards the edifice; and as the huge doors swung open, they gave admittance to the one so long expected, come at last. Yes—but no longer the meek and patient suppliant for his sorrow-stricken brethren; no longer the white-haired shepherd, gathering his terrified flock together, and speaking kindly words of consolation and of hope; no longer the faithful soldier, standing unwearied and unshrinking at his duty-chosen post—no longer these. But laying there cold and silent; brought in for the same sad rites which he had murmured so oft before over his dead brethren and his dead sisters, and over their little ones, who had writhed their feeble lives out on the terrible death-couch of the plague.

Isaac Chadwicke rested from his labors. Seated by the couch of the *last* of her kindred; the last tie that binds Stella Chadwicke to the world of mortality, and watching the feeble breath as it comes and goes from the little sufferer's lips—her dying young sister. Dreadful stillness reigns throughout the deserted house, and fearful the load upon that young heart, as she ponders on her loneliness. Even this last tie is wearing asunder, and she sits counting the minutes that will elapse before she is totally alone in the world. From the cathedral comes the heavy boom of the great bell, tolling a parting knell, and she closes her eyes and beholds her dead parent laid down to rest among the darksome chambers, beneath the marble aisles, whose stones have so often reverberated to his tread, while fulfilling the duties of his peaceful office. She felt the little hot hand, which she held within her own, tighten convulsively, and as she looked in alarm towards the child, she saw too plainly that the throes of mortal agony were upon her, and that the spirit was even then struggling for its freedom from the shroudings of mortality which held it prisoned. A few more painful gasps, and she knew that her terrible doom had come to pass, and that she was now alone—quite alone in the great, wide world of cold-hearted strangers.

The summons to "bring forth your dead" sounded ghostly and echoing beneath the window of the room wherein she sat, as the dull rumble of the death-cart stopped at the door below. It was unheeded; for the living listener had sunk down upon the pallid form of the child, and passing things were alike impalpable unto the breathless dust, as well as to the desolate one who lay so motionless upon it.

When she recovered from her fainting state, it was to press her hands upon her aching brow, and with a glance at the untenanted room, to dash wildly forth from the house which now contained no charm to bind her longer to it. All that made up the substance of home—father, mother and sister; all the loving links in the great chain of love—all, all gone! Would she not, as of old, awake in the wrapt stillness of the night, and feel no longer the warm breath of the sleeping child, who had for years past nestled close beside her? No more would the soft kisses of the prattler arouse her from pleasant wanderings among the sunny land of dreams. The day would be but a wretched lengthening out of an existence fraught with one continued—long continued heartache. O, but all this was very terrible! And who shall wonder at that poor brain, teeming with these fancies, suddenly becoming mad?—or who shall be surprised to see that tottering step, as it wanders forth without a destination?—or behold that blue eye, as it rolls so fearfully in all the awful intensity of insanity?

The old city is surrounded by a huge wall, from whence the eye can wander, and see plainly discernible in the distance the blue mountains of Wales. The beautiful Dee meanders slowly by beneath the fortified heights, and, as the gaze follows it, it becomes a mere silvery thread, rippling merrily on towards the ocean. To these walls the wanderer bent her steps, and from the lofty summit gazed upon the panorama spread out before her in all its beauty. The warder, one of the few who remained faithful to his duty as keeper of the great gate, looked pityingly upon her as she passed him, softly crooning some sad ditty to herself. Taking her gently by the hand, he spoke to her:

"Where is thy home, poor child?"

"Home?" she whispered. "Where is my home? Why, dost thou not know? Come, I'll show thee my gay home afar off. I may not go there *now*, but anon, anon!"

Repeating slowly "anon, anon," she led the rough warrior a short distance along the walls, until a point of view was reached whence the laughing stream was full upon their sight.

"Look, warder, dost see yon rolling silver-bosomed river? Follow it with thine eye, and there on the blue, cloudy distance, where the river is but a silver thread, and where the sweet, pure sky descends to kiss the ripples as they slowly float along—there, there is my home!"

The rude soldier felt an awe creep over him as he gazed upon her sweet face, and her hair streaming like flecks of gold, as the summer breeze lifted it from above her fair white brow. He knew not why he did it, but as he looked upon her standing there with her hands clasped together, and her eyes fixed upon the pictures drawn with the pencil of her fancy, he reverently uncovered his head before her, as though he stood in the bright presence of a messenger from the far-off land.

"Look, warder, there is my home! Dost not see that palace, whose spires are shining like gold in the rays of the setting sun, and whose stones are of the purest alabaster? They are all there, awaiting my coming. Little Nelly was the last to go; and O, I did feel that it was very, very lonesome when I gazed upon hers,—the last of their dead faces. But it is not to be for long. I shall join them anon, anon."

And still murmuring her ditty to herself, she wandered on; and as she was lost to his view, the warder saw that the sun was just sinking in a flood of crimson glory. The day-god seemed hiding his face in sorrowful compassion for the woes of one so more than earthly pure as she.

Stella found herself, she knew not how, beneath the shadows of the time-stained old cathedral, and listlessly entering, she found there assembled some few who had met in the sacred edifice to unburden their sorrowing hearts in prayer. Mounting the oaken stairs, she found herself before the immense organ, whose tones had so often reverberated through the vast building beneath her own well-skilled touch. The deaf old sexton lent his aid, not noting in the dim light her wild and altered appearance, and as he had been wont to do, quietly filled the huge instrument, expecting her as usual to touch the keys, and awaken with the holy sounds, the chords of hope within the listener's hearts. Tremblingly do her white fingers wander aimlessly over them for a moment, and then, as she recalls her wandering thoughts, a flood of low melody steals through the silence and gloom in which she sits enwrapped, and ascends to the roof of the sacred edifice.

Rare old music! Hark! do you not hear it speak in almost mortal tones: "Thou that takest away the sins of the world! Have mercy upon us! Thou that takest away the sins of the world! Hear our prayer! Thou that sittest at the right hand of the Father! Have mercy upon us!" And it deepens into a plaintive wail of tearful beseeching, as though the sobbing of the overcharged heart had choked all further utterance.

Again it rises, as might a wreathing vapor on a placid sky, till swelling with intensity, it bursts forth into a crash of joyful melody, and the glad Te Deum fills each nook and cranny with its wild, tempestuous beauty, "Holy! Holy! Holy!" It is as plain to the ear as though ten thousand voices were crying it aloud in one triumphant peal of joy.

Gloom and darkness reigned for some time in the old cathedral, and the listeners sat there spell-bound, with their thoughts arisen far beyond the world of sorrow and unhappiness in which they held abiding place. From the midst of the dark curtain of night the beams of the moon ascended, and the spires of the ancient fane were tinted with silver, as it slowly rose in its soft majesty. The tinted windows received its light in subdued and many colored hues, and it fell upon the white garments of the player sitting in a fit of holy entrancement. Her hair streamed down upon her shoulders, and her gaze was fixed upon the heights above her, where sculptured network of oaken beams, and mighty arches of rarely carved work met her view. But she gazed not upon these.

Who shall know of the bright visions seen by that lonely one, who sat enshrined in the midst of melody inferior only to the anthems of the blessed? Does she behold again the flowing river, whose destination is the unfathomable dream of eternity? Is the far-off palace visible again to her spell-bound gaze, with its spires of gold, and its portals of alabaster? Who shall know?

The sounds died away, and the fair head drooped upon the silent keys. The Te Deum ascended to the abodes of the angels, and a human soul winged its willing flight along with the uprising accents. Stella Chadwicke was no longer alone in the great wide world of cold-hearted strangers.

They tell that sometimes of night, when the moon rises and streams in through the huge tinted windows, and when all the world is wrapped in sleep and silence, that strange gushes of spirit melody float through the dim aisles of the old cathedral, and the old sexton shakes his head, and tells anew the tradition of the Great Plague of ancient Chester, which has been handed down from sexton to sexton for the long space of twice an hundred years.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

BY R. H. NEWELL.

Night spread her azure mantle, decked with stars,
Wide o'er the track of light's departed source,
The gentle Luna pierced the fringe of gold,
Gilding the clouds that shadowed o'er her course.

Fierce howled the voice of chill December's blast,
Before his breath the clouds impatient rolled,
Chanting the requiem of departed light,
And wrapping nature in an icy fold.

The deep-toned bell with sullen echoes tolled
The midnight hour upon the raging blast;
Hope, trembling heard, and weeping Mercy sighed,
With quivering lips, "Another day hath passed!"

At that dread moment, when the mind of man,
In deep forgetfulness, had shrouded care,
When the dense veil that hides the future state,
Seemed like a vapor, formed of empty air—

A plaintive cry was borne upon the wind,
Dying in echoes desolate and wild,
Breathing a prayer in accents of distress,
Framed by the lips of a despairing child.

The little wanderer walked the silent street,
Like a young lamb far distant from the fold
Shrinking with terror from the piercing gale,
While every fibre trembled with the cold.

No open door invites the traveller in,
No gentle voices fall upon his ear;
The sunken cheek, once bright in healthy bloom,
Now forms a channel for a burning tear.

"O God!" he cried, and sank upon his knees,
"In pity listen to an orphan's cry:
I have no home, no parents, and no friends,
Take me in mercy to a home on high.

"My noble father crossed the raging sea,
And e'en when gazing on his native shore,
The swift-winged tempest struck the gallant ship,
That ploughed the billows to return no more.

"My weeping mother bent beneath the blow,
Her gentle heart grew cold, and ceased to beat,
Leaving her child to poverty and want,
A helpless orphan in the desert street."

Pure as the tones of an æolian harp,
Borne to the ear upon the breeze of even,
The prayer of childhood leaves the guileless heart,
And wafts its incense to the gates of heaven.

A gentle warmth is o'er his frame diffused,
A soothing languor o'er his senses creeps,
He sinks upon the cold, unyielding earth,
Closes his eyes, and innocently sleeps.

Sleep on, poor outcast! ere the morrow's sun
Proclaims the advent of the rosy morn,
Thy parents' arms shall clasp thee to their breasts,
And hail their darling as an angel born.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

☞ Specimen numbers furnished when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The sons of Cape Cod residing in New York city and its vicinity have taken the first step toward forming an association. —— It is difficult to induce a Chinaman to take any cold water. They say, "the body is warm, and the water is cold. How can do so fashion? No can. Spose takee that cold water inside, that inside be all the time fightee. How can? No can." This is not the best of English, but it seems to be pretty good sense. —— There were fourteeu fires in Fall River last year. Loss, $19,415; insured for about $13,000. —— An Irish laborer lately called on one of the local registrars to register the hirth of a child. After this was completed, he coolly remarked, "The child's very poorly, sir, and I may as well register its death while I am here, to save me the trouble of coming back again." —— The application of towels wrung out in hot water to the forehead and temples, is represented to he an efficacious and speedy remedy for headaches arising from neuralgic affections. —— Mr. William Gilmore Simms, the novelist, has been lecturing in Savannah on the "Ante-Colonial History of the South." He holds that a race whose origin was to be traced either to the Northmen, Irish, or Welsh, had inhabited Georgia and Carolina several centuries before the advent of Columbus. —— Nathan Brown, who has nine living wives, is now in Butler county, O., jail, upon complaint of the seventh. —— There is now a bill pending before the Canadian parliament making a change in the patent laws, so that the citizens of the United States can obtain patents on the same terms, and for the same inventions, designs, etc., as can her majesty's subjects resident in the provinces. —— A boy fourteen years of age was recently arrested at Roxwell, England, for stealing an egg—value, a half-penny—tried, convicted, and sentenced to four days' hard labor and to be once whipped! —— A son of David Huckelbury, of Craig Township, Indiana, in crossing a field, was attacked and killed by a vicious horse. The mother of the boy saw the transactiou, swooned, and was carried into the house in a helpless condition, where she remained until death relieved her in a few hours. —— St. Louis is becoming civilized. Railroad agents and clerks now pocket money of the corporations there, with the same impunity as in Boston. —— The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragranee; the bird of paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit. —— Business is represented as being more brisk in Cincinnati, Ohio, at present, than at any former time for fifteen years. —— M. Duchesne, one of the most celebrated miniature painters in France, and formerly attached in that capacity to the courts of France, England and Belgium, lately died at the age of eighty-five. —— It is a singular fact that nearly one thousand years ago, the Saxon king, Edgar (969 to 978), ordained the following law:—"Let each Sunday be kept as a festival from nooutide of Saturn's day until Monday's lighting." —— The total number of passengers arrived in the United States for the year 1855 was upwards of 230,000. Over 160,000 of these arrived in New York. Germany furnished 66,000, Ireland 49,000, and England 39,000, in round numbers. —— The first iron manufacturer in this country was James Leonard, whose works were established at Raynham, two hundred years ago. —— Miss Matilda Heron, the popular actress, had her four diamond rings, valued at $1500, stolen, recently, at the supper-table of the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans. —— A story was recently told by Sir Stafford Northcote, a member of Parliament, which is worth repeating: "I recently," he remarked, "heard a woman say of a man, from whom she had received bad treatment, *that he used her as bad as a husband!*" —— It has been aptly said of Coleridge—the intellectual dreamer and opium-eater—that he was a singular mixture of the god and the clod. —— The French Minister of War is at present engaged in effectiug a complete codification of all the military and naval laws and regulatious. —— Massachusetts, after Holland, Belgium and England, contains more concentrated wealth within her borders than any equal uumber of square miles of territory on earth. One ward in the city of Boston is said to he worth more than the whole city of Baltimore. —— The census returns of the United States show the total population to be 27,868,664, which is an increase of 18 1-2 per cent. in the last five years. —— The Irving Bank, in New York, lately redeemed a counterfeit on its twenty-dollar note, which had been executed with a steel pen, aided by a pencil brush! The fac simile was perfected with such consummate skill that it was a long puzzle even to the engravers of the bank.

Is it Possible?—"I see," said a young lady, "that some of the booksellers advertise blank declarations for sale. I *so* wish I could get one." "Why so?" asked her anxious mama. "Because," replied the fair one, "Mr. G—— is too modest to ask me to marry him, and perhaps if I could fill a blank declaration with the 'question,' he would sign it." Well—well, girls, this is leap year!

Names.—Sirnames are half the time misnomers. We knew a Mr. Black of a very fair complexion; a Mr. White who might be mistaken for a mulatto; a Mr. Crookstand who has the limbs of Apollo, and to cap the climax, lately a Mr. Dove was arraigned for poisoning his mate. Names are no indications of character.

Extraordinary Novelty.—A showman, who is "*pre*amhulating" the rural districts, advertises the "Conflagration of Moscow" as an "extraordinary novelty." Well, we are glad there is something new under the sun.

A Woman's Power.—Fontenelle said that the most imperious man in the world might be governed by a woman, provided she had much wit, enough beauty, and little love.

Wayside Gatherings.

At the close of this year, Canada will have 2000 miles of fully equipped railways, costing £18,000,000 sterling.

It is said there are more than 30,000 persons engaged in the trade in leaf tobacco, and the manufacture of cigars in this country.

A vitriol scoundrel named Smith has been arrested in Salem, where he had been operating on ladies' dresses.

The sum of $100,000 has been already pledged for the extension of the New Haven and New London road to Stonington.

A fine little boy, eight years old, was set upon and killed by a couple of fierce dogs near Cleveland, a few days ago.

Hobbs, the locksmith, has picked one of Banquo's gory locks; he did it with a pick-axe. He is now at work on a wed-lock.

Joseph Roach, of St. Louis, has been sentenced to the penitentiary ten years for robbing the United States mail. He is only nineteen years of age.

Fish are quite plenty in our harbor, and the fishermen are supplying the market accordingly. Fresh cod weighiug three and four pounds are selling for five cents apiece.

The new flag of Nicaragua has a device of seven volcanoes in full blast, typical of the country and the earthquake energy of the filibuster chief who now controls its destinies.

The great majority of the press in Spain now advocate, though with some restrictions, the cause of religious liberty; the first Protestant paper in Spain is about to be established in Madrid.

They have caught a vitriol thrower in New York—Mrs. Sarah Pierce, of the 9th ward, who damaged the clothes of her neighbor, Mrs. Morris, while hanging in an adjoining yard, to the amount of $30.

They have some odd sporting in California. The Maysville Inquirer says that a sturgeon weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds was shot lately while attempting to cross "the riffle" in the river opposite that city.

The Memphis Evening News says the subscription to the stock in the new theatre is progressing finely. It is understood that the building will be commenced on the first of June, and will be opened on the first of October.

Punch has recently been seized in France for the first time in several months. Its offence is a picture representing the emperor standing by the cradle of his infant, while a figure of Liberty coming forward says: "May I not be godmother?"

A gentleman near Rochester, N. Y., has lost fifteen hundred dollars worth of trees, another $2500 worth, by the ravages of field mice, and it is thought that the loss in Monroe county, from this cause, will not fall short of one hundred thousand dollars.

Mike Walsh once said, in the Empire State Honse of Assembly, that it required more brains for a man to keep from being run over in the streets of New York, than it did to discharge the duties of a justice of the peace in the country!

The Mexican government, having issued an edict confiscating church property, sent a military force to the palace of the bishop of Peubla to take possession of the books containing the lists of said property, and they seized it, in spite of a notice of excommunication posted by the prelate on the gates.

A new pianoforte has been inventcd, which has two key boards, and is said to have a power greater than two grand pianos. The principle of construction consists in the movement heing arranged around a hollow cylinder, which is placed perpendicularly within the body of the instrument.

It is calculated that the number of children born in France on the 16th of March, to all of whom the emperor and empress are godfather and godmother, must be about 2500. Each child is to receive a gift of 3000 francs; all the boys must be named Louis Eugene, and all the girls Eugenie Louise.

A German newspaper says that a Mayence correspondent writes, under date of March 23, that on the preceding day, some well-diggers in that city turned up a part of a printing press which bears the initials J. G. (Johannes Guttenburg), and the year 1441, in Roman characters.

The increase in the registered tonnage of New Haven in 1855 was 761. There were last year 1500 coasting arrivals. Number of vessels entered for the year from foreign countries, 119, an increase of 21 over 1854. The business of this fine city is steadily increasing.

An interest in the literature of Archæology seems to be spreading on the continent. In Vienna, a new periodical, expressly devoted to the antiquities of Austria, has met with great success; and the French government has given directions for the publication of the archives of the Commission of Historical Monuments.

Madame Giulia Grisi is at the present day the richest prima donna in the world. Malibran, Pasta, Sontag, Frezzonlini, Lagrange, all of them infinitely superior to her in point of art, are far from having been as successful as she is in a pecuniary point of view.

A "returned emigrant" says that the people of Nicaragua, so far from favoring Walker and his government, hate the very name of *Americano*, and look upon every American as a filibuster. He says there is no demand for mechanics, and that the people are in a most miserable condition, and *desire no better!*

Alanson Douglas, deceased, of Troy, left a very large property, variously estimated at from $800,000 to $1,000,000. His income from his property during the year 1856 exceeded $100,000. His whole life, from early manhood to old age, was devoted to money—getting and keeping it.

The East India trade of the United States, including the African and Pacific trade, employs at the present time 400 ships and 150 barques, the greater proportion of which are owned in Boston and New York. Fifty years ago a few 200 ton ships and brigs controlled the East India business.

A young man named Cudworth recently died in the western part of the State of New York, nineteen years old, who swallowed a rye straw, two inches and a half long, when he was one year old. A post mortem examination was held, when the straw was found in a perfect state of preservation, having heen lodged in the right lung eighteen years.

James P. Williams, of New Brunswick, N. J., was found in the Philadelphia and Pittsburg cars with his head hanging out of the window and blood running from it, having probably come in contact with some projecting body. The wife and child of the deceased were sleeping on the same seat with him at the time of the accident.

Some pretty quick time has recently been made between Rochester and Syracuse on the railroad. A few weeks since, H. C. Hosmer drove the locomotive Flying Cloud, with two cars attached, the run between the two cities—eighty-one miles—in one hundred minutes—less than a minute and fifteen seconds per mile. This, perhaps, is the quickest time, for the distance, on record.

Foreign Items.

Accounts from Russia mention that the emperor has permitted a wealthy capitalist at Odessa to establish a new commercial hanking-house there.

Mr. Walter Savage Landor, in a letter to the London Times, asks for a puhlic subscription for M. Kossuth, who is, he states, in straitened circumstances.

Senor Enrique, a member of the provincial deputation of the province of Cuidad Real, was carried off, when on a shooting expedition, by three men on horseback, who demand 3000 dollars for his ransom.

The Duke of Modena has pardoned several persons imprisoned many years for political offences. A former colonel of artillery, who took an active part in the events of 1848, has been permitted to reside a year in the duchy.

The Viceroy of Egypt, who is doing everything in his power to introduce civilization into his states, has undertaken to reform the administration of justice, and is about to entrust to his subjects the privilege of electing the cadis or civil judges of the country.

Quartz rocks impregnated with gold have been discovered in Argyllshire. In the specimens exhibited, the gold particles are seen most distinctly imbedded in the quartz, and they exactly resemble the auriferous specimens from Australia.

At the Antrim Assizes three men of the Orange party have been convicted of stabbing two persons in some riotous proceedings in Belfast, in which the prisoners formed part of a mob who shouted "To hell with the pope!" One of them was seuteuced to two years' imprisonment.

Sands of Gold.

.... Men more easily renounee their interests than their tastes. —*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... Intellect, whatever he its dignity, is not so far above matter as it is beneath charity.—*Vinet.*

.... The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping.—*Socrates.*

.... It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.—*Landor.*

.... In the United States, men of thought are judged hy men of action, and men of action by men of thought.—*Schnotti.*

.... He who seldom speaks, and with one calm, well-timed word can strike dumb the loquacious, is a genius or a hero.—*Lavater.*

.... Of all the marvellous works of the Deity, perhaps there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a proud man.—*Lacon.*

.... Two evils, of almost equal weight, may hefall the man of erudition: never to be listened to, and to be listened to always.—*Landor.*

.... Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.—*Lacon.*

.... Religion finds the love of happiness and the principle of duty separated in us; and its mission, its masterpiece, is to reunite them.—*Vinet.*

.... Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy and wily sinuosities of worldly affairs; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

The following notice was affixed to a shop in Leeds:—"This Ouse 2 Lett.—Hinquir Necks Doar."

A live sucker called at an Illinois post-office, lately, and wished for "a dime's worth of post-office kivers, with freedoms on 'em."

"Fast colors"—The colors used by the Mexicans at the battle of Buena Vista. On their retreat, they did three miles in eleven minutes.

A partizan paper says "it is a mistake that the (opposite) party plays upon a harp of a thousand strings. The *organ* of that party is a *lyre.*"

A friend of ours is hecoming a philosopher. He sleeps in an alley, and performs his toilet at the pump. The money market has no terrors for such a man.

Wanted—By a maiden lady, "a local habitation and a name." The real estate she is not particular about, so that the title is good. The name she wishes to hand down to posterity.

A little fellow, not more than five years old, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true; his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

A young man was conversing in a public house of his abilities and accomplishments, and boasting a great deal of his mighty performances. When he had finished, a Quaker quietly observed, "There is one thing thou canst not do: thou canst not tell the truth."

A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, king of Prussia. "Your majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That is none of my business," replied the king. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," he replied, "is none of your business."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner 4th and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chesnut Streets, St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Ky.; Ross & Tousey, 25 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

A STREET SCENE IN TUNIS.

We herewith present another of our oriental sketches, a street scene in Tunis. The streets of this African city, by the way, are far from inviting to one familiar with the cleanliness, width and elegance of American or European capitals. They are narrow, uneven and unpaved, and extremely filthy. The houses are one story in height, of stone or brick, without any exterior windows, presenting a dull, blank wall on either side, through which jostle and throng, at the busy hours of the day, Moor, Arabs, negroes, Christians and Jews. Our view gives a very good idea of the appearance and condition of the streets, while there is much character in the figures. To the left, a porter is bending under his heavy burthen. Following him, a young man is leading along a restive mule ridden by a Moorish lady. In her gratitude for his gallantry, she has permitted her veil—accidentally of course—to float to one side, and the admiring gaze of the youth almost betokens love at first sight. Of course, this little episode is unnoticed by the Nubian who follows the lady, hideous as an Afrite of eastern story, and whose attention is adroitly engaged by the other veiled lady who rides beside him. But the grave-looking scribe, seated under the archway on the right, has seen the whole of it, and, perhaps, will prove a mischief-maker on his capital of knowledge. In the distance a female is poising her water-jar with the grace peculiar to Moorish women. The whole scene gives us a vivid idea not only of Tunisian costumes but of Tunisian manners.



STREET SCENE IN TUNIS.

AN OLD ENGLISH CHURCHYARD.

There is a peculiar and solemn beauty about an old churchyard in one of the rural districts of England. Such an one we have depicted in the accompanying sketch. The church is a ruin. Only the old tower remains of what was once, probably, an abbey—and that tower is embosomed in trees and overgrown with ivy and other parasitical plants. Here and there are buttresses from which the walls they once supported have long since fallen, and fragments of arches, graceful in their decay. Do not these typify the decay of the races that sleep beneath the green sod of the churchyard? The monuments are various in form and character. Here is the stately tomb that rises above some lord of the land; and there the simple headstone that marks the place of sepulture of one of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet." But all are alike dust now, and that of the crusading baron who carried his banner to the holy land, and the ashes of the humble vassal alike mingle with the common soil. But nature flourishes here amidst the decay of man and his works. The trees, nurtured by the "unctuous soil of graves," flourish over and amid the crumbling ruins. The whole scene is one which, if it possesses a melancholy influence, is not without something soothing in its mournful and tranquil beauty.

BOSTON TRADE.

Boston trade statistics show the industry of that city. Five agricultural warehouses sell two and a half million of dollars worth of agricultural tools. The booksellers' and publishers' sales last year amounted to five and a half millions of dollars. The boot and shoe trade of Massachusetts, of which Boston is the outlet, is set down at $37,468,555. The sales of clothing are given at $12,000,000 annually; wholesale furniture, $4,500,000; India rubber goods, $2,200,000; wholesale groceries, $25,000,000; drugs, paints and dyestuffs, $14,000,000; domestic dry goods and woollens, $68,700,000. The distilleries manufactured last year 8,638,500 gallons of spirits, principally New England rum. Large quantities of alcohol were also manufactured for chemical and medicinal purposes, and $600,000 worth of burning fluid. In 1855, 2,028,860 gallons of domestic rum and whiskey were exported from Boston. The shipbuilding statistics show that 44 vessels, whose aggregate was 45,988 tons, were launched last year in the Boston waters, and that 22 vessels, aggregating 27,877 tons, were on the stocks at the close of the year. The capital invested in ships belonging to the district of Boston and Charlestown is estimated at twenty-five million dollars. These statistics are furnished by the Board of Trade, and they present valuable information respecting the growth of trade and business in that city. No city in the Union can show better array of figures.—*N. Y. Express.*

ARABIAN AND OTHER HORSES.

For years there has been a challenge, on the part of the Pasha of Egypt, to match an Arabian from his stud, in a race across the desert, against the best English horse that could be brought against it. For a while, however, no one took the gauntlet up. It was said in England that although the English racer would beat the Arabian at Derby and on the turf, he might be so reduced by a voyage to Egypt, so debilitated by the climate, and so worried by the stony surface of the desert, as to yield an easy conquest to the pasha's horses. But officers who had been in India, and who had seen the best performances of the best Arabians there, urged the trial, asserting that, even with all these disadvantages, the English thorough-bred would prove victorious. At last the challenge was accepted, the terms of the race being slightly modified. Instead of the distance to be run being fixed at twenty miles or more, as the pasha originally desired, it was reduced to eight. The result has just transpired. The English racer beat the Arabian, and beat him so badly that, on a race-course, he would have been regarded as distanced. Yet we are not surprised at this. The race confirms our own impressions respecting the differences between the Arabian and the English thorough-bred, and the points in which the first is inferior to the last. The popular notion that the Arabian excels any other horse, in all particulars, is opposed to the testimony of every traveller who has personally tried the best Arabians, and opposed also to well-known physical laws. That in which the Arabian is superior to all other horses in the world is endurance combined with docility and speed. No others are so gentle, are so hardy, require so little food, or can travel such vast distances at a comparatively high rate of speed. Layard tells a story, for the accuracy of which he vouches, of an Arabian mare that carried two men, in chain armor, safely off from some Arrezaya pursuers, though the chase was maintained all day. We doubt if there is a thorough-bred, in England or America, that would not have died under half the strain. But we doubt, on the other hand, if there is an Arabian, even of the famous Koreish breed, that could run a mile in a minute, as Flying Childers did over the New Market course. The reasons for this difference are plain. The Arabian is trained for one kind of work, the English thorough-bred for another. Each has been bred, moreover, for his peculiar vocation, through long generations. We know, in America, by our fast trotters, what effect such training and breeding produces. Originally, the best trotting horses here were of a blood almost unknown to the stud-book; mere accidents of nature; born founders of a new line of famous horses, like the Godolphin Arabian, or the first Koreish of the desert. But careful breeding, and more careful training, persisted in for three generations, has made the American trotting horse unrivalled in swiftness. Yet our fastest trotters, like the best English racers, are celebrated for speed at short distances rather than for bottom. What the English thorough-bred is to the pure Arabian, that a first-rate American trotter is to the English trotter. It is an ordinary thing for a good specimen of the latter, or for a pair, to trot distances which would break down most American fast trotters. Yet no trotting horse in England, probably, can trot a mile in two twenty-seven, or even in two thirty-five. So the English horse, which beat the pasha's Arabian, in the eight-mile race, would be foundered in a chase across the desert, if the Arabian had sufficient start to extend the struggle over an hour or two.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

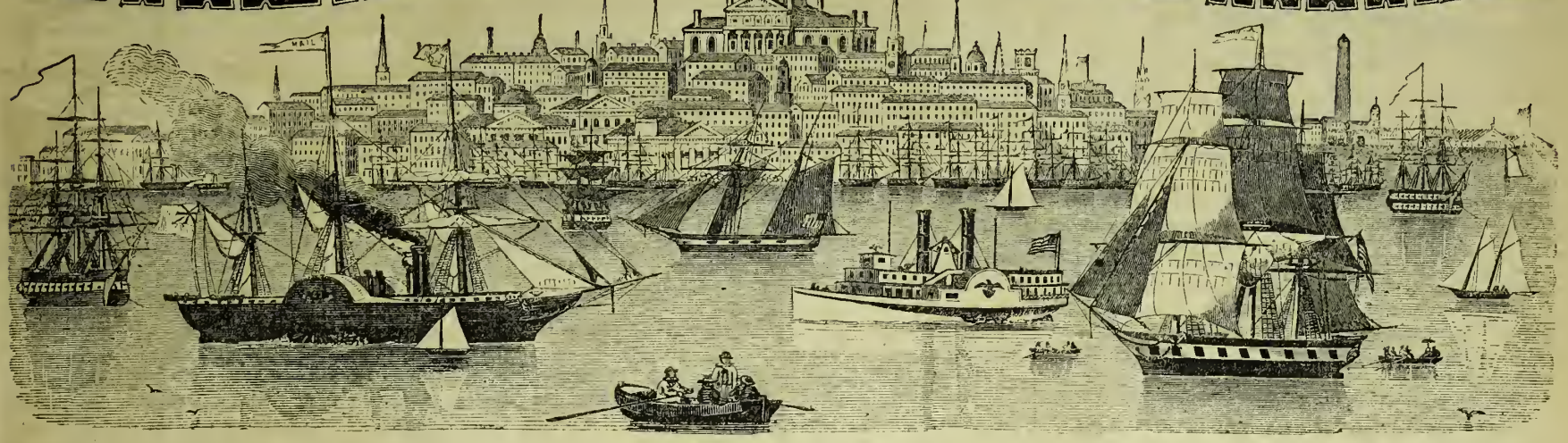
THE IMAUM OF MUSCAT.

This noted sovereign is said to be quite a character in his way, acquisitiveness and unscrupulousness being his most prominent characteristics. "Among the various costly presents sent to the Sultan of Muscat from England was a splendid yacht, called the Prince Regent. It was built and fitted by order of George IV. The *basso-relievo* work in the cabin did not suit his highness, and he took umbrage at it. The king offered to repair or alter it in any manner that the sultan might suggest. Syed Syed, however, would not accept it under any other terms than that he should be allowed to dispose of it as he pleased. Permission being granted him, he sold the yacht, and, while laughing in his sleeve at the simplicity of his English friend, deposited the gold in his coffers. A magnificent set of silver plate was also sent out from England to his highness. After keeping them a sufficient time to elude suspicion, the sultan disposed of them to his neighbors and officers. Some who were able to purchase got the silver spoons—others the plate; and an old Arab, in Muscat, was fortunate enough to obtain possession of one of the immense head dishes, which he now uses for his paddee. Queen Victoria sent him a splendid carriage, and with it a letter, stating that, as his highness would perceive, it was a very superior article, constructed precisely on the model of her own carriage of state, and she had no doubt his highness would appreciate it all the better, when she informed him it was constructed by her own artizan, and was peculiarly adapted, in ease of motion, to the smooth and beautiful roads of Zanzibar. She hoped his highness's footmen and drivers would display it to the best advantage, and she enjoyed the belief that his highness would ride out often in his delightful parks. The whips, harness, cushions, trimmings, etc., were of the finest workmanship and most costly material. The whole affair was built at the expense of £2000. When the sultan received this present, he was in raptures; but he very soon had the richest of the ornaments taken off, to convert into money. Her majesty's knowledge of the dominions of his highness being altogether drawn from works of an imaginative character, she was, of course, quite excusable for not knowing that there was no such thing as a carriage-road in the jungles of Zanzibar, or on the sun-burnt heights of Muscat. The idea of presenting a splendid carriage to the sultan, when he could make no earthly use of it, as it was designed to be used, was about as ridiculous as addressing him in verse. This carriage is now boxed up, after having been defaced by the natives, the beautiful ornamental work all destroyed, and the whole affair rendered unfit for use."—*English paper.*



AN ENGLISH CHURCHYARD.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1856.

$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X., No. 22.—WHOLE No. 256.

STATE OF MARYLAND.

The emblematical picture on this page was designed expressly for us by Mr. Billings. In the upper part of the engraving are the State arms, a female figure holding the scale of justice, at her feet the fasces, wheat sheaf and bales of goods, with ships in the distance. The motto is, "Industry the means: Prosperity the result." On the right is a female figure with a sickle and wheat sheaf; on the left, a figure with a spy-glass, and also on the same side a globe, compass, quadrant and ship—these supporters typifying agrienlture and commerce. Below, we are carried back to the days of the aborigines, by the group of Indians engaged in scooping and burning out a canoe. This landscape scene is pretty and appropriate. Maryland was one of the "old thirteen." It was originally comprised in the grant to the Virginia Company prior to 1632, but in June of that year it was conveyed by patent from Charles I. to George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, who, out of compliment to the queen, Henrietta Maria, named the region Maryland. The earliest settlement was made on the north side of the Potomac by a colony of two hundred Catholics nnder Leonard Calvert, son of the original grantee. Liberal grants of land to actual settlers, and the establishment of the principle of religious toleration, soon attracted hither numbers of emigrants. In 1652, Parliament forcibly interfered, and undertook to manage the colony by means of commissioners; but within ten years thereafter, the government reverted to the successors of Lord Baltimore. In the war of the Revolution, the men of this colony took an active part, and the Maryland line is well remembered for its deeds of valor. The eastern shore of Maryland is low, but produces good wheat, Indian corn, tobacco, sweet potatoes, etc. The land rises towards the west and northwest, where it is crossed by a part of the Alleghany chain. The intervale land between the hills is highly productive, and there are few richer agricultural tracts in the States. The principal rivers are the Potomac, Susquehanna, Patapsco and Patuxent. The most important public works originating with Maryland are the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Several railroads traverse the State. Among the minerals are copperas and chrome ores, red and yellow ochres, sulphuret of copper, alum earth, porcelain clay, iron ore and bituminous coal. In Alleghany County, there are vast veins of this latter mineral, the most valuable in the State. There are various manufactures, and a large amount of money is invested in that of wheat flour. The total population is about 600,000. The school fund, September 30, 1853, amounted to $60,542 66. For the year ending as above, the total means of the State were $1,170,505 47. Total expenditures for the same period, $825,147 67. Balance in the treasury, October 1, 1853, $345,357 80; applicable to future demands, $342,650 98. The State penitentiary for the same year exhibited an excess of earnings over expenditures of $4538 28—a remarkable instance of good management. Maryland, though small in extent, is an important member of the Federal Republic, and has a history to which her sons can point with pride. Both in the Revolution and the second war with Great Britain, she greatly distinguished herself; and her sons were always found in the front ranks of the nation's defenders.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER.

—OR,—

CALYPSO, THE WANDERER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY T. BURLINGAME ROSS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

The girls needed no further urging. One of the mules had the regular basket pannier upon his back—a wide basket of cane hanging down upon either side—and into these the fair travellers were assisted by the kind-hearted muleteer. They could sit quite comfortably in the baskets, and the mule seemed to take no heed of the new load his master had unexpectedly picked up. The boy leaped upon the back of the other mule and went on ahead, and his father followed, leading the loaded one.

"You left the city last night," said Xanpa, after they had started on.

"Yes, senor—about midnight," answered Irene.

"Perhaps you have reasons for keeping your name to yourself."

"No, no, senor. I must trust you if I would prove worthy of your friendship. My name is Irene St. Marc; and this is Cassandra Carillo, my companion."

"And is Antonio St. Marc your father?"

"Yes, senor. Do you know him?"

"I have seen him," the man replied; but he turned away his head to conceal the peculiar emotion that was manifest there.

He soon turned his gaze upon Irene again, and in a low, modest tone, he said:

"I suppose you know Jilok Tudel?"

"Yes, senor," answered the fair girl, shuddering.

"Pardon me," Xanpa resumed, speaking more openly than before; "but if I knew all I might be the better able to serve you. Perhaps you have escaped from the pirate's accursed power."

"You are right, good senor," Irene quickly said. "It is for that purpose I am here. It had been planned that I should be married to Tudel on Monday. You know all now."

"Yes, lady; and if they find you here I am mistaken. Let your mind be easy."

The rest of the journey was performed without much conversation, Xanpa simply speaking now and then to explain some point of nature that presented itself on the road.

At length the village was in sight. It was a collection of small cane huts, located close by a small stream that came winding down from the distant mountains. It was a pleasant place, shielded from the hardest winds by high hills, and ornamented by a variety of handsome forest trees. Xanpa's hut was close by the stream, and one of the most comfortable looking ones in the place. When they reached the door, the girls were assisted from their seats, and having given his son charge of the mules, the host conducted his fair companions into his dwelling, where he introduced them to his wife. She was a bright-eyed, pleasant looking woman, not over five-and-thirty, and seemed much pleased with the presence of the new comers.

The hut had but one apartment, yet it was tight and clean, everything about the premises betokening the care of a neat and tidy housewife. As soon as the girls were seated, the host called his wife outside, where they remained in conversation some minutes, and in the meantime Irene managed to call a little, copper-colored urchin of some three years, to her side, and she was engaged in playing with the child when the parents returned.

"You are at home," the woman said, speaking not so plainly as her husband, but yet very well. "You shan't want for anything we've got."

She looked upon the girls with moistened eyes as she spoke, for her thoughts had been called to the time when her lost husband was given back to her. And from that moment Irene felt at ease in the humble cot.

CHAPTER XIV.

A RUPTURE.

On the morning following the flight of Irene and Cassandra, Antonio St. Marc ate his breakfast alone, and then went out. He did not return until near night, and just as he reached his house he found Jilok Tudel there ready to enter. They shook hands quite cordially and then went in, going at once to the host's private room.

"My dear St. Marc," said Tudel, after they had taken seats, "I have got to go to Alvarado. I must start in the morning, early; and shall be back Sunday evening. I thought I would just call and see Irene before I went."

"Certainly," returned St. Marc.

"Though I don't suppose she will be anxious to see me, eh?" added Tudel, with a heartless smile.

"Why—to speak the truth, I don't think she will," said St. Marc. "She is not very happy, and perhaps, on the whole, it would be full as well if you let her remain in peace until you return."

"Ah—but I wish to see her; if you have no objections, I'll go and hunt her up."

"O, certainly, if you wish. You will probably find her in her room."

So Tudel started out. He was gone some ten or fifteen minutes, and then he returned.

"Did you not find her?" asked St. Marc.

"Find her? No! Where is she?"

"Where is she?" repeated the host, in surprise. "What do you mean? Did you search for her?"

"Ay—I searched for her, and I inquired for her; and she has not been seen in the house to-day!"

"Not seen—eh?" uttered St. Marc, starting to his feet.

"O, don't attempt that," retorted Tudel, in a tone rather heavily spiced with suspicious sarcasm. "But tell me where she is."

"Tell you where she is? Why—if she is not in the house, then I know nothing of her."

"Why did you try to prevent me from going to see her?" Tudel asked, with a dubious look. "By the holy host, St. Marc, you must not think to fool me."

"But, my dear man, will you not listen one moment? Who told you that Irene had gone?"

"I don't know what her name is—she's one of your servants."

"I'll call them hither at once and question them. By my soul, I do not think she can have gone off."

As St. Marc thus spoke, he pulled the bell-cord, and ere long one of his servants came to the door.

"Send every soul in the house up here at once," he ordered.

The man disappeared, and soon afterwards the servants began to file in. When they were all in, to the number of seven, St. Marc spoke.

"Look ye," he said, rather sternly, "which of you can tell me where my daughter is?"

It was some time before any one replied; but old Bel at length spoke.

"She hasn't been in the house to-day, senor, I think," the old woman said. "I went up to her room this morning and called to her, but she did not reply, so I thought she was asleep and left her. But when it came ten o'clock and she did not come, I began to fear. I went up again, and this time I called as loud as I could, but got no answer. Her door was locked, and I forced it open—but I found no one in there. I went to her cabinet and dressing-case, and I found her jewels all gone. I then went into Cassandra's room, and found her gone, too."

"But did you go up last night, as I told you to?" asked the host, turning pale.

"Yes, senor. She was there in her room then, and that's the last I've heard of her."

For some moments Antonio St. Marc gazed upon his servants in silence.

"Haven't any of the rest of you seen anything of her?" he asked.

But they all shook their heads.

"Nor you haven't heard from her? You heard no movements in the night?"

They all shook their heads again.

"Antonio St. Marc," said Tudel, at this juncture, "since these people fail us, perhaps you might tell what you know about it."

This was spoken in a half threatening tone, and before St. Marc answered, he directed the servants to withdraw. As soon as they were gone he turned to Tudel, and in a low, decided tone he said:

"Senor, you seem to hint that I have had some hand in getting Irene away from here."

"Upon my soul, you hit the mark most wondrous well," returned the pirate, deridingly.

"I should think I might hit that part of it, since you have given me so good directions which way to look. But let this at once be settled. I know nothing of the girl's whereabouts, and as true as there is a God in heaven, I am as much surprised to find her gone as you can be."

Tudel looked his host in the face for some moments, and the expression which rested there plainly told what his feelings were.

"St. Marc," he said, at length, with a positive shake of the head, "you made not the least inquiry for Irene this morning."

"I did not, for I went out as soon as I had eaten my breakfast."

"But you have always been in the habit of doing so. Until this morning, as I can prove by your servants, you have never gone out without first inquiring for Irene. You saw her last night?"

"Yes—I did."

"Aha—you change color, Antonio St. Marc. You change color! Now what occurred at your meeting with her last evening?"

"Nothing more than usual," returned St. Marc, overcoming, with a powerful effort, the emotion which had manifested itself upon his face.

He could not forget the visit he had made to Irene, and for the instant the fear came to him that she might have told some one of the servants what he had proposed to her; but as soon as he remembered that none of them had seen her since that time, he banished his fear, though not, as we have seen, until Tudel had detected therefrom that there was something out of the way.

"But," continued the host, "I did go with the purpose of assuring myself that she should not escape."

"By my soul, St. Marc, I believe you are lying to me."

"Ha! Be careful, Jilok Tudel. I am not to be insulted in my own house," said the host, for the first time showing his anger.

"Bah! Do you think to bluff me off in that way?" retorted the pirate, warmly. "By the holy host and all the saints, you can't smooth this thing over so. You have planned Irene's escape. Stop! I have marked your manner ever since I came back from the Yankees, and I have doubted you. Just remember, Antonio St. Marc, that you are in my power. Our mutual pledge, made years ago, has been most sacredly kept by me. Now give me the girl—give her to me!"

"I say, I know no more where she is than you do."

"Give me the girl!"

"Fool! Will you not—"

"Hold, St. Marc. I know you."

"So do I know you; and though I know nothing of the girl, yet, for her sake, I am almost glad she is gone."

"You are, are you?" hissed Tudel, starting from his seat with his hands clenched.

"I am."

"Then, by Heaven, you've played me false! You have, you lying traitor!"

"Jilok Tudel, leave my house! Leave it before I strike you!"

The pirate's eyes flashed fire. Naturally reckless and impetuous, this provocation startled the last lingering passion into action; the loss of Irene had irritated him enough to make him angry; and now, believing as he did that the man before him had used some effort to get the girl away, he could contain himself no longer. And he was not very far out of the way in most of his suspicions. St. Marc had hoped that Tudel might never get the maiden's hand, and he had shown his feelings so plainly, that a man with less wit than the pirate possessed might have read them. A few moments Tudel gazed his companion steadily in the face. He was very pale, and his lip quivered with passion.

"Antonio St. Marc," he said, in a low, hoarse whisper, "now mark me—since I have been in the city this last time, you have shown plainly that you hoped I should not gain possession of Irene's hand; you were sorry that the Yankees did not keep and hang me; you cannot deny this."

"I *shall not* deny it," interposed St. Marc.

"And," resumed Tudel, seeming not to have noticed the remark, "last night you went in to see her, and this morning you arose and ate your breakfast, and went out without inquiring for her as you had always done before. And you had a good reason for so doing. You knew she was gone, and you meant not that pursuit should be instituted too soon. Now, senor—where is she?"

St. Marc's only reply was an oath of defiance.

"That's your game, eh?" uttered Tudel, advancing a step. "Miserable traitor, try that and see—"

The concluding part of the sentence was swallowed up in a fierce gasp of rage. St. Marc raised his arm, but he could not defend his face from the blow. The pirate's clenched fist came down upon his temple and felled him to the floor.

"There, St. Marc—that's but a beginning of what you'll get if you don't bring Irene back!"

And with these words Jilok Tudel strode from the apartment. It was some moments after the pirate had gone before St. Marc arose to his feet—and then his first impulse was to rush after the man who had struck him; but he checked himself, and paced up and down the apartment. His head felt dizzy, and a dull pain followed a full return of consciousness. He had just concluded to go to his chamber and lie down for awhile, when one of his servants announced that a man wished to see him, at the same time handing him a card.

"Show him in," said the host, after he had held the card up towards the window, and looked at it, "show him in, and bring lights with you."

It was nearly dark now, and St. Marc drew the curtains before the servant came back. He had just returned to his seat when the door was opened. The new comer was a gaudily dressed man, in the middle age of life, and bore himself with easy grace.

"Ah, St. Marc—found you at home, eh?"

"Ay, my dear San Benito; and I'm glad to see you, too."

"Thank you. I was down this way, and I thought I'd just drop in. I've got a proposition for you."

San Benito cast his eyes furtively about him as he spoke, and his every look showed that he had something of importance to communicate.

"I'm open to a proposition from you, San Ben., at any time; so out with it."

"But this must be as secret as the grave," returned the visitor, gazing around again as before.

"You may trust me, I think," said St. Marc, curiously.

"O, I know I may; only I wanted it understood."

Here the man hesitated for some moments, and he had just made his lips up for a speech, when he discovered the livid appearance of his host's right temple, and he asked what had caused it.

"O—nothing—nothing but a mere accident. But I'll explain it after you have stated your case. Come, go on."

"Well, St. Marc—in the first place, I think you have no very great love for Jilok Tudel."

The host started, and his hands were involuntarily clenched.

"Go on," he uttered. "I'll tell you about that villain anon."

"Well," resumed San Benito, rather nervously, "I must speak plainly; and so I'll come to the point at once. I have seen Donna Irene, and I love her. I have gone crazy with the very thoughts of her. Give me the promise of her hand, and I'll put Tudel out of your way. Mind you—I am serious in this. I'll have him under the lap of his mother earth before another sun can rise and set, if you'll but give me the occasion."

Antonio St. Marc started to his feet; twice he attempted to speak, but both times he stopped and thought. At length, however, he said:

"San Benito, you asked me what made that mark upon my temple. It was Jilok Tudel did it! Irene has fled, and he charged me with aiding her off. He struck me when I was unprepared, and then left. Where Irene has gone, I know not, but she may be found. I shall have a shot at Tudel—stand as my second; if

I shoot him, come to me again, and we will talk of this. Will you take a note to him?"

"A challenge?"

"Yes."

"With pleasure."

St. Marc sat down at once and wrote the challenge—brief, pointed and fiery—and having sealed it he gave it to San Benito, who promised to deliver it that very evening.

"Wait, wait," said the host, as his visitor attempted to speak of Irene again. "Let this affair come off first. I am not apt to miss my mark!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE DUEL, AND ITS STRANGE ACCOMPANIMENT.

It was early morning, and Antonio St. Marc sat alone in his large private room. He had been examining the old Spanish paintings that adorned the walls, and he had spent some time at the window gazing around upon the luxurious exotics that flourished in his small garden. This latter had been his last occupation, and as he turned away, he could not help thinking of the fair gardener who had trained those vines and flowers. She was gone now, and he knew not whither. He sunk into a seat, and with his head bowed he pondered upon the incidents of his last interview with Irene. He was far from being a happy man; and yet there was no contriteness in his soul. There was disappointment there, and much anger. Thus he sat when the door of his apartment was suddenly thrown open, and Jilok Tudel entered. St. Marc started up and faced him. Both the men were pale, and both stood for a few moments like fixed statues. Tudel was the first to speak. He drew a note from his pocket, and showing it to the host, he said: "Did you write that, senor?"

"I did," returned St. Marc, without moving a muscle, save such as were necessary to the formation of speech.

"And you sent it?"

"I did."

"And you mean to fight me?"

"If you dare."

"*Dare?* Dare to stand before *you?* You—Antonio St. Marc! I only wondered if you were not out of your senses when you wrote it. I doubted your courage to face me in such a work."

"Say you *hoped* I would not meet you, and I shall believe you."

"Ah—you can use your tongue. But we are to have no more of that. Come, senor. If you are ready, let us be on our way, for *I* have business to attend to, and should like to get through with this affair as soon as possible."

"I am at your service immediately. We will meet on the marsh at the angle of the great road. I will be there as soon as you."

"San Benito is below," said Tudel, and with these words he turned away.

As soon as the pirate was gone San Benito came up, and St. Marc ordered two horses to be brought to the court.

"I have engaged a surgeon," said the second.

"That is proper," returned St. Marc.

"I thought so," resumed San Benito. "You are both good shots, and it will hardly happen that both, if either, can escape untouched."

"You are right," answered the host, thoughtfully; and as he thus spoke he bowed his head and leaned his brow upon his hand.

"Senor," spoke the second, after a few moments of silence, "have you not some directions you would like to leave?"

"My dear friend," uttered St. Marc, starting up, "that is just what I have been thinking of. I cannot hide from myself the simple fact that Tudel is a good shot. He may get his first fire. If he does—but never mind. There is one thing of which I would write. I may detain Tudel longer than I promised; but I must write it now. Sit you down here, and I will write all I have to write as quickly as possible."

St. Marc opened a small escritoire and sat down before it; and having rung for a servant, and ordered a lighted candle, he drew out a sheet of paper and commenced to write. He wrote very rapidly, but he was longer at it than he anticipated. However, it was finished at length, and having reviewed it he folded it carefully, and then sealed it with wax. Then he superscribed it as follows: "For Martin San Benito—*if I fall.*" He then placed it in the inner pocket of his velvet doublet, and turning to his companion, he said:

"If I fall—if I die—you will take this packet from my bosom. But be sure that I am dead before you open it. Will you be faithful in this?"

"I will," returned San Benito. "But," he added, anxiously, "suppose you fall, and in time to come I should fall in with Irene—"

"I have written all there," St. Marc returned. "It is all concerning Irene. And now let us go; we have no more time to spare. Tudel is on the ground even now, waiting for us, and I promised to be there as soon as he."

St. Marc went to his cabinet and took out a richly ornamented case in which he kept his pistols, and having secured these he went down to the court where the horses were in waiting, and where they found the surgeon ready to accompany them. St. Marc's horses were fleet ones, and they were not many minutes in reaching the ground, which was only a mile and a half distant from the city.

"How now, senor?" cried Tudel, in a half mocking tone, "were you doubtful about coming?"

"Never mind about that," was St. Marc's reply.

"He had business to keep him, senor," interposed San Benito.

"Aha—been preparing for his death, eh?"

These words grated harshly upon Antonio's ears, but he made no reply. At this moment two priests were seen approaching the spot—they were coming towards the city.

"Shall we wait until they have passed?" asked San Benito.

"No," returned Miguel, who had come out with Tudel, "let them come, for there may be some shriving to do. Their coming is most opportune."

In a few minutes the priests came up. Their features were dark from apparent exposure. One of them seemed quite young, though not younger than many others who have friends of influence in the church.

"How now, my children?" spoke the elder of the priests, gazing around upon the party.

"We are about to settle a difficulty, good father," returned St. Marc, "and in case either of us fall, you may give us consolation."

"Perhaps, if I did my duty," answered the priest, "I should try to stop this work, for there is a better and more noble method of settling—"

"Peace, good father," interrupted Tudel. "We must fight; and you can stop if you please, but you must not interfere."

Then turning to San Benito, he added:

"Come, senor—we wait your motions."

St. Marc opened his case and took out his pistols, and asked his antagonist if he would like one of them. But Tudel had his own weapons, and he chose to use them; so the other carefully loaded his pistol, and then announced that he was ready. The seconds proposed that lots should be drawn for the fire, and that the distance should be fifteen paces. These propositions were agreed to; so two blades of coarse grass were obtained, one longer than the other, and the lower ends hidden in the surgeon's pocket-book—the one who drew the longest piece was to fire first. St. Marc had the first draw—and he drew the shortest piece.

"Will you continue?" asked Tudel.

"Take your place!" thundered the other, made mad by the taunt thus thrown out.

Jilok Tudel took his stand without further remark, and his antagonist boldly faced him, with his arms by his side.

"Are you ready?" asked Miguel.

"I am."

"So am I."

"Then—ready! *One—two—three!*"

Tudel fired—but St. Marc moved not. There was a perceptible tremor of frame for a single instant, and a twitching of the nether lip; but that was all.

"Are you hit?" asked Benito, hurrying to his side.

"Never mind. Count—quick!"

"*One—two—three!*"

As the last word sounded upon the air St. Marc fired. Tudel uttered a quick, low groan, and instinctively placed his hands to his left breast.

"You are hit!" Miguel cried, springing towards him.

"Back! back!" the pirate cried, furiously. "Give me the other pistol! Stand, St. Marc! I have one more shot!"

He caught the second pistol as he spoke, and without a word St. Marc took his place.

"Quick—quick! count!"

"*One—two—*"

But ere the other word could be spoken the pirate's right arm sunk, and the pistol exploded, sending the ball into the ground close by his feet. His second sprang to his side, and almost at the same instant Antonio St. Marc staggered back and would have fallen, had not the younger of the two priests caught him and eased him back upon the greensward.

"Here," murmured St. Marc, placing his hand upon his right breast. "It struck me here."

The young priest tore open the doublet, and as he did so a sealed packet fell out. His eye caught the superscription, and picking it up he placed it in his own bosom. In a moment more San Benito came up. Jilok Tudel had also been laid upon the grass, and the elder priest had been called to his side.

"Are you fatally wounded, my son?" the holy man asked, at the same time taking the pirate's hand.

Tudel opened his eyes and gazed into the face of the man who knelt by his side. He was upon the point of speaking, but suddenly a strange light shot across his pallid features. With a spasmodic movement he caught the priest by the neck, and started up to a sitting posture.

"Ha!" he gasped. "By the saints, thou Yankee dog, I know thee! Hi! Here is Clarence Howard!—the Yankee captain! Seize him!"

In a moment Clarence was upon his feet, and a pistol was drawn from his bosom; but Miguel was too quick for him. The latter had heard all about the young captain's exploits, and with a quick movement he knocked the pistol from his grasp, and then seized and held him until the surgeon came up. Clarence—for he it was—was thus taken at a disadvantage, and ere he could shake off the surgeon's grip Miguel dealt him a blow upon the head that felled him to the ground.

"The other one! the other one!" cried Tudel. "He belongs to the same—"

Though he could speak no more, yet he had spoken enough. San Benito caught the boy Peter and held him fast, and as soon as Clarence was bound they came and secured the youngster. All present had heard much of the *Texan Cruiser*, and they knew him only as the bitter enemy of their country, and hence they felt it a patriotic duty to secure him.

After this the surgeon went to examine Tudel's wound. He found that the ball had entered at the lower part of the left breast; there was a dark, livid spot where the ball struck, and a single drop of blood had oozed out.

"He doesn't bleed," said Miguel, hopefully.

"Not externally," said the surgeon, shaking his head; "but he must bleed within. Tudel—Tudel—do you know me?"

The wounded man opened his eyes and groaned, but he could not speak.

"Can he live?" asked Miguel.

"I fear not," was the surgeon's reply.

This seemed to arouse the pirate's powers once more. He started up, and with an expiring effort he gasped:

"St. Marc—he—is wounded! Can—live?"

"I don't know. You wounded him badly."

"Where?"

"In the breast."

The pirate muttered something, but it could not be understood, and on the next moment he sunk back upon the grass.

"He may live till night," said the surgeon, in answer to a question from San Benito; "but I think not longer than that."

In the meantime St. Marc had been raised up, and his wound examined. It bled freely, and as soon as the surgeon could leave Tudel he came to the other. He introduced his probe, and found the ball lodged against one of the ribs near the side. It was an easy job to extract it, and the operator was sure no vital part was touched. By the time the ball was extracted and the wound dressed, some twenty people had gathered about the spot, and among them were three officers from the city.

"What have we here?" cried one of the latter, as he came upon the spot.

"See," answered Martin San Benito, who knew that if they chose, the officers might bring them to punishment for the part they had played in the tragedy just concluded; "look ye at these two priests—they are Yankee privateers in disguise."

"Ha!" uttered the officer, starting as though he had received an electric shock.

"Yes, senor," resumed San Benito, "one of them is Captain Howard, of the Lone Star!"

"No, no—it cannot be!"

"By my hopes of salvation," uttered St. Marc, raising himself upon his elbow, "it is! it is!"

"It is who?" asked the officer.

"Clarence Howard," returned St. Marc, faintly.

"How is it? Who are you?" asked the officer, approaching Clarence.

The young man had at first thought of denying the fact, but he knew that it would be of no use, for many in the city would recognize him, so he frankly said:

"I am Clarence Howard, senor; and was once commander of the Lone Star."

"Aha—and now you are come as a spy!"

"No, senor. Never such a thought entered my mind. I came on business of my own, entirely."

"We shall see about that."

"Let me speak one moment with St. Marc."

Before the officer could make any reply the youth had darted to the wounded man's side, in spite of his bonds, and kneeled down.

"Where is Irene?" he asked, hurriedly and anxiously.

"She has fled, I know not whither," St. Marc returned. "All this duel is on her account. She fled from Jilok Tudel, and he accused me of getting her away. But I know nothing of her—she has gone."

At this juncture those whom the surgeon had procured to carry the wounded men back to the city came forward, and the two Americans were taken by the officers. That night Antonio St. Marc lay racked upon a bed of pain, just at the same moment when Jilok Tudel was breathing his last. The pirate had only prayed for one thing—he had begged of God that he might hear of Antonio St. Marc's death before he died; but the boon was not granted. He received the messenger whom he had last sent, and the message was:

"St. Marc still lives!"

In five minutes more Jilok Tudel was dead!

CHAPTER XVI.

IN PRISON, AND ON THE ROAD.

"Dear Peter," said Clarence, as they entered the strong city in charge of a squad of soldiers who had come out, "let your heart be strong. If we are treated as prisoners of war, we shall have nothing to fear, for just as sure as fate our country's arms will conquer here, and then we shall be released; and we may be exchanged before that time, for I can surely get some word to our army."

"Think not of me," returned the boy. "I fear nothing for myself."

Clarence would have spoken further, but the officer interfered, and separated them. Ere long afterwards they were led into the presence of General Landero, who held command in the city. He was a dark, stern-looking man, and his first expressions were by no means calculated to inspire the prisoners with hope.

"You are spies, eh?" he uttered, after having scowled upon them for some moments in silence.

"Excellency," spoke Clarence, in reply, assuming a calm, frank tone; "I am well acquainted in Vera Cruz, and have, within this month past, taken several prisoners direct from here. From this you might perceive that for no purpose of a spy could I have come."

"But wherefore do I find you here in disguise?" asked the general.

"I will tell you, senor. Some years ago I saved one of your most wealthy citizens from the hands of a pirate—I allude to Antonio St. Marc. His daughter was with him. I saw her, and

loved her. I spent some time beneath her roof and loved her more. But circumstances called me away. A short time since, an old woman, called Calypso, and sometimes '*the Wanderer*,' came to me and informed me that Donna Irene St. Marc wished to see me. Her father was about to force her into a marriage with Jilok Tudel, a bold, bad man, of whom your excellency must have heard."

The commandant nodded his head, and Clarence went on:

"Only a few days after that I captured Jilek Tudel and his vessel; and he informed me that he wished his liberty so that he might return and claim his wife. I took him to Galveston, and he made his escape. Of course I knew he would return here at once, and I determined to follow him. I only hoped to rescue the being whom I loved better than life itself. I obtained leave—left a competent man in my place, and then set out with this boy as my only companion."

"But how happened you to shoot two of our best men?" asked the general, sternly.

"Me?" uttered Clarence, in surprise.

"Do you make strange of it? Did you not shoot Tudel and St. Marc?"

"Your excellency has been misinformed. When I reached the ground this morning, I found Tudel and St. Marc just preparing to fight a duel."

"And did the duel take place?"

"It did, senor."

Landero turned to the officer who had brought the prisoners in. "Did you not say these prisoners had shot those men down?"

"Ay, excellency, for so I thought it was," returned the officer. "When I reached the spot, these prisoners were bound, and I was given to understand that there had been some difficulty in apprehending them."

"Whom did you find there?"

The officer named those whom he had found on the ground, and the general ordered that the surgeon should be sent for. It was nearly half an hour before the messenger returned with the surgeon, and when the latter came he related all the circumstances just as they had transpired. This seemed to put a new face upon the matter, for the commandant's features relaxed considerably, and he looked more kindly upon the prisoners.

"Senor capitan," he said, addressing Clarence, "you have done much harm to our interests, and your vessel has long been known as a scourge upon our coast; but you have proved yourself a brave man, and we can only consider you as a prisoner of war. We are too thankful to have got you safe within our power to feel much ill will against you, for we would much rather have you here than to have you cruising about the Gulf upon our coast."

After this Clarence and Peter were led away to the prison, and, much to their own joy, they were both put in one cell. Their money was taken from them, and they were required to give up their priestly robes.

"And now we'll take those shoes," said the jailer, after the prisoners had exchanged the rest of their garbs.

"But why need you take these?" asked Clarence.

"Because such were my orders. They're priest's shoes, and you mustn't keep them."

"Priest's shoes? No, no, good senor—they are some that we have worn for a long while. They are easy to our feet, and you will surely allow us to keep them."

"Don't fear on that account," persisted the jailor. "You shall have shoes that will be as easy to your feet as these. Come—I must have them."

The jailor had been ordered to make the prisoners change their garbs throughout, and he was determined to have their shoes. As a last resort, Clarence asked that he might be allowed to wear them until his feet had got rested from the fatigues of his journey.

"No, no," said the stubborn man. "Your feet can't be very sore, for you have ridden a good part of the way. I will keep them for you, so that you can have them when you come out."

At length Clarence found that it would be of no use to argue the matter any longer, and he gave up his shoes. Peter was obliged to follow his example. Thus were they deprived of the means they had adopted for cutting their way from prison. They had feared that other garments would be taken from them, but they had hoped they would be allowed to retain their shoes—so all their files and saws had been secured between the soles. But they were gone now, and all hopes of escape were cut off.

* * * * * * * *

Irene and Cassandra had renounced their priestly disguises, for they were worse than useless in the daytime. Their fair faces could not be changed by the dark robes, and the first glance, even by a child, at those two countenances, could not but reveal the female. Xanpa assured them that they had nothing to fear from his neighbors, and they soon became free from the uneasiness which at first troubled them.

On the third day of their residence with the good native, just before noon, they were startled by hearing their names pronounced without the hut; but their fear was soon banished when they saw the face of Gonzales Rondo at the door. But he was not alone. He was followed by a female—an aged woman, bent and bowed with age—whom Irene quickly knew as Calypso the Wanderer.

"You see I have brought you an old acquaintance," said the good priest, after he had saluted the maidens.

"And one whom I am glad to see," returned Irene, extending her hand to the old woman.

"Are ye glad to see me?" asked Calypso, eagerly, as she returned the maiden's grasp.

"Most assuredly I am," Irene replied, warmly.

"But why? What makes you glad?" the old woman pursued, gazing admiringly into the fair girl's face.

"Because you have been kind to me."

"But I never helped you any."

"You have helped me, perhaps, when you knew it not," returned Irene. "You have spoken cheering words to me; and you, more than all others, even during the very few visits you have paid me, have opened my thoughts and feelings to those nobler aspirations which can lift the soul above the pangs of earth. Hence I love thee."

"Do you?"

"As God knows my soul, I do."

This reply was fervent, and a bright tear glistened upon the old woman's lids as she heard it.

"And now," said Irene, after these things had passed, "what has passed in the city?"

She spoke eagerly and lowly. Rondo pondered a few moments, and then commenced to relate the circumstances as they had occurred. He told her of the dispute that had occurred between her father and Jilek Tudel, and of its results. A beam of relief passed across her face as she heard of Tudel's death; but her countenance changed when she learned of Clarence's apprehension and imprisonment. She started up and clasped her hands.

"O! He came for my sake!" she cried.

"He did," returned Calypso. "I saw him in Texas, and I told him all you wished him to know, and he promised me that he would come here and assist you if he could."

"And he has fallen a victim to his own generous work," uttered Irene, sadly. "O, I must see him. Perhaps we can help him—perhaps save him from the power that holds him."

"No, no," returned the priest, decidedly. "You could do no good. He is a prisoner of war only, and will not suffer more than all prisoners must suffer. It is proper that your sympathies should be excited, but you must be governed by your own necessities now. You cannot return to the city."

"But to see Clarence once more. If it were but for a moment."

"He shall know where you are, my child; and he shall know, too, how joyfully you would have risked your own liberty to see him."

"And yet," murmured Irene, sinking back in her seat, "I might see him. He has sacrificed much to see me, and why should I now take only self into consideration when he is to be—"

"Stop," interrupted Father Rondo, kindly. "You look upon this question in a wrong light. *You* are the cause of the noble youth's visit to Vera Cruz. You know why he came, and how he must have hoped to find you. Could he find you the wife of another, his hopes would be crushed and his joys all gone. As sure as you venture into the city, just so sure will you be apprehended, for your father has had every sentinel instructed to watch for you."

"But Tudel is dead," said Irene, persuasively.

"I know it; but there is one living more dangerous than he was. Do you remember Martin San Benito?"

"Yes. He gambles with my father."

"You are right. Now mind you—I had this from a brother priest who visited St. Marc when he thought himself dying. San Benito has received a pledge that he shall have your hand if you are found; and I know your father will keep this pledge. Now you can see that your venturing back into the city would be dangerous to the very happiness of the man you love. When peace is concluded between the two nations, Clarence Howard will be released, and he shall know where to find you. Now, what say you?"

After a few moments of thought Irene replied:

"You are right, good father. I will do as you say. But you will see Clarence?"

"I will—and I will tell him all."

"O—you may think me weak and childish, but I cannot help my feelings in this. Why I love Clarence so much, I cannot tell. But I do love him—with my whole soul—and I cannot hide it."

"There is no need that you should hide it, my child. The love is a noble one, and I know its object is worthy. I not only hope, but I believe that the future will bring you together. But now listen: you must not remain here—your father may soon recover, and then he will institute a most rigorous search for you. I am aware of a fact that perhaps was never yet in your knowledge. Not only has he much self-interest in having you wed with San Benito, but he fears to have you at liberty."

"Fears to have me at liberty?" repeated Irene, with surprise.

"Yes," returned the priest. "He fears to have you away from his control. I know this, but I cannot tell you the reason why. He thinks you are in the city at present, but it will not take him long to discover the truth as far as that is concerned, after he gets out. Calypso is going to the west, and you can go with her. Fear not to place yourself wholly under her care and guidance."

"Of course I shall have no fear of that," said the maiden. "I have been aware that I could not remain here long, and I know of no one who can go with me whom I would rather trust."

"Bless you, Irene," uttered the old woman, fervently. "I can guide you clear of all danger, and conduct you to a home where you shall be safe. It must be far from here; but we have plenty of time for the journey."

It was near night when the good priest started to return to the city. He blessed his friends, and having urged them to place their highest trust in God, he assured them that they might depend upon him for all he could do. Then he took up his staff and turned his steps back towards the city.

On the following morning Irene and Cassandra washed their hands and faces in a dark, brownish liquid which Xanpa had prepared from some roots, and then assumed the garbs of the common mestizo peasants. After this they mounted the horses which they had bought of the Indians, and bidding farewell to Xanpa and his family, the trio were upon the great road leading to the capital.

CHAPTER XVII.

LIGHT IN THE PRISON HOUSE.

Slowly and drearily dragged the days away to Clarence and his boy companion. The dungeon in which they were confined was in the stout castle of San Juan de Ulloa. It was not damp as most of the cells were, but very strong and dark, there being barely sufficient light to read by at noonday. It was about a month after his confinement that Clarence was informed that a priest wished to see him. It was in the afternoon, and the day had been very bright and clear.

"What does he want?" the prisoner asked.

"It is one of our good priests who knows of your heresy, and who would save your soul," replied the jailor.

Clarence at first thought of refusing to see him, and he was on the point of doing so when Peter touched him on the arm.

"No priest would care enough for our souls to wish to save them. Some one may wish to see you for something better."

Clarence took the hint, and bade the jailor to let the priest come in. In a few minutes afterwards the keeper returned, and a Catholic priest followed him in. The former simply nodded an introduction, and then withdrew.

"Well, my son," commenced Father Rondo—it was Gonzales—"how does your confinement agree with you?"

"As well as the same would agree with any man who preferred his liberty," answered the youth, rather shortly.

"But I suppose you find some consolation in your loneliness."

"Yes, senor," returned Clarence. "I am consoled by the belief that the arms of my countrymen will ere long open my prison door."

"But have you no trust in One higher than the armies of earth?" asked the priest.

"Yes—I have."

"I am glad to hear you say so."

"Perhaps my faith in God is as strong as your own," said the youth, rather equivocally.

"I do not doubt it, my son. I do not doubt it at all," the priest replied, kindly.

"I had supposed that your people were in the habit of looking upon Protestants as no better than infidels," said Clarence.

"I know the mass of them do," resumed the other; "but I have seen just enough of this world to know that God never made a creed. He has made laws, and every honest, intelligent man is happy just so far as he obeys these laws. We may have different methods of inculcating the great lessons of religion, but I am not willing to claim infallibility for a system which many honest people may conscientiously differ from."

"You talk with reason, senor—more reason than most strong sectarians are willing to use."

"Thank you," returned the visitor, with a smile. "And now," he resumed, "may I not contribute somewhat towards establishing a stronger hope in your soul?"

"I think not," said Clarence, with a dubious shake of the head. "I am pretty firm in my religious faith, and my Bible gives me all the hope I can ask for."

"Ay—but your Bible does not speak of everything that can influence man. Is there not something unmentioned there that occupies your thoughts at times?"

"Senor!" spoke the youth, starting to his feet, "you may speak plainly."

"I will. Would you like to hear from Irene St. Marc?"

"More than from any other living soul!" answered Clarence, quickly and eagerly.

"Well—I have a message from her to you. I have had it in keeping for a month, and this is the first opportunity I have had to see you. I saw her one month ago, and then I told her you had been put in prison. She would have come to you then if I would have permitted. No consideration of self could deter her; but when I made her understand that you would suffer equally with her if she fell into her father's hands again, she consented to be governed by my advice. You have seen the old woman, Calypso?"

"Yes, senor," the youth replied, anxiously.

"Well—the maiden went away with her. I promised that I would see you, and tell you all. Donna Irene loves you almost too well. At all events, her whole undivided heart is yours; and not until I had promised her that I would see you, would she consent to leave the vicinity of this city."

"O!" cried Clarence, clasping his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, "God bless and protect her! But have you heard from her since?"

"Yes—this very morning. She was in the city of Mexico a week ago, and was going from there to Valladolid."

"And was she well?"

"Yes—perfectly so."

"God be praised? O, I bless you, good senor, for this. Henceforth my bondage will be light in comparison with the past month. Of course I shall know where she is when I am free?"

"Yes. You shall see me. If I do not find you, you must seek me. But I may see you now occasionally. If you will help me make the officers of the prison think that I am your confessor I can gain access here often."

"I will. O, I'd confess a thousand sins for one word from Irene. But you will come as often as you hear from her?"

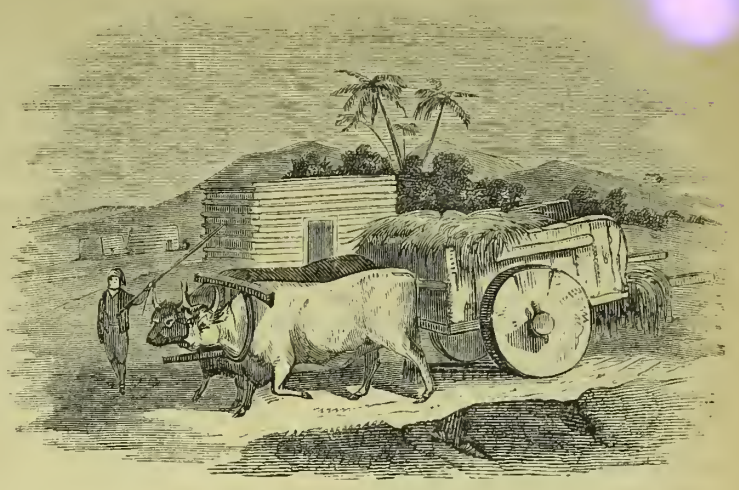
"If I can, of course; for I only hear for you. She sends no word for me alone, save the warm friendship she feels for all who have been kind to her."

Awhile longer they communed upon the subject of Irene and her father, and then the good priest took his leave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MODERN EGYPTIAN PLOUGHING.



MODERN SYRIAN CART.

SKETCHES IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.

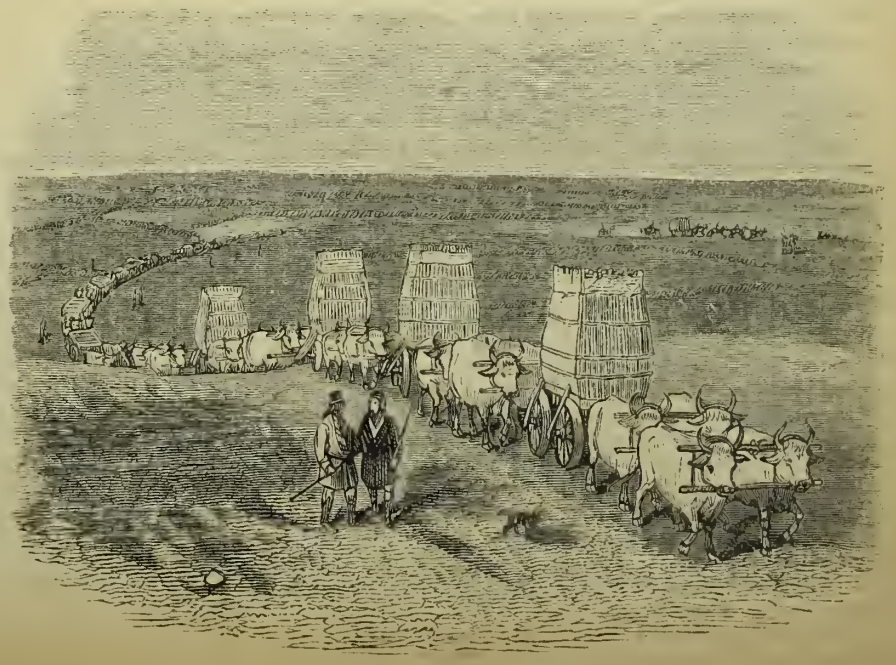
MODERN EGYPTIAN PLOUGHING.—Our engraving illustrates the manner of ploughing in Egypt, the whole plough being a rude implement of wood and drawn by zebus, a peculiar breed of oxen. Whether the zebu breed of oxen he, as some contend, derived from a distinct origin from that of the ordinary ox, we will not attempt to determine—suffice it to say, that it presents marked peculiarities which clearly characterize it. Narrow, high withers, surmounted by a large, fatty hump, an arched back rising at the haunches and suddenly falling to the tail, slender limbs, a large, pendulous dewlap falling in folds, long, pendant ears, and a peculiarly wild expression of the eye, proclaim the zebu race—a race varying in size from that of our largest cattle to that of a young calf. This breed is spread over India, China and the Indian islands; it is also found in Madagascar and on the eastern coast of Africa, in the interior regions and part of the western coast, and it is used for the ordinary purposes of draught and burden. India appears to be its parent country, and we may readily believe that in remote ages, when an extensive commerce existed between that country and Egypt, it was introduced into the land of the Pharaohs. In Upper Egypt, Abyssinia and Ethiopia it is now almost exclusively prevalent; but in Lower Egypt, as we learn from Burckhardt, the zebu or humped ox is unknown. It is the zebu ox which is sculptured in the cave temples of Ellora, and the seven pagodas, as they are commonly called, at Mahamalaipur on the Coromandel coast. We have thus proofs of the extreme antiquity of this breed, and of its distinctness at a remote era, from the common ox, and that its peculiar characters are what we now see. The plough was anciently a very simple instrument, and, as our engraving shows, still continues so in the East. It is rather formed for turning up superficially a light soil, than for making deep furrows in heavy lands. It appears that the ploughman, to work it effectively, was obliged to guide it with great care, bending over it, and loading it as far as possible with his own weight, otherwise the share would only glide over the surface without making a furrow, and the slightest inattention or cessation of his labor would be followed by the dragging out of the share from the earth, or by irregularity in the depth and direction of the furrow.—The MODERN SYRIAN CART, shown in the next engraving of our series, is a very cumbrous concern, with solid wooden wheels, and bearing pretty heavily upon the oxen that draw it. The yoke is of formidable dimensions, and were not the cattle very hardy and strong, they would sink under the burden placed on them.—The GLEANERS OF THE PONTINE MARSHES, our third engraving, affords a lively picture of Italian manners. The cart carries two men, a woman and a child. It is drawn by buffaloes, and on one of these a man is perched, while a peasant is standing between the cattle, leaning on the heavy yoke. On the left a group of male and female reapers is advancing. On the right of the picture a bagpiper is striking up a merry dance, capering to the air, like the Roman peasant, who is dancing beside him. Buffaloes are used in every part of Italy, but particularly in the south, as beasts of burthen. They have long been domesticated in India, where their services render them extremely valuable, and have thence spread to Egypt, Greece, Italy and Spain. The buffalo differs materially in its form and general appearance from the ox, being a heavier and more clumsy animal, as well as more powerful. Though lower in stature than the bull, it is more massive in the body, which is supported on short, thick, solid limbs; the hide is coarse and dense, covered rather sparingly with black, wiry hair. The head is large and carried with the muzzle projecting; the forehead is convex, the muzzle large; the horns are compressed and lie back, turning up laterally and often attaining a large size, but the direction seldom allows the points to be used for goring; the ears are large and pendulous; the dewlap is small; the eyes are wild, savage and malicious in expression; the tail is long and slender. In Italy they do good service when oxen or horses would fail. They thrive in places where the malaria abounds. In a wild state they range the provinces of the Calabrias, where most of the plains and valleys are partially swamped by the Laino, the Chratis, the Amato, and numerous other rivers and torrents; they are almost the only occupants of the plains of Pæstum, and the still wilder and more extensive flats of Apulia. The Pontine marshes offer them a various retreat, and in the pestilential Maremme, both of Rome and Tuscany, scarcely any other animals, except wild boars are ever seen. Domesticated, they are faithful servants to man. In some of the marshy plains of Calabria communication would be almost impracticable were it not for the buffalo. There are not only morasses, swamps and bogs in every direction, but rivers suddenly swollen to torrents in rainy weather and unprovided with bridges of any sort, frequently occur. Here horses and oxen are useless, but a pair of good buffaloes, working chest-deep in the mud, will, slowly indeed, but surely, drag a huge *carro*, with its goods and passengers, safely through them. On the great plain of Apulia, the buffalo is the ordinary beast of draught, and at the annual fair held at Foggia at the end of May, immense droves of almost wild buffaloes are brought to the town for sale. Fearful accidents occasionally happen, enraged animals breaking from the dense mass in spite of all the exertions of the buffalari, and rushing upon some object of their vengeance, whom they strike down and trample to death. The buffalo as well as the bull is baited in the amphitheatres of Italy.—Our next engraving shows an encampment of nomadic Tartars, with a group of Tartar children playing, with a bullock cart in the foreground. There is nothing very peculiar in the construction of these carts, and they are not very unlike to our Boston trucks. In the distance a bullock is seen harnessed into one of these vehicles, with a Tartar riding upon his back.—Our last engraving shows a BULLOCK CARAVAN winding its way through Moldavia. In these wild regions the bullocks are indispensable. Wearily and slowly, yet unfalteringly, they transport agricultural products heaped up in tall vehicles of peculiar construction, better understood from our pictorial delineation than from a written description. It is by these caravans that the trade and commerce of Moldavia are carried on. One of these long trains, winding its way over a steppe, as represented in our engraving, is a most curious spectacle. The rate of progress is very slow but uniform. There is no such thing as hurrying the bullocks. They will take their own time. "Slow but sure," seems to be the motto they have adopted to guide them upon their long and weary journeys. No ordinary obstacle impedes their progress, and their arrival at a given point at a given time may be relied upon with the utmost confidence and certainty.



GLEANERS OF THE PONTINE MARSHES.



BULLOCK CARTS OF THE NOMADIC TARTARS.



BULLOCK CARAVAN IN MOLDAVIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CARRIE'S TOMB.

BY ALVIN HOSMER.

Like the fairest rose of summer,
Carrie bloomed and Carrie died;
O, how lone the world without her,
For she was my joy and pride:
Long I loved her, loved her dearly—
Soon she was my own to be;
But she's sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
'Neath the dark magnolia tree.

Yonder see it in the valley,
See its branches waving gay,
See that streamlet dancing by it,
Singing sweetly all the day:
Sing thou on, thou ne'er wilt wake her,
Who so often sang with thee;
No, she's sleeping, calmly sleeping,
'Neath the dark magnolia tree.

What is home, my angel Carrie,
To a stricken heart like mine?
What is earth with all its treasures,
When compared with worth of thine?
It is nothing, nothing, *nothing!*
All is nothing now to me;
O, alas, thou'rt sleeping, sleeping
'Neath the dark magnolia tree.

Carrie, yes my gentle Carrie,
Dwells among the angels now:
One more harp is heard in heaven,
One more heart is wrecked below.
But I'm coming, yes I'm coming,
For where thou art I would be;
Soon, yes, soon I shall be sleeping
'Neath the dark magnolia tree.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

St. Louis is the centre of the great traffic in furs of the United States. The Indians carry them thither, and exchango them for various articles, especially for spirits, of which they aro very fond, tobacco, etc. The fur being really the source of their wealth in this primitive commerce, the Indians have organized a particular system to secure it to themselves against the pale faces, who might also hunt animals, and consequently provide themselves with the merchandize directly. This system consists in pitilessly murdering those who encroach on the privileges with which the red-skins consider themselves alone and sovereignly invested. Whatever may be the risks to be incurred in these perilous enterprises, a large number of bold hunters are still to be met with who venture them.

Such was the case with two friends, Daniel and Davidson, who for a week had located themselves on the banks of the Kansas River, one of the numerous streams which empty into the Missouri, after having watered the whole Indian territory west of the State of Missouri.

One morning they were tranquilly descending the river in a pirogue to examine the snares which they had laid the night before. The embankments of the river in the spot where they found themselves were high, and each side covered with tall grass and gigantic trees, might conceal an army of Indians without the possibility of the human eye discovering anything behind these fortresses of verdure, trunks and brushwood. Even the practised ear of the hunters was necessary to distinguish, among the various sounds of the two shores, the voices of men or of animals.

During more than three quarters of an hour that they had followed the current of the river, they had heard nothing which could make them uneasy, and had approached the termination of their voyage near enough to conceive the hope of having escaped the vigilance of the Indians, when Daniel, suddenly suspending the motion of his oars, leaned over the edge of the pirogue, and listened attentively.

"What is the matter?" asked Davidson.

"There," said Daniel, pointing to one of the most dense thickets situated on the left shore; "I heard steps, and saw the grass agitated." And immediately plying the oars, he pushed the pirogue into the stream.

"Come," said Davidson; "you are too new to the business to be sure of what you say. I will wager it is some elk who wishes to make acquaintance with our guns."

As he said this, Davidson picked up his gun which lay in the bottom of the canoe.

"It is the Indians, I tell you!" replied Daniel, rowing towards the middle of the river.

At the same instant, frightful yells resounded in the direction which Daniel had indicated, and forty Indians sprang from the thickets, with bows bent and arrows aimed at our two hunters.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Daniel, pale and trembling. "What shall we do?"

"Approach the shore," replied Davidson. "If we attempt to fly they will fire upon us, and in two minutes we shall have as many arrows in our bodies as there are pins in the cushion of a housekeeper."

"If we land they will massacre us," returned Daniel, "and between these two kinds of death—"

"They are probably Blackfeet, returning from St. Louis," replied Davidson. "I speak their language; I will make them hear reason. It is one chance, and the only one left us."

While the two men were exchanging these few words, the Indians beckoned to them to land, and as, notwithstanding the counsels of Davidson, Daniel persisted in attempting to flee, an arrow whistled past his ear and another struck him on the shoulder. Daniel uttered a cry and fell. Davidson then seized the oars, and directed the boat towards the shore.

The Indians immediately seized him, and tied him hand and foot, notwithstanding the protestations of friendliness which he lavished upon them. As for the unfortunate Daniel, whose bleeding form lay at the bottom of the canoo, they seized him and threw him into the river, where he soon found death, after a few ineffectual efforts to reach the shore. Davidson, a witness of this act of barharity, was left to infer the fate which awaited him.

Meanwhile it had not escaped him that the Indians, before ridding themselves of Daniel, in a manner so expeditious, had attentively examined the state of his wound; he therefore thought that they had adopted this extreme measure with regard to his unfortunate companion, in the fear that he would become a burden during the long march necessary to regain their village, situated further north, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

Two of the Indians placed Davidson on their shoulders, and transported him two or three hundred paces further into the interior of the woods, where they had encamped around a vast clearing. The unfortunate prisoner was deposited at the feet of the chief, Buffalo Hump, carelessly seated before his wigwam, and smoking his pipe with the placidity of an oriental.

After having listened to the recital of the capture of Davidson, Buffalo Hump reflected a moment, then rose and fixed a scrutinizing glance on the prisoner, who felt an icy shudder run through his whole body. Davidson, familiar with the customs of the red skins, conceived some hope from this reception of the chief, who certainly might have taken his tomahawk and broken his head without any form of law. "My fate is, perhaps, only postponed," thought the hunter; "but it is time gained for me. In my position, I could wish for nothing better."

Then without manifesting the least emotiou, and with a very firm voice, Davidson again assured Buffalo Hump of his friendly intentions. The chief regarded him anew attentively, then reentered his wigwam, whither he was followed by a dozen Indian warriors. The rest of the little band crouched on the ground, and mado a circle around the prisoner.

At the expiration of about a quarter of an hour, Buffalo Hump emerged from his wigwam. The chief had passed this time in putting on his costume of parade and ceremony. This costume was composed of a tunic made of two deerskins sewed together, and the seams were covered with embroidered galoon. Along this galoon, and by way of fringe, hung a garniture of black hair from the enemies whom Buffalo Hump had killed in his divers combats. These trophies are far from being repugnant to the Indians; on the contrary, they attach to them great value. Above this tunic he wore a sort of mantle of buffalo skin, on which were coarsely embroidered all the actions of his life. His moccasins were also of deerskin, and ornamented, like his tunic, with the hair of his enemies. On his head he wore a cap of ermine, surmounted with two buffalo horns, a privilege exclusively reserved for the warriors who have merited the surname of *bravest of the braves*. Besides the locks of hair which literally covered his whole costume, Buffalo Hump wore around his waist half a dozen scalps; these also were trophies of his enemies.

In his right hand he carried a lance, ten or twelve feet long, at the end of which floated two sacks formed of the skins of animals; these were his *medicine-bags*, which play an important part in Indian life. All their superstitions are associated with them; for the mystery (or medicine) is the point of their existence; it is also the key to their religion. Every Indian, therefore, carries his medicine-bag with him. It is the skin of any beast, quadruped, bird or reptile, ornamented with a thousand grotesque and fantastic designs. Such is the respect they profess for this piece of skin that they have instituted festivals in its honor, and even impose upon themselves the most severe mortifications when they think they have offended it.

The assuming of the medicine-bag is an important act in the life of the Indian. As soon as they have attained the age of thirteen years, the children quit the paternal wigwam for several days, and seclude themselves in some solitary place, where they invoke the Great Spirit. They fast during the whole time of this species of retreat, which is prolonged until they see in a dream an animal, reptile or bird, no matter which. This is destined to be the guardian of their days, the spirit which is to give them strength and courage in combat, and to conduct them safe and sound, after death, to the great hunting-grounds of the other world. At his awakening, the child takes his arms, goes on a hunting expedition, and does not return till he has secured the desired object.

The taking of the medicine-bag can be done but once in a lifetime. So, in war, an Indian defends it with desperate fury, as our soldiers defend their flag; for if he leaves it in the hands of the enemy, however bravely he may have fought, he has lost his reputation, and the withering designation of *man without a medicine-bag* pursues him until he has recovered it from the enemy.

In his right hand, therefore, Buffalo Hump carried his lance with two bags, one of which was a trophy conquered from the chief of another tribe. In his left hand he held a long pipe, the stem of which was at least five feet in length. All around it were rolled silks of various colors, and the feathers of birds. The bowl of this pipe was of red clay, representing a man crouching, whose scalped head received the tobacco. This pipe was the work of Buffalo Hump himself. The stone of it had been extracted from the *Sacred Quarry*, a place whither the Indians go on pilgrimages, and where, according to the law of the Great Spirit, enemies are obliged to treat each other as friends.

On seeing Buffalo Hump appear in this garb, and accompanied by the warriors who had followed him into the wigwam, Davidson comprehended that his fate was about to be decided in one of those councils where the decisions are generally prompt enough. The chief seated himself on a stump at the entrance of the wigwam, and lighted his pipe. He inhaled a whiff of tobacco, the smoke of which he emitted towards the sky; then a second, which he breathed towards his feet, and at last turned his head towards the four cardinal points, addressing to each of them an equal puff of smoke.

The first part of this ceremony was a homage rendered to the Great Spirit, in the person of the sun, whose rising Buffalo Hump had just saluted by sending the smoke towards heaven, and his setting by directing it towards the earth. His salutation to the four cardinal points had no other object but to manifest his respect for the Great Spirit, in whatever direction he caused the wind to blow. After this prayer, addressed through the bowl of his pipe, the chief caused Davidson to be rolled to his feet, and the council of warriors commenced their deliberations.

The poor hunter comprehended very well that the point to be discussed was his extermination; it remained to learn what kind of execution would be inflicted upon him.

Buffalo Hump suffered them all to speak; then advanced towards Davidson, and loosened the cords by which he was bound.

"Thy life is in my power," said he; "nevertheless, as thou didst obey the orders of the warriors in landing when they commanded, I will allow thee one chance of escape."

"Thanks," said Davidsou; "the Great Spirit will reward you."

"According to the custom of the tribe," continued the chief, "you will be proposed for the adoption of a family. If there is one willing to take you, or if any of our women consents to accept you for a husband, you will live; if not—"

"So be it," replied Davidson.

"Here," resumed Buffalo Hump, "is only a small number of our tribe; it is at the village that the trial must take place; you must accompany us thither."

"I will," replied the hunter, delighted to be let off so easily for the present, and full of hope for the future.

An hour afterwards the wigwams were raised, and the fifty Indians who composed the little company were on their march. Dogs, horses and women, each had its load. As for the men, they carried none, except arms. They had fastened to the horses' sides, like litters, the longest poles which supported the tents, letting their extremities drag upon the ground; then, across them, were placed other poles on which the tent itself was rolled, with a quantity of other household articles, provisions, etc., and above all these, clung a few children and a dozen women, who formed a part of this expedition. The horses were led by women, whose business it is; they relieved each other from time to time. On the flanks of this caravan ran a pack of dogs harnessed to these litters, dragging them like the horses.

Davidson had been placed in the middle of the troop, and his shoulders so heavily laden that it was impossible for him to take flight. In the eveniug his limbs were again fettered for the night.

The little company marched thus several days, now crossing the plains, now travelling along the banks of the Missouri, which it approached immediately when it reached the tomb of *The Blackbird*. Davidson, who had not yet penetrated so far iuto the famous far west, passed from admiration to admiration, and, but for the prospect of the fate which awaited him on his arrival at the village of the Blackfeet, would have enjoyed the journey. He could not suppress an exclamation of surprise when he found himself at the top of the mound of *The Blackbird*. All travellers, white or red skins, never fail to pause there, the former to enjoy the magnificent view in every direction; the latter to pay their tribute of respect to the remains of the mortal who reposes there.

On the summit of this mound, in fact, was interred a famous chief of the Omahaws, called *The Blackbird*, and from whom this burial-place derives its name. His tomb, which still exists, has been built more than thirty years. This chief, on his return from Washiugton, was attacked in this place by the small pox, and, thongh the village of the Omahaws was sixty miles beyond, was buried here at his own request. According to his instructions, they placed in his tomb his favorite war-horse, to whose bridle was suspended all the scalps of his enemies. He was clad in his richest clothes, his eagle-plumed cap placed on his head, his bow in his hand, and his quiver and shield on his back, not forgetting his pipe or his medicine-bag, according to the established usage for the dead. This tomb, which may be perceived at a distance of fifteen miles, serves as a landmark to travellers.

Davidson was almost tempted to thank Buffalo Hump for procuring for him this pleasure. But that very evening he was destined to pay dearly for his presence in the company; and the chief must have had, as he afterward thought, very singular intentions in his behalf, not to have delivered him up to the fury of his warriors.

The company had travelled about an hour across one of those prairies where the grass is taller than a man's head, even when mounted on horseback. The little caravan pursued the crooked paths, made, through these vast, shadowy and mysterious deserts, by hordes of buffaloes and elks. Suddenly, five or six Indians, who were marching forward as scouts, stopped, then facing about, came on a run to rejoin the chief, and spoke to him with vivacity. Buffalo Hump descended from his horse, and placed his ear to the ground; then rose, saying: "The sound of our horses' hoofs has awakened the spirit of fire."

The eyes of all the company, at once angry and uneasy, turned towards Davidson, and one of the warriors, laying his hand upon his tomahawk, exclaimed in a threatening tone: "Miserable pale face, it is thou who hast aroused the spirit!"

The presence of Davidson in the midst of the little band was evidently not entirely satisfactory, and the clemency exercised by the chief in his behalf had not been taken wholly in good part. The words of the warrior sufficed to awaken the ferocious instincts of the Indians, and the energetic interference of Buffalo Hump was necessary to rescue him from the fate to which the Indians would have subjected him.

"Stop!" exclaimed the chief; "we shall have time to administer punishment, if the fire strikes us; but I hope the spirit of the brave will protect us."

Then he remounted his horse, and, following his example, the caravan put their horses upon the gallop, and crossing thus the whole breadth of the prairie, reached the summit of a high mound. While the Indians were ascending it, Buffalo Hump had stopped alone with Davidson at its foot. He put aside the tall grass of the prairie, and again lay down as if to listen for a distant sound.

"White man," said he, to Davidson, "it is doubtless thou who hast awakened the spirit of fire; the wind blows through his nostrils. See that little cloud which is rising above the plain! But we shall be sheltered from it. Fortunately for thee, for thou wouldst have paid with thy life for the least harm which had happened to us. The spirit loves not the men of thy race, and it was for having spared the life of one of them that, twelve moons ago, the son of Wahehuton and his brave warriors were destroyed in this very spot."

After having said these words, Buffalo Hump rejoined his troop at the top of the mound. At the same time, a sound, like that of a cataract, was heard afar off, and approached by degrees. The wind continued to increase; the heath-cocks flew above their heads, and the affrighted antelope fled swiftly across the plain. Soon, in the midst of the profound darkness, Davidson perceived as it were waves of fire coming towards him; and above them, an immense cloud of black smoke, which extended from one extremity of the plain to the other, rolled majestically on, bearing a torrent of liquid fire.

For the first time, Davidson could contemplate that terrific and imposing spectacle called a burning prairie, described by Cooper. These events have various causes. They are either accidental or the result of design on the part of the Indians or whites. When they are voluntary, on the part of the Indians, they are ordinarily at the commencement of spring, with the double object of procuring fresh pasturage for the horses and of clearing paths more commodious than we have just described.

The flame, urged by the wind, sweeps these prairies with so great rapidity that it sometimes overtakes the Indians fleeing on their most vigorous coursers; not that the flame is really swifter than a horse upon the gallop, but because the rider is impeded in his course by the height and density of the grass. If he is unfortunately surprised on the way by the dense column of smoke which always rolls in front of the fire, the affrighted horse suddenly stops, and is quickly enveloped by the flame itself, which kindles around him a thousand furnaces.

After having witnessed these formidable conflagrations, ask the Indian if it is the Great Spirit who, combining all these elements of destruction, launches against him this storm of fire. Ask him who has hurled the thunderbolt, which has aroused this formidable enemy, swifter than his swiftness, more powerful than his strength, before which his heart and courage fail. The Indian will reply, *it is a mystery!* This mystery or this particular deity is represented in the mind of the Indian by a fantastic giant bearing a formidable bow which he stretches across the road, and from which he throws thousands of sparks which communicate the fire.

Having escaped this peril, the troop of the Blackfeet again started; and after a long and toilsome journey, Davidson entered the capital of his enemies. This village was situated in an immense plain, on a rock forty or fifty feet in height, backed by a river which, by its circuits, made an admirable moat of defence. This girdle of water environed the city on three sides, and the fourth was protected by a strong palisade.

The village presented a singular aspect: the huts, grouped very near each other, and built of earth and mud walls, were roofed with a sort of dome, which, in pleasant days, was the habitual spot for family reunions. Above the door of each wigwam were exposed the scalps of enemies killed in battle: and beside it, suspended to long transverse poles, buffalo skins, pieces of cloth or stuff. These were sacrifices offered to the Great Spirit. They were carefully replaced whenever they became decayed or were rent by the wind. The interior of the wigwams announced a certain ease and comfort; all the beds were curtained, and beside each bed was a porch, on which were arms, pipes and medicine-bags, all arranged with much symmetry. The habitations of all tribes are not alike; nevertheless, almost all are of similar architecture.

The kind of cabins Davidson had just seen differed entirely from those which he had visited among the tribes with whom he had previously had friendly relations. These habitations were in the form of tents, made of buffalo skins sewn together, and supported by poles twenty-five feet high, with an opening at the extremity, through which the smoke escaped and light was admitted. The Crows build the finest wigwams. They choose for this purpose very white skins, which they ornament with silks and feathers of all colors, and daub with paintings which give a picturesque effect. These wigwams are large enough to contain forty persons; the pillars which support them, to the number of thirty, are cut in the Rocky Mountains, of venerable trees. They are twenty-five feet high. On one of their exterior faces is always painted the *Good Spirit*, and on the other the *Evil Spirit*.

On his arrival in the village, Davidson was present at a singular jugglery, the *denouement* of which had nearly cost him dear, as we shall see by-and-by.

For a long time a great drought had reigned throughout the country, and threatened to destroy all the harvest of maize and wheat. The doctors assembled in council, and decided that it was necessary to invoke the rain. All the young people who aspired to the coveted and important title of doctor were commissioned to try their influence. It was a fine opportunity to test their capacity. Each of the aspirants ascended in his turn to the top of a wigwam, and summoned by gesture, voice, prayers and threats, whatever method he pleased, the cloud from which the beneficent rain was to fall. This he did for twenty-four hours; and if his intervention produced no effect, it almost ruined his reputation. Another succeeded him, and so on, until at last the rain came.

The entrance of the chief and Davidson for a moment interrupted this jugglery, which the Indians practised with conscientious gravity. The subject now to be brought before them was the fate of the prisoner.

Davidson was a handsome young man, and it was probable he would readily be accepted by the first young squaw to whom he should be introduced. It may even be said that Davidson had his choice of several. He chose a young woman named Rastinava (a girl whose hair has been caressed by the sun). The prisoner accepted the novel condition imposed upon him. Only his liberty was not promised until the day of the celebration of his marriage, which was postponed until the arrival of the rain. Consequently, he was fastened to the stake of a wigwam.

Five minutes afterwards, the ceremony of invocation to the rain commenced. The heavens had persisted for a week in remaining of the most hopeless blue, when at last Wakadahahu (White Buffalo Mane) took possession of the post above the sacred wigwam, and, in a discourse full of arrogance, affirmed to the crowd that he was the only one capable of vanquishing the charm, and he launched in the direction of the west arrows which he said were enchanted.

Wakadahahu seemed to have obtained a complete victory, for during the night an abundant rain fell; but unfortunately this rain was accompanied by a terrific storm, and the lightning struck the young betrothed of Davidson, Rastivana. Wakadahahu was at first publicly accused of being the cause of this accident, and he was already about to expiate this crime by giving to the father of the young girl three magnificent horses, when it seemed to him more simple to throw the blame upon Davidson.

"I," said he, "succeeded in bringing the rain, therefore, I am favored by the Great Spirit; now, since the Great Spirit has given me this mark of his protection, he could not have intended to destroy its effects by making me the cause of so great a misfortune."

This logic was satisfactory to his simple auditors, since they had been witnesses of his power over the clouds and his mysterious relations with the Great Spirit.

"The true culprit," resumed he, "is the pale-face whom you have brought hither. His presence among us has already aroused the Fire Spirit in the prairies, and it is his betrothed whom the lightning has just struck, as if to prove that he was not made to live among us."

The peroration of Wakadahahu appeared to be as logical as his exordium; and, while all eyes were turned threateningly towards Davidson, Wakadahahu went away, proud of the oratorical success he had just obtained, and happy to have saved his three horses.

A cry of malediction escaped from every mouth. Davidson turned pale. He had comprehended that he had no longer mercy to expect from any one, not even from the chief, Buffalo Hump, who immediately assembled his council to deliberate on the kind of death to which the white prisoner should be subjected. Even the women, who, at the moment of his choosing a betrothed among them, had smiled upon him, now shunned him. The man whose choice brought death, was no longer, in their eyes, worthy of pity.

Davidson, extended on the ground, was present at the deliberation of the council. Some thought it best to murder him on the spot by a blow with the tomahawk; others proposed to place him at a certain distance, as a mark on which to exercise their skill. This kind of diversion, frequently enough employed by the Indians, was unanimously approved. But the chief, who had seemed to be reflecting for a moment, approached Davidson without pronouncing a word, and cut the bonds which retained him.

"Rise," said he.

Davidson obeyed. The chief then examined his whole body with scrupulous care, felt of his muscles, and when he had terminated, waved his head in token of satisfaction and smiled.

"You must be a good runner," said he, to Davidson.

The latter divined the idea of the chief. He was sufficiently acquainted with the customs of the Indians to comprehend that he was destined to procure for his enemies the pleasure of chasing a man. Davidson had natural courage, and besides, the intelligence which an emergency usually brings. He did not hesitate a second, and to the question of the chief, replied:

"You are mistaken; I run very badly."

"Yet you are strong," replied the other; "your chest is broad, your limbs supple."

"That is possible," returned Davidson; "but this," added he, pointing to a hole made by a ball in his left calf,—"this has for a long time deprived me of all the advantages you have named."

"So be it," replied the chief; "then we will give you the start. If you succeed in escaping, so much the better for you."

And, taking Davidson by the shoulder, he led him about five hundred paces from the group of Indians. As soon as he found himself free, Davidson began to run with all the ardor which the desire of saving one's life can inspire. By the terrific yell uttered by the whole pack, he did not doubt that they were in pursuit.

Davidson flew rather than ran. He was himself astonished at his vigor. He had nearly a league of the plain to traverse before arriving at the fork of the Missouri; he hoped to be able to swim across it, and thus to place between himself and his enemies an obstacle which would necessarily stop a great number of them. But was it probable that he could reach it? Such a feat seemed beyond human strength. To complete his misfortunes, the prairie was covered with prickly pears, which tore his feet and limbs. At every instant he thought he heard the twanging of a bow, and felt an arrow penetrate his flesh. He dared not turn his head, lest he should lose, even by a second, the advance which he had so adroitly gained upon his enemies, and on which his life depended.

Meanwhile, the yells of the Indians seeming more and more distant, he conceived some hope, and, after much hesitation, ventured to cast a glance behind him. Most of his pursuers were at a considerable distance. A few more practised runners were in advance, and, at a hundred paces nearer him, the chief, more agile than the rest, was following him, armed with a long pike, which he held ready to launch.

The unfortunate Davidson felt his courage revive. He redoubled his efforts, which were so violent that the blood streamed from his nose and mouth. In proportion as he approached the river, he heard the chief's steps nearer. A second glance backward showed him this indefatigable enemy at fifty paces from him. Davidson stopped short, and hastily turned, resolved to defend his life dearly against this single adversary.

The Indian, astonished at this unexpected movement, stopped suddenly to throw his weapon; but his limbs became embarrassed in some bushes, and he fell. Davidson summoned new strength and energy; precipitated himself like a lion upon his enemy before he had time to rise, and, picking up the pike, nailed the savage to the ground, and resumed his race.

On arriving beside their expiring chief, the Indians stopped a few moments to utter around the corpse yells of vengeance. Davidson, as will be imagined, profited by this time; he gained the forest which bordered the river, crossed it and threw himself into the water. He reached a little island, at the extremity of which the trunks of trees brought down by the current were lodged in great numbers, in such a manner as to form a sort of raft beneath interlacing branches; the grass and brush which had gathered around it formed a refuge impenetrable to the human eye, and in which the unfortunate Davidson succeeded in concealing himself.

Hardly had he recovered breath when he heard the Indians on the shore uttering cries of rage. Through the interstices of the branches which sheltered him, he saw some leap into the water, and direct themselves towards the island. But after a few minutes of vain research, they relinquished it, and encamped on the shore, where they passed the rest of the day in lamentations around the body of their chief, which had been borne hither.

What a day of anguish for the unhappy Davidson! I leave you to divine it. But his safety was certain, and this made him forget his fatigues and bodily wounds.

When night had come, and after the Indians had extinguished their fires in order to sleep, he emerged from his hiding-place, gained the middle of the river, and descended to a considerable distance, until he thought himself sufficiently secure to dare to land. Davidson marched all night with precipitate steps, in order to leave far behind a place which had so nearly been fatal to him. The next morning, exhausted with fatigue, cold and hunger, he arrived at an encampment of hunters, where he received the attentions his condition required.

From that day, Davidson renounced the hunting for furs. He was encountered in the streets of St. Louis by the Blackfeet, who recognized him, but who dared not revenge on him the death of their chief.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Could the veil which now separates us from futurity be drawn aside, and those regions of everlasting happiness and sorrow, which strike so faintly on the imagination, be presented fully to our eyes, it would occasion, I doubt not, a sudden and strange revolution in our estimate of things. Many are the distresses, for which we now weep in suffering or sympathy, that would awaken us to songs of thanksgiving; many the dispensations, which now seem dreary and inexplicable, that would fill our adoring hearts with thanksgiving and joy.—*John Bowdler.*

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

☞ Sample numbers sent when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.



TOWN OF LEVUKA, OVALAU.

U. S. EXPEDITION TO THE FEJEE ISLANDS

We present to our readers, on this and the following page, a series of four views, beautifully drawn by Mr. Hill, from sketches made on the spot expressly for us by an officer of the United States' navy. These are all striking scenes, and are, 1st, Town of Levuka, Ovalau; 2d, The Burning of Namula; 3d, The Burning of Navua; 4th, The Harbor of Apia, Island of Upola. These localities are themselves interesting from their natural grandeur and picturesqueness, but derive a peculiar interest from their connection with the expedition, a spirited account of which, from the narrative of one of the officers of the navy engaged in this important affair, we give to our readers. In July, 1855, the John Adams sloop-of-war, Commander Boutwell, sailed for the Fejee Islands, with orders to investigate the outrages offered by these islanders to American citizens, and settle all disputed claims. She stopped a short time at the Samoan Islands for wood and water, and proceeding thence to the Fejees, anchored first in Rewa Roads. The house of the U. S. commercial agent, Mr. J. B. Williams, at Rewa, had been burned by the inhabitants of that place. The settling of this matter and several other affairs detained the ship a couple of weeks, after which she sailed for Levuka, on the island of Ovalau, where the white men who live in the group had congregated for mutual protection. The whites, about sixty in number, live in two rudely fortified towns, subject to or rather in alliance with Levuka, chief of Ovalau, who not long since revolted against the king of Bau, and seems able to maintain his independence. The Adams remained at Ovalau about a month, to strip and refit, during which time, Captain Boutwell investigated all the difficulties which were brought to his notice. He sent to Bau, the principal place in the Fejee Islands, for Thakombau, chief of Bau, a powerful prince, who has assumed and for a long time supported the title of Tui Viti, or king of Fejee. This chief was absent, making war, in conjunction with his ally, George, king of Truga, upon a revolted district in the northern part of the group, and a messenger was sent to recall him home. When his return was ascertained, the captain sent an armed party to Bau, which succeeded in inducing him to visit the ship. Satisfactory arrangements were made with Tui Viti, and the chiefs subordinate to him, for the settlement of the claims of Americans against them, and they bound themselves to protect white men as far as their power extended. From Ovalau, the Adams sailed for Suva, a harbor of Viti Levu, to leeward of Rewa (*Rayua*) Roads. The chief of Suva, who is a Christian and a vassal of Bau, came on board the ship as soon as he was sent for, and though he had been guilty of no crime, he seemed much frightened at the mere presence of a man-of-war. He was kindly treated, and the idea that the Turanga Manawar, or captain, was his friend, induced many of the neighboring chiefs to seek his protection and alliance, and profess Christianity. From Suva, boat expeditions were sent to chastise the cannibal chiefs who had refused to come on board the ship, or make any atonement for the murders and robberies they had been guilty of. Ti Sulear, the chief of Namula and Lassalassa, in conjunction with his uncle, Koranduadua, chief of Navua, robbed and clubbed nearly to death two citizens of the United States—McComber and America Shattuck, who had been left upon a small island, in charge of a stone house, to trade for *beche de mer*. After clubbing these men and a half-cast boy who was with them, he carried them to Namula, where they were shown the ovens ready heated to prepare them for a cannibal feast. But avarice got the better of the cannibal appetite of the savages, and the maimed captives were ransomed. Ti Sulear lately made a meal of an unfortunate Englishman, who had trusted himself in his power; and among other things related of him, he is said to have sold a woman to a white man for a wife, and when she was returned as not suiting the purchaser, he coolly remarked, "She's good to eat, anyhow!" and ordered her to be baked forthwith. The cannibal chiefs of Fejee regard the kaisi or poor women of their tribes pretty much as a farmer does the inmates of a well-filled sty. On the arrival of the John Adams at Suva, a canoe came alongside from Ti Sulear to know what she wanted. The captain sent to invite him to come on board; but he, conscious of his guilt, as soon as he found she was a man-of-war, retired to his stronghold Namula, which is an inland town, and from its position almost unapproachable. Captain Boutwell determined therefore to punish him, and by striking a severe blow, convince these savages that the retributive arm of justice could reach them even in their mountain fastnesses. On the evening of the 28th of October, Lieutenant Shattuck, assisted by Purser Myers, Passed-midshipman Eggleston and Mr. Chatard, left the ship, in command o the second and third cutters, containing thirty-six well armed sailors and marines, with orders to seize the chief, or failing to secure his person, burn his town. About dusk, the expedition arrived at the month of the river Naikorokoro, a narrow stream about four miles distant from the ship. The boats ascended this a mile and a half, being compelled in many places, by the mangrove trees which grew into and around the channel, to lay in oars and pole along. The party was then landed and formed, and advanced to the town, guided by a native sent by the chief of Suva, who, as soon as he had shown the way, begged permission to go back to the boats to be out of harm's way, which he was permitted to do, thus obviating any danger of his giving the alarm. After marching a mile through a thicket by a narrow, muddy path, and fording the river twice, the party came to the foot of a steep hill, which they quickly ascended, scrambling and crawling, and rushing upon the town, effected a complete surprise. The chief escaped, and the commanding officer, having sent a captive to order him to surrender himself within half an hour, occupied the town, which contained upwards of sixty houses, and waited the prescribed time. The chief not coming in, Lieutenant Shattuck ordered the houses to be fired, having held the town an hour, and returned to his boats without the loss of a man. The expedition returned to the ship about midnight, having, on the way back, left a message for the Lassalassa people that if Ti Sulear did not repair on board and (soro soro) beg pardon for his offences, their town would be burned also. At the same time the expedition was sent against Namula, the launch containing a twelve-pound howitzer and twenty men, under the command of Acting-Master Badger, assisted by Passed-Midshipman Baker, and Gunner W. S. Hatch, was sent to Vutia, near Rewa, to demand two men who had threatened the life of the American consul, and attempted to kill a man in his employment. The next day, about nine o'clock, A. M., the launch was anchored in the river before Vutia, and the men demanded; they were not delivered up, and the natives showed they were ready to oppose any attempt to land. A few rounds of grape and shrapnell soon drove them out of the town, and Passed-Midshipman Baker was ordered to land with a party and burn the town, which he did, the natives all the time firing



BURNING OF NAMULA.



BURNING OF NAVUA.

from the thickets on the boats and burning party. Mr. Badger then landed his party and the field piece, and proceeded to attack and burn an adjoining and allied town. But the Fejee men, who had never seen *wheels*, though several hundreds in number, were so terrified at a cannon "putting on legs and coming ashore after them," that they sent forward a man with a palm branch to demand a truce, and immediately came to terms, promising future good conduct and reparation for past offences. The morning after Namula was burned, a subordinate chief came on board to beg pardon from Ti Sulcar; but no notice was taken by the captain, and Ti Sulcar was informed again that if he did not come on board in person, Lassalassa would be destroyed. He failing to do so, at nine o'clock, A. M., October 30, the captain sent a party of forty men in two boats, commanded by Lieutenant Lambert, Passed-Midshipman Eggleston and Sailmaker Mahoney, to attack and burn Lassalassa. It was situated on a hill, and the only path to it from the seaside was defended by a stone wall surmounted by a reed fence. The inhabitants had sent away the women and children, and were armed and ready, with the entrance to the town barricaded. The party ascended the hill, and after firing a volley, charged the barricade with a shout. The natives fled, and the town was seized and burned, with the loss of only one man severely wounded. In the meantime, a reinforcement was sent under the command of Acting-Master Badger, on information from Suva that 300 men from Lamalama and other towns was marching to the assistance of Lassalassa. The reinforcement arrived, and formed to the right of the landing to head this party off; but the Fejeeans not showing themselves, all hands returned on board without further loss. At daybreak, on the morning of the 30th, the same day Lassalassa was destroyed, the launch and first cutter, containing the boat howitzer and sixty sailors and marines, left the ship, under the command of Lieutenant Sartori, assisted by Purser Myers, Passed-Midshipman Baker, Mr. Chatard, Boatswain Leeck and Gunner Hatch, to seize Koranduadua, the uncle of the chief of Namula, who had been a party to the clubbing and robbery of McComber and Shattuck. His principal town, Navua, was situated about four miles up the river Indinibi, the mouth of which was about fifteen miles from the ship. The boats ascended the river, passing four towns on the way, and arrived at Navua about twelve o'clock. The party was landed, formed and took possession of the town. A messenger was sent for the chief, who happened to be in the fields outside the town. He did not appear, and the natives endeavored to gain time by saying he was coming, and making other excuses. In the meantime they beat the "lali," or war drum, to call their neighbors to their assistance, and finally commenced firing on the party. The officer in command ordered the town to be burned, firing the chief's house, which contained one hundred stand of fire-arms, powder, lead, cutlasses, etc., first. When the town was on fire, the party re-embarked and pushed off. When the leading boat arrived opposite the mouth of the small stream below the town, a heavy fire was opened on it from the thicket, which was returned, until the launch came up and drove the natives back with grape shot. The party then kept down the river, under a fire from both banks, until they came to the second town. This would not have been burned, but a fire was opened on the boats from it, and Passed-Midshipman Baker was ordered to land with a party and burn it, which he did, driving the natives back into the thicket. The other towns were deserted, and as the boats were not fired at from them, they were spared. One man was killed and two wounded in the first cutter by the fire from the banks, and a number of balls passed through the sides and sails of the boats. Many of the Fejeeans must have been killed, as a brisk fire was kept up on them whenever they showed themselves. The party did not get back to the ship until two o'clock, P. M., the next day. The effect of these affairs was immediately felt in all directions, several towns where white men had been robbed making restitution immediately, and sending to tell the "chief of the man-of-war" that they would never injure Americans again. From Suva, the ship sailed for Kautavu. The chief of Natheba on that island had robbed an American, and sent the captain a message "to come and fight him, as he wanted some muskets." But the fame of the gun "that put on legs" had preceded the ship, and as soon as she arrived, the chief paid up and "begged pardon," offering to "lotu," or profess Christianity. Nothing further remaining to be done, the John Adams sailed for Valparaiso from Natheba Bay, which is the finest in Fejee, and had never been visited by a ship before the John Adams.

SMUGGLED BOOTS AND LACE.

In the days when high-heeled French boots were the pride of fashion, there was a shoemaker in London who made a fortune by the sale of the best Paris boots at a price which all his fellow-tradesmen declared ruinous. He undersold the trade, and obtained troops of customers. "These boots must be stolen," said his rivals, but there was no evidence that they were: certainly they were not smuggled boots—for any one could satisfy himself that the full duty was paid upon them at the custom-house. The shoemaker retired from business with a fortune. Afterwards his secret was accidentally discovered:—although he had paid duty for the boots, he had not paid for everything that was in them. There was a heavy duty payable on foreign watches; and every boot consigned to him from Paris had contained in its high heel a cavity exactly large enough to hold a watch. The great profit obtained by the trade in smuggled watches made it possible for this tradesman, when he had filled up their heels, to sell his boots under prime cost. This was worth while again, because, of course, by the extension of his boot trade, he increased his power of importing watches duty free.—Some years later, an elderly lady and a lap-dog travelled a good deal between Dover and Ostend. It came to be generally considered at the custom-house that her travels were for the sole purpose of smuggling Brussels lace, then subject to exceedingly high duty; but neither the examiners of her luggage, nor the female searchers at the custom-house, who had charge of her person, could, by the narrowest scrutiny, find matter for a single accusation. At last she accepted a bribe from a custom-house officer to make him master of her secret. Calling to her side the lap-dog, who was to all strangers a very snappish little cur, she asked the officer to fetch a knife and rip the little creature open. Like a few of the dogs (which have sometimes even proved to be rats) sold in the streets of London, it gloried outwardly in a false skin; and between the false skin and the true skin was space enough to provide a thin cur with the comfortable fatness proper to a lady's pet, by means of a warm padding of the finest lace. In the reign of Louis XVIII., fierce dogs were trained to carry valuable articles under false skins across the frontier. They were taught to know and avoid the uniform of a custom-house officer, and were never to be taken alive.—*Home Journal.*



HARBOR OF APIA, ISLAND OF UPOLA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A DREAM.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDRENGE.

'Twas evening's rosy hour!
And through my lattice swept a cooling breeze,
That wafted fragrance from the flowers and trees,
And from the woodland bower;
June's blushing roses opened with the day,
Warm sunbeams kissed the dew-gems all away.

It was my hour of prayer!
It hushed each thought of care within my breast,
As the fond mother lulls her babe to rest,
And earth seemed bright and fair.
In such an hour the loneliest heart may feel
A joy ecstatic through the bosom steal.

"Father, thy will be done!"
It trembled on my lip in accents low,
Sweet peace the worldling's heart can never know,
Until his heart be wrung,
Thrilled every nerve: my weary eyeballs closed,
And soon I slumbered in calm, sweet repose.

I stood beside a stream
Whose crystal waves danced 'neath the sun's warm light,
And nature's peerless charms seemed fair and bright—
It was a sweet, sad dream.
Around its banks young children were at play,
Whilst in their midst a beauteous sleeper lay.

I asked them why he slept!
They whispered softly in my listening ear,
"This is the 'fount of life' that ripples here,"
Its waters o'er him crept:
He fell asleep to wake on earth no more,
A bright-winged seraph bore him from earth's shore.

But soon the scene was changed!
Young children round the stream no longer played,
Tall youths and maidens at a distance strayed,
And further from it ranged;
Some with a careless tread sought pleasure's hall,
But care was stamped upon the brow of all.

I turned my eyes above,
And, lightly floating through the white clouds there,
My eyes beheld a seraph bright and fair,
A thing of light and love!
One pitying glance on that bright face I read,
Ere back to heaven on angel wings it sped!

A prayer was in my heart!
My eyes unclosed and I grew sad again,
The vacant crib caused one wild throb of pain,
One trembling tear to start;
And then I cried, although my heart seemed riven,
"Father, I thank thee—mine are safe in heaven!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MIRZA THE HAKEM.

BY DR. JEROME V. C. SMITH.

Not many years ago there appeared at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, a Turk of a singularly grave aspect, who rarely raised his eyes from the ground without exclaiming, "*Allah Kerim!*" which in plain English means, God is great. He had a heavy black beard, that fell gracefully some inches below the chin where it grew. His eyes were full and lustrous, and black, too, as the wing of a raven. When he deigned to speak, there was a solemnity of manner, and dignity of expression, that made people feel uncomfortably in his presence. In person he was large, but the loose habiliments of the country immensely increased his already apparent magnitude. Without multiplying words, he was a fine, noble-looking specimen of a disereet, well fed, well-to-do follower of the Prophet.

In Turkey, as in Christian regions of the world, there are multitudes who have more regard for the condition of their bodies, than fears in relation to their souls, although they are continually harping upon the latter, by way of showing an utter contempt for the former.

Mirza was a doctor. Translated from the English language into Arabic or Turkish, *doctor* becomes *hakem*. Throughout the East physicians are held in high estimation. Everybody is in favor of taking medicine, and particularly so while in good health, because they are better able to bear up under its effects than when prostrated by disease. Thus a system of national thinking has grown up, which a hundred treatises on the absurdity of the custom could not change in the least. Their confidence in the utility of a drug is increased or diminished according to its offensiveness, taste and smell. If terrible to swallow, then it must, of course, be excellent. An emetic that vomits them to the verge of the grave, at once has a reputation. It carries with it an irresistible evidence of potency. Negative qualities have no admirers among Mussulmen. Whatever is to be done in medicine, must be like the wars of their ancestors, who showed no quarters.

Another phase in the character of the Turks, who are such capital patients for swallowing doses without wry faces, is no less extraordinary. They never pay a para to the hakem, if it is possible to avoid it, which they usually do, however ingeniously the man of pulse and powders may lay his plans for securing a fee.

After diligent inquiry, no one could ascertain from whence Mirza the Hakem came. The first that was known of him in a way to excite an interest, he was seen sitting cross-legged on a Persian rug on the steps of the mosque. At the first call of the muezzin for prayers, Mirza was promptly at the water tank. There he rinsed his mouth, rubbed a monstrous row of white teeth with the forefinger of the right hand, according to the most orthodox direction of the mollahs, and then went through the prescribed genuflexions, bowing towards Mecca, with a precision that commanded the admiration of lookers on, who not unfrequently whispered to each other, "He must be a hadji from the holy tomb." When these early morning exercises were through, Mirza seated himself on the mat, filled the bowl of a magnificent narghila, and commenced smoking, as a man of consequence invariably smokes in Turkey.

As the veiled female slaves passed by in advance of their beautiful Circassian mistresses, enveloped in cashmere shawls and face protectors against the impudent gaze of the vulgar curious, or the evil eye of infidel Giouars, Mirza would bow his head, and exclaim, "O, that you were willing to be healed!" By his side there was a display of porcelain pots, labelled in gold. One was marked, "A Cure for the Heart-Ache;" another, "A Salve for making the Eyes see through the Harem Walls;" "Physic for making aged Men young;" "Powders that penetrate Secrets;" "Rouge for renovating decayed Beauties;" "Madjoums for making quarrelsome Women love their Husbands;" and "Pills that make the Miserable Happy." These are but a few of the essential remedies the pious Hakem Mirza displayed thus openly to the public.

By-and-by the ladies were prompted by a desire peculiar to the sex, to stop in their promenades and ask a few questions. Scarcely one failed to discover a panacea for her own case, which was a profound secret in her own breast. Even the sly slaves perceived in the elegant pots something that had a direct bearing on their own individual condition. Nor was the influence of the holy hakem circumscribed to idle women and slaves. Their proprietors, through both sources, heard of the wonderful medicines exhibited at Scutari.

Wherever human beings have been found, women have established an unfailing reputation for being expert newsmongers. What is a daily paper to the activity of these messengers of mercy—if they are mercifully inclined? "Who," asks Sidi the poet, "who can number the motions of a woman's tongue?"

Presses under any circumstances are of no account in Turkey with those who cannot read. Many learned mufti, unlike attorneys in America, cannot pick out a sentence, but they have a nice appreciation of articulate language. Of this subject, illustrative of the actual state of the masses, other writers have the field before them. It would embarrass the narrative, if the attempt were made to particularize all the ignorance, prejudice, fanaticism, and other peculiarities, characteristic of modern Turks.

Suffice it—Hakem Mirza's wonderful pots were the town talk, without obliging him to open his lips beyond that almost perpetual ejaculation, *Allah Kerim*, when the right kind of impressible specimens of humanity were within hearing.

Kafayli, the favorite wife of Stamboul Effendi, the prefect of police, was permitted to take frequent airings on account of the debilitated state of her body. Without positive disease, she had been slowly but perceptibly wasting away, till her once transcendently beautiful features had become thin and pale; while eyes that formerly sparkled with the brilliancy of the jewels in her rich bracelets, seemed to have been drawn back in their sockets. Daily was the gem of the effendi's harem waning in health, with the moral certainty of soon becoming a tenant of the graveyard at the base of the Bergalo Hill, if no remedy could be procured to meet the threatening emergency.

Independently of the laceration of the effendi's warm affections, the death of Kafayli would prove a severe pecuniary loss. He had purchased her from Ben Abraham, a Circassian slave merchant, as will be seen in the sequel, of renowned skill in the selection of beautiful girls for the Constantinople market. Most of the great officers of state, and even the Sultan himself, were indebted to the exquisite taste of Ben Abraham for many of the choicest specimens of female loveliness in the centre of Mahommedan power.

Had there been a suspicion that Kafayli's disease would have produced in the end the sad effects now visible, Stamboul Effendi, who was a prudent, economical manager, might have passed her off, through some slave dealer of his acquaintance, for a fresh arrival from the mountains of Circassia, suffering temporarily by the short voyage down the Euxine to the gates of felicity—Stamboul. When his misfortune was known among gentlemen, they commiserated him. It was a prospective loss of an ass load of piasters. No remedy in any point of view seemed to present, either for her restoration, or his salvation in the matter of her original cost.

Now the real cause of the misfortune thus threatening the purse of the effendi, in the ill-health of the poor prisoner Kafayli, the Pearl of Paradise, had never been suspected. Neither the freshness of the morning, the balmy fragrance of the flowers, the sweet singing of uncaged birds in the boughs, nor the witching dances of the Bayaderes, either cheered her subdued spirit, or removed the canker that was gnawing at her vitals.

No one of the many sickly looking, feeble, disconsolate ladies in yellow slippers, who heard Mirza say *Allah Kerim*, scrutinized the hakem's little wonder pots with stronger yearnings of heart than Kafayli. By repetitions of visits, a constitutional timidity gave way to courage enough to ask a few questions of the great doctor, touching the cost of the costly remedies; this was always through her attendants. Had she been in health, her husband would as soon have trusted a lamb in the lion's jaws, as the Pearl of Paradise without a eunuch to watch her very breathings.

Mirza was no idle observer. He saw the gazelle nibble at the foliage of the shrub placed in the path, and in ecstacy he said louder than ever, *Allah Kerim! Allah Kerim!* On one occasion, Kafayli inquired about the properties of the medicine marked, "A Cure for the Heart-Ache." "Aha," muttered the hakem to himself, "who that hath a heart hath escaped the m[illegible]?"

Turks of high and low estate, but especially the former class, in the meanwhile, had become extensive patrons. Pot after pot had been drained to the bottom to meet the urgent demands of those broken down old hadjis, who were determined to see for themselves what transpired in the harem during their own supposed absence. The fact is, jealousy is not confined to any particular section of the habitable globe; it is rife in civilized Europe and America. The burning sands of Africa and the Aretic snows produce alike the same food for the green-eyed monster.

Hakem Mirza could scarcely keep a supply of the pills for making the miserable happy. Several who had exhausted their entire money means, felt no sensible relief, and besought him, therefore, in mercy for their suffering condition, to bestow a few more gratuitously, with a full conviction they merely needed another dose to complete the cure. He invariably assured customers there was something to be done by themselves in connection with the boluses, which he suspected must have been neglected, as a perfect compliance with the requisitions certainly would bring about the desired results.

Notwithstanding the firmness of the Mahommedan faith in the decrees of heaven, that whatever has been ordained to occur must and will take place, without the possibility of averting a calamity, or changing, in the remotest degree, the fiat of Allah, it was quite amazing to count the numbers of white-bearded, stooping old sinners, supported on a staff, who purchased the physic for making the aged young again, despite the unalterable laws of Allah.

Nor is there much that is surprising in that, when the philosopher surveys the actions of men of a purer faith, under the divine guidance of a perfect revelation. As in Turkey, the teeth decay; the vision is indistinct; the muscles are unsteady in their action; the functions of digestion and respiration are impaired by the friction of the organic machinery for threescore and ten years; yet a kind of thoughtless, instinctive love of life, when the flame of vitality flickers at the movement of a zephyr, prompts us to take in and rub on the thousand and one things which imagination invests with recuperative powers.

Less call was heard for madjoums—the medicine for making quarrelsome women love their husbands—than could have been anticipated. The fact is, no discovery has thus far met this desideratum. No woman quarrels with the husband of her choice, unless she is a lunatic. At Stamboul they give themselves no anxiety on that score. It is cheaper to buy a new wife than to undertake the reclamation of a fretful, peevish old one.

Business was increasing, and even the patients began to perceive Hakem Mirza was accumulating the money very rapidly. Still, no reports were circulating of cures, although the talk about the number of applicants was the great absorbing topic of conversation.

On one marked occasion, Kafayli made an actual purchase of a pot of "Cure for the Heart-Ache." As she timidly drew it under the fold of her ample cashmere, on taking it from the hand of the attendant negress, Mirza rolled up his full black eyes to the zenith, stroked his beard, and in a subdued tone, repeated that everlasting declaration of the true believers, *Allah Kerim.*

Some days passed by before the weather allowed the fair invalid to resume her accustomed walk, which appeared to be the only pleasure within the reach of her social tether. So common was her appearance, that the sight had lost its novelty even to Giouars, and even the inflammable Turk smoked on without interruption, as he tottered by. When she arrived at the first step of the mosque, which had now become the centre of a rising trade, it was with extreme difficulty she could support herself. Weak from the encroachments of apparent disease, and panting from exhaustion produced by the exertion of attempting to gain that point before resting, came near terminating life. Mirza saw the danger, and springing to his feet, with much more energy than a Turk is accustomed to move, even at the sight of an enemy, he profanely caught the almost falling Pearl of Paradise in his brawny arms. Spreading out one of those shaggy overcoats worn throughout the Levant both by natives and travellers, she was gently seated upon it. In doing it, the yashmak fell to one side, just far enough to give him an imperfect glimpse of her face. It perfectly electrified the hakem, who drew a long inspiration, and, as on a thousand former times, said aloud, *Allah Kerim!*

All this while no one but the hakem himself knew who he really was, or from whence he came. His story is quickly related, by omitting manifold exciting incidents, which a bold spirit would probably encounter in a series of extensive travels in pursuit of a treasure, on the possession of which the entire volume of his earthly happiness was staked.

Hakem Mirza was a fictitious name. He was neither a hakem, nor a Turk. His true name was Gitastro Vleikos, and his place of nativity in the rocky cleft village of Sprahlitz, in one of the interior mountain districts of Circassia, where he was the acknowledged heir to the chieftainship of the region. A noble, daring, liberty-loving father early inspired the young Gitastro with eternal hatred of the Turks, and next to them, the most odious of men were the Russians. A neighboring village was under the political superintendency of a friend of his father's, which gave occasion for continual official intercourse of the two families. They possessed the highest social advantages, and presented, in their wild habitations, picturesque independence and happy contentment.

During one of those silent invasions common in Circassia and Georgia, when the disciplined soldiers of the czar carry terror and destruction in their marauding excursions, by a series of unaccountable mishaps, Kafayli, the only child and darling of the village chief, was missing. When the enemy had been driven into the ravines below, and fragments of massive rocks were sent rolling down upon them on a revengeful mission of destruction, the bugles sounded an alarm. The Pearl of Paradise was missing, and never found by those who were searching.

Gitastro loved her with a fervency which language cannot express. She, too, returned his warmth of affection, as an honest-hearted, unsophisticated child of nature should. She had taken no lessons in coquetry, nor was it the custom of her countrymen to deny the feelings of the heart. Whatever was right, could not be wrong; and hence, with a confiding expression of attachment, was as distinctly portrayed by the innocent, beautiful Kafayli, as by the manly, guileless Gitastro. They were betrothed.

A catastrophe thus afflicting did not subside like a nine days' wonder. But efforts proved abortive. The Pearl of Paradise could not be traced, nor was it ever known in what manner she had been stolen, till she herself returned to explain the mystery. All were finally convinced that the assault on her father's domain was solely on her account.

Every preliminary circumstance being accomplished preparatory to a pilgrimage over the world in search of his lost Kafayli being concluded, Gitastro bid a farewell to home and its former endearments. How extensively he travelled, and the number of kingdoms he visited, intent upon ascertaining, if within the limits of human possibility, the whereabouts of his only pearl, should she be living, may be known by a careful study of the original chronicle.

Finally, after tedious, and of course unsuccessful wanderings, under the assumed name of Mirza, and a hakem by profession, he arrived at the door of a mosque in Scutari, where the scene of this history commences.

It was rather with a view to raising the means for further research, that Gitastro availed himself of the national weakness in favor of medicine taking, that he assumed a favorite character. A mock show of piety for a religion he abominated, gave an odor of sanctity to all his successful after movements, which could not have been otherwise so eminently successful.

When the fainting beauty first passed by his stand, he little thought her the object of his own intense adoration. He, by some incidental word, uttered to himself in the way of a soliloquy, roused her suspicions that he might have a knowledge of her native language. She had therefore kept hoping to hear more, with a mere shadow of a possibility of finding some clue to intelligence from Circassia. This was the real secret of her promenades. Nor was she half as sick as she craftily appeared. Even the slave on whose arm she leaned, reported to her master the failing, drooping tendency of her lovely mistress.

In a word, the whole plan of the assault upon the village was for capturing the chief's daughter, whose matchless beauty had been heralded by the annual beauty buyers, in the ears of the luxurious residents of Stamboul. The Stamboul Effendi had gold, and he offered so magnificently to those who went yearly in pursuit of materials for replenishing the harems of the opulent in Constantinople, that an expedition was fitted out by them on purpose to secure the prize. They succeeded.

Immediately on being delivered to her rich captor—for Effendi was in truth the guilty kidnapper—Kafayli feigned the worst forms of several maladies. By taking barely food enough to sustain life, and that of the poorest and least nutritious quality, the beauty he valued beyond diamonds, faded to a sickly hue. She daily chewed disgustingly offensive gums, the odor of which gave to her breath an unbearable fetor. Practising arts of deception, of that kind which a woman only could successfully carry through, she had saved herself from the pollution of that unfeeling wretch—the chief of police, who claimed to own her.

Accustomed to see the sick lady, taken in connection with the holy reputation of Mirza, and the simple fact of resting on the step of the mosque with the hakem, who might be preparing something to relieve her supposed suffering, produced no disturbance.

Gitastro murmured "Kafayli" unconsciously, while musing by her side. She started with convulsive surprise at the sound of her name from the hakem's lips.

"Has my slave given you my name, O, hakem?" hastily inquired the trembling prisoner.

"No, fairest of the houris," replied Gitastro. "It was the name of the Pearl of Paradise, in the wilds of the far-off mountains."

"Gitastro"—she whispered it—"I am the wretched remains of the Pearl!"

Instantly they mutually recognized each other in the completest manner. Their discretion saved them both; and that very day they journeyed homeward on the pretext of visiting the tomb of a Mahommedan saint, by direction of the hakem, and with the full approbation of the Stamboul Effendi, who, believing she would die on the route, laughed in his sleeve at the pleasant idea of thus saving himself the expense of a burial. Thirty-five days after they were at their mountain homes in Circassia, the happiest husband and wife in existence.

ARABIAN HOSPITALITY.

The Arab is generous and hospitable. His guest honors him by accepting his hospitality, and greatly mortifies him by refusing it. It is an old saying with him, that there are four things for which we are to be grateful—the birth of a son, the birth of a foal from some favorite mare, the arrival of a guest, and the rise of a new poet in the tribe. A story is told of three chiefs, Abdallah, Mustapha and Hassan, all famous for their generosity, and respecting whom a wager was made to determine which was the most hospitable. An Arab, disguised as a beggar, went first to Abdallah, who was setting out on a journey. The beggar told a pitiful tale, and asked for help. Abdallah dismounted from his dromedary, and gave it to him, with all its load. Mustapha, when applied to, was asleep, but his master's generosity gave the beggar a bag containing 4000 pieces of gold. When Mustapha awoke he was angry, and said, "Why did you not call me? I would have given him much more." Hassan was old and blind, and when the beggar met him, was on his way to the mosque, leaning upon two slaves. In reply to the beggar's petition he said, "I have nothing but these two slaves—take them," and thereupon began feeling his way along by the wall. The palm was awarded to Hassan.—*Saturday Gazette.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY UNCLE NATHANIEL.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

I was called down from a pleasant book, which I was reading, to see some one who inquired for me. I was just in the most interesting part of the volume, too, when the heroine was going, for aught that I knew, to "expire in a blissful shiver;" and my vexation at being interrupted was correspondingly great. I fumed and fretted, but to no purpose.

I had been so interested in the book, that I had not noticed the appearance of my room, or of myself. As I went out at the door, a backward glance showed me such confusion of tables, chairs and playthings, as only three children between the ages of two and five could possibly have accomplished. It could be only rivalled by the confusion in M——'s head, when he endeavors to illustrate his position! In the hall, I chanced to look in the glass over the hat-stand. What a spectacle I presented then! My lace cap was all awry, my collar unpinned, and the false curls which I had worn in front (serenely imagining that no one could detect the cheat), were dangling over the back of my dress, pinned there by Susie, or Tommy, or little Lu, who had all taken turns in beautifying my head, while I was reading.

Hastily adjusting my dress, I opened the parlor door, where I was seized by my great uncle, Mr. Nathaniel Slingsby, who had just arrived from the West Indies, where he had lived ever since I could remember. Twice before I had seen him—once when I was ten years old, and again at fifteen, when he had made a visit at the very sultriest season. My other remembrances of him came in the shape of sundry jars and bottles of delicious sweetmeats, which he sent every year regularly to my mother, who was his niece.

I knew him instantly. He was a large, tall, strong man, with an eye like an eagle's, and a nose that looked forth like the tower of Lebanon! That nose betrayed him at once. There never *was* such another; and as if the size was not enough to mark its identity, there was an awful wart on one side of it, which I remember well. On his first visit, my mother had put me to bed in disgrace, for making a drawing thereof, and showing it to my little brother—making him laugh under the very shadow of that mighty nose.

"Well, the nose was there in undiminished greatness, and so was its owner; but what, or who was that behind his immensely broad figure? I could see the end of a plume at one of his elbows, and just behind his large, gouty-looking shoes, a black silk flounce was hanging gracefully. I dodged every way to find out why he wore these queer appendages.

My uncle dodged, too, and seemed to enjoy my perplexity; so I ran fairly round him—and it was pretty good exercise for a hot day, too—and saw that the plume, which after all was only a *straw* one, and the flounce were a part and parcel of a very nice looking young lady, who curtsied, smiled, and held out her hand to me.

Now, is it possible, thought I, that this old bachelor of sixty-five has committed matrimony at last, and that, too, with this little fairy thing of seventeen? Perhaps my look showed my horror of such a proceeding; for, as if to reply to my thought, Mr. Slingsby said, "This is not my wife, niece, but my daughter." Daughter; well, that was queer! I am afraid, that I was very inhospitable at that moment. "My *adopted* daughter, Juliana Dallas," said my uncle, "let me beg you to consider her as a cousin."

That set us all right again; and looking kindly upon her—for my heart always warms to orphans, and I knew she must be one, though how my uncle, bachelor and miser as he was said to be, should have happened to take her, was more than I could understand—I saw her, as she truly was, a beautiful and interesting girl. The next half hour made her as well acquainted with us all, as though she had lived next door all her life, and borrowed our newspaper every day. Susie and Tommy were both on her lap at once, and little Lu's fat arms were round her neck, and she was calling my husband, "Cousin William."

She had made the tour of the New England States already, for Uncle Nathaniel had nearer relatives than we were, and had shown his "daughter" to them all; and she had abundant stories to relate to us of the true-hearted Yankee hospitality she had experienced. How she made us love her! She was born to love and be loved. Old and young, married and single, children, servants, work-people, all bowed at the very feet of Juliana Dallas.

"But how came you to be taken by our queer old uncle?" said my husband to her one day, when she had pinned a white ribbon on his hat, and emptied his shot-bag into his boots. "Sit down, if you *can* keep out of mischief awhile, and tell us all about it."

She did tell us, amidst tears that rained fast over her beautiful face, and laughter that was delicious to listen to—so deep seemed the flow of gaiety in that light and changeful spirit. Tears that streamed naturally, at the loss of her own parents, and laughter, rich and musical as the flow of a mountain stream, at the odd substitute who supplied their place. And yet her manner to him was so tender and respectful!

The mother of Juliana was an orphan girl, who went out to the West Indies twenty years ago, with some relations about to settle there. She was a beautiful French girl, with all the grace and accomplishments which they usually possess.

My uncle, then past forty, saw and admired her. She knew and acknowledged his worth, but her heart was already given to her cousin, Alexandre Dallas, with whose family she had emigrated. She was kind, gentle and considerate of his feelings in her refusal, and made him her friend for life. When the terrible West India fever depopulated the plantations, it did not spare the Dallas family; and this child, then only eight years old, was the only survivor.

My uncle stayed by the sick bed of the husband until he died; and poor Sophia died in his arms, imploring my uncle to take charge of her child. He promised, and she died with a blessing on her lips. It was rather embarrassing to the poor old gentleman to know what to do with a child of eight years old, and at first, he felt quite unequal to the task he had pledged himself to perform; but a lady friend very kindly relieved him from the charge, in a great measure. Juliana grew up lovely, intellectual, *spirituelle*. No study too abstruse for her to overcome, no wit so keen that she could not parry, no art that she could not appreciate. For every sorrow she had a tear; for every note of mirth she gave back delicious laughter, ringing like music on the listener's ear.

She had finished her education, and was now seventeen. Uncle Nathaniel wanted to see how Young America was likely to affect his protege; and he took her over the water, to exhibit her to his nieces and nephews. She laughed with them, and *at* them to her heart's content—shed a torrent of tears as she parted successively with each—and departed to her West Indian home again, with a heart ungratefully insensible to the attractions of cousin Jonathan!

It was some time before I heard from my beautiful friend. When I did so, it was to find that she was married to one, who, as she expressed it, had "showered a whole heartful of affection at her feet." She added, "I should like, dear friend, to lift the curtain of the past, and expose to your sympathizing vision all the 'ups and downs' of my life since I saw you; recount the vicissitudes through which I have passed; dwell with rapturous delight on the flowers that have bloomed in my way, and gaze for awhile upon the kindly stars that have illumined the horizon of my earthly joys, hopes and cares. And I should pause, with subdued and chastened feelings, beneath the tearful clouds of sorrow and grief that *once* rested upon my home, and received from my sight an angel to the skies! I would tell you of the time when my child departed to that 'life elysian, whose portal we call death!'

"Yes, I am a sadder, perhaps a wiser, woman than when I saw you. And yet the natural vivacity of temperament, which I inherit from my French ancestry, will, I presume, tinge my character as long as I live; nor do I wish it otherwise. And I could tell you, too, of wasting sickness, of a mind brought to the very verge of insanity, of dark temptations, which I now shudder to think of, and which I bless God for preserving me from. I still weep and smile by turns, as I dwell on life's grave or gay moods."

I was glad to hear that this romantic, impulsive creature was well married; for there had been people wicked enough to say, that poor old Uncle Nathaniel was bringing her up to be his wife!

The last news that I heard was, that the nose, with the owner attached to it, had become the property of the wealthy widow of a West Indian planter, whose own nose was of the genus pug, and was said to possess an irresistibly upward tendency. My uncle's was perfect, by comparison; and the widow gladly exchanged her riches for a nose, of which she felt the full value. Her only thought of happiness was to sit under the shadow of that mighty nose; and my uncle, grateful for her strong admiration for the crowning ornament of his face, laid the nose and its proprietor at her feet!

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THREE DAYS ON THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, ETC. By Dr. B. L. Ball. Boston: Nathaniel Noyes. 1856. 18mo. pp. 65.

This is a narrative of Dr. Ball's thrilling adventures on the White Mountains last October, when he lost his way, and came near losing his life. It has all the charm of romance, with the interest of reality. Having heard the doctor's narrative from his own lips, we feel more than ordinary interest in this little publication.

BERENICE. A Novel. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 332.

A sad story of woman's trials and temptations, hinging on an unfortunate marriage, and written with great power. It is a book which will give rise, perhaps, to severe criticism, but will be universally read.

COLOMBA. From the French of Prosper Merimee. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp 310

Merimee is one of the most brilliant of French writers, yet utterly unknown to those ignorant of the French language. "Colomba" is a delightful story, the scene of which lies in the unhackneyed island of Corsica; and the publishers deserve great credit in bringing it in a classical English dress before the reading public.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE: or, *A Daughter's Trials*. A Domestic Tale of New York. By CHARLES BURDITT. New York: Charles Scribner. 1856. 18mo. pp. 238.

The author of this book is no novice, and tells his story of domestic troubles and trials with much dramatic effect. The curtain falls on a happy denouement, the *sine qua non* of a popular novel. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

HOME STUDIES. By REBECCA A. UPTON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 246.

This is a miscellany alphabetically arranged, embracing much information relating to gardening, housekeeping, and other matters, that cannot but prove valuable in every family.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, has just published "The Lost Birdling Cavatina," by Hon. A. W. Buel, music by Pietro Centemeri; "English Quadrille," by Julliew, and "My Darling Adelaide," a ballad, by Joseph W. Turner.

THE SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA, AND ITS RELATION TO THE HISTORY OF SLAVERY, AND TO THE GOVERNMENT OF THE COLONIES. By ARTHUR HOLLS. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

This history embraces a vast array of facts, and is illustrated by numerous maps and diagrams. It is a work of great research, and will doubtless meet with a large sale. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE TRAGEDIES OF ÆSCHYLUS. Literally Translated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 294.

One of the most valuable of the series embraced in Harpers' "Classical Library." The translation is from the pen of that admirable scholar, Theodore Alois Buckley, B. A. For sale by Redding & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, has just published "Departed Days," an instrumental Nocturne, and "A Tanto Amor," an aria, from "The Favorite."

SIGHT AND HEARING—HOW PRESERVED, AND HOW LOST. By Dr. J. HENRY CLARK. New York: C. Scribner. 1855. 12mo. pp. 351.

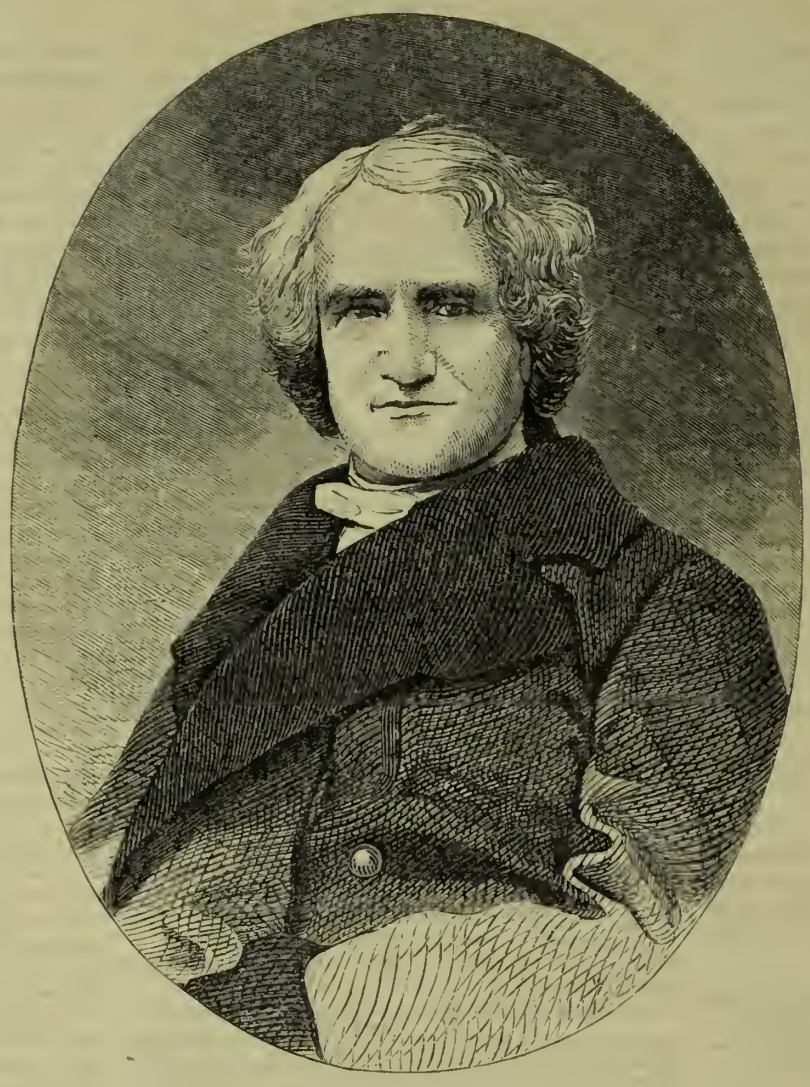
An excellent treatise on the organs of seeing and hearing, their uses, abuses, diseases and remedies—written in a plain, intelligible style, with not a tinge of quackery in the whole book. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

THE YOUTH OF THE OLD DOMINION. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 473.

This story is written with great spirit, and embraces many of those stirring historical scenes which cast the light of romance over the early history of the Old Dominion. We are glad that our writers are working American vein, instead of seeking for the golden ore of literature in foreign lands.

HON. GEORGE M. DALLAS,

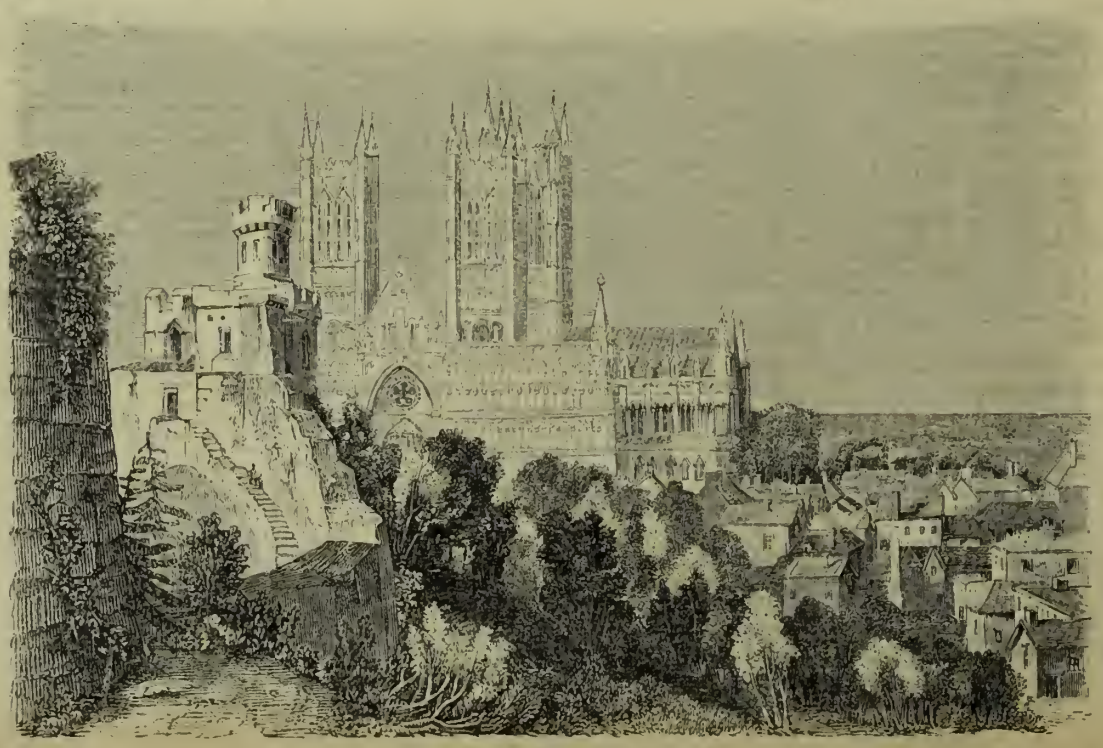
UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ENGLAND.



HON. GEORGE M. DALLAS.

We present herewith a very fine and striking likeness of our present minister to England, whose head is such a one as an artist loves to delineate, full of character and strongly individualized. George Mifflin Dallas is one of our most distinguished public men, and one well fitted by his antecedents as well as by his personal character, to represent the republic in a European court. Though a zealous party man, he is one of those high-minded statesmen who are above mere party considerations on all questions where the relations of our country with foreign powers are involved. At once cool and courteous, thoroughly trained in the best of diplomatic schools, and with large experience of public affairs, and a profound knowledge of international law, we feel very confident that he will adroitly, ably and manfully manage those questions which are entrusted to his guidance. As ambassador to the Court of St. James, he holds a post of honor—filled recently by such men as Buchanan, Lawrence and Everett. His reception in London has been very cordial, and he has responded to the advances made to him, in a spirit entirely free from sycophancy while characterized by frankness and courtesy. At the recent dinner given him in London, the Lord Mayor complimented Mr. Dallas and the republic he represented in the warmest terms, and our minister, in reply, expressed sentiments to which every true American will readily respond. We sincerely trust that he will have the pleasure and honor of being the agent for the pacific solution of the vexed questions which have produced a partial estrangement between this country and Great Britain. Mr. Dallas is the son of Alexander J. Dallas, who held the offices of district attorney of Pennsylvania under Jefferson, and secretary of state under Madison, and was born in the city of Philadelphia, July 10, 1792. He is consequently now sixty four years of age, but enjoys good health and is an active, vigorous man. After receiving his preliminary education in Philadelphia, he was sent to Princeton College, whence he graduated with high honor in 1810. Having made choice of his father's profession, he commenced the study of the law in his father's office, and was admitted to the bar in 1813. During that year he was invited by Mr. Gallatin to accompany him to Russia, where that gentleman was appointed a commissioner to negociate a peace under the mediation of the Emperor Alexander. He readily accepted the offer, and went abroad as Mr. Gallatin's private secretary. Though he was not a great while absent from this country, he made good use of his time, and besides travelling in Russia, he visited France, England, Holland and the Netherlands, seeing whatever was worthy of observation in those countries, studying on the spot the memorials of those historical events with which he was already familiar, and taking such notes of men and things as contributed to enlarge and establish his knowledge of human nature. He returned to the United States in 1814. For awhile he assisted his father in the discharge of his duties as secretary of the treasury, but it was not long before he commenced the practice of the law in his native city. In 1817 he was appointed deputy to the attorney general of Philadelphia, and soon acquired a high reputation as a criminal lawyer. His knowledge of the law, the perfect reliability of his memory, his knowledge of human nature, his promptness, acuteness and fertility of resource, his oratorical readiness and zeal, enabled him to make a brilliant figure at the bar. Unable to keep aloof from the vortex of politics, he embarked in them with zeal, and immediately became a leading man with the democracy of the Keystone State. In 1825 he was elected mayor of Philadelphia, after a spirited canvass. In 1829, on the incoming of the Jackson administration, he was appointed to the district-attorneyship, an office which, it will be remembered, his father had occupied before him. He held this post two years, when in 1831, a vacancy having occurred in the representation from Pennsylvania in the United States Senate, he was chosen to fill it. During the stormy session of 1832—33, he took an active part, showing a readiness of attack and defence which proved his fitness for the position he occupied. On the expiration of his term of office, in 1833, he declined a re-election and resumed the duties of his profession, to which he always appears to have been zealously attached. In 1837 he accepted from Mr. Van Buren the appointment of minister to Russia, and in an official capacity renewed his acquaintance with that interesting country, which he had first visited in 1813. In October, 1839, he returned home and once more resumed his professional duties. He continued to practise law till 1845, when, having been the previous fall elected to the vice-presidency of the United States, he went to Washington in March, to share the honors and duties of the incoming administration. His term of office expired March 4, 1849, when he was succeeded by Millard Fillmore, whom the unexpected death of General Taylor soon placed in the presidential chair. We believe that since that period, Mr. Dallas has held no public office, until President Pierce, on the resignation of the Hon. James Buchanan, tendered him the highly honorable appointment of minister to London. It is only a few weeks since he arrived out and assumed the duties of his post. But he has found time already to make many warm friends on the other side of the Atlantic. And although his personal qualities have undoubtedly much to do with the reception accorded him, still we must credit a good portion of its warmth to the good feeling entertained by our friends on the other side of the Atlantic to this country, and their anxiety to manifest as distinctly as possible how little sympathy they have for those of their rulers who have evinced hostility to this republic. Mr. Dallas's reception by the British people shows conclusively that they are our friends, and that if any ill feeling to this country exists abroad, it is confined to members of the government, and those not representative members—that is, not men with whom the people cordially sympathize. But we trust, as we before said in substance, that every cloud will pass away, and that none but the most cordial relations will continue to exist between two countries connected by ties of blood, by a common language, and by common interests. Mr. Dallas's speech on his first public reception in England, to which we have alluded in the beginning of this article, has, we find, created an impression in his favor, which subsequent acquaintance has tended to strengthen. He has been very extensively "lionized" in the British capital, and has borne his honors with great modesty and good taste.

THE CATHEDRAL OF LINCOLN.



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

The noble edifice, of which we herewith present an accurate view, with its three towers, its rose window, and its rich ornamentation, is one of the finest specimens of old Gothic architecture extant in England. It ranks next to York cathedral in beauty and interest. Situated on a hill, it overlooks the upper and lower towns of Lincoln, and affords a view of vast extent, comprising portions of five or six counties adjoining Lincolnshire. Its length, from east to west, is 530 feet, and its breadth, 227 feet. Its portal and two of its three towers, date back to the 11th century, and justify the opinion of antiquarians who attribute its foundation, some to William the Conqueror, and others, to his son, William Rufus. At a later period it was rebuilt and dedicated to the Virgin Mary by Henry II. The most remarkable parts of the church are the choir and the chapel of the Virgin. Much has been said, also, of the bell —"Tom of Lincoln"—whose deep tones and ringing peals, joining with the clamorous chimes of the numerous monasteries of Lincolnshire and those of the fourteen churches of the capital, perhaps gave rise to the erroneous supposition that England was the "ringing island" of Rabelais. This bell, cracked in 1827, and broken in 1834, was recast and placed in the central tower in 1835. It is now eighteen feet in diameter at its opening, and of ponderous weight far exceeding that of the original bell. The difficulty of swinging so enormous a mass causes it to be rung only upon great occasions. Before the Reformation, the Lincoln church was supposed to be the wealthiest in the kingdom. Henry VIII. appropriated the greater part of its treasures, and during the religious wars under Charles I., its sumptuous tombs were mutilated and ravaged, and like most of the splendid religious edifices of that period, it served for barracks to the iron-clad warriors of Cromwell. The cathedral is not the only remarkable monument of Lincoln; but travellers are much struck with the ruins of the strong castle built by William the Conqueror, and the Newport gate, which attest the ancient origin of the city. This vast arch is an imposing relic of the Roman architecture. When the whole country fell into the power of the Romans, this portion of it was inhabited by the *Coritani*, savage and warlike tribes, dressed in sheepskins, tattooed with blue, their arms and waists loaded with heavy iron rings, their shoulders covered by their long, flowing blonde hair, and who, disgorged by the Scarpe and the Seine, the muddy waters of which were cloven by their light canoes, were swept by the sea upon the eastern coasts of Great Britain. Their towns were only heaps of huts defended by ramparts of earth and the trunks of fallen trees. They fought with the Gallic arms—the long sabre, the war chariot, which they drove with great skill, the club, the buckler, the bow and arrow, the adroit management of which latter weapon they transmitted to their posterity. Having mastered the rude villages of these barbarous hordes, the Romans surrounded the city with walls, fortified it, and forming the Foss Dyke, an artificial lake four miles long, united the waters of the Witham, which runs, in the south, into the Wash, with those of the Trent, which flows, in the north, into the Humber. All this part of the country was thus surrounded by a network of navigable waters, the primary source of its present commercial prosperity. At a later date, the Norman invasion renewed the activity of the inhabitants, opened new sources of industry, introduced new arts, a purer religion and loftier aspirations. The struggle with the former possessors and invaders of the soil developed in them energy, abnegation and heroism—the principles of great deeds. Now a long and tranquil sway has ripened the germs sown by the stormy past. Peace and security have developed by degrees the agricultural resources of a soil once ravaged by hostile hands and intersected by unhealthy fens. Drainage has worked wonders in the whole of this region. The vast marshes which procured for a third of Lincolnshire the name of *Holland* (low land), and which were so long the refuge at once of the defenders of the country and of the marauders who ravaged it, are now smiling with the fruits of liberal culture. Now the long wool of the numerous flocks raised in Lincolnshire (they amount to about 3,000,000), and the oxen, which weigh from 12 to 14 cwt., are transported over the roads, the bases of which were laid by the Romans eighteen centuries ago. The forests which surround the country have expanded their paths, those old flourishing woods, where, in the gay and reckless days of Robin Hood, there were no enemies but winter and storm, where jollity reigned the live-long day, and good humor was as buoyant as the leaf on the tree, no longer hide, within their deep recesses, the Saxon archer, clad in Lincoln green, concealed in the masses of verdure, and revealed only by the sharp whistle of his unerring arrow. The roads are open to the farmer's carts, and the echoes, instead of repeating shouts of defiance, or cries of terror, awake to the morning song of the young country maiden, who, trotting along on her gray nag, only reminds us of her ancestors by her flowing flaxen tresses, at the same time singing the traditionary ballads in which the ever popular Robin Hood, the bold archer and woodman, the fearless yeoman, figures as a hero.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

POSTAL REFORM.

We again urge the attention of our readers to the subject of postal reform, which is now one of the most important before the public. The Postal Reform Committees of New York and Boston are circulating petitions for signatures, and they must not be classed with the thousand petitions floating about, which have merely local and personal interests for a basis. The reforms solicited interest directly or indirectly every man, woman and child in this country. The petitions to congress ask for the following:

1. A uniform postage of two cents on all letters not exceeding half an ounce in weight, throughout the United States. 2. Receiving houses and letter carriers in all cities and principal towns. 3. Money orders from one post office to another, for sums not exceeding twenty-five dollars. 4. A uniform and low rate of ocean postage. 5. The postage on franked matter to be paid out of the treasury. 6. The abolition of compulsory pre-payment. 7. The return of all dead letters to the writers.

The several points enumerated above have been ably and thoroughly discussed in the various public meetings which have been held in this city and elsewhere. They have all, with the exception of cheap ocean postage, been adopted in Great Britain for years, and have there worked to a charm, both as regards the government and the public. It is not fitting that a great republic like ours should be behind Great Britain in a matter of such vital importance. It remains for us now to follow where we should have taken the initiative, and that with the utmost promptness. We must urge this matter upon congress, and with the force attendant upon public opinion in a free country, there is no reason to despair of success. We most cordially commend the movement, and shall do all in our power to help urge it onward.

AN EXCELLENT CHOICE.—Mr. William F. Poole, the popular librarian of the Mercantile Library Association, has been chosen librarian of the Boston Athenæum, in place of Dr. Charles Folsom, resigned. Mr. Poole is one of the best librarians in the whole country—large as it is.

THE PERSIA.—This fine steamship of the Cunard line has crossed the ocean in 9 days 10 hours and 15 minutes—and this without crowding, but owing to her excellent qualities, and the way she was handled. She means to do better yet next summer.

COSTA RICA—NICARAGUA.—Smart times these—Minié rifles—skirmishes—battles—Col. Schlessinger—fight or die—glory—fine fun for the newsboys, but death to many of the belligerents.

SPLINTERS.

.... The Czar of Russia will, it is rumored, visit Paris and London in the month of June.

.... The Duc de Broglie in Paris has been lashing Louis Napoleon while pretending to sketch Cardinal Mazarin.

.... A Minnesota writer says a friend of his raised a squash weighing 221 1-4 pounds. That fraction is superb!

.... The life-boat placed in Gloucester by the Humane Society eleven years ago, has drifted away and been lost.

.... At a meeting in Philadelphia it was resolved to raise $5000 towards erecting an American chapel in Paris.

.... The Cape de Verd islanders are again in a starving condition. Assistance is implored by the governor.

.... The Michigan Central Railroad has erected a telegraph from Detroit to Chicago to communicate railroad news.

.... Provincetown, the jumping off place at Cape Cod, is the richest town in Massachusetts, of its size.

.... The French have just got hold of Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." They call it "Le Val Dormant."

.... Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne is about to visit Australia, California and England. She has engaged Mr. Pope, the actor.

.... The Fitchburg railroad corporation pays the city of Charlestown a tax of $4797 dollars per annum.

.... A cemetery for Mohammedans dying in Paris, together with a mosque, has been established in that city.

.... The friends of Italian liberty begin to hope again that something will be accomplished for that country.

.... It is said that the New York Academy of Music will be turned into a hospital. Forbid it, Max Maretzek!

.... A German opera troupe has been organized in New York, to give German masterpieces in grand style.

.... Two children came near being poisoned by eating the roots of water hemlock, which they mistook for artichokes.

.... There is due the United States from its defaulting officers the enormous sum of $132,512,704,67.

.... It is utterly impossible for the best of men to please all the world. We should strive only to satisfy our consciences.

.... Mr. Fry, of New York, said lately, "a shot from the type hattery goes round the whole world."

.... The French government have been insulting the English by seizing copies of Punch on account of its harmless jokes.

.... It is recollected that Queen Victoria refused to receive Eugenie till after her marriage to the emperor.

.... If Gen. Comonfort confiscates all the church property in Mexico, he will be able to raise 400 millions of dollars.

.... Flashes of lightning that embrace the whole horizon do not last a thousandth part of a second!

.... The first pianoforte was made in 1767. It has proved prolific and has been the parent of millions.

THE MANIA OF AVARICE.

Avarice is less the love of money than the dread of poverty. This fear is a horrible malady—it is one of the most debasing and corrupting of human weaknesses. A man who would face death with a smile, and might, on occasion, become the hero of a battle-field, trembles like the vilest of the vile before the shadow of misery, or only of embarrassment; and, for a little money, sells shamelessly, to whoever will purchase, his dignity and liberty. It is this "yellow slave that knits and breeds corruptions" that peoples the area of courts with sycophants.

This shows us why, in Greece, where liberty and dignity were so highly appreciated, the philosophers insisted with so much energy on the virtue of a contempt of riches. In the present age, we have reversed the opinion, and hold that whoever maintains that independence is preferable to fortune is a blockhead.

Byron said, half satirically, half seriously,

"——for a good old gentlemanly vice,
I think I will take up with avarice."

And a single word may be said in its favor—it may be defended relatively. The miser does the most injury to himself; the prodigal is almost always a corrupter. He buys consciences, and makes them the slave of his passions; his life is a perpetual inculcation of vice and contempt of labor. His example would be more contagious than that of the miser, if it were less difficult to acquire wealth; and as we say, "A miserly father—a spendthrift son," we might say as frequently, "A prodigal father—a miserly son"—if prodigal fathers only left anything to spend.

What an example—equal to that of Molière's *Avare*—was that of Daniel Dancer, of Middlesex county, England, born about 1716. As a young man, he exhibited no traits of an unbalanced mind; on the contrary, he was frank and open, ready to meet danger, and bold to surmount difficulties. But this unaccountable fear of coming to want came over him like a dark shadow, and clouded his mind forever. Though he came into possession of a considerable fortune, though he was unmarried, still this dream of want haunted him night and day like a ghost. We may fancy him cowering in that lonely country-house, shared only by his sister, infected by the same lunacy, the unfortunate couple clad in rags, and living upon food a London beggar would have spurned. Daniel reduced his allowance to the value of two pence per diem; but, strange to say, he expended as much for milk to keep life in a favorite dog. His dog, his "halved heart—his Pythias," one day killed a lamb, and Daniel was dunned for the value of the animal. Of course he wouldn't pay; but he took his dog to a smith's, and had his teeth filed off so that a similar accident should not happen a second time. Daniel washed his face and hands in a pond; and to save linen, dried them in the sun. The hat he wore when a young man covered his head in old age. Once he made up his mind to buy a second-hand hat of a Jew for a shilling; but an old drudge, who lived with Dancer, offering sixpence more, the miser yielded his bargain rather than submit to the advance. Poor Daniel! he died wealthy. Poor, poor rich man! the wayside beggar was wealthier than he. We call the victim of avarice *miser* (from the Latin word, signifying *wretched*), but we should call him *miserrimus*.

BIG GUN.

The English tell some large stories, and justly, too, about their heavy ordnance. An American gentleman, who was listening, in a London coffee-house, to a description of one of these monsters, said abruptly:

"Pooh! gentlemen. I wont deny that's a fair sized cannon; but you are leetle mistaken in supposing it to be the largest in the world. It's not to be named in the same minute with one of our Yankee cannon that I saw in Charlestown last year. Jupiter! that was a cannon! Why, gentlemen, it was so large that the sailors were obliged to employ two yoke of oxen to draw in the ball."

"Tho deuce they were!" exclaimed one of his hearers, with a smile of triumph. "Pray, can you tell me how they got the oxen out again?"

"Why, my dear sir," said the Yankee, "they unyoked 'em and drove 'em through the vent hole!"

PATRONIZING.—A Connecticut critic concedes that "Boston is *beginning* to be celebrated for its literary men." We feel encouraged and grateful—just as we did when we read in the British newspapers, that "Her Majesty and Prince Albert were pleased to express their approval of a block of ice from Wenham Pond." Where's our hat? Nutmeg can take it.

QUAINT PUN.—Old Fuller, author of "English Worthies," tells a quaint story of himself and Justice Woodcock. "I was out in the fields," said Fuller, "when we did hear an owl. "What bird is that?' said he. 'A *woodcock*,' said I. 'No,' said he, 'it is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over.'"

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL appears weekly abounding in engravings of a superior order, some of mammoth size, fully equal to those published in the English papers. It seems impossible for so much valuable matter to be afforded at the low price it is; but the immense circulation enables the publisher to improve each week. There is no excuse for not taking an illustrated paper, when it can be had at such a small price. Ballou's Pictorial now circulates over the whole State of California and Oregon.—*California Farmer, Sacramento.*

VERY CONSIDERATE.—An Irish paper, in referring to a fire, said, "We *regret* to state that our reporter was deceived as to the amount of loss occasioned by the fire. We are now informed that the damage was *trifling*."

A MODEST NAME.—The brutal and now nearly obsolete practice of "gouging" used to be termed "oporating for strabismus on the Kentucky principle."

INTERIOR OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE LIBRARY.

In No. 17 of the present volume of the Pictorial we published an exterior view of the enlargement of the State House. We now present, occupying the whole of our last page, a fine view of the interior of the State Library, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Champney. It is a noble room, and makes a striking picture. One of the principal objects proposed to be obtained by the enlargement of the State House, was the provision of suitable accommodations for the already voluminous archives of this ancient Commonwealth, and for the library of the State, which, though inconsiderable at present, for many years past has imperatively demanded a more adequate accommodation than could be afforded in the crowded stories of the original building. This result has been effected by the construction of a commodious, fire-proof hall, included in the design of the enlargement, which is at once light, airy, pleasant, and conveniently adapted to the purposes for which it was intended. It is 88 feet in length, 37 feet in width, and 40 feet in height, and is capable of containing at least sixty thousand volumes, which is probably as large a number as will accumulate, even with liberal legislative provision, for many years to come.

The hall is finished throughout with cast iron, in a simple, permanent and neat manner, and is designed with regard more to utility than ornamentation, though the latter prevails to a degree sufficient to render the room attractive and not unworthy of the important place it holds in the capitol. The general arrangement is regulated upon the principle of the Congressional Library Hall in the capitol at Washington,—there are two ranges of alcoves and one of wall shelves, extending the entire length of the hall on either side. At one end of the hall are three ranges of wall shelves, corresponding with the alcoves and shelves of the sides, and at the other, ample staircases for access to the galleries. The front of the second range of alcoves and of the tier of wall shelves, on each side, recede respectively from that of the range below, forming galleries in front of them, which are protected by balustrades. The ceiling of the room is supported by large foliated consoles, and is divided into deep-moulded panels, the central ones being filled with glass for the better lighting of the library from a large skylight in the roof. The hall is accessible from the other portions of the edifice by staircases and doorways, conveniently located in the principal corridors. The construction of the entire room, including its ceiling, is wholly of iron, excepting only the portions of the shelving upon which the books are to rest, which are of wood.

The design of the whole is by Mr. Gridley I. F. Bryant, the architect of the enlargement of the State House; it was adopted after a most thorough and careful examination of the principal library rooms of the United States by the first board of commissioners appointed to superintend the erection of this most important structure. To the sound wisdom of Messrs. C. H. Warren, A. W. Thaxter, Jr. and S. K. Hutchinson the Commonwealth is indebted for a *thoroughly* fire-proof room. The commissioners who succeeded these gentlemen—Messrs. Joseph R. Richards, George M. Thatcher and S. K. Hutchinson—have most faithfully and fairly completed what their predecessors had commenced.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Rogers, Mr. T. J. Lusk, of St. Johns, N. F., to Miss Elizabeth Roche; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr Benjamin C. Hale to Miss Frances Kirby; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. George F. Harris to Miss Elizabeth J. Calvert; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Capt. Francis O. Pitman to Miss Isadore Herrick; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. William Smith to Miss Mary P. Johnson.— At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Lambert Mr. George Black, of Cambridge, to Miss Mary E. Nichols —At Lexington, by Rev Mr. Swasey, Mr. Asa Burbank, of Brighton, to Miss Emily J. Childs.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills. Mr. Asa B. Trask, of Danvers, to Miss Mary A. Farrington.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Davis, Mr. Paul D. Small to Miss Judith M Carey.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Daniel E. Haines to Miss Isabella King.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. Matthew Blakey to Miss Rachel M. Brown.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. Thomas Nye Eldridge to Miss Eunice Pope.—At Belfast, Me., Mr. Wales Miller to Miss Annie G. Lewis, of Thorndike.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Louisa Wright, 26; Mr. Henry M. Hill, 34; Mr. Robert Andrews, 51; Mr. Eben Henry Putnam, 28; Mr. Isaac W. Mott, 22.—At Roxbury, Mr. James Walker Hunt, 22.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Ann Savage, 66.—At Dorchester, Mr. Edward Robinson, 62.—At Reading, Widow Lucinda Temple, 77.—At Lynn, Mrs Hannah B. Smith, 22; Mrs. Nancy Jane Munroe, 39.—At Salem, Mr. James Ryan, 29; Widow Abigail Buffington, 86.— At Beverly, Mrs. Harriet L. Foster, 63.—At West Danvers, Mrs. Sarah Russell, 65.—At Danvers, Miss Elizabeth M. Nickerson, 19.—At Newburyport, Mrs Catherine Morse, 87; Mrs. Judith Jewell, 81; Mrs. Sarah Wheelwright, 36.—At Worcester, Miss Eliza A. Pratt, 21; Mr. Levens McFarland, 52.— At New Bedford, Mr. George Fox Southwick, 38 Mrs. Grace Gardner, 99.—At Nantucket Miss Rebecca C. Brown, 18.—At Plymouth, Mr. Lot Stetson, 71.—At Edgartown, Daniel Fellows, Esq., 77.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year		$3 00
4 subscribers,	" "	10 00
10 "	" "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner of 4th and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K Woodward, corner of 4th and Chesnut Streets, St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Kentucky; Trubner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London, General Agents for Europe.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE.

BY MARY F. BARBER.

Rearing high its leafy branches 'gainst the amber sky,
Stands it now upon the mountain, as it stood in days gone by,
With the shadowy hills around it and the misty plains below,
Where the river ever singeth sweetest ballads in its flow.
Where the loud winds calm their voices and improvise a prayer,
When the vesper bells are chiming on the hallowed evening air.

Phantom forms are ever round it, in the stillness of the night,
Clasping hands within its shadows, with their faces pale and white;
And I see among the number many forms that long ago
Passed beside the mystic river, and were buried in its flow.
And their voices chanting slowly, I have heard them all before,
When I met beneath its branches in the happy days of yore.

One is standing still and lonely with a look and tone forlorn,
For her golden harp is shattered, and her robe is soiled and torn.
She has wandered through the valley mid the mist and dross of earth,
Till her crown has lost its brightness and her heart its gladsome mirth.
And she sadly sighs for heaven, yet is lingering still below,
For the voices, and the faces, and the smiles of "long ago."

Wintry skies are gazing lightly on the green old mountain tree,
And I think me of the faces and the tones so glad and free;
Of the lips that now are chilling, and the forms that found a grave
In the valley, on the hillside, and beneath the crested wave;
And I shrink from death's dark shadows, putting up an earnest prayer,
For the wine of life is sparkling, and the earth is very fair.

Wintry snows are resting coldly where they laid them when they died,
With their spotless robes about them and their pale hands by their side,
And the winds are chanting dirges where they found the young and fair,
When we left them to the grave-rest with a sadly murmured prayer;
And the green old tree is mourning for the beautiful and gay,
Who passed out from its shadow in the brightness of their day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FEMALE PILOT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

An English brig-of-war lay to off the southern shore of the Island of Firee, which is one of the Inner Hebrides, on the western coast of Scotland. And the brig had just captured a prize. She had been sent up after smugglers, and had taken one of the most notorious of the smuggling crew—a stout, bold, reckless man, named Donald Kenmore. He was commander of a smuggling vessel, and the chief spirit among the contrabandists of that section. When Kenmore knew that his vessel must be taken if she remained above water, he deliberately knocked a big hole in her bottom, and sunk her where she lay. His crew were sent off before he did this, and they made their escape. He retained a light skiff, hoping to make his escape also. His daughter was with him, she having refused to leave the vessel before him. They had entered the skiff, and while they stopped to see the old vessel go down, a boat came from the war-brig and cut them off. It was too late now to escape, and Kenmore saw that resistance would be useless, so he gave himself up with as good grace as possible.

Flora Kenmore was eighteen years of age, and possessed all the rugged beauty of her Highland countrywomen. Her eye was large, and its glance could be as soft as the whispers of love, or as piercing as the glare of the enraged lion. She was not large in frame—far from it—but she was stout and strong, and her very step was the language of pride and self-control. A noble man could have loved her most dearly, but a coward would have trembled with conscious littleness before her. She was taken with her father, and carried on board the brig-of-war.

"Ah, Donald Kenmore," uttered the commander of the brig, as the smuggler was led to the quarter-deck, "you and I have met before."

"Ay, Captain Thornhill, we have," returned the smuggler, in a calm, proud tone. "Twice I have captured; but now your turn has come."

"And I think the people will thank me for it," the Englishman said.

"The *people!*" uttered Kenmore, indignantly. "Say the people's *rulers!* No, sir! the *people* have been blessed by me too much for that. Go ask the poor men upon whose tables I have placed the luxuries of life at a cost which they could afford, if they will thank thee for taking away their benefactor! No, John Thornhill! They cannot pay what the British lords would force from them to help in sustaining an army of noblemen in luxurious indolence and uselessness! Go now, and ask the people—the *producers* of England and Scotland—the *workers*—which has befriended them,—Donald Kenmore, or your sharp-nosed cruisers!"

"By my soul, sir smuggler, you are eloquent."

"Because I am honest. But say, Captain Thornhill, what is now to be my fate?"

"I should suppose you might judge," was Thornhill's reply.

"I may guess, but I suppose you might know."

"Well, sir, I can assure you that you will meet one of two fates: you will either be transported for life, or be hung!"

"So I supposed," said the smuggler, without the movement of a muscle.

The commander was now called to attend to making sail, and Donald Kenmore was led away forward and put in chains. Flora requested that she might be allowed to accompany her father, and her request was granted. She was offered a berth in the cabin, but she chose to remain by her father's side.

About an hour after the brig had made sail, the first lieutenant, a stout, coarse fellow, named Wooler, came up to where Flora stood, and placing his hand upon her fair neck, he asked her for a kiss. She started back, and while her eyes flashed fire, she drew a small pistol from her bosom and cocked it.

"Miserable dog!" she uttered, in a low, firm tone, "dare to place your foul touch upon me again and you shall die!"

"Tut, tut, my pretty bird," cried Wooler, "you wouldn't be so cruel." But his voice trembled, and his frame shook with the mortification he tried to hide.

"I think you will not tempt me, at all events," the maiden returned, with biting irony.

The lieutenant bit his lips, and his fists were clenched; but he had not the daring to go further, so he turned away and walked aft. From that moment the crew looked upon the maiden with admiration. They did not like Wooler.

It was afternoon when the brig squared away, and as the wind was light and baffling she made but little headway. It was past four o'clock when she passed Eraid, and by that time the wind had died almost to a calm, but not a pleasing calm. The heavens had grown dark, the air cold and puffing, and night seemed coming on with the sun yet up. Captain Thornhill gave orders for taking off the sail, and ere long the brig lay under close-reefed topsails and fore-staysail.

At sundown the wind came in from the southward and westward; and by the time night had fairly settled down it blew a gale. The captain tried awhile to keep to the wind under the three sails he had left on, but the wind was too strong. It blew a perfect hurricane, and the sea began to rise and break over the deck; and ere long it became evident that one of the topsails must be taken off.

It was a bad place in which to be caught thus. Thornhill knew that he must be near the mouth of the Sound of Mull, and if he lay to, the gale would tend to drive him up into it. He was not acquainted with the place, and though he had good charts yet he did not feel safe.

Higher and higher grew the furious wind, until the very sea seemed dancing over the frail bark. The masts groaned and creaked, the rigging grated and strained, and every crack and seam gaped beneath the fearful strain. The wind howled and roared, and the mad sea surged and boiled, until the whole scene appeared but the result of a furious war of the frantic elements.

At midnight Captain Thornhill began to be frightened. The wind was not only unabated, but the rain had begun to drive down, and the night was as black as one solid mass of ink.

"Wooler," he said, as he drew his oiled jacket up over his face to protect it from the driving rain, "can you not hear the roar of breakers?"

"I have thought I heard them for some time," returned the lieutenant, holding firmly by the life-line to prevent being washed away by the breaking seas.

"And yet we can do nothing," the captain resumed, being obliged to cry out with all his strength to make his voice sound above the roar of the elements. "To veer an atom would be sure destruction. But we cannot live so much longer. Every rope and stick is strained now to its utmost. O, if we had room to run off before it."

"But we haven't," was Wooler's response.

Yet the brig lived through the night, and when the morning dawned, the wind seemed to increase rather than diminish. It was near the autumnal equinox, and there was every prospect that the storm would be a long one. The rain still fell in torrents, and the heavens were black, and the air dark. Thornhill had no idea of his whereabouts, for how far the brig had been driven by the fury of the night he could not tell; yet he supposed he must be somewhere near the chops of the Sound of Mull.

It was a few minutes past six when the captain was startled by a loud cry forward, and on working his way thither he found that the foremast was sprung just above the pike-rack. He had hardly discovered the danger, when another shout from the poop called him aft, and hurrying back again, a sight met his gaze that made his heart leap with horror. Directly under the lee-quarter, and not over a quarter of a mile distant, was a bold, rocky coast, over which the sea was dashing fearfully! And all along, too, to the northward, the same horrid scene extended.

"Good God!" cried Wooler, at this moment pointing over the weather bow, "there are more rocks there! See! see! We are surrounded!"

The men were called, but not one of them knew the shores.

"Bring up Donald Kenmore!" cried Wooler.

"Ha! We will," answered the captain. And the smuggler was sent for.

The old man came on deck—he had been carried below when the storm reached its fury—but he could not tell where the brig was.

"But," he added, "my child has been a pilot in these waters for over four years, and there's not a rock nor shoal in the Sound o' Mull she don't know."

"Ha, Donald Kenmore, do you speak truly now?"

"I do. Until within a month she has been with her brother, and has almost lived among the rocks of the Sound."

Flora Kenmore was sent for at once. She came up, and taking her station near the wheel, where she could hold on upon one of the life-lines for support, she gazed carefully around. It was truly a terrific scene. On all hands now, save on the weather quarter alone, the huge breakers were piled up and stretched along. Not a muscle of the maiden's body quivered, nor did her cheek blanch; but boldly she stood there, and her gaze was calm and assured.

"Lady," spoke the captain, whose brightened look was in strange contrast with the expression that rested upon Flora Kenmore's fair features, "do you know where you are?"

"I do, sir—exactly!" was the sure reply.

"Ha! and can the brig be saved?"

"Ay, sir. In less than two hours this brig can be run into a harbor where this storm would be but as a summer shower!"

"And can you do it?"

"If I try."

"By heavens! then do it! Do it, and any sum you name shall be yours!"

"Hold," said the noble girl. "I want not your gold; but you have a thing which, if you will give it back to me, shall secure your salvation."

"What?"

"*My father!* Give me my father, and you shall be saved."

"But he is a State's prisoner. I have no right to give him up."

"But you have the power, sir. You took him, and you can give him up."

"But consider, my girl. Your own life is at stake. If we go you must go with us."

"I know it, sir, and I am prepared for it. What's my life worth to me if my father must be——but you may depend upon this: I can save you. Give me back my father—swear to me that we may both go away free and unmolested when your anchors are safely down, and you shall be saved. If you will not do this, then your hours are numbered. I know where you are, and without the aid of one who knows these rocks, this vessel cannot ride one hour longer!"

"Give him up!" cried Wooler, whose face was pale as death. "Be sure you wont bend her an atom."

The captain dared hesitate no longer. The rest of the officers seconded Wooler's request, and he gave in.

"Save us," he said, turning to the maiden once more; "save us, and your father shall be free!"

"Do you swear this?"

"I do—most solemnly; and I call on all present to witness that when this vessel is safe if your father and yourself go not whither you will, I am a perjured wretch! Now the helm is yours."

On the instant Flora started into new life.

"Lay the yards square!" she cried, at the top of her voice. "Ease up the helm. Let two faithful men take the wheel!"

These orders were obeyed, and ere long the brig was dashing off before the wind. An opening was made in the rocky coast ahead.

"That is Lunga on the quarter," the maiden said, "and ahead we have a dozen small islands. Here comes the Devil's Rock on the starboard bow, and that on the aft is McDonald's Crown. Port a little! Steady—so!"

The hearts of the men leaped up, and there seemed to hang for some moments. But on went the flying vessel—the heavy spray actually dashing over the deck from the towering rocks—now on this hand, now on that—and yet she went safely on. If she had gone through such a dubious channel, then why should she not pass the rest?

The men became more easy, even though the horrors were as palpable as ever. The course of the brig lay through a hissing, rushing, tumbling surge, with rocks still on every hand. And there stood the fair pilot, her keen eye flashing, her finely chiselled nostrils dilated, and her noble form drawn proudly up. Her orders were prompt and assured, and confidence was in every look and tone.

At length the vessel entered a narrow strait, not over a mile wide, and the course was direct. It was the mainland of Argyle upon the right, and the Island of Seil upon the left. In half an hour more the strait was passed—another group of rocks was cleared—and yet the gallant bark flew safely on over the storm-mad sea.

"Stand by the braces!" cried Flora, now showing a little excitement. "Mind your helm! Round in carefully on the larboard braces! Keep the others taut! Helm a-port! easy—easy!"

The brig bowed to the wind most fearfully now that her side was presented to it, and the masts bent like reeds—but she failed not. A high promontory was passed—and in a few moments more the deep labor ceased. The brig righted, the masts grew straight, and the sails had done straining. The water moved only in long swells, and as the men looked ahead through the falling rain, they saw the smooth haven stretching away up into the land—a haven into which the southern storm-demon could not come, and where the weary bark could be at rest. It was the long, narrow inlet of Kilmore.

At length the sail was taken off, the anchors dropped, and then the men crowded about their fair pilot to bless her for the service she had done them. But she asked not their thanks, though she could not refuse their gratitude.

"I have saved my father," she said, "and that is all in all to me. Let us go on shore now."

"But not in this storm," urged the captain.

"Yes," persisted Flora. "We are not at home here, but on shore I shall find a sheltering roof, and open arms to receive us."

Captain Thornhill felt too grateful to make any objections, and he had a boat lowered at once.

"God bless you!" he said, as he grasped Flora by the hand; "and when, in time to come, we call each other to mind, I trust you may feel something of the friendliness towards me which I must ever cherish for you." Then he turned to Donald. "And to you, Donald Kenmore, let me say, God grant I may never meet you again when the duty of my station could make you my enemy. Farewell!"

And in a few moments more the smuggler and his child were on their way to the shore. A sheltering roof soon spread its protection over them, and warm friends welcomed them to the fireside.

Donald Kenmore and John Thornhill never met again, for the old man had money enough, and when his noble daughter, shortly after the startling adventure we have recorded, gave her hand and heart to the man who had loved her long and truly, he found a home with them.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is a singular fact that duels and suicides are unknown among the Turks. —— The residents of Worcester are making efforts to call back, on the approaching national festival, all the sons and daughters of their ancient town, and probably Hon. George Bancroft, a native, will join in this family festival, and deliver an oration. —— According to the received chronology, Adam lived to be 930 years of age. —— The venerable Stuyvesant pear-tree on the corner of 3d Avenue and 13th Street, New York, has budded out vigorously this spring, and gives promise of its wonted crop of fruit. The veteran tree, though now entering upon the third century of its existence, is hale and hearty, and bids fair to weather the storms of another century. —— Keokuk is now a city of 10,000 inhabitants, and has a theatre of respectable size, which is to be completed in this month. —— Gymnasties strengthen the intellectual faculties. Says a distinguished writer:—"If you wish to develope the mind of a pupil, exercise his body; make him healthy and strong, that you may make him prudent and reasonable."—— F. N. Ripley, a young doctor from New York, was frozen to death in Minnesota, last winter, and devoured by wolves! —— The Austrian Lloyd's Company, on the first of March last, owned 59 steamers, with 10,000 horse power, and a measurement of 29,955 tons. Of these 59 vessels, six are steam clippers, thirteen screw steamers, and nine river steamers. —— Fast young men smoke a great deal, for it is the nature of a rake to have a quantity of weeds about him. —— At a meeting in Philadelphia, lately, it was resolved to endeavor to raise $5000 in that city towards the establishment of an American chapel in Paris. A committee was appointed to collect the money. —— Lord Peterborough remarked that if an English lawyer is in danger of starving in a market town or village, he invites another, and both thrive! —— On one occasion, while Bochsa (just deceased) and Madame Bishop were in Mexico, some brigands arrested their carriage, and learning who they were, obliged the madame to sing for them. She did so, and they were so much pleased that they allowed her to pass on the way without molestation. —— In a recent experimental trial trip of a hot-air locomotive, at Patterson, N. J., a rate of eighty miles per hour was reached. —— All the accounts from Paris agree in praising Biscaccianti's performance at Les Italiens, and even the London Athenæum concedes her debut in La Sonnambula to have been a real success. La France Musicale dwells upon her voice as a soprano sfogato of rare extent, purity and expression. —— The whey of mare's milk is the favorite drink of the people of Tartary, and smoked horse hams their chief delicacy. —— Capt. Berse, of the schooner Ann Steele, at Norfolk, saw the "sea serpent" at Great Egg Harbor, while on his way to Norfolk. The "critter" was forty feet in length and big round as a hogshead, with very large sparkling eyes, surmounted by a huge bunch. —— A clerk at Stewart's (New York) lately committed suicide by stabbing himself with the points of his shirt collars. —— A citizen of New Haven complains that with a population of 30,000 inhabitants, there is not such a luxury as a bathing establishment in that city. —— Campbell says the word "daisy" is a thousand times pronounced without adverting to the beauty of its etymology—*the eye of day*. —— A mine, containing thirteen different colors of paints, has recently been discovered in Montgomery county, Ga. The deposits yield 60 per cent.—— The submarine telegraph which is to connect Friedrichshafen with Romanshorn on the Swiss side, has been successfully laid down across the bottom of the Lake of Constance. —— A new factory at Columbus, O., is to convert 600 bushels of corn per day into starch. Rather a *stiff* business we should say. —— The Syracuse Standard says that Asa Eastwood, Esq., has received his land warrant for 160 acres, for services rendered to the United States navy (on board the Coustellation), fifty-five years ago, at the time we were in hostilities with France. This is an important decision to many now living. —— It was a maxim of General Jackson:—"Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking."——There is a silk manufactory in full operation in the village of Yonkers, which gives steady employment to from fifty to sixty boys and girls, ten years of age and upwards, and the manufacture of silk amounts weekly to about three hundred pounds.

A BRAWNY ARM.—The Journal of Commerce says that a large bronze arm, made by Mr. Brown, of Chicopee, Mass., has been elevated to its position above the entrance to the Mechanics' Bank building, in Wall Street, New York. It is five feet and a half in length, grasping a large hammer, and weighs about 200 pounds. Every muscle, vein and sinew is as distinctly delineated as in the natural arm.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN ENGLAND.—Liberal sentiments are rapidly gaining ground all over the world. The slow and bigoted Englishman even is getting wide awake on the subject of religious freedom. Lord Brougham has introduced a bill in Parliament for the further relief of the subject from penalties and disabilities touching religion and religious worship.

NUMBERING THE PAGES.—The pages of the U. S. House of Representatives now wear a brass plate on the left breast, with a number engraved upon it. They also wear a neat uniform—blue jacket and pantaloons, with United States buttons.

THE TROJANS *vs.* THE ALBANIANS.—The Trojans are particularly down on the idea of a bridge across the Hudson at Albany. They are determined to patronize the lawyers.

THE NEW MARINE HOSPITAL, in Chelsea, has risen as high as the second story, and is now going up rapidly.

Wayside Gatherings.

The new Ohio State Auditor has forbidden his clerks the use of ardent spirits, on pain of losing their places.

Toronto has been permanently established as the new capital of Canada.

Upwards of forty-seven thousand persons are interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

The foreign commodities imported into New York are more than one-half the imports of the entire Union.

Melbourne, Australia, is supplied with Boston ice at sixpence per pound, by Cobb & Co., an American firm established there.

There are now not less than 35,000 miles of telegraphic wire intersecting the United States—more than enough to "belt the earth."

The American Geographical and Statistical Society have made arrangements to explore the western section of the broad central belt of the African continent.

The government have now lodged in Richmond (Va.) jail, a man charged with forging papers on the Pension Office, thereby securing large sums of money. He is highly connected.

Sixty boats, loaded with 226 bushels of corn each, only a tenth part of what is in the Illinois valley, started from La Salle, lately, for Chicago, on the opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

A poor white man in Hardy county, Va., thinking his sick child was bewitched, lately made a large fire and burned up his only hog alive, to conciliate the evil demon.

The Germans of New York have purchased four lots on Crosby and Prince Streets, upon which to erect a grand opera house and music hall, like those of Milan and Paris.

The news from Fort Laramie states that General Harney has made peace with the Sioux Indians, excepting one band of the Sanctonas, numbering eighty lodges.

The emigration to Iowa is very great. From twelve to fifteen hundred persons lauded at Keokuk during four days. The multitude cannot find houses enough to live in.

The Ohio papers are saying hard things about an old sinner who had nine wives living. That is but a trifle. There is a man in the New Jersey penitentiary who had twenty-three wives, two of whom he married within two hours of each other!

A fleet of vessels lately left Dunkirk and Gravelines for the cod-fishery on the coast of Iceland, amounting to 110, measuring together 8779 tons, and having on board 1540 men, or an average of 14 for each vessel.

The French emperor has conceived the magnificent project of cutting a ship canal from Havre to Paris, which will be navigable by vessels of a large size. This would give to the latter city an important commercial character.

The Maryland Senate has ordered a painting, to represent the incident which occurred in the senate chamber on the 23d of December, 1783, when George Washington delivered his farewell address and took his final leave of public life.

The consumption of coffee in the United States is surprisingly large, when we take into the account the great quantity of other articles mixed with the pure article. The import last year was 191,478,657 pounds, valued at $16,940,460.

Some gold hunters in North California have discovered a mountain which appears to be hollow. One man, when about four feet below the surface, struck his crow-bar down, and it fell through, bringing his face down to the earth. On further search, they found an immense cavern.

A project has been started in England of establishing under the patronage of the government a gallery of original portraits, to consist, as far as possible, of those persons who are most honorably commemorated in British history as warriors or as statesmen, or in arts, in literature and in science.

As a proof of the very valuable services rendered by swallows, it is estimated that one of these birds will destroy, at a low calculation, 900 insects per day; and when it is considered that some insects produce as many as nine generations in a summer, the state of things, but for these birds, may be readily conceived.

The "Scotch pebble" is said to excel all other articles for making spectacle glasses. It is perfectly clear and transparent, and free from even the slightest color to interrupt the rays of light. It is also very hard, presenting a perfect safeguard from scratching or defacing, even by the roughest usage and the longest wear.

Stephen H. Luther, a few days ago, killed an otter in Warwick, R. I., which was five feet long, weighed twenty-five pounds, and the skin is worth $15. These animals are rarely seen in New England. This one fought some like a tiger, and the man and his dog with difficulty conquered him.

Mr. Thomas Rogers, the celebrated locomotive builder, died at Patterson, N. J., lately. He began life in New York as a carpenter, in poverty. At the time of his death, he had in his employ 750 men, working one of the largest locomotive manufactories in the world. He was 65 years of age.

A grand buffalo hunt and expedition to the salt springs of Minnesota, to be absent about four weeks, has been projected at St. Anthony, and is expected to leave directly after the adjournment of the Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati, many of the delegates to which are desirous of joining it.

The Pennsylvania legislature is about adopting the New York Anti-Libel Law, viz., the truth to be given as defence—malice *not* to be presumed, etc. It costs centuries almost to be rid of British hereditary restrictions upon the freedom of the press, but American sense triumphs over them.

There are more than eight thousand miles of railway in Great Britain, costing some two hundred and eighty-six millions of pounds. The tunnels are more than fifty miles in extent, and the earth-works measure fifty-five millions of cubic yards. The number of miles of telegraph wires is thirty-six thousand—an increase of fifty-fold in a period of only seven years.

During the last year, there were 5688 marriages in the State of Kentucky. The majority of matrimonial alliances were formed during the winter months, December taking the lead. Most of the brides were between 16 and 20 years of age, and most of the grooms between 20 and 25. Two ladies married at 70 years, one girl at 12, and several under 15. Three hundred and forty-six boys under 20 years of age were married during the year.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science is to meet in Albany next August. Invitations to attend and take part in the discussions have been extended to many of the most distinguished scientific men of Europe, some of whom have accepted. Hon. J. S. Wadsworth, of Genesee, has subscribed $500 towards defraying the expenses of the distinguished chemist, Liebeg; and it is thought that Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal of Greenwich, Le Verrier of France, Argelander of Germany, and others, will be present.

Foreign Items.

More than 1500 arrests have been made in Paris within a month, but none of the public journals are allowed to allude to the fact.

Captain Brown, of Glasgow, has applied for and obtained a patent for the manufacture of paper from the fern known throughout the Highlands generally as the brekan.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria has offered to head a subscription list for the rebuilding of Covent Gardeu Theatre with a contribution of £1000.

Not only was the well-known chestnut-tree in the garden of the Tuileries in leaf this year on the 20th March, but a number of other trees, principally cherry, peach and apricot, wore in flower.

Advices by the Arabia state that the dreadful famine existing in some districts of Silesia has been concealed as long as possible. The German journals (not Prussian) are at last speaking of it. Child murder has become common from sheer starvation.

The city of Cairo, the capital of Egypt, and one of the richest cities of the East, contains 400 mosques, 140 schools, 300 public cisterns, 46 squares, 240 streets, from 500 to 600 alleys, 1265 houses of refreshment, and 65 baths.

The largest church in Europe is at St. Petersburg. It was begun in 1771, and in twenty years, two thousand men had not finished its walls. It is of polished marble, both inside and out; the pillars are of one piece, fifty feet high; the base and capitals of solid silver.

A small keg, bound with brass hoops, filled with gold pieces to the amount of 1,000,000 (probably francs), believed to have been a French military chest, buried there in the year 1813, to hide it from the Russian Cossacks, has been found by a peasant boy near Sehwez, on the Vistula.

Sands of Gold.

.... Truth is simple, requiring neither study nor art.—*Ammian.*

.... To how many is the death of the beloved the parent of faith!—*Bulwer.*

.... Poetry is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious.—*Carlyle.*

.... Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?—*Thomas Fuller.*

.... There is a latent antagonism between domesticity and genius which sometimes rises into terrible warfare.—*G. H. Lewes.*

.... In literature, our taste will be discovered by that which we give, and our judgment by that which we withhold.—*Lacon.*

.... Death is the only monastery; the tomb is the only cell, and the grave that adjoins the convent is the bitterest mock of its futility.—*Bulwer.*

.... I have found by experience that they who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but of thinking.—*Goldsmith.*

.... Michael Angelo carved the Moses and painted the Last Judgment, but did he not also lend his master-hand to the cutting of graceful cameos?—*G. H. Lewes.*

.... Words must be fitted to a man's mouth: 'twas well said of the fellow that was to make a speech for my lord mayor, when he desired to take measure of his lordship's mouth.—*Selden.*

.... May not taste be compared to that exquisite sense of the bee, which instantly discovers and extracts the quintessence of every flower, and disregards all the rest of it?—*Greville.*

Joker's Budget.

Why are jokes like nuts? Because the dryer they are, the better they crack.

A dandy acquaintance of ours was refused admission to a gunpowder magazine by the sentinel, on the ground that he was a *spark.*

Brown says that the greatest match-making machine he ever saw is a widow with four marriageable daughters. It beats the match factory at Harlem all to pieces.

Lady (in a fashionable hooped dress)—"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" *Boy*—"Perhaps. A load of hay went through this morning."

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

Punch says, last week, when the east wind was at its sharpest, a nursery maid, walking with her charge in the Regent's Park, had a remarkably fine baby cut into twins.

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he was. "Well," said he, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

To an indigent person who was perpetually boasting of his ancestry, an industrious, successful tradesman of humble origin observed, "You, my friend, are proud of your *descent;* I am proud of my *ascent.*"

A boarder at one of the hotels was recently observed to shed tears when the cheese was passed. Upon being asked the cause of this agitation, he replied that "the cheese was a very *moving sight.*"

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

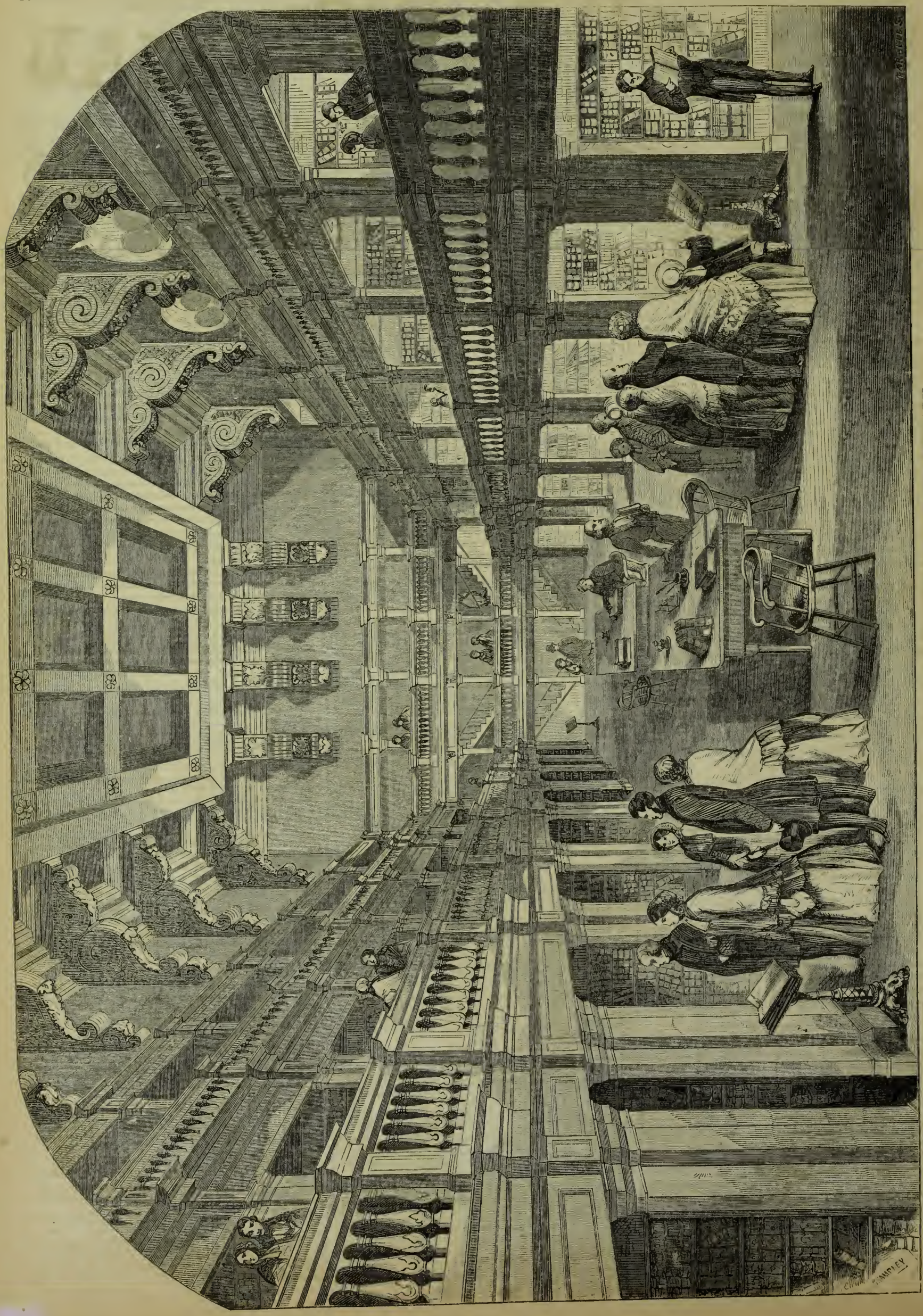
TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner 4th and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chesnut Streets, St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Ky.: Ross & Tousey, 25 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE LIBRARY.

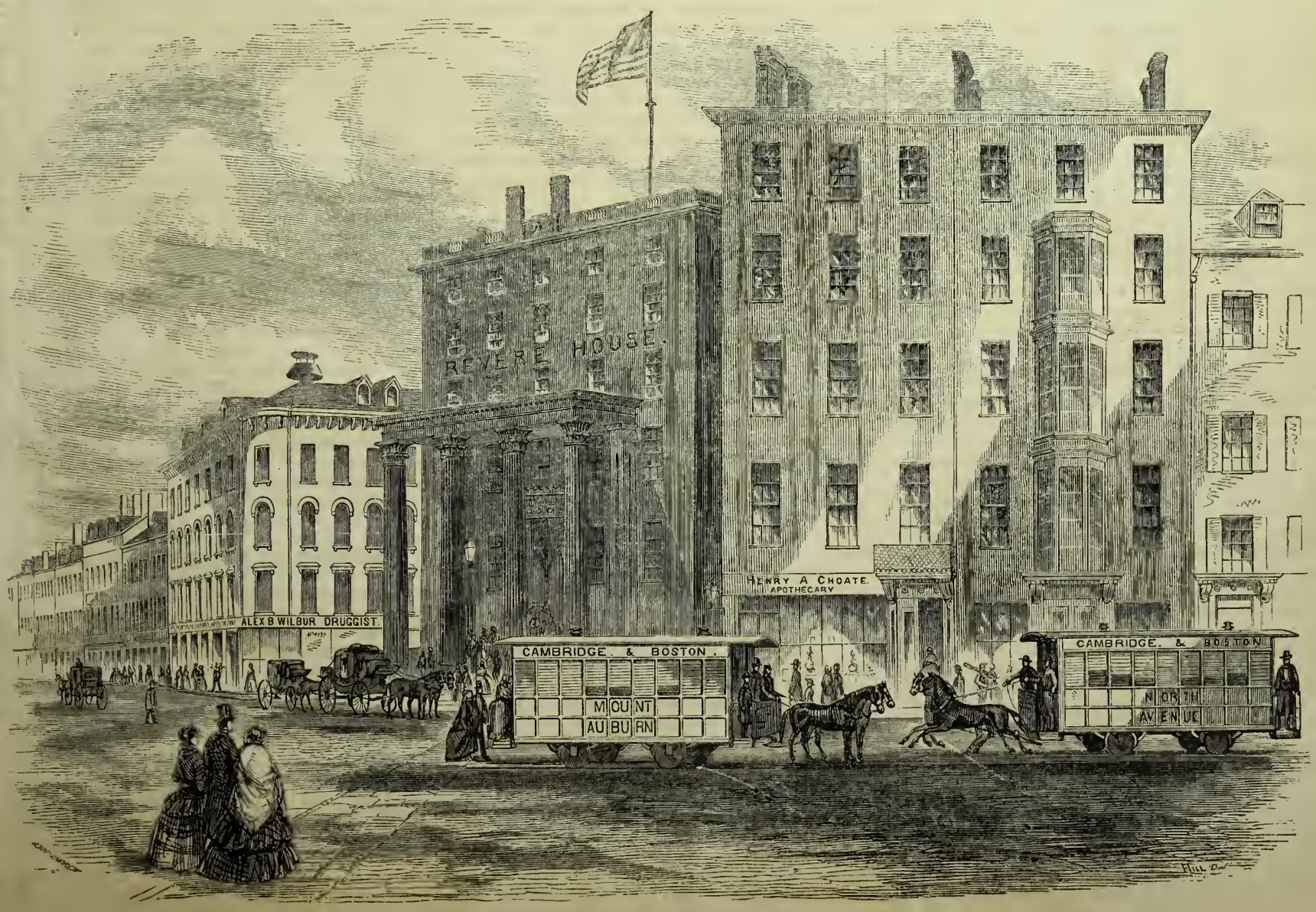
BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1856. | $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X., No. 23.—WHOLE No. 257.

THE CAMBRIDGE HORSE RAILROAD.

We present our readers on this page with an accurate view from the pencil of Mr. Hill, taken in Bowdoin Square, in front of the Revere House, depicting that admirable hotel, with some of the adjacent buildings and stores, and exhibiting prominently, in the foreground, the cars of the Cambridge Horse Railroad, just at present an interesting locomotive novelty. The tracks are now laid as far as Mount Auburn, between four and five miles from this city, with a branch extending to Porter's Hotel in Old Cambridge, and over these fifteen cars, drawn each by two horses, make their regular trips during the day and evening. The receipts of each car are stated to be about forty dollars a day. Mr. Stiles, the superintendent, has proved himself an admirable manager, being always on hand and personally attending to the comfort of passengers and the interest of the road. The road cost, we are informed, about three hundred thousand dollars, and is built in a substantial manner. The establishment of this road is another proof of the progressive spirit of the day. Only a few years ago, there was no regular public communication between the city proper and its suburbs. If a man wished to go to Roxbury, for instance, he had either to hire a private vehicle at a heavy expense, or to perform the journey—for it is quite a journey—on foot. Then came the Roxbury Hourly—an insane scheme, the old fogies deemed it. These worthy and venerable gentlemen shook their sage heads, and predicted all sorts of uncomfortable consequences from the lightning speed of the rising generation. But the speculation succeeded; the coaches were multiplied; patronage poured in, and Roxbury began to fill up with people, who felt crowded in our little city, and desired elbow room and air for their residences. Now all the suburbs are connected with the city, either by railroad, by steam cars, or by omnibusses. The whole aspect of our surroundings is changed. In the place of barren and unproductive hills, covered with rocks and pines, we have beautiful tracts of cultivated land, parcelled out into gardens and lawns, and beautified with tasteful and neat residences, from the costly villa of the semi-millionaire, to the snug little cottage of the mechanic or laboring man. This change has been the result of improved means of intercommunication between the city and the environs. Omnibus life is quite a feature in our social system. The omnibusses are commodious and elegant, with fine horses, and driven by accomplished "whips." They radiate in all directions. Horse railroads are an advance on omnibusses. For some years they have been in successful operation in New York city, and also in Brooklyn and Williamsburg, where the generous width of the streets permits their employment without detriment to any interest. They can never be introduced to a similar extent in Boston, because the founders of this village, never dreaming of its possible magnitude, were excessively economical in laying out the town thoroughfares. Our widest avenue within the limits of the city proper is too contracted for the vehicular tide which flows through it already. Washington Street must be relieved of the pressure on it, and before long, Tremont Street will suffer from the crowd. Still, there is no reason why several of the surrounding towns should not be connected with the city by horse railroads. There can be no doubt that they would do a lucrative business. The success of the Cambridge road may be considered as a fixed fact. Besides those whose business compels them to ride in them to and fro, thousands of citizens weekly will avail themselves of this cheap and comfortable means of transport, to go forth and breathe the fresh air, and enjoy the beautiful scenery of the environs. Mount Auburn itself, with its quiet shades and soothing influences, is an attraction; while beyond it and around it are scenes of exquisite rural beauty, which amply repay an occasional visit.



THE BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE NEW HORSE RAILROAD.

[From Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER.

—OR,—

CALYPSO, THE WANDERER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY T. BURLINGAME ROSS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

From that time forth Father Rondo visited the prison as often as convenient. In another month he brought further word from Irene. She was in Valladolid, and there she meant to stop through the winter, as she had found a comfortable home and was safe from danger.

Thus the months wore away, and Clarence began to wonder if he should ever be free. A strong hope had thus far sustained him, but he began now to falter. He often asked of his jailors how the war was progressing, but they lied to him. He knew this from the statements of the priest. March came, with its winds and storms, and yet the prison doors were not opened. But in a few days from that time the officers who sometimes visited the cells wore strange expressions upon their countenances. Clarence kept a calendar upon the wall of his dungeon with an old nail which he had begged of his jailor for that purpose. One morning, after eating his breakfast, he went to the wall to make his mark for that day. It was the ninth mark for March.

"Hark," uttered Peter, as his master turned from the wall. "What is that?"

"Perhaps the troops are turning out for drill," answered Clarence.

"No, no. Do you not hear that distant sound? That hum, as though a vast concourse of people were shouting?"

"Ay—I do," said the captain, bowing his head and listening.

"And did you not notice how pale and agitated the soldier looked who brought in our breakfast?"

"I did not look at him."

"But I did—and I noticed that he was much moved, too."

After this the two prisoners listened attentively, and while they were thus listening Gonzales Rondo was admitted to their cell.

"Have you heard anything?" the priest asked, after the jailor had withdrawn.

"Yes, good father; and we were listening as you came in. What is it?"

"A large army of United States troops is landing opposite the city, and a heavy fleet of war ships is moored here."

"Ho!" cried the youth, leaping up and clasping his hands. "My deliverance is nigh at hand."

"Do not found too much hope upon that, my son," returned the priest, with a dubious shake of the head. "When peace is declared, then you may come forth from your prison, but I fancy this investment will not bring such an event about, unless after defeat here the Americans choose to capitulate."

"Who commands the American forces?"

"General Winfield Scott, so I have heard."

"Then your city is gone," pronounced Clarence, in a calm, positive tone. "I know Vera Cruz is a strong place—strong when compared with other Mexican places—but it cannot withstand the power of your enemy. Mark me—I know this."

"I cannot agree with you, senor," the priest replied, full as confidently. "Why—even this castle is invulnerable to such a force. No, no—your hope lies not in that direction."

"Very well," returned Clarence, with a smile, "we will not dispute this point now. Only let me say—and I say it with a full knowledge of all the circumstances—if Landero is wise, he will capitulate. If he does not—he will not only lose his city, but a most dreadful carnage must be the result. You know what dreadful scenes must necessarily accompany the besieging of a large and densely populated city."

"I know—I know," said the priest, solemnly. "But 'tis the fate of war. O, why will men in their national capacity do that for which they would hang each other as individuals!"

A long silence followed this utterance. Clarence felt that as a principle his friend's proposition was correct, but an argument on the subject would bring on a consideration of the circumstances under which the war was commenced, and then only national prejudices would be stirred up. However, he at length said:

"Of course all wars must be evil; but yet there may be cases where nothing else will settle the difficulty. Few men are yet so far advanced in the science of peace that they will not appeal to physical force as a last resort to maintain their rights. Nations, you know, have no courts above themselves to decide these things."

"True—true—no courts of their own making," returned Rondo, with a quiet movement of the head. "But they cannot say there is no court where all these things might be fairly adjusted—only they will not acknowledge its efficiency. They forget God's laws."

Clarence merely nodded in reply to this, and then asked if anything more had been heard from Irene.

"Yes," answered the priest. "I heard from her yesterday. She was still in Valladolid, and there she will remain through the spring. She is well, and lives in the hope of seeing you once more."

"Angel!" ejaculated the youth, with his hands clasped. "O, I tell thee, Gonzales Rondo, I shall see her ere many more weeks are past. As sure as fate the American army leave not this place until the flag of our glorious Union waves from this old castle."

"It may be so, senor. For your sake I could even hope it; but I cannot now."

When the prisoners were left alone again they passed the time in listening to the hum of the distant army. When noon came, Clarence noticed the appearance of the man who brought his dinner. He was pale and trembling.

"What is all this noise we hear in the distance?" asked Clarence, as the soldier was upon the point of turning away.

The man turned and looked the speaker in the face, but he was not used to the dim light, and he could not see the prisoner's face plainly.

"It is an army come to be cut up and driven into the sea," he at length replied, blusteringly.

"Have the Americans come?" the captain asked, honestly.

"Yes. They're fools—or else they're blind."

"They must be," rejoined Clarence, "if they imagine the people here will surrender without fighting. I suppose you are prepared to fight to the death."

"Yes," answered the Mexican, with a ghastly effort to appear bold and determined.

And in a moment more he was gone. And so the day wore away, and when Clarence laid his head upon his hard pillow at night, he could still hear the busy hum that came up from the camp of his countrymen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DOOR IS UNBARRED.

Night followed day, and day came again, until Clarence had made seventeen marks for the days that had dawned in March. On the morning of the eighteenth he arose as usual, and when the soldier came with the breakfast, he noticed that he was more tremulous than usual, but no questions were asked. At length there came a strange stillness over the city. It seemed an oppressive, deathly silence. But it lasted not long. Soon there came a thunder-crash, and the old castle trembled to its very foundations. Anon the thundering commenced in the city, and ere long the air of the dungeon held the odor of exploding powder.

"The bombardment has commenced," shouted Clarence, clapping his hands. "Ho, my noble boy, our people have opened the ball. As sure as fate this place must fall."

"I hope so," returned Peter.

"But I know it. If the Mexicans are stubborn, they may hold out sometime, but they must come to it after a while."

And now the booming of the heavy artillery was incessant. One continuous roar filled the air, and the old castle shook like a reed hut in a gale. And there came the sound of that sharper, harsher crashing, as the huge shells burst about the place. So passed the long day away, and even into the night the earth shook with the bursting of the shells and rockets.

Thus passed six days, during which the roar of cannon and mortars was almost incessant. On the morning of the seventh day Father Rondo made his appearance. He was pale and wan, and his step was tremulous. He extended his hand, but the salutation was performed in silence.

"Good father," said our hero, "I am glad you have come, for now I can know what is going on. How goes the siege?"

"Alas, my son, it is a fearful work that is being done!" the priest replied, with a shudder. "I have read of wars, and I knew they were dreadful, but I never dreamed of such scenes of horror as have presented themselves to my gaze during the past few days."

"Then the execution in the city is considerable?"

"O! dreadful—dreadful!"

"But how goes it now?" aked Clarence, who had more interest in the probable result, than in the mere work that was going on.

"Our city is one vast slaughter house!" uttered Rondo, with his hands clasped upon his bosom. "Houses are torn in pieces; the ground ploughed up by bursting shells, and the whole city running with the blood of its people! In every street the dead and dying are lying helpless and hopeless, and the agonizing groans sound above the roar of the cannon. One moment I beheld a family—a father and mother, whose heads were white with years, and some half dozen of children who clung to them for safety. On the next moment, I saw a huge shell fall directly in their midst, and in a second of time, the poor creatures were torn in pieces as if by the fangs and claws of some ravenous monster! O, it is too dreadful, even for thought."

"But will not the city surrender?" asked Clarence.

"They must—they must," the priest replied. "Day before yesterday, many of the most wealthy citizens waited upon Landero, and begged of him to capitulate; but he refused. And again, last night, the general was waited upon by many people; but he would not listen. Yet he must come to it. O, he is much to blame now, for if he has sense he must see that he cannot hold out many days more. Some have told me that they can hold out four days; but this morning, one who ought to know told me that two days after this would be the longest. Our people are not only falling fast, but our means are failing; while the besiegers seem as fresh and strong as ever."

Clarence Howard did not say that he was pleased with this prospect, but his countenance told it for him; and if the priest noticed it, of course he could not marvel at it.

"But I cannot remain here long," resumed the visitor, "for the dying sinners are being brought to our church by dozens, and I must be there to help shrive them. I came to speak of Irene. We may never meet again, for under such circumstances as now stand in the way of life here, there is no telling what may transpire ere another sun shall rise. I may fall or I may not be able to find you after the enemy have entered our city. Irene is in Valladolid, and there she will await your coming. Last evening there came a courier from the capital, and he brought word from Irene. She had heard from me, and sent a reply. And now, if we meet no more, you will make at once for Valladolid as soon as you conveniently can. There you will inquire for Carlos Mendrid. Irene is stopping with him."

After some further remarks upon the events of the siege, the priest took his leave. Hope was now a fixed fact in the young man's soul. He listened to the roar of the guns, and he forgot that people were dying—he only thought of the coming of the hour when his prison door should be thrown open.

Night and day came again—and Clarence placed another mark upon his calendar. It was the twenty-sixth one for March. He had hardly fixed his mark when the firing ceased, and ere long a death-like stillness reigned over the place.

"Hark!" whispered Peter.

"Ay—hark!" shouted Howard, springing back and clasping his hands. "Isn't that a glorious sound?"

It was a shout—a prolonged, thundering shout of victory, that saluted the ears of the prisoners; and it came from the distant army, where the Americans were.

Now the youthful captain was nervous and anxious. Each hour seemed an age, and he longed to greet his brave companions. But time was not moved aside at his prayer, nor could his longings expedite the transactions that were going on without. But the time came at length. When the dungeon had become dark and drear once more, and just as the prisoners had made up their minds that they were to spend another night in the prison, the tramp of heavy feet was heard in the long, arched corridor, and shortly afterwards the heavy door was opened.

"Number one hundred and seven, '*prisoner of war*,'" read an officer, who held an open hook in his hand. "Now whom have we here?"

"Great God, I thank thee!" ejaculated Clarence, raising his clasped hands towards heaven. "Charley—don't you know me!"

"Eh? What? Whose voice is that?"

"Clarence Howard owned it once."

"Clar—what? Clarence Howard? God bless you, my dear fellow!"

Half a dozen American officers crowded about the spot, and when they knew that the prisoner was in reality the noble commander of the Lone Star, their joy knew no bounds.

The sun was just sinking when Howard emerged into the wide court of the castle, and for a moment a sensation of horror pervaded his soul, for the ghastly evidences of the death-work that had been going on were to be seen upon all sides.

"Suppose you go at once to the general's quarters," said the infantry captain who had released him.

"I should like it," returned Howard.

"Then here—here are some of our boys just bound that way."

Howard was introduced to the new-comers, and they received him with a joy which could not be assumed; and ere long afterwards he was on his way, with Peter by his side. It was nearly dark when he reached the general's quarters, and the old commander-in-chief was too busy to receive him then, so he retired with his new-found friends, and an evening of social enjoyment was passed.

About nine o'clock they started out for a stroll. American sentinels were posted over the city, and order seemed to prevail; but the scene was a sad one. Against the starry sky the jagged walls of battered buildings arose in gloomy rebuke to the invaders, and ever and anon a deep groan would sound forth to tell that some of the poor victims still lived and suffered. The party remained out nearly two hours, and then returned to their quarters for the night.

On the following morning Clarence received a visit from one of the general's orderlies, who bade him wait upon the commander-in-chief at once. Our hero had eaten his breakfast, so he was ready to set out, and he accompanied the messenger back. He found the stout old general with numbers of his staff about him. He arose as the young captain was introduced, and extended his hand.

"Am I right, sir, in looking upon you as the commander of the Texan schooner-of-war which has done so much execution against the enemy?" asked Scott, gazing admiringly into the handsome face of the visitor.

"I am the man, general," replied Clarence, modestly.

"And how came you here?" the old commander asked.

The youth told his story in as few words as possible.

"And besides all this," he added, after he had told of the message he had received from Irene, "I knew that I should gain from the maiden some information of the privateers that had fitted out at this port, as her father knew them all, and had some interest in one or more of them. But I gained nothing, as you already know, save pretty snug winter quarters."

"Well," returned Scott, "you haven't lost much, for there's been nothing of much consequence going on since you were imprisoned until we commenced this bombardment. And now what do you wish to do?"

"I should like to work, but—what are to be your movements?"

"I am for the Mexican capital, captain."

"Then let me go with you. Give me a musket, and let me go."

"We'll do better than that," said the general, with a look of pleasure. "You shall keep me company, and we'll find a commission and a pair of epaulettes for you; by the powers, my dear sir, we need such good heads and arms as yours."

It was soon settled that the young officer should go with the army, and take his station near the commander-in-chief, until some

vacancy should occur where his presence should be more needed. During the remainder of the time that the army remained at Vera Cruz, Clarence spent the time very pleasantly with his brother officers. Scott opened the port to the commerce which had been languishing under the blockade, established a moderate tariff, and placed the gallant Worth in command of the city.

Clarence saw Father Rondo several times, but he learned nothing more concerning Irene. One day the youth was in the church to which Rondo was attached, and had been conversing some time upon the subject of Irene and the peculiar circumstances under which she was placed, when his attention was arrested by two men who had been hidden behind one of the massive pillars. They seemed to be natives—Indians; but their movements were suspicious. Clarence was sure that he had seen them several times before, and though he had taken previous notice of them, yet until the present moment he had not thought of their dogging him.

"Do you not see them?" he whispered. "Ah—be careful and make no motion by which they can suspect that we see them."

"I do see them," returned the priest. "They are Indians."

"Or appear to be," suggested the youth.

"But may they not be some who have been engaged to watch you? They appear to be Totonaques—the same as those where Irene and Cassandra stopped. Antonio St. Marc is missing—or, at least, I have not seen him—and may he not have got these fellows to dog your steps?"

"But why should he have done it?" asked Clarence. "I hardly think he would have gone to any such trouble, for surely he can hope to gain nothing by watching me."

"O, I do not say that it is so, only I hinted at the subject so that you might be on your guard. There may be some hope of revenge. At any rate, you had better keep your eyes open. See—they are moving away now, but they cast a very sharp glance at you before they turned away. You had better watch them."

"I will," returned Clarence; and shortly after this he took his leave.

The young officer had not gone a dozen rods from the church, before he saw the two Indians upon the opposite side of the street. He spoke to Peter, who was by his side, and asked him if he saw them.

"Do not stare at them so that they can know that we mistrust them," he said.

"I see them," the boy answered.

"Be sure that you get a good view of them. Examine them so that you will know them again wherever you may see them."

"I have," said the boy. "I shall know them, sir, anywhere, and at any time."

"Very well—we must watch them. If ever you see them, hereafter, about us, let me know."

Peter promised obedience; and in a few moments more the two Indians turned into a narrow alley. As Clarence passed the entrance he saw that they had stopped, and were gazing after him.

CHAPTER XIX.

VICTORY.—A STARTLING DEVELOPMENT.

At length, as April opened with its warmer breath, Scott sent forth the order for which the brave troops had been so impatiently waiting, and the city was alive with the tramp of armed men and the notes of martial music. The American army, not much over ten thousand strong, were starting for the very centre of a great nation. They were to meet and encounter one of the most bold and experienced generals of the age, at the head of troops nearly double their own number, but they quailed not. The very spirit that animated them was as a double self to each particular man, and they went boldly, confidently upon their way. In their leader they saw a man in whose skill and judgment they could fully rely, and while he looked dauntlessly on they feared not to follow. Young Howard had his place in the immediate neighborhood of the commander-in-chief, and he was not long in winning the respect and esteem of all his companions.

Of course there is no need that we should here set down a minute account of the brilliant victories of our army during that march. It is a matter of history so recent that all who care for it must have read it.

First on the way came the stern and rugged pass of Cerro Gordo, where the Mexican army, under Santa Anna in person, was drawn up to dispute the passage of our troops. Nature had fortified it. On one hand dashed a torrent down through a deep ravine, and upon the other arose the abrupt and seemingly impassable mountains. But the stout place fell before the iron crash of Yankee steel, and the doughty Mexican fled like a frightened child. The Cerro was passed, and with souls burning for another meeting, our troops pushed on.

General Worth moved on in advance towards Puebla, and met the enemy at Amozoque. After a sharp conflict he routed them completely, and when he reached Puebla that city surrendered without resistance, and shortly afterwards Scott joined him there. The heart of Clarence sank when he learned that the army were likely to remain at Puebla for some time. Negotiations were to be opened between the two countries, and hence active hostilities ceased for the while. At first the impatient youth held the thought of pushing on alone, but it was a wild, fugitive thought, and he quickly came back to reason.

One day, while Clarence was sitting alone in one of the apartments of the house where he had taken up his quarters, his boy Peter entered with a look of more than ordinary import upon his countenance.

"What is it?" asked our hero, as he noticed Peter looking around as though to assure himself that no one else was present.

"Don't you remember those two Indians that you pointed out to me at Vera Cruz?" the boy returned.

"Ay—certainly," replied Clarence, eagerly.

"Well, they are here in Puebla. I have seen them to-day."

"May you not have been mistaken?"

"No, sir," uttered Peter, confidently. "I know what I have seen. I have seen those same two Indians."

"Then be on the lookout for them. I wish—but it may not be too late now. You can lead me to the spot where you saw them?"

"Yes, sir. It was not far from here."

"Then come!" cried Clarence, seizing his hat and sword, and slipping his revolver into his bosom. "By my soul, I'll arrest them if I see them; and then we'll find out who they are."

So Clarence and his boy went out—but though they searched for a long while, yet they could see nothing of the two Indians. The captain felt very sure that his boy was mistaken, but Peter was so prompt and energetic in his assurance that he could not dispute him. However, he felt sure of one thing; if the two Totonaques had come thus far, they would be likely to show themselves again; and he was determined to apprehend them on the first opportunity.

At last the heart of our hero was made glad by the announcement, on the seventh of August, that the army was to move on. The bugle sounded once more, and again the impatient men commenced the tramp. Who, that has ever heard the account, can forget the brilliant passage at Contreras on the twentieth of August? History does not record a more wondrous victory than the one our noble soldiers gained here. The American eagle soared aloft over the hordes of Mexico, and the day was won against such odds as would have made many a stout general quail and falter.

Immediately afterwards followed the battle of Churubusco, where Santa Anna commanded in person, and where he had opportunity to employ his whole force. The American army had many natural difficulties to encounter; but with a confident impetuosity that was irresistible, they swept into the valley, and after a sharp engagement the day was won. The Mexicans fled in wild dismay, and sought shelter in the strongly fortified places in and about their capital.

And now followed another armistice. Scott gave the Mexican general another opportunity for peace. But ere long it was evident that Santa Anna was playing the traitor; and when it was fully proved that he was employing the time of the armistice only in treachery, Scott gave the order for the capture of the great city.

Then followed the brilliant feats at the Molino del Rey, and at the Casta Mata. These strongholds were captured, and then our army swept on to the hill and castle of Chapultepec. This was on the twelfth and thirteenth of September; and though here, at the last stand-point, the Mexicans fought with all the bravery and recklessness of despair, and though they outnumbered our forces two to one, yet they were routed—horse, foot, and all; and the most valuable of all the munitions of the nation were left in the hands of the victors.

On swept the noble army to the city. During the night Santa Anna fled in the carriage of a friend to Guadalupe Hidalgo, and at midnight the rest of the officers and troops commenced their flight to the north. On the following morning the American army marched into the city, and over the ancient halls of the Montezumas waved the stars and stripes of our glorious republic. It was a strange hour for the victors, and no wonder that they should feel a proud emotion as they reflected upon the work they had performed, and beheld the consummation of their patriotic endeavors.

On the sixth day after entering the Mexican capital, Peter hastened to his master's presence and informed him that he had seen the two Indians who had been pointed out to him in Vera Cruz. Clarence hastened out with him, but nothing more of the Indians could be seen.

"My dear boy," said Clarence, after they had wandered through two or three squares, "I do not like to dispute you, but are you sure you saw those men?"

"Just as sure as I am that I'm alive," was the boy's confident answer. "I saw them pass our quarters this morning, though at that time I was not sure. But I followed them as quickly as possible, and when I got near enough I knew them. I was not deceived, sir; you may rest assured of that. They were watching your house very narrowly when I first saw them."

"It is strange," murmured Clarence, to himself. "I cannot imagine what they are up to."

"Of course I cannot," returned Peter, "unless—"

"Unless what?" inquired Clarence, as the boy hesitated.

"Why—I have thought that some one might have sent them to follow you, thinking that you would find Irene at the end of your journey."

The young man started at this. The thought had not before entered his mind.

"There are some who would gladly know where the maiden is, I suppose," the boy added, as his master did not speak.

"Certainly there are," answered Clarence.

"And I suppose these two Indians to be chief among them."

"The Indians?" uttered Clarence, in surprise. "Why—what should they want with Irene, unless they have been hired to find her?"

Peter gazed into his master's face with a look of wonderment.

"Why did you bid me watch those two Indians?" he asked, at length, in a strange tone.

"Because I wanted to find out, if possible, why they followed me."

"But don't you remember, at Vera Cruz, you bade me look at them so as to be sure that I might know them again?"

"Certainly," answered Clarence.

"Well—what did you mean?" the boy asked, in the same peculiar tone.

"What did I mean? Was not my meaning evident?"

"I thought it was at the time, but I am led now to think I was mistaken."

"What do you mean, Peter?"

"Why—when you first told me to look at those men, so that I might know them again, did you not know who they were?"

Clarence gazed into the face of his boy, and a strange gleaming was visible upon his countenance.

"I saw two Indians, Peter; and from their manner I was led to fear that they had been employed to dog me. I knew they looked like those whom the priest had pointed out as Totonaques, and I also knew that those were the ones with whom Irene had stopped awhile near Vera Cruz. Now what more did you see?"

"Why, sir—I simply saw that Antonio St. Marc and Martin San Benito had assumed the disguises of Indians, and were watching your movements."

"Peter—"

"Did you not know them, sir?"

"Know them? By my soul, no!"

"Why—I knew them the moment I put my eyes upon them, and I thought, from the way you spoke, that you knew them, too."

"By all the powers of heaven!" uttered Clarence, his face showing that light was breaking in upon him, "I do remember now those features. As sure as fate, you are right."

"Of course I am; and I felt sure that you knew them, and that 'twas for that reason you called my attention to them."

"And now," said the captain, after some moments of thought, "of course their meaning is plain. They have discovered that I know where Irene is, and they mean to follow me. But I'll give them the slip here. By my soul, if they find out when I leave this city they must have keener wit than I am willing to give them credit for. But keep your eyes open. We will have them arrested if possible."

Peter promised once more to be faithful in this, and then the subject was dropped for awhile. Our hero had now but one fear; and that was, that St. Marc might mistrust where Irene was, and thus steal the march on him. After all was quiet in the captured city, Clarence went to General Scott and obtained his discharge from further service. He then took leave of those officers with whom he had held the most friendly intercourse, and after this he prepared for his departure. He obtained the dress of a Mexican hacendado, and a common attendant's garb for Peter, and having got all the necessary trappings for his horse, he was prepared to start.

It was on the midnight of Sunday that Clarence Howard and his boy started. They had gone to a house at some distance from their usual quarters, and thither their horses were taken by two of their friends. It was a bright, starlight night, and the air was cool and balmy. They had procured two noble horses, and with high hopes they passed out through the city gate and struck off to the westward. The road was wide and plain, and the way direct.

"I think we have given them the slip now," said Peter, as they rode along over the even road.

"I hope so," returned Clarence.

But he spoke dubiously, for the old fear was upon him. He knew that St. Marc was acquainted in Valladolid, and he felt that 'twould be nothing strange for the unnatural father to push on for that city, even though it was only for a visit. But he feared that by this time that evil man might have gained some clue to his child's whereabouts. The thought gave him pain, and he put his horse swiftly over the road.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VEIL IS LIFTED FROM THE TOTONAQUES.

In a small mansion, in the western part of the city of Valladolid, Irene St. Marc had found a home. The owner was a merchant named Carlos Mendrid, an elderly man, in independent circumstances, and possessed of a kind and generous heart. Calypso had introduced the maiden there, and there she had found a warm welcome.

It was at the close of a warm and pleasant day that Irene and Cassandra sat together in their chamber. Irene looked beautiful now. Her health was unimpaired, and a pensive, thoughtful expression dwelt upon her handsome features. She was not sad, for a strong hope gave her courage. Only the day before she had learned that the American army had taken the capital, and that Clarence Howard was among the officers who accompanied the victorious general. This piece of intelligence had been brought by Calypso, who had been very near the capital, and who had received her information from some officer whom she saw at one of the haciendas not many miles distant from the city.

"I should think he would come soon," Irene said, gazing hopefully into her companion's face.

"Of course he will," returned Cassandra. "I suppose he has some duties to perform before he can leave the army."

"But you think there is no doubt that he is with the army."

"Why—Calypso says he is; and I suppose her information was direct."

"And yet," said Irene, with a shudder, "he had many dangers to pass through."

"Yes," replied Cassandra.

"I hope Calypso's information was correct."

"I am sure it was, my mistress."

"And I do not think Calypso would deceive me."

"I think not."

Thus had Irene spoken many times since she had received the intelligence of her lover's arrival at the capital. Even the slightest assurance from her companion seemed to give her comfort, and she thus introduced the subject that those assurances might be given. Her highest hope of earth was to see Clarence Howard. Every thought of joy in the future was centered in him, and the holiest love of her soul was his. The long days of gloom that had passed threw all her joys into the future, and thus her very lifetime of peace hung upon the hopes she now cherished. If she had a doubt it was of the real intent of Calypso. That strange woman had seemingly been very kind, and of course Irene was very grateful, but still she felt at times a secret fear that all was not right.

"I'm sure," said Cassandra, as her mistress hinted at some of her doubts, "you have no reason to doubt so noble a being. See what she has done for you; she has led you from danger to safety, and she has procured for you a home than which you could not find a better."

"I know it—I know it all," returned Irene, "but yet I cannot help these feelings. Why will she not let me love her? Something draws me towards her—my deep gratitude, it is—and yet she repulses me. And then why will she not tell me who and what she is?"

"Ah, my dear mistress, when people are doing so much for us, it is hardly generous to blame them for what they do not do. O, as sure as you live, that strange woman loves you dearly."

"Do you think so?" Irene asked, earnestly.

"I am sure of it."

"Well—I think she does. At any rate, I love her."

At this juncture a woman entered the room and informed Irene that there were two Indians below who wished to see her.

"Of what people are they?" the maiden asked.

"The Totonaques, I think," the woman answered. "One of them says he knows you, and that you stopped awhile beneath his roof last summer."

"It must be good Jacar Xanpa," cried Irene, starting to her feet. "Don't you think so, Cassandra?"

"I don't see who else it can be," was the girl's reply.

"It must be. Come, Cassandra, you shall go down with me."

So the two girls followed their hostess down stairs, and in the front room they found the two Indians. Irene gazed into the face of the man nearest to her, and at first she thought she had never seen the swarthy features before; but in a moment more she detected something natural in the countenance.

"Did you seek me?" she asked, timidly, wondering if they had not come to bring her some word of Clarence.

"Ay, Irene—we have sought you for a long while," the man replied.

The maiden started at the sound of that voice, and upon the next moment she could see beneath the artificial darkness of the skin. She staggered back and grasped the back of a chair for support, and her face had turned as pale as marble. Cassandra seemed to have discovered the truth at the same time, for she uttered a low, quick cry, and started back.

"You know me, eh?" spoke the visitor, in a sarcastic tone.

"O, God have mercy!" gasped Irene, now sinking into the chair, and covering her face with her hands.

"And I have found you at last, have I? You did very wrong to run away from your father."

As the man thus spoke, he advanced and placed his hand upon Irene's head. But she shrank from him as though he had been a serpent.

"Don't touch me!" she groaned, in bitter agony. "O, leave me, and let me be alone."

"No, no," returned St. Marc—for he it was—"I have not come all this way for you, only to give you up again. I have a purpose in this visit which must be answered; so you must not ask me to leave you again."

"O, what evil spirit led you hither to curse me more?" the poor girl uttered, clasping her hands and looking into the man's face.

"Perhaps you wonder how I found you," returned St. Marc; "but it was a very easy matter. I knew that a priest in Vera Cruz received word from you, and that it was conveyed to Captain Howard, in prison. So I knew this same Howard would seek you. I followed him as far as the Mexican capital, and my own instincts led me the rest of the way. And it seems I was not mistaken. You see our mutual friend, San Benito, has come with me."

Irene looked up, and she recognized the man, and as she did so the last ray of hope left her soul, for she knew of no power in Mexico which could take a child from its parent.

"Come," said St. Marc, again advancing and placing his hand upon her shoulder, "you will go with me now. I have engaged good quarters for you."

"No! no!" shrieked the maiden, darting away to Cassandra's side. "O, you shall not take me! *Help! help! O, help!*"

Ere St. Mare could place his hand upon the girl again, the door of the room was thrown open, and Mendrid rushed in.

"What is all this?" he cried, as he stopped and gazed around upon those present. "Why are you here?" he added, looking into the face of him whom he supposed to be an Indian.

"Easy, senor—easy," returned St. Marc. "I found my purpose better answered by assuming this disguise when I set out in search of my daughter. Perhaps you don't recognize Antonio St. Mare in this disguise?"

"St. Marc!" uttered the old man, in surprise.

"You know me now, I trust," said the visitor, removing his cap, and taking the wig of long, coarse hair from his head.

"I do," the merchant returned, in a sad, disappointed tone.

"And I suppose now you will offer no resistance to my taking my child with me?"

At this moment Irene rushed forward and knelt at Mendrid's feet.

"Save me! save me!" she cried, in frantic tones.

"Senor," spoke St. Mare, ere the old man could answer the maiden, "my child left me about a year ago, and from that time to the present I have searched for her without ceasing. Now I have found her, and under the laws, and in the name, of my country, I claim her. Of course you will not force me to extreme measures."

"O, save me—save!" groaned Irene.

"Arise, my child," spoke the old man, at the same time lifting the maiden from the ground; he spoke tremulously, and there were tears in his eyes. "You know I would help you if I could, but in this I can do nothing. Your father claims you, and against his claim no power in the nation can avail you."

"Now, Irene," said St. Marc, advancing to her side once more, "you see how the matter stands, and I trust you will be wise. At all events," he added, bending upon her a look of savage import, "you will not find it for your interest to break from me again."

"Thus fades hope away!" the poor girl uttered, and as the words left her lips she would have sunk down had not her father held her up.

"Come," St. Marc said, addressing Cassandra, "you had better follow your mistress." And then turning to San Benito, he added: "Come—we'll take her before she knows enough to parley with me any more here. Hurry out and find a carriage of some sort as soon as possible."

San Benito hurried out and had the good fortune to find a carriage just passing. He hailed the driver, and in a few moments more the insensible form of Irene was lifted in. When our heroine came to herself she found Cassandra bending over her.

"Have I dreamed?" she whispered, shuddering fearfully as she spoke.

"Look up—look up," Cassandra returned. "Alas! I cannot even weep for you!"

Irene started up and gazed around. She found herself in a well furnished apartment, but differently furnished from any she was ever in before. In a few moments the whole dread truth came back to her mind; and as soon as she remembered all, she sunk back upon the sofa and groaned in bitterest anguish.

In a few moments more St. Marc came in. He had probably heard the voices, and knew that Irene had recovered. She sat up as he entered, and would have fallen at his feet, but he detected the symptoms of her movement, and waved her back.

"My child," he said, "you know all that has passed, so I shall have only to tell you of the future. You know Martin San Benito. You know he has long been one of my warmest friends, and that, but for my solemn pledge to Jilok Tudel, I should have given him your hand ere this. But I am now released from all pledges to Tudel, and can hence bestow this mark of my esteem upon San Benito. You will become his wife ere we leave this place. Now mark me; this is fixed, and it cannot be altered."

A few moments Irene sat and gazed her father in the face, and then she clasped her hands.

"In the name of God all just and merciful," she cried, "I beseech you to spare me. Look upon me, my father, and see me here weak and defenceless. How have I ever harmed you, or how wronged you, that you should thus curse the morn of my life? O, spare me! Spare me this dread blow, and I'll bless thee while life lasts!"

"Irene," returned the man, very coolly and calmly—like the breath of a still morning in winter—"you have plead all you need to plead. You have escaped me once, and thereby threw me into a scrape from which I narrowly escaped with my life; but you cannot escape me again. I am determined now. Ay—were all the prayers of all the saints at this moment presented to me in behalf of your request they would not move me an atom. You will be married to San Benito to-morrow. I am determined not to hold you long; and if you escape again it must be from the hands of your husband, and not mine."

"And must it be to-morrow?" the maiden murmured.

"As sure as to morrow comes, it shall."

"No hope! no mercy!"

"Yes—both. If you will be wise, as I am, and take the things of earth as they come, you'll have hope and mercy enough."

"I would die now! O, great God of endless life, let me die now!"

So the poor girl murmured, with head bowed and her hands clasped. She did not speak it for the man before her, but only for her God.

"I wont disturb you more now, my child. It is growing late, and you may like to be alone. But remember—you become a wife to-morrow, just as sure as the sun rises again!"

And with these words, Antonio St. Marc left the room. When he was gone Irene threw herself upon Cassandra's bosom and groaned aloud. She could not weep now. The shock was too deep—too dreadful. And what could her faithful companion say to comfort her? She could only point to Heaven.

"O, Clarence! Clarence!" murmured the stricken one, "where art thou now? O, God! shall I not see thee once more ere the frail and brittle cup of life passes from me?"

A few moments after this the maiden remained quiet, and then looking up into Cassandra's face, she said:

"And Calypso—where is she?"

"I think she went out to meet Captain Howard," returned the girl. "She did not say so, exactly, when she went away, but I thought from what she did say that she feared he might not know exactly which way to turn, so she went out to meet him."

"O, I wish she were here; I think even she might help me."

"Then let us hope that she may come. Ay—that they both may come."

"But to-morrow, Cassandra—O, to-morrow!"

"I know; but between now and then a smart horse might easily travel from here to the capital. Ay—Buonevedeo came from the capital to this place in ten hours upon only one horse—leaving there at midnight, and reaching here at ten o'clock on the next day."

"O, if I dared to hope! But alas! what can they do if they come?"

This was a question Cassandra could not answer; so her foundation for hope was blown to the winds.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A SHROUD OF GOLD.

Hon. Thomas Ewbank, of Washington, late commissioner of patents, communicates to the National Intelligencer, some interesting information in regard to recent discoveries in the excavation of Peruvian tumuli. The information was received by Mr. Ewbank from W. W. Evans, Esq., engineer of the Arica and Tacna Railroad in Peru. Mr. Evans states that in making excavations for the railroad at Arica, hundreds of graves are demolished, in which are numerous Indian relics. The excavations are seventy feet deep, and as the soil is loose sand, as the work proceeds, everything from the top comes sliding down—dead Indians, pots, kettles, arrow heads, etc. Among other interesting mortuary relics, an Indian was started out of his resting place, *rolled up in a shroud of gold*. Before Mr. Evans had knowledge of the incident, the workmen had cut up this magnificent winding sheet and divided it among themselves. With some difficulty Mr. Evans obtained a fragment and despatched it to Mr. Ewbank. Mr. Evans notices, as a remarkable fact, that in hundreds of Indian skulls which he has examined, not one has contained a decayed tooth. Mr. Ewbank thinks the weight of the entire shroud must have been eight or nine pounds, and had it been preserved, would have been the finest specimen of sheet gold that we have heard of since the times of the Spanish conquest.

In some eloquent remarks upon the preservation of souvenirs of the departed, and the futility of attempting to secure the great dead from contact with their native earth, Mr. Ewbank says it is the form or features, and not the body or substance, of the dead, that should be preserved, and adds: "The mummies of Egypt are quarried for fuel, and whether those of the Pharaohs, their wives, their priests, or their slaves, are chopped open and split up with the same indifference as so many pine logs. The gums and balsams used for embalming them have made them a good substitute for bituminous coal; and thus the very means employed to preserve them have become the active agents of their dissipation. So it is when the materials of coffins have a high marked value; *they* are then seized as concealed treasures, and their *contents* cast out as rubbish. Like heroes in the Eastern hemisphere, the descendants of Manco Capec were sometimes, if not always, entombed in such, and with considerable treasure besides in vessels of gold and silver; hence we learn how the Spanish conquerors sought for, often found, and as often plundered rich Incan sepulchres.—*Christian Freeman.*

SUPERSTITION ABOUT STORMS.

Caverns were supposed by the Romans to be secure places of refuge during thunder storms, and they believed that lightning never penetrated more than two yards into the earth. Acting on this superstition, the Emperor Augustus used to withdraw into some deep vault of the palace, whenever a tempest was feared, and it is recorded by Suetonius, that he always wore a skin of seal around his body, against lightning. That both precautions were equally unavailing, needs scarcely to be mentioned. Lightning has been known to strike ten feet into the earth; but not even the marvellous accuracy of modern science can determine at what distance from the surface a safe retreat may be found from the descending fluid; and even were this ascertained, the dangers from ascending electric currents remain the same. With regard to seal skins, we find that the Romans attached so much faith to them as non conductors, that tents were made of them, beneath which the timid used to take refuge. It is a somewhat curious fact, that in the neighborhood of Mount Cevennes, in the Languedoc, where anciently some Roman colonies were known to have existed, the shepherds cherish a similar superstition respecting the skins of serpents. These they carefully collect, and having covered their huts withal, believe themselves secure against the dangers of the storm. M. Labossiere is disposed to see a link of interesting analogy between the legend which yet lingers in the mind of the peasant of Cevennes and the more costly superstition held in reverence by his Latin ancestors. The emperors of Japan retire into a deep grotto during the tempests which rage in such severity in their latitude; but, not satisfied with the profundity of the excavation, or the strength of the stones of which it is built, they complete their precautions by having a reservoir of water sunk in their retreat. The water is intended to extinguish the lightning—a measure equally futile, since many instances have been preserved in which the fluid has fallen upon the water with the same destructive effect as upon land.—*Scientific Annals.*

MAGNETIC MASKS.

Among the various useful purposes to which magnetism has been applied, the following is not the least serviceable or singular. In needle factories, the workmen who point the needles are constantly exposed to excessively minute particles of steel, which fly from the grindstone and mix, though imperceptible to the eye, as the finest dust in the air, and are imbibed with the breath. The effect is scarcely noticed on a short exposure, but being constantly repeated every day, it produces a constitutional irritation, dependent on the toxic properties of the steel, which is sure to terminate in pulmonary consumption. Persons employed in this business used scarcely ever to attain the age of forty years. In vain was it attempted to purify the air before its entry to the lungs, by gauze or linen guards; but the dust was too fine and penetrating to be obstructed by such coarse expedients. At length some ingenious person bethought him of that wonderful power which every child who has reached for its mother's needle with a magnet, is well acquainted with. Masks of magnetized steel wire are now constructed and adapted to the faces of the workmen. By these, the air is not merely strained, but searched in its passage through them, and each obnoxious atom arrested and removed.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

ORIENTAL AND EUROPEAN ARCHITECTURE

The first of the series of pretty sketches on this page exhibits an interesting street scene in Benares, Hindustan. It is a square surrounded by mosques and other buildings, whose peculiar architecture—pointed arches, spires and domes produce a singular effect. In the centre is a large circular platform. A procession of Orientals in their picturesque costume, is entering upon the square. The curious observer will note, in the features of this scene, how close a relationship the Mohammedan bears to the Byzantine style of architecture. The remarkable position occupied by Constantinople, being at the extreme southeast corner of Europe, has for ages made it a sort of transition spot between Europe and Asia. From the time it was founded by Constantine, this city has always exerted a good deal of influence on surrounding countries, and this influence was still greater when the Byzantine empire was at its height. Persia is one of the countries that felt this influence. Even before the time of Mohammed, when the Persians were fire-worshippers, they still looked up to Christian Constantinople for much of their literature and art. Greek industry, science and even education were sought for in Persia; and among other things, the architecture of the Byzantine capital did not fail to exert an influence. It is believed, on the other hand, that some of the minor details of Persian architecture were adopted at Constantinople, and that the Byzantine style was in part made up of it. When Persia became a Mohammedan country, it borrowed from Constantinople many of the architectural features of its mosques. There is at Ispahan a mosque, supposed to have been built two or three centuries after the time of Mohammed, in which there is a central dome more than a hundred feet in diameter, and other domes of smaller size—all presenting that low, spreading form which distinguished the domes of Santa Sophia. The later buildings of Ispahan exhibit in like manner the later Byzantine features of pointed arcades and elongated cupolas. When we go further east, and examine the Mohammedan buildings of India, we see that they also present those marked features which had their origin in Constantinople; altered, indeed, in many points, so as to lose a good deal of their resemblance, but still fundamentally the same. The Moguls carried the Mohammedan faith into India, and with it the established mode of building mosques and other structures, in which arches and cupolas of most varied form were adopted. It is impossible to look at a representation of Indian buildings without appreciating this general resemblance. The Hindoo inhabitants of India have in some cases adopted a few of these features as our engraving of the street conclusively shows. With regard to China, the fantastic roofs of their buildings may, at a first glance, deceive the eye into the belief that the same model has been copied. In Arabia, the birthplace of Mohammedanism, until the time of the prophet, the Arabs had made but small progress in civilization; so much of their country is occupied by desert, that the tents of a roving tribe have been always the chief homes among them; while the inhabitants of towns, in the more hospitable regions, contented themselves with a very humble and even mean sort of structure. When, however, Mohammed and his successors took arms and proceeded to promulgate their religion by the edge of the sword, the Arabians or Saracens, were brought into contact with nations more polished than themselves; and this intercourse showed its consequences in architecture and other things. When the sovereignty of the caliphs was established, they sought the aid of all the science and art which Constantinople—still a Christian city—could afford. Astronomers, mathematicians, linguists, grammarians, physicians, architects—all were invited from Constantinople to settle in the Saracenic cities, and all seem to have been received in a very liberal spirit. Even when a Mohammedan dynasty had been established in Spain, so far from the central seat of empire, a Byzantine architect was employed in the construction of some of the buildings of Cordova. Mr. Hope has traced and pointed out the characters in Mohammedan architecture as following those previously adopted at Constantinople. After alluding to the wide extent of kingdoms and countries between India and Spain, he says: "While in some of the various and distant countries here named we observe, previous to the adoption of Islamism, the slightest approach to those inventions, the pride and stay of architecture—the arch and the cupola—in all of them alike, in the very first settling in them of Mohammedans, we see these noble features immediately appearing, from the application of Greek skill, in the full maturity of form they had attained among themselves. Indeed, in every Moslem dominion which continued to flourish during a sufficient period, we ever see the arch and the vault keep pace in their further developments and changes with those which they experienced at the fountain-head; as the pointed, the depressed, the scolloped, nay, the horse-shoe arch, successively gained favor at Constantinople and the rest of the Greek empire; and thence, also, in the cities of Italy connected with that empire by trade or vassalage, each successively prevailed. In like manner, in the various regions under Mohammedan rule, and throughout India, Persia, Syria, Egypt, Africa and Spain; at Agra, at Ispahan, at Damascus, at Cairo, at Tripoli, at Tunis, at Fez and at Grenada; in mosques and in medrasses, in palaces and pavilions, in bazaars and in bridges, in the sepulchre of Mohammed at Mecca, as in the tomb of the Holy Virgin at Jerusalem, or the Hall of Saladin in Cairo, we already find the arch, not only with the double curve forming the ogive sharpness in the centre, but the low spreading at the sides, which we consider in the north of Europe as the last modification of the pointed style. This ogive arch seems very early to have become, and lately to have remained, with the Mohammedans of India an almost exclusive favorite. In Spain, on the other hand, the horse-shoe arch became the universal favorite, was employed in all the later Moorish buildings, and from thence became imitated still later, by the Christians in their neighborhood." The RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL at MOSCOW, delineated in the second engraving on this page, is an example of the extent of the influence of the Byzantine architecture. It is a curious mass of domes and spires, elaborately ornamented, and notwithstanding its quaintness, produces a striking effect. It stands in a very conspicuous position, and everything has been done to enhance its impressiveness. It is certainly one of the most remarkable buildings in Moscow. It is known by the names of the Cathedral of Basil, the Cathedral of the Virgin Mary, and the Pokrovsky Cathedral; the two latter names being nearly equivalent. In every respect it is a singular structure, both from the fantastic group of bulbous domes it presents, and the arrangements of the chapels within it. It was built in the year 1554, repaired at sundry times afterwards, greatly injured by the fire of Moscow, in 1812, and completely restored a few years afterwards. The foundation of this building is an oblong square, from the centre of which rises a lofty, octagonal tower, surmounted by a small dome, a gilt ball and a cross. Around this central tower arise eight others, all decorated profusely with domes, balls and crosses; and all exhibiting a singular arrangement of chains hanging down to the dome beneath it. At the north east corner is a large, low dome; and at one of the other corners a small pyramidal belfry or steeple stands detached. Two entrances to the building are placed at the north and the south, by covered staircases having small spires. All the domes are painted the brightest and most vivid colors, each one differing from all the others; some with a network of green upon a yellow ground—some with alternate red and white stripes, and some gilt. It is customary for pious individuals to bequeath sums of money for the repainting of this building so that it is always kept up in a gorgeous and showy state. The interior is arranged in a very curious way. It consists of or contains twenty-one small chapels, which the Russians dignify with the name of churches, or even cathedrals. Eleven of these chapels are on the ground floor, and the remaining ten are on a floor above them, on a level with the bases of all the towers; the hollow base of each one of the ten towers forming a chapel. Light is admitted to these upper chapels through long, narrow windows in the towers themselves. The interior of the central and largest tower forms the "cathedral church," ridiculously small when compared with those buildings which we are in the habit of designating cathedrals. The RUSSO-GREEK CHURCH at Bucharest, Wallachia, the subject of our last engraving, is a somewhat peculiar structure. It is comparatively modern, is appropriated to the Greek form of Christian worship, and is to that extent, Byzantine. The building itself exhibits some remarkable features, especially that of three steeples, which have a very Oriental character about them; but the church, taken as a whole, is not a uniform example of any one style. The bell in the foreground is of very large dimensions. Down to the fifteenth century, when the Byzantine empire was finally extinguished, all the Russian churches were built by architects from Constantinople, but after this, the Italian and other architects engrafted other features on the Byzantine, still retaining, however, the general character of the latter. The Greek cross, with the square centre, the cupola over this centre, the smaller cupolas over the side recesses, the tall minarets—these were retained; but the semi circular form of the cupola gave way to a bulbous form, such as we have noted as peculiarly characterizing Mohammedan mosques.



STREET SCENE IN HINDOSTAN.



RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL AT MOSCOW.



RUSSO-GREEK CHURCH AT BUCHAREST, WALLACHIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MINSTREL'S REPLY

TO BYRON'S "MY SOUL IS DARK."

BY CHARLES W. STEVENS.

O, cheer thee now. My harp I'll string,
Till every chord shall dance, and thrill
Responsive to thy tearful spring.
Its "melting murmurs" soon shall still
The storm of passions surging o'er
Thy clouded brain. Its witching spell
With fairy forms thy hopes shall store,
Till thou shalt whisper: "All is well."

But weird and plaintive shall ring out
Elegiac strains for sorrow's dead;
The gay and jocund I will rout—
They'll blush at their light, wanton tread.
Like April showers, thou now may'st weep,
Till clouds disperse—till dimpled beams
Adown the haze of gloom shall creep—
Thy spirit cheer with joyous streams.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MRS. LITTLE'S PIANO.

BY M. E. ROBINSON.

Mrs. Little had a home, a husband and a baby,—a pleasant home, a good husband and a pretty baby. But Mrs. Little was not happy. "What more would she have?" queries a contented matron, with four small daguerreotypes of herself, and only one room, and that a hired one, to put them in. "She doesn't appreciate her husband—poor man!" sighs a forlorn-looking single lady of thirty-five, with no matrimonial prospects. "A baby, and not happy!" exclaimed a young wife, in a tone of extreme surprise. "What *did* she need to complete her happiness?" asks an acid old bachelor, rather impatiently. "A new French hat, a *moire antique*, a velvet Talma, a gold watch, a set of cameos, a tapestry carpet, some lace curtains, or a trip to Saratoga this summer, I'll warrant. Women are very much like children: give them plenty of fine things to look at, and they are satisfied till they think of something else they need." My dear sir, you are at fault this time; Mrs. Little wanted—a piano!—not a diminutive, wheezy, slender-legged piece of mechanism, but a large, substantial-looking, nicely-carved, fine-toned, seven-octaved instrument—one capable of producing an impression at first sight.

In her working hours, Mrs. Little heard (in imagination) majestic marches, ravishing waltzes, inspiriting polkas, enchanting quicksteps and exquisite operas, whose notes died away in her ears like heavenly echoes. In her dreams, she saw immense quantities of beautifully-polished rosewood and numberless squares of black and white ivory, which danced fantastically up and down before her like things of life. Music was her theme by day and her meditation by night, until she fell asleep. The science of harmony had, in her case, she was sure, been shamefully neglected, the art of combining sweet sounds not having made a part of her education. Yet the efforts of the present might atone for the defects of the past; and so she told Mr. Little, who had the temerity to smile at the remark.

"You don't believe it?" she interrogated.

"Pardon me, my dear; I was thinking at the moment that you made a mistake in not marrying one of those hirsute individuals with bald heads and spectacles, who preside over fiddles, flutes and *furors*, in concert-rooms."

"Please don't laugh at me, Ralph. I am really in earnest about having a piano. You can afford it, I know; and then I so seldom ask for anything new," pursued the fair solicitor.

"I know it, Jenny; your wishes are usually very reasonable, but in this instance they seem to have suddenly taken such a high flight that I fear my purse will be left far in the rear."

"Nonsense! Husbands always plead poverty when they expect a draft on their pockets. Now I happen to know that you have money laid by which is doing no one any good. Put it into a good piano, and then we shall have a handsome piece of furniture, as well as something to amuse me when you are gone on those long journeys."

"The four hundred dollars you speak of I have put by to invest in a project, which, if successful (and I do not doubt its success), will more than double my money in a few months. Come, Jenny; be frank, and own that will be much better than the purchase of wire, rosewood and ivory, with an indefinite amount of noise."

"I haven't any faith in projects," pouted Mrs. Little. "They always fail. I would as soon trust soap bubbles!"

Ralph commenced whistling "Pop goes the Weasel."

"There! I could soon learn to play that, and wouldn't it be grand to have an accompaniment when you sing!" she exclaimed, brightening.

Ralph stopped whistling.

"But you have no ear, Jenny—"

"No ears, Mr. Little!"

"No correct idea of harmony, I mean," he explained, in a voice quavering with suppressed mirth. "Forgive the supposition, but I do not believe you could play the simplest air, properly, after six months practice."

Jenny pouted again. Her musical abilities were not rated high, certainly. That husband of hers was not inclined to be complimentary.

"But I could learn—couldn't I? What prevents me from developing the little talent I have?" she added, a moment after.

"Don't be absurd, my dear. You dance like an Ellsler, paint like a Raphael, can make reasonable rhyme, and are as handsome as you could possibly be. If you had any more accomplishments and graces, you would be so far above me that affinity between us would be quite out of the question. Think better of it, Jenny."

Mrs. Little's gaitered foot started off in an *allegro* movement, while her fingers slipped a gold circlet round and round. Ralph's jesting was harder to conquer than decided opposition.

"If we had a grown-up daughter now," resumed Ralph, "why, there might be some reason in—"

"But we've got one growing up—haven't we? In six or seven years she'll be old enough to take lessons, and long before that time, I shall be competent to instruct her myself. So we shall actually save all her tuition—two or three hundred dollars, perhaps,—by purchasing an instrument now. *That*, you can't deny, will be an object," concluded Mrs. Little, with revived courage.

Though this last view of the case provoked something more than a smile from the owner of the four hundred dollars, he did not think proper to argue it; and when his pretty wife received his parting kiss, she was as sure of having a piano, eventually, as though she had seen it coming in through the front door.

The powers that be, however, were not easily won over, though Mrs. Little carried on the siege of persuasion with unflagging perseverance. She beset the enemy at all points, in every practicable way—crying, coaxing and caressing by turns. Ralph was not made of adamant, nor proof against such importunity. He was a good-natured, obliging man, and wanted to see his young wife happy; but he did not think the possession of a piano would make her so, for the simple reason that she had not sufficient musical ability to enable her to become a proficient, or even a passable performer. He knew that we have not all the same gifts, and that it is idle to attempt to force nature against her inclinations. Of this philosophy his wife was lamentably ignorant; its workings were to her a mystery—to be solved only by experience.

Mrs. Little would not listen to a compromise of the matter by hiring. No—she must own an instrument; feel that she was sole proprietor of an elegant piano, or else didn't want any. Nobody hired that could afford to buy; it was expensive, too, and had the appearance of trying to make a figure on a very small capital. She instanced Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Black, who rented battered, shattered, jangling, jarring, squeaking, creaking affairs, which seemed to remonstrate against being made the servants of the public every time they were touched. And then who respected a hired piano? Who was ever caught praising it? Who ever approached it with pleasure and left it with regret after a charming practice of half an hour? Nobody. Elevated noses, curled lips and disdainful expressions said as plainly as such significant signs could say, "A hired piano—a poor, abused, brow-beaten, shame-faced, mutilated, maltreated piano!"

Fearing another influx of adjectives (though inclined to believe that pianos were rather to be pitied), Mr. Little made a hurried visit to his desk, and started down street as though one of the ill-fated instruments, described by his wife, was after him. Two minutes later, Mrs. Little's curious eyes found their way into the same desk, quickly remarking the absence of several bills—a discovery that induced her to locate herself at one of the front windows to watch for the realization of her newly-born expectations. Coaches, chaises, stages, omnibusses, gigs, carts, trucks, cabs—everything of the vehicle description went by, *except* job wagons; but, at last, after a cold sitting of an hour, one of the latter came in sight, drew up to the sidewalk, and—stopped. Could it be? Yes, undoubtedly, for two men jumped to the ground and began to unwrap something that could not be anything but a piano.

Without waiting for the bell to ring, she hastened to the door to give them admittance. But the transportation of their burden proved a work of some difficulty, inasmuch as the hall was narrow, and the process of turning involved some nice management. Mrs. Little ran backwards and forwards, her heart palpitating with joy, and her fingers aching to help. After considerable profanity and perspiration, the bulky body was safely deposited in the front parlor, in a standing position. It was as large as a moderate-sized omnibus on carved legs, with seats for twelve on the top. It was ornamented with buds, roses, leaves, vines, and other floral devices—being, in fine, one consolidated mass of carving. Such a rack! Why, at the most reasonable calculation, six months' time would be insufficient to produce another such specimen of handicraft. Mrs. Little brushed off the dust, and stood back to take an artistic view of this master-piece of mechanism. It was perfect—absolutely perfect, a model of workmanship, a gem of art.

Judgment on the case having been passed, she seated herself on the velvet-cushioned stool, and touched the keys. They gave forth tones quite like other pianos, but whether they were superior she could not tell; she was a better judge of the casket than the diamonds within it. She must wait for the opinion of others.

The next thing to be done was to assign her new acquirement to its proper place. The parlors were small, and divided by folding doors. There were only two wide spaces for large articles: one was occupied by a sofa, the other had been dedicated to a piano since her desires tended in that direction. Chairs were pushed away, tables received a sudden impetus, and all was ready for the grand *tableau*. Two or three vigorous pushes sent it to the wall, where it was to find its legitimate resting-place. But alas—alas! the space was too short and the piano too long. Eight inches of rosewood interposed rather a tangible obstacle to the opening and closing of the door. Was it not provoking? Why did they make pianos so large and houses so small? Here was a puzzle. She could not close up the unfortunate door, because there was no other entrance, save through the dining-room, which communicated with the hall; so that was impossible. To be brief, she could not dispose of it in any way to suit her really good taste for arrangement. Mrs. Little had an eye to effect in the disposal of furniture; but it must be confessed that the very thing she had counted so much upon for the furtherance of this laudable design, troubled her the most to locate to her mind.

"That unlucky door!" she exclaimed, every five minutes. "What shall I do? Ralph will be home soon, and find his beautiful purchase standing just in the middle of the room, looking excessively out of place. It is too bad, for I have said so often that that corner was made for a piano. O that unfortunate door!"

"Drawbacks already, Jenny?" said a merry voice at her elbow. "Why, I didn't expect to see a cloud on your face for months to come!"

"O, Ralph, there's no place for the piano, now we have one! If I put it *there*, it obstructs both windows; and if I put it *here*, the door can neither be opened nor closed," replied the troubled woman.

"Let it stand where it is—in the centre of the room. We shall never tire, certainly, of revolving around a grand piano. I think of another advantage: we can have front, rear and side views of performers," said Mr. Little, taking a circuit around his afternoon's purchase, knocking over a chair and a pile of books in the attempt.

"Don't, Ralph! If I am in trouble and need advice, you invariably amuse yourself at my expense."

"But I don't know what advice to give," protested Ralph. "I might have got a smaller one, it is true; but as you have always insisted on having an instrument of magnitude, I thought this couldn't fail to suit. It will weigh as much as an elephant—wont it?"

"Nonsense! It is none too large or too heavy; it suits me completely. The only trouble is where to put it. You see it can't remain here, because—because when we have company, there wont be any room for company," pursued Mrs. Little, with an air of concern.

"I acknowledge that it would be a matter of some difficulty for a beflounced and behooped lady to safely navigate this apartment; but as for us males, I think we might manage to avoid breaking our necks in the day-time, if we heed our steps, and not think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think."

"You know better, Ralph!" laughed Mrs. Little. "You men are noted for tumbling over everything larger than a marble, and putting your boots in contact with choice pieces of furniture."

"A woman's retort! But why not put our piano in the hall, my dear? There's plenty of room under the staircase, where it would be out of the way of our dreadful boots and our unhappy tumbles."

If Ralph Little had proposed putting that grand piano down cellar, up attic, or into the back yard, his wife Jenny could not have been more thoroughly astonished. Consign all that beautiful carving to an entry! Hide it away under a staircase! The man must be little short of crazy to suggest such a procedure. And she followed her husband to the table, to pour the tea, and think over this unlooked-for contingency.

That night, when Mrs. Little retired, it was not to sleep, but to plan. And when Mr. Little, in the morning, stretched himself, yawned, and gave other indications of waking, she had a scheme all ready for his consideration, which we submit to the reader. It was nothing, more or less, than the pulling down of the partition that divided the parlors, to make a niche between the chimneys for the grand piano. When we say that Mr. Little, in his turn, was astonished, we make use of a very moderate word; for a moment he was actually dumb with surprise at the presumption of the proposition. But he lived through it (as we all have through similar scenes), and after the necessary amount of logic and persuasion had been brought to bear upon his obdurate nature, he gave a reluctant assent that the carpenters might go in and the partition come out.

Carpets were up and curtains were down. Dirt, disorder, noise and plaster got a firm footing—the plaster in particular, inasmuch as it was trodden into every room in the house, the smaller particles flying about in all directions, entering closets, invading store-rooms, and settling, with provoking pertinacity, on black clothes. Everybody (including Catherine in the kitchen) was cross and miserable. A term of weather that would not throw discredit on the polar regions, slackened the operations of the carpenter (who had already taken time enough to frame a house), introduced the croup to the baby by the medium of air-currents and open doors, frozen the mortar and lime that an ambitious workman placed upon the walls, besides inflicting coughs and colds on both master and mistress of the mansion, as a penalty for giving up the comfortable back parlor, where saucy winds never took any liberties, and the bright sunshine was a guest all the day long. But these petty trials (except the croup, which persisted in tormenting the baby,) were absorbed, swallowed up in the one engrossing thought that there was a long parlor in prospective, with a grand piano in the centre. This was ample compensation—at least for Mrs. Little—for splashed floors, spotted windows, spattered walls and general wretchedness. She should soon be settled again, and take an immense amount of comfort in her new arrangements. She was not proud—O no! but not to be blamed if her neighbors envied her when she gave her first party in her remodeled parlor, for the dedication of the grand piano. Wouldn't it be delightful?

Contrary to expectation, the wall-paper could not be matched, and Mrs. Little was of the opinion that the purchasing of an elegant French pattern would be the best course to take, as, eventually, the highest priced articles proved the cheapest. Ralph demurred at the extortionate price demanded; but Jenny, as usual, finally came off victorious, whispering, for consolation, "How charmingly that will look beside our piano!" Paste now

monopolized the place of plaster, small strips of paper lying in wait to fasten to unwary boots, while one clasped door-knobs only to get a sticky welcome.

When Mrs. Little's carpets found their place again, they did not make a satisfactory appearance. Each individual spot seemed to enlarge frightfully, the thin places to grow thinner, and every thread to say, "Look at my faded hue and worn appearance. Am I not past service? and cannot every observing person see that that majestic piano will place its carved feet upon me with the very climax of contempt, and chant an everlasting song of superiority?"

The carpets were not in reality bad ones, but in contrast to the seven-octaved innovator, it must be confessed they had a prestige of shabbiness that no rejuvenating would remove. The breadths were too short, and, as if to settle the matter in favor of their removal, utterly refused to match when they were brought together by vigorous stretching. To have a yawning, bungling, unmatched seam directly in front of her piano, was an alternative too dreadful for Mrs. Little to think of. The very figures in the fabric appeared to laugh at the idea, and exult in her discomfiture.

Ralph was prepared to hear that a new carpet was absolutely necessary for the long parlor. He had lived long enough to know that one want begets another as surely as a seed produces a score. That agglomeration of rosewood threatened to become a nuisance. Had he anticipated but half the vexations it had given rise to, he would have brought home a braying jack sooner. It had already deprived him of a comfortable sitting room, given him a cold that might end in a galloping consumption, made the baby a miracle of crossness, inflicted the sulks upon the domestic by means of the paste and plaster, driven contentment out of his wife's head, forced him to patronize the paper-hanger, and now insisted on a new carpet to stand upon. Verily, he believed the grand piano would ultimately turn him out of doors.

The handsome Brussels, the satin-surfaced wall-paper, the tastefully disposed furniture, together with the splendid instrument which was now filling its appropriate place (giving a look of equilibrium to the whole apartment, and an air of gentility which it otherwise lacked), greatly helped to fill the cup of Mrs. Little's happiness. The few drops wanting were chiefly made up of the consciousness that the innate powers of what she had most coveted and gained were dead to her; that every key had a language of its own, but was dumb in her presence, or gave forth dissonant and disconnected responses, and that music was like a book of problems to which she had no key.

Ralph's pleasantries on this subject were so pointed and unacceptable that she hastened to secure the services of Monsieur Besste, a man with hair on his head, cheeks, chin and lips, rings in his ears, spectacles on his nose, studs in his shirt-bosom, and a cane in his hand. He looked Frenchy, and claimed Paris as his birthplace; but a great many persons declared his accent unmistakably English.

The initiatory lesson came off. Monsieur praised the piano and his pupil; marvelled at her quickness of apprehension, and confidently affirmed that her fingers must have been designed for pianoforte playing, they were so light and nimble. This was all vastly agreeable to Mrs. Little, who, like most of her sex, was not averse to flattery now and then. She straightway located herself before the keys, resolved to do justice to herself and her instructor. Patiently she studied the black and white characters on the page beside her, and with one hand strove to apply them to the ivory. When Ralph came in to dinner, one hour after, she had mastered precisely three notes.

"Progressing, Jenny?" he queried, inserting part of his head into the room.

"O, finely!" replied the amateur musician.

"Play me 'The Battle of Prague,' can't you?"

"Not quite yet, I fear; but I shall be able to do so very soon, doubtless, for Monsieur Besste declares that I have an aptness of comprehension that is uncommon with beginners. He says I have genius which only needs development, and talent which will enable me to become an ornament to musical science."

"Of which he is a leading star, I suppose? The puppy!"

"Why, Ralph!" exclaimed Jenny, with expanded visuals.

"I mean that exactly. I saw him on the street this morning, and he quite disgusted me with his dandyism and pretension. I am sorry he is to come to the house, or be brought into contact with you in any way. Why did you not engage Mrs. Edmond's daughter to give you lessons? She is competent to do so, I am sure."

"Because gentlemen are more popular than ladies for teachers, generally better qualified, and—and—" Mrs Little hesitated.

"Better fitted to dupe silly women," added Ralph, taking liberty to finish the sentence, at the risk of transforming the pleasant face before him into a frowning one.

"Men are one-sided, prejudiced beings!" retorted Mrs. Little.

"Which we wont stop to debate now. I'm not inclined to run the risk of a cold dinner in order to discuss the merits or demerits of Monsieur Beast or Besste. But I don't like him, nevertheless."

Mrs. Little's mind had been so preoccupied with her piano that she had quite forgotten to attend to the dessert—a duty which she always performed herself. Catherine was not particularly pleased with the musical symptoms that her mistress manifested. She was vexed because to her other labors was added the care of the child—a circumstance that materially interfered with her progress. Hence she did not feel inclined to remind anybody of the deficiency, though fully aware that Mr. Little's dinner depended more on pudding or pie than meat.

As it happened, the loss of dessert (which regularly occurred two or three times a week) was not the greatest trial that Ralph had to encounter. His wife's incessant attacks at the piano, her frantic endeavors to induce the quavers, semiquavers and demi-semiquavers to roll off the ends of her fingers, her sharp attempts to flat and her flat attempts to sharp, the bad chords and horrible *discords* he was forced to listen to whenever in the house, nearly drove him distracted.

It was a luckless thing for Mr. Little that the organ of concentrativeness was so largely developed in his wife's cranium. He trusted her musical fever would have a short run, and then turn to their mutual advantage; but no favorable signs were apparent. She adhered to her practising with a surprising pertinacity. Ralph saw her occasionally, but her society was divided between Monsieur Besste, the piano, and two or three musical neighbors, who spent most of their evenings in his remodelled parlor, playing operas, which he thought should be denominated *uproars*, and overtures that might very aptly be termed *overturns*. Mr. Little, unlike his wife, had a critical ear and a cultivated taste; he could appreciate *good* music in whatever garb it was presented. But the slam-bang performances, so common in our day, were not to his mind; he never accepted *noise* for music.

One morning, directly after receiving one of Monsieur Besste's semi-weekly visits, Mrs. Little missed a valuable cameo pin from her person. She had made a hurried toilet, and probably fastened it insecurely; it would soon be found, doubtless. A search, however, did not justify this opinion; it was not discovered. Where was it? She had not left the room for a moment, and Catherine, to her certain knowledge, had not been up stairs. Monsieur Besste was exempt from suspicion, because, how could he purloin the pin without her knowing it? The girl was more likely to be the guilty party, as Mrs. Little recollected, on second thought, that she had passed through the hall once or twice to answer the bell.

Catherine had an advocate in Ralph. He declared his firm conviction that she was far more trustworthy than the would-be Frenchman. Mrs. Little smiled pityingly on her prejudiced husband, and took the first opportunity to search the girl's room and clothes, but without finding confirmation of her suspicions.

"How much I miss the clock!" said Mrs. Little, a few days after the loss of her pin.

"It is being repaired, and will probably be sent home to-day. By-the-by, as you will not need my watch this evening, I will take it with me. But where is it?" added Ralph, wonderingly, looking at the nail on which it had hung.

"Sure enough!" exclaimed his wife. "I have not moved it."

"That scamp of a music-teacher has stolen it!"

"That dishonest Catherine, more likely!" replied Mrs. Little, indignantly.

"If I was accustomed to betting," said Ralph, quietly, "I would wager fifty dollars against five that your Monsieur Besste is the thief, and not Catherine. Has he not been here to-day?"

"Yes; I took my last lesson on the quarter," she replied.

"Did you leave him alone?" he continued.

"I think not. Ah—yes, I remember I left him about two minutes to get my porte-monnaie to pay him. But he had not time to leave the room," she rejoined.

"Time enough—time enough! These practised thieves and pickpockets are nimble of foot and light of finger."

"But why do you persist in charging him with the theft, when Catherine is quite as likely to be the guilty one?" asked Mrs. Little, annoyed that the offence should be so summarily fastened upon her favorite.

"For this reason: the girl has had ample opportunity, had she been so disposed, to purloin jewelry, silver, clothing, and even this same watch, many times before now. She has been with us some three years, and we have heretofore considered her trustworthy; I do not believe she would begin to abuse our confidence at this late day. If I had the least particle of evidence against him, I would have him arrested before he eats another breakfast. As it is, I will get a search-warrant."

"Do nothing hastily, husband. I will question Catherine, and perhaps we may get some clue. Besides, Monsieur Besste is to call in the morning and leave me some exercises; if he does not keep his appointment, I will admit that the chances between him and Catherine are about equal," replied Mrs. Little, sure that a cross-examination and threats of exposure would make the girl confess the theft.

He promised to comply with her desire, on the condition of her silence on the subject until such time as he should name.

On the ensuing day, Mrs. Little awaited in vain the coming of her instructor. She felt some anxiety lest she might be obliged to change her opinion of him, and it was not lessened when Ralph assured her two police officers had been searching for him, without avail, for two hours, and that, undoubtedly, he had left the city to avoid arrest.

A week passed away, bringing no tidings of Monsieur Besste. The grand piano was neglected, and music was at a discount. Mrs. Little was really distressed. Was it possible that that elegant and accomplished gentleman could so degrade himself, and cast such obloquy on the profession he adorned? It wasn't likely, and she didn't believe it. He would come out right yet, and put his enemies to the blush; while Catherine—hardened in guilt, as she no doubt was,—would be forced to hide her head in very shame, after acknowledging her misdeeds, which, in justice, would consign her to a prison. She was even displeased with Mr. Little because he would not allow her to charge the girl with the crime, or, at least, turn her out of doors.

But Ralph was not idle; he kept his own counsel. Satisfying himself that the whereabouts of the delectable monsieur could not readily be ascertained, he visited, successively, all the pawnbrokers in the city. He was beginning to despair of success, when, in a low shop, in an obscure locality, in a dirty window, he found—not Monsieur Besste, not his chronometer,—but [illegible]ife's cameo pin! And the present owner of the pin made matter [illegible]uite lucid to Mr. Little's perceptions. It seems the ornament had been offered for sale by a person who was described as a tall, well-dressed, mustached, ear-ringed individual, with manners resembling those of a foppish foreigner.

"But he vash not French," said the Jew proprietor, confidently,—"no, he vash not French; he not speak von leetle word!"

Here was testimony not to be doubted. But although Ralph could gain no information of the watch (which the amiable monsieur had, doubtless, carried away with him as a souvenir), yet he felt amply rewarded for his trouble, as the recovery of the pin fully established Catherine's innocence of the first theft, and afforded presumptive evidence that she had no connection with the second.

Redeeming the ornament, he hastened home to confound his wife. Mrs. Little was considerably disconcerted that such a stain should attach itself to the monsieur of imposing presence and fascinating address, and rather reluctantly admitted that she had gained nothing by employing a male teacher. Ralph importuned her to give him a specimen of her progress in the divine art—something calculated to make him forget his loss and the odious Monsieur Besste. Jenny looked at him inquiringly, as if half doubting his sincerity, but finally took the stool, and blundered through—not a waltz, not a polka—but a simple exercise.

"Is that the best you can do, my dear?" he queried, playfully.

"Why, yes. Don't you like it? Mon—that is, *he* says I execute it wonderfully well," rejoined Mrs. Little, stopping short, whirling round on her seat, and gazing at the speaker in genuine wonder.

"*Execute* it? Well, yes, I should say so," continued Ralph. "Your elegant instructor possessed the gift of flattery, if not the virtue of honesty. My simple-minded wife, you have been shamefully imposed upon. That coxcomb has made you the instrument of gaining him a large bill of tuition, as well as sundry perquisites which I will not name, by exaggerating your progress and flattering your self-esteem."

Poor Mrs. Little! It was even so. She had been duped by the attractions of a grand piano, and the flatteries of an expert rogue, whose forte was not so much in playing *piano* and *forte* as in skilfully picking up cameo breast-pins and expertly appropriating gold watches.

While we are indulging in observations at the expense of Mrs. Little's experience, Mr. Little is employed with pencil and paper. Curious to know what may be occupying his mind, we look over his shoulder and read the following:

One grand pianoforte,	$400 00
Wall-paper for parlor,	21 50
Remodelling of parlor,	15 00
Carpet for parlor,	54 60
Paid music teacher,	30 00
Redeemed cameo-pin,	5 75
One gold watch,	125 00
Total	$651 85

"What are you doing, Ralph?" asked the lady in the rocking-chair, looking up for the first time since he ceased speaking.

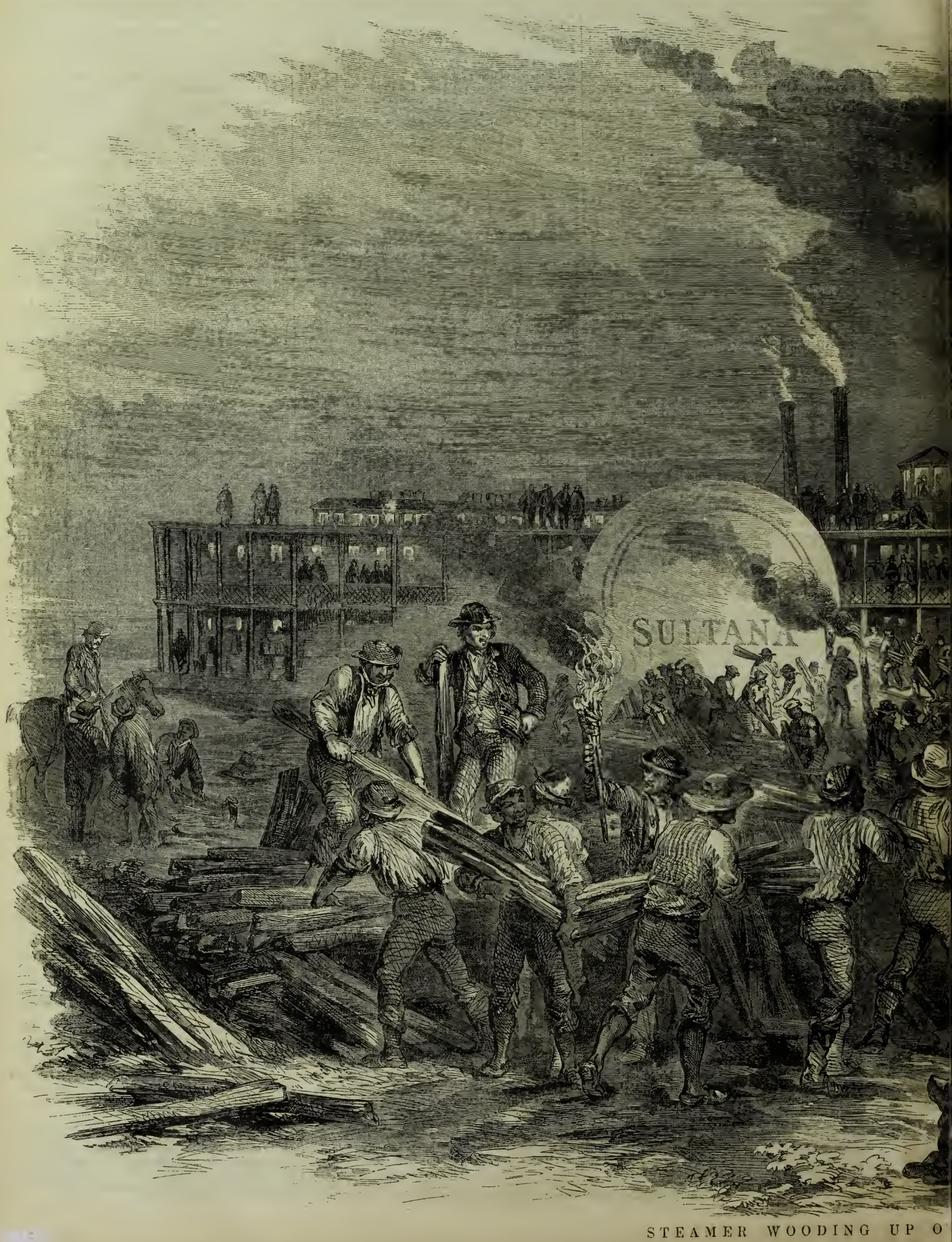
"Finding the product of a column of figures."

"In relation to what?"

"Our piano. I had a fancy to know the amount of the money I have paid out in behalf of that noble instrument since its advent into our dwelling, including the value of the keepsake your accomplished teacher was thoughtful enough to take at parting. I find it to be a trifling matter of two hundred and fifty-one dollars and eighty-five cents, which, with the first investment, gives me the ridiculously small sum of six hundred and fifty dollars. What a godsend that piano has proved! Here is a run of luck utterly unparalleled! And I haven't added the stock of patience which I have so assiduously cultivated of late, nor the pile of contentment that our baby has amused herself with in her solitary hours, nor the immense advantage she will derive from having a mother accomplished in making sweet sounds, nor the intense satisfaction Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. experience in laughing at the musical efforts of the neighbor between them, who, I am bound to say, is their superior in everything except playing grand pianos. Indeed, you have so many good qualities that I think you can well afford to be deficient in musical abilities and to abandon all pretensions of that kind. The truth is, my dear, the music must be in one, or it cannot come out. Your efforts thus far have, I must confess, been attended with peculiar difficulties. But I will not grumble about that, nor will I urge you to desist. Assault the rosewood as often as you wish, if you feel so disposed, after taking all things in connection with it into careful account. I will only add—not by way of fault-finding at all—that the venture which I thought of making has proved completely successful, and the friend that invited me to share the speculation has doubled his money; I might have done the same."

Mrs. Little thought there was some truth in her husband's plain dealing, and after a more critical analysis of her musical abilities than she had ever before deemed it worth while to make, felt that she never could learn to perform with sufficient taste and elegance to satisfy herself or entertain company. At the best, she would, after many weary quarters of instruction, be but a poor player, much inferior in execution to the little miss of ten years across the way.

Mrs. Little threw into the scale with these considerations the various losses and expenses thus far, and the consequence was that the grand piano was seen to leave the premises very early one cloudy morning. The neighbors were much relieved, and all agreed in saying that "Mrs. Little was too old to begin to study music, and what was more, she had no more idea of time than a baby."



STEAMER WOODING UP O



THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO AN ARTIST.

BY J. I. PATTERSON.

Artist! fired with just ambition,
While the flame of genius glows,
What though weary thy condition,
And thou sigh'st for sweet repose!
Follow still thy high endeavor,
Make the living canvass shine!
Bright thy fame shall stand forever,
Limner of an art divine!

Catch the tints that Nature weareth,
Mingle well her light and shade;
Paint each radiant charm she hea· ;th—
Silver stream and green arca .o.
Paint the flowers in beauty blooming—
Forest deep and verdant lawn;
Paint the light the sky illuming,
At the rosy blush of dawn.

Paint the birds with plumage shining
Brighter than the rainbow-dyes;
Paint the snowy flocks reclining,
Where the sleeping shepherd lies.
Paint the smiling village maiden,
Flushed with health and beauty's glow,
With the spoils of Flora laden,
Roaming in the vale below.

Artist! well thy work is ended;
Skillful is the limner's hands;
All the hues are sweetly blended,
As by some enchanter's wand.
Think of Him with adoration,
Who, with universal skill,
Paints the wonders of creation,
By the effort of his will.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY SCHOOLMASTER.

BY MYRA C. GREENLEAF.

My home was in a beautiful valley in Vermont. A plain, nearly circular, smooth and level as the prairies of the West, but not more than a mile across, is bounded on three sides, by lofty and abrupt hills; while a beautiful lake stretches away to the more distant hills on the remaining, or eastern side. The stream, which forms the outlet of this lake, flows towards the west, and in the centre of the village is met by another stream from the north.

There are many beautiful elm trees scattered about; and beneath their shade many small, neat, comfortable houses, while two or three more stately mansions seem to assert their superior claims to notice by standing boldly out, unshaded by a tree. An old weather-stained church—it had once been painted white, of which painting only a few feeble, gray traces remained, and a more plentiful supply of the first coat of yellow—stood in the centre of a little common. The spire was handsomer than the picture of any one I had ever seen; and the weather-vane, a lusty cockerel (why will people put such images on churches?), was the greatest achievement of genius, in my girlish eyes. I ought perhaps to make an exception in favor of the lightning-rod. There was but one, and that was not quite long enough to reach to the utmost height of that wondrous spire—another proof of the superiority of the dear old steeple—so it was fastened to an accommodating ledge just below the belfry; and though it certainly did not seem likely to prove a very efficient protector to the church, it is very certain that the edifice never has been struck by lightning. For one purpose the lightning-rod was admirable; and it was this which won for it my childish regard. Its deficiency in length only favored its being put to this use. The belfry formed a stable support for any weight that might be suspended upon it. There are no gymnasiums in the country—so far back in the country as my home was—but this lightning rod was better than all gymnasiums. Could it not accommodate itself to the strength and agility of every boy in school, from the little fellow toiling at his alphabet upon the front seat close by the great stove, up to the prince of all school boys, Alfred Murray, who always took his choice in seats every winter, and who could do the hardest sum in the arithmetic with no trouble at all; beat all the boys in a race or game of ball, and, crowning exploit of all, and which won him the everlasting love and admiration of every girl of nine years in the school, myself included, climb to the very top of this same lightning-rod, go into the belfry, and astonish the people by giving a merry jingle upon the bell, and descend again before the clumsy old sexton had started up from his pipe and almanac, taken down the church key, preparatory to finding who was the intruder upon the sacred edifice? Ah, that lightning-rod! It was the bane of my schoolmaster.

The church was flanked by a range of horse-sheds and one little red school house. The school house is calculated to contain forty-eight scholars, but sixty of us used to find plenty of room under the reign of my schoolmaster. Times have changed since then.

My father was a new comer in the place. It was my first winter in school. Half the enjoyment of my Thanksgiving pies and puddings had been taken away by a mixture of fears and hopes in regard to this school and schoolmaster.

Could I leave off my roguery, for which I was often in disgrace at home? Mother said I should get whipped the first day; but I maintained that a man never should whip me. I knew I could learn my lessons, and finally became quite bright and cheerful. I started off on Monday morning for the school house. Just as I was turning a corner which shut our little brown house from my sight, I turned for a last look, and almost wished I was safely back again. I thought I saw mother throw a kiss after me, and all fear left my heart.

The school house was full to overflowing or every child was running about, choosing seats and seat-mates, driving up nails for the accommodation of bonnets and cloaks, coats and caps, rearranging the master's table and chair, or putting another stick of wood in the huge box which delighted in the name of stove, already so full that the door would not shut. Nobody asked the little stranger to choose a seat-mate; but I did not care for that, for I knew the master would give me a seat when he came.

Presently a boy rushed in, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Master's coming!" A hush followed, which was broken by Alfred Murray.

"Take your seats, boys; and when the master comes in, be sure that you stand up and make him a bow, every one of you!"

Alfred Murray did not tell the girls to take their seats; but some seconds before the last boy had complied with the command so promptly given, each demure girlish face was turned in silent expectation from its own bench to the open door. All except the little stranger. I stood still by the door, and my position seemed to annoy the commander of the company not a little. But I could not find a place. There was no vacant seat, except the extra chair behind the master's table.

In stepped the master. One stride seemed to place him behind his table, when his eye was greeted by a "standing army" composed of old veterans, half-drilled militia, and poor little me to represent the raw recruits. I don't think I was noticed until the "salute" had been accomplished, and the ranks had fallen into place again. How hot the blood was in my face, when I saw those two gray eyes look down upon me, and then turn slowly to every seat in the schoolroom, as if meditating upon the possibility of bestowing me somewhere. The search seemed to be vain; not a single vacant seat appeared.

"Little girl, you may come and sit in this chair here by me, if you will be a very good girl all winter." And he placed the extra chair at one end of his own table.

Was it possible for me to walk across the room under the weight of this great honor? I did accomplish the feat, but had only one shy look for that lofty pedagogue. While he made his opening speech (quite as difficult an affair, I can assure any one, as a politician has to undertake when he comes before his constituents), I stared straight at him, but I did not hear much of it. I was speculating upon the reason why he had put *me* there by his side, instead of that tall, handsome Mary Brown, who wore such a splendid delaine dress, while I had only a plain green flannel one. It was beyond my conception, and I thought I would be very good, so as to be sure and keep the place all winter. How we all learned to love that man. Alfred Murray set us the pattern, and we all followed in his steps.

Not many days passed before I was chosen by the tall master for his constant companion in his walks from school. At first I dreaded to hear him say, "Come, little Nelly, it is time to go home." I would have liked the walk with some of my mates better. For several days I did not dare talk to him. I would now and then think I had gained courage enough to speak, and give one look up in that face to assure myself, but I always stopped at their intention. I had always talked at home without fear. I suppose I was rather a spoiled child; in those days I never could perceive any reason why I should remain silent that older people might talk. Perhaps a natural want of reverence helped to bring about this state of mind; but such it was, and now it would rise above the great fear I had of displeasing the master, and thus being disgraced by losing my place of honor at his right hand. At length, with a choking in my throat, I called out:

"Mr.—Mr. Schoolmaster!" I could not think of the name.

"What do you wish?"

"I want to know why you let me sit by your table instead of Mary Brown? She is so large, and—and she wears—O, such a beautiful dress! I should think you'd want to have her sit there."

"She is too large," said Mr. Schoolmaster.

"Too large! Can anybody be too large, sir?" And my eyes opened to their largest extent, and looked the tall man full in the face. Unfortunately just then I stepped upon a piece of ice, and down I fell into the snow. Mr. Schoolmaster picked me up, and shook the snow off my cloak and hood, and then answered:

"O, yes, it is very common for people to be too large. If you had been large, I could not have picked you up just now."

"But if I had been larger, sir, I should not have fallen down while I was looking at you."

"Don't look at me again, then, or you will fall again."

"But I shall look at you. I shall look at you now, and when I am—O, ever so much larger, too!"

There it was—that spirit; and the moment I said the words I was sorry, for he looked down on me, and I thought he looked very sad, but I could not say another word.

Here our paths separated. Not long after, as school was dismissed at night, I ran out with the other girls to see Alfred Murray climb the lightning-rod, instead of waiting for Mr. Schoolmaster. Alfred was higher than our heads—higher than the first windows—higher than the door—the roof; he was midway between the ground where we stood, and the belfry. The master appeared.

"Come, Nell, ready to go?"

"No, sir, I cannot go yet. I want to see Alfred Murray come down. He will go home with me."

The master turned away. He never asked me to go home with him again. I was glad, for I could join a group of a dozen or more children as full of fun and frolic as I was; and merry snowballing matches we had night after night on our homeward way. The winter closed. I never had another walk and talk with the master.

The schoolmaster never returned to our school. Years passed on. One after another of the pupils left the old school. I had become one of the large girls. Alfred Murray was just ready to make his first voyage at sea. We were walking home from school together.

"Nell, do you remember Mr. Schoolmaster?"

"To be sure I do. I loved him too well to forget him—though I think he was foolish to be angry with a little girl because she would not leave her sport to walk home from school with him."

"So do I. But Nell, I should be almost angry, if you should refuse to walk home with me."

"You are different, you know, and I am a large girl now. I remember telling the master I would look at him when I was large, whether he wished it or not. I did not think that he might go away before I was large. I wish he would come and see us. It is a long time since he was here. I would look at him then."

"Look at me, Nell. I love you. I want you to be my wife some day."

I did look at Alfred; and he looked so honestly at me, and I loved him so well, that I said I would be his wife some day—and so we pledged ourselves walking home from school that winter's afternoon, and shook hands at the gate in token of it.

The next day he started upon the voyage which was to separate the two young lovers. They never met again. Before the hills were covered again with pure snow, his bones were resting in some valley deep under the sea. What bitter tears I shed when the tidings came. I told my mother of my pledge then, and she folded me in her arms and wept warm tears with me.

Two years after I wept alone over the graves of my father and mother. 'Tis too sad a task to recall those bitter hours. In the midst of my grief came an imperative question. What shall I do to earn a living? Very imperfectly educated, I dared not think of teaching. I was sickened by the thought of any other employment. Many of my schoolmates had found pleasant homes, they told me, in Lowell; they could earn money there—they wished I would join them.

Alone in the world, I knew not what else to do. I thought I would go for one year, work hard, be very economical, and save money enough to go to school for six months, and so on, until I had acquired an education that would fit me to teach.

The labor of the factory sickened me in a few short months. I shall never forget the kind physician and nurse who attended me through that illness. They cheered the gloomy wards of the hospital by their presence; and when I was ready to wish their care had been unavailing, always took some means to encourage my drooping spirits. I was convalescent—was well enough to leave the hospital;—but where should I go? There was no home for me, therefore I remained.

It was the morning of a beautiful Sabbath. The church bells had been ringing, but they only carried my thoughts back to the bell which had tolled for my lost parents, or the hateful sound which, with weary limbs, I had obeyed morning, noon and night, during three dreary months. While I was giving play to these thoughts, my nurse entered.

"I told you some friend would come—something would happen," said she; "and he is here now to see you."

A tall man entered my room. The schoolmaster's gray eyes looked at me.

"May Mr. Schoolmaster shake hands with Nell?"

It carried me back to the time when I had told him I would look at him when I was large.

"Yes," I answered, "and now that Nell is large, she will look at Mr. Schoolmaster." And we shook hands, and looked at each other.

"I am very glad to see you so nearly recovered. I feared that you were dangerously ill yet, until I entered your room."

I could not reply. He went on:

"Nelly, I did not know of your loneliness till last week. I met a gentleman, who casually spoke of the death of your parents. I dismissed my school—for I am Mr. Schoolmaster still—and went to your home. I learned that you were here. I started at once, and arrived late last night. This morning I went to your boarding-place; they told me of your illness, and that you were in the hospital. I am glad to find you so well." He paused, but I was unable to speak.

"I have a proposition to make. They told me at your old home, that your object in coming here was to prepare yourself for a teacher. I need a teacher in my own school. If you will come and take the place, I will teach you as well as I can, and will pay you $300 a year. Will not this be as pleasant and profitable as working in the factory and catching the fever, Nelly?"

Tears of surprise and gratitude flowed freely now.

"You are too kind. But I fear you do not know what a dunce I am. I do not think I know much more than I did when I went to school to you."

"I do not know how little you know. The less the better. I shall have an opportunity to teach you as I wish my pupils taught."

The next day I left Lowell for my new home, and a few weeks after entered my school room; and again my schoolmaster gave me a seat at his right hand, saying, as he placed my chair:

"I think you are a little larger than Mary Brown; but you are none too large for this table. It is larger than the old pine one we used to occupy."

Dear reader, it is seven years since I took that place. Faithfully my schoolmaster fulfilled his promise to teach me. For five years we studied every evening together. Then we laid aside school books, but still he came to see me every evening. We read together, or sang, for we had both learned to do that; and before the next year closed, he had taught me to love him so well, that I went with him into church one day, and vowed he should be *my schoolmaster* as long as I lived.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LIFE.

BY MARY F. BARBER.

Wearily, wearily drifting on,
Drifting by death's river,
Drearily, drearily sounds a moan,
In our ears forever;
Tearfully, tearfully faces pale,
Gleam beneath the wave;
Fearfully, fearfully comes a wail,
From their opening grave.

Wearily, wearily drifting on,
The joyous and the sighing;
Wearily drifting side by side,
The living and the dying.
Hopelessly weak hands clasped in woe,
Fearfully stern hearts bowed,
Carefully dim eyes vainly strive
To pierce the wrathful cloud.

Wearily, wearily drifting on,
Darkness all around;
Drearily, drearily souls forlorn,
Fearfully, fearfully bound;
Dashing and wailing, surging and leaping,
Waters wildly foaming;
Moaning and sighing, bitterly crying,
Restless spirits roaming.

Wearily, wearily drifting on,
Drifting by death's river,
Drearily many a love is lost
In its waves forever;
Mournfully, mournfully lips are chilling,
Brows are gathering mould;
Wearily, wearily hearts are bending,
Hearts are growing old.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

AN EPISODE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

Some weeks since, there was furnished to this paper an account of some incidents concerning the capture, by the inhabitants of Eastham, of a small vessel with somo dozen or more of British officers and sailors, which prize was secured by the good management of a certain Skipper Noyes, who had been freed by the enemy to act as their pilot. The author of the following narrative has thought it might not be amiss to relate certain things which took place in consequence of the above-named capture, and which, in more respects than one, proved very inconvenient to the people of the Cape generally.

Referring briefly to the former paper, we will recount certain incidents therein given. The above-mentioned Noyes, with a younger man named Holmes, went in a whale-boat from Eastham to Boston, for the purpose of procuring flour and other articles for family uso. In Boston they bought a half-decked boat that was offered them on sale, and set out on their return, intending to leave the former owner of the boat at Scituate. On the way, however, they were captured by the English. Afterward, Holmes was permitted, on parole, to return to Boston with the boat, in order to procure the means of ransoming her. But on his arrival, his craft was seized, as having been engaged in supplying the enemy, and he was obliged to make his way home by land. In the meantime, Noyes, acting as pilot on board of the schooner, had contrived to run her ashore on Eastham flats, where she was taken, as above stated.

The English authorities, fired with indignation at the disgrace put upon the British arms by the capture of an officer and more than a dozen men, through the sole agency of the aforesaid Skipper Noyes, resolved to visit with condign punishment, not only the offending individual, but also each and all of "the sneaking Yankees of Cape Cod, whose chief delight on earth was to get a sixpence, and whose greatest fear was the losing it." Entertaining this rather low estimate of the patriots of the Cape, the senior of the fleet issued a proclamation, enjoining on the various peninsular towns bordering on the bay the payment of a certain amount of tribute money in such proportions as were set down against the name of each township. The inhabitants of Eastham, foreseeing the gathering storm, and aware of their inability to resist its approach, had in the meantime sent back the prize and its crew, with all their obtainable effects, to Provincetown, where the English fleet then lay in harbor. Of course, this partial atonement had its effect in procuring a less weighty judgment than would otherwise have fallen on the devoted villages; but it by no means forestalled the penalty. Eastham was fined two thousand dollars, and the money having been procured, it was forwarded to the Shirley, seventy-four, in a small vessel manned by some three or four men, one of whom was a cousin of Holmes.

Having found their way to the cabin of the Shirley, and into the presence of Captain Sir George Collier, a rough old sea dog, whose voice was as gruff as that of Boreas himself, the bearers of the money commenced counting it out. As they were thus employed, the cousin of Holmes accidentally dropped a half dollar, which, rolling about the cabin floor, presently trundled up to an old trunk that stood in one corner, against which it reposed itself, leaning back face outward, with the most *nonchalant* air possible. Trifling as was the incident, Sir George sprang to his feet with a face as red as a piece of "old mahogany," and striking his clenched fist on the table at which he had been sitting—

"I'll be—shot!" he said; "if that rusty pistareen has not gone and cocked itself up against the trunk of that scoundrelly Noyes. One would think that the impish thing had done it on purpose. I verily believe it came out of the rascal's own pocket."

Holmes's cousin recognized the trunk as one belonging to his relative, and made a statement of its proper ownership, requesting the privilege of taking it away. Sir George assented with an air of surly complaisance.

"But pray pick up the coin," he added; "I declare it fairly grins at me with its ugly phiz."

The deputies having finished counting out the money, Sir George ordered a servant to bring wines, to which the guests were courteously requested to help themselves. Having no particular objection to best old Oporto, they did so, and prepared to take leave.

"Gentlemen," said Sir George, as they made their parting bows, "I presume the voyage hither has not been a very pleasant one to you; but I think you'll not deny that you found a good port at the end of it!"

When they got back to Eastham, they found that Holmes had arrived. He was somewhat troubled with the idea that he was bound to deliver himself up to the enemy, in fulfilment of parole. His friends laughed at the proposition.

"The matter is all settled," they replied. "In the first place, you lost the boat by a circumstance that no one was able to foresee, and it was therefore out of your power to return in the manner agreed upon. And finally, the whole concern has been wound up by the payment of a certain sum of money in full of all back account."

Noyes remonstrated as follows: "You can't bo such a confounded ninny, Holmes, as to be at the trouble of going clean over to Provincetown, merely to be called a fool for your pains, and sent packing back again. I'll tell you something worth two of that. I've got a couple of brass guns that were on board that schooner, stowed away snug in a hole near my house. I don't want it known though, for like as not, the selectmen would be for taking them away and sending them back to the British. I want you to help me dig them up to-night, and get them to Orleans. The people there have had a meeting and voted not to pay. So I expect there'll be a scrimmage there by-and-by, and it will be a good chance to sell the guns. What say; will you go?"

"Why, I'll help you dig up the guns," Holmes replied; "but as for taking hold in the fighting, I don't exactly see my way clear, as yet. I cannot help feeling as though I were under some obligation not to fight against those Englishmen just now."

"Well, *I* feel under some obligation to 'em too, and I mean to pay it off as soon as I can."

On the following morn, Noyes had the pleasure of seeing his guns safely deposited in Orleans on a hillside overlooking the harbor. Having accomplished this undertaking, he went to a neighboring house to get his dinner. While thus engaged, a boy came running in with the news that a boat was nearing in shore, bearing a white flag. Noyes and bis host bolted the morsel that had just entered the mouth, and hastened out to observe what was going on. The boat struck the beach, an officer stepped forth, and, after ordering his men to lay off a few rods from the shore, made his weary way to the mansion of Squire Atkins, as he was called, one of the town authorities. The errand on which he came was readily interpreted as having connection with the demanded tribute. Noyes, having borrowed a black coat, in order, as he said, to appear a little "professional," waylaid the officer as the latter was returning to his boat, and accosted him with a face expressive of the deepest anxiety.

"Wal, capting," he exclaimed, "I hope those 'tarnal se-lek-men have 'bout concluded to pay up, and hev no more disturbance?"

The Englishman replied with a look of haughty disdain, and strode on. But the legs of the Yankee were quite as long as those of the stranger, and enabled their owner to keep up a very equal pace.

"I du declare," he continued, "it is tu bad, tu bad. I told the pesky critters over and over again, jest how it would be. If you don't pay the money, says I, the British will come and knock you all on the head. Arter that, they'll burn up the housen and barns, and then the gals will be so bewitched arter the red coats, that they'll be up and off with 'em, the whole bilin' on em; and there wont be anybody left to poperlate the place. You know how it is, capting; there aint no duiu' nothin' with them gals; they will have a notion to you soldiers, any way it can be fixed."

The Englishman could not help smiling at the speaker's apparent earnestness. Furthermore, ho had a spice of the coxcomb in his composition, which disposed bim to be somewhat mollified by the flattery thus broadly laid on.

"Their taste is not very blamable," he said. "His majesty's officers are reported to be, generally, a very good looking set of men. However, sir, I must correct you in one point. I am not captain, but lieutenant in his majesty's service."

"Beg pardon, square. But we're all captins here, and I didn't want to speak as though you was anything less, that's all. But look here, square, p'r'aps you've noticed a little red house jest to the eastward of the meeting-house—that's my place where I live. Now, sposen' you go to firin' off cannons and such like, couldn't you fire a *leetle* one side of there? I'd be much obleeged if you would. You see, I wouldn't have no manner of objection to handing over a dollar or two for my share, but the plaguy folks would liko as not, tuck me in jail, if I paid anything. Good-by, square. Don't forget the little house jest to the eastward of the meeting-house, you know."

A fortnight passed after the lieutenant's visit, and nothing was heard from the enemy. It began to bo suspected that the latter, satisfied with what they had already obtained, had given up the intention of prosecuting their threats against the contumacious inhabitants of Orleans. Noyes was of a very different opinion, and kept a constant lookout from his observatory, as he termed it, otherwise, the garret window of his house in Eastham, which commanded a good view of the Orleans harbor and its approaches. The event proved that he was perfectly right in taking the enemy at their word. For, early one morning as John Williamson went out of doors to fill his water-pail at the well, he cast his eyes toward the harbor, and was surprised to perceive an unusual bustle on board a schooner that lay anchored near the edge of the flats which extend quite a long distance from the shore. He rubbed his eyes, and gave another look; then dropped the pail and ran to get his musket.

"The British! the British!"

The sleepy sentinel waked up, and joined the cry which he should have been the first to give. In a few minutes men were hurrying in all directions toward the hill where was stationed the miniature battery. Skipper Noyes had snuffed the fight from his attic window, before even the first alarm had been given in Orleans, and was, by this time, on a good staunch nag, riding in hot haste toward the scene of action. Arrived on the ground, he was appointed to take charge of the single iron cannon which, having hitherto officiated only on fourths of July and similar occasions, was now elevated to the dignity of a veritable minister of war. Three barges, well manned, were speeding toward the shore, leaving behind the burning schooner. Noyes pointed the gun, and as it was discharged, eagerly watched the effect of the shot. It struck the water just beyond the nearer barge.

"Lower a little from the sight, skipper," said Father Jones, a venerable white-haired "revolutioner," who stood at hand. "Fire a little forward of your mark, for, you see, when you fire over a hollow, the ball is lifted by the air underneath."

The moment was critical, for the foremost boat was rapidly approaching the shore. Nevertheless, Noyes, heedful of the advice given, took his aim with deliberation. Bang! went the piece, and almost simultaneously a shout went up from the crowd assembled on the hill. The nearer boat was shattered and sinking, while the remnant of her crew were being picked up by the other boats. While these were thus delayed, the two brass pieces opened fire with such effect, that one of the barges fairly turned tail and sought safety in flight. The other was beached to prevent her from going down with her crowded occupants. The crew hoisted a white handkerchief in token of surrender, and the townsmen ceased firing. Among the foremost of those who hurried to meet the captured Englishmen was Noyes, who, on coming up, recognized in the leader of the opposite party, a well known face. Walking up to him, and stretching out his hand,

"Hew de du, square," he exclaimed. "I am right glad to see you; sartin' I am."

The Englishman changed countenance.

"I have seen you before, I think," was the rather reluctant answer.

"You've hit it, square. I'm the man that lives in the little red house."

A consultation was held by the villagers, and it was determined to furnish the Englishmen with a boat, and send them back to their ships. After a sufficient delay for the purpose of rest and the procuring of refreshment, the lieutenant and his party entered the boat that had been provided them. The men laid their hands on their oars, when Noyes stepped forward with a low bow.

"Lieutenant, will you allow me to request of you a small favor?"

"What is it, sir?"

"Only that you would inform Captain Sir George Collier, when you meet him, that, judging from your experience, his majesty's officers are likely to find a much better *port* on board of his ship than anywhere in the bounds of Cape Cod. Furthermore, please to give him the best respects of Skipper John Noyes, and say that that gentleman would humbly request the return of that half dollar of his, provided Captain Collier has no further use for it."

The lieutenant had the good sense to take this waggery in the manner in which it was intended. He expressed his willingness to fulfil the commission with which he had been entrusted, and, motioning his men to their oars, bade the people of Orleans a final adieu.

With regard to certain incidents in the foregoing, we would say that we have woven them in a woof of our own. We need only add that our story is *founded* on the facts.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for nearly fifteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its own sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother, or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest paper in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

☞ Specimen numbers furnished when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER, ESQ.,

ALIAS MRS. RUTH PARTINGTON.

The accompanying portrait may be relied upon as a correct likeness of Mr. Benjamin P. Shillaber, the poet and humorist, now an assistant editor on the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, a gentleman everywhere appreciated for his talent, and best esteemed where best known, for his private character. The drawing was made for us by Mr. Hill, and engraved by Pierce, from an ambrotype by Messrs. Cutting & Bowdoin, 49 Tremont Street, and is a perfectly reliable portrait. It wears that expression of goodness which characterizes the countenance of the original. To gratify the probable desire of our readers to know something respecting Mr. Shillaber, we have gathered from various sources a number of items respecting his career. Mr. Shillaber was born and still lives—two important facts to be mentioned in his biography. His birth occurred in 1814, in Portsmouth, N. H., at the close of what is popularly known as the "last war." Educated at the "old north" and west schools in that rare old town, he graduated at the latter, in 1829, with distinguished honor. During his period of tuition, he enjoyed the fullest confidence of his master, which was exhibited in an unlimited credit for paper and pens. In 1829, he commenced his career as a printer, by entering, as office boy (or imp), the office of the N. H. Palladium, in Dover, N. H. He completed his apprenticeship in Boston, in 1835. At this time he made a voyage to Demarara for his health, having had an attack of bleeding at the lungs. Here he worked on the Royal Gazette for twenty months, returning home in 1837. He now married and became settled, as a journeyman printer, for life, as he thought, working for a year or two in a book office. At the expiration of his engagement, he became connected with the Morning Post, in the winter of 1840. Here he worked upon the case till the year 1847, when he accidentally discovered that he had a pleasant knack at writing—a fact which it was left for him to find out at that late day. At this time he first produced the Partington sayings, which have been and still are the most successful humorous writings that have ever appeared. Their popularity knows no abatement, and their weekly appearance in Clapp's Evening Gazette is looked for with eagerness by the thousands of readers of that admirably-conducted journal, to which Mr. Clapp, the editor in chief, Mr. Thaxter and Mr. Shillaber devote their entire time and ability, producing one of the best weekly sheets published in this country. Mr Shillaber commenced his poetical career about this time (1847), with great success. He has published a book of poems, which met with a considerable sale, while of the volume of his collected sayings and other pieces, an edition of 20,000 was disposed of in a few weeks after the date of publication. In 1850, Mr. Shillaber left the Post, and in conjunction with Messrs. Wilder & Pickard, started the Carpet Bag—a quarto humorous paper of great merit, which enjoyed a brief existence of two years, and was then withdrawn to make room for more successful journals.



BENJ. P. SHILLABER.—MRS. PARTINGTON.

This paper was very popular with humorous people, but its ill success, as well as that of some others of the same stamp, seems to show the impossibility of sustaining a publication of which humor is the staple. Through this paper, Mr. Shillaber made the acquaintance of some of the best writers in the country, with whom he is still in correspondence. He returned to the Post in 1852, and became known as the local reporter of that able and popular paper. In this position he figured as "Mrs. Partington" and "Professor Widesworth," and attracted much attention. The duties of his position becoming too arduous, he accepted a proposition to connect himself with the Saturday Evening Gazette, as we have before mentioned, and commenced his engagement in April last. During the last winter, Mr. Shillaber was induced, by the persuasion of his friends, to mount the rostrum as a lecturer, and made his debut in character in the Music Hall, where he was warmly welcomed by a brilliant audience, who listened with delight to his recitation of a humorous and vigorous poem on the "Press"—a subject with which, as the preceding sketch has shown, he could boast of a thorough acquaintance. He delivered this poem in many of the suburban towns, during the lecture season, and everywhere, to the satisfaction of his audiences. Mr. Shillaber's poetry is not of the "sensation" school. His tone of thought is quiet and subdued, and his verse correct, musical and flowing. As a humorous paragraphist, a terse and pointed commentator on the follies and peculiarities of the day, he stands almost without a rival. Mr. Shillaber is eminently a family man, though not a rich one, save in those jewels that the Roman matron vaunted, of which he has a casket full. There are six children who call him father, with two in heaven. His countenance, as may be seen, is at once kindly, thoughtful and prepossessing. There is here and there a thread or two of silver in his hair, but there is no winter in his heart, which beats with warm and youthful feeling, animating his breast with a desire to make the world merrier, at least, if not wiser.

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT, WALTHAM, MASS

Our artist, Mr. Warren, of Waltham, has here depicted expressly for us the interior of Rumford Hall, Waltham as it appeared on the occasion of one of those old folks' concerts which filled it to overflowing during the past winter. The stage is occupied by a large number of performers, ladies and gentlemen, attired in antique costumes, such as our grandfathers and grandmothers, and even our great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers wore, in the good old times. It was surprising that so rare a collection of dresses could have been accumulated. Here was a handsome uniform that had figured in the "old French war," there a dress that had been worn with distinction in the days of the "Republican Court." To the young, these singular costumes were the theme of special wonderment, while they awakened many a genial reminiscence in the minds of the aged. Let it not be imagined, however, that the dresses formed the sole attraction of these concerts; on the contrary, the music, both vocal and instrumental, was admirable, for Waltham embraces a large amount of musical talent and culture, and it requires really good music to make a concert go off with success. The director of those entertainments, Mr. Leonard Jewell, deserves great credit for his exertions to contribute to the amusement of the public; while the ladies and gentlemen who co-operated with him have earned the thanks of the community. We believe that the idea of these antiquated dress concerts first originated in Reading, but we are not certain as to its origin. At Chelsea, also, the "old folks" have come out remarkably strong. The old folks' concerts in Boston, last winter, were remarkably successful, attracting very great audiences.



OLD FOLKS' CONCERT AT WALTHAM

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

GREAT MILITARY ROMANCE!

THE

FLAG OF OUR UNION

For next week will contain the best military story ever issued in newspaper form, entitled:

THE

GREEK ADVENTURER:

—OR, THE—

SOLDIER AND THE SPY.

A Tale of the Siege of Sebastopol.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

This brilliant story will challenge the admiration and utmost interest of every reader, being a reflex of strange facts connected with the recent war in the East.

The paper likewise contains its usual attractive variety.

☞ Agents should send in their orders at once for the extra number desired.

FORTHCOMING.—We have sent several of our artists through the South and West, and shall soon commence to illustrate in detail the various localities in those parts of our growing country. We are resolved to make Ballou's Pictorial worthy in all respects of the extended popularity it enjoys.

YANKEEDOM IN ITALY.—Some of the American residents in Florence have been getting up old fashioned pumpkin pies. If that don't revolutionize Italy, we don't know what will. Where's Mazzini?

HORSE-EATING.—Just think of it—walk into a restaurant and order a horse steak! But horse-eating is growing more and more general all over Europe, and especially in Paris and London. Those who have tried it declare this dish very palatable.

RELIGIOUS.—All of the venerable Dr. Beecher's sons—seven in number—are now engaged in preaching the gospel.

SPLINTERS.

.... A marblo Masonic Temple is to be erected in New York city, at a cost of four hundred thousand dollars.

.... The application of a plate of copper to the bite of a mad dog is said to prevent hydrophobia.

.... John Bull felt more ratification than gratification at tho peace—says Punch.

.... The Paris Charivari has received orders to stop caricaturing the czar and the Russians.

.... The body of a man who died nine years ago at Middlesex, Vermont, has changed into stone.

.... Dr. South said a tale-bearer should be hung up by the tongue, and a tale-hearer by the ear.

.... The favorite dishes among the Tartars are mare's milk with the cream on, and horse steak.

.... We have heard that Mrs. Barrow will not play at the Boston Theatre next season. How is this?

... The story that Lamartine is coming to this country to reside has been again revived.

.... One of the nicest riding schools in the United States, is Disbrow's, in New York city.

.... In Vienna, all places of public amusements are henceforth to be closed on Sundays.

.... The French have destroyed the great aqueduct at Sebastopol, which was eight miles long.

.... Listz, the famous pianist, is abont marrying a baroness, ugly and old, but with plenty of money.

.... The silent population of that city of the dead—Greenwood Cemetery—is estimated at 47,000.

.... The new five cent postago stamps for foreign letters are very neatly executed.

.... An exchange says the ladies' bonnets have a kiss-me-if-you-dare expression.

.... It is highly absurd to attempt to negociato a money loan on the score of poverty.

.... In Paris, the telegraph wires are laid in the gronnd. Melted bitumen isolates them completely.

.... Francis F. Hoyt, of Concord, N. H., gave $500 for the great Durham mixed cow that weighs 2760 pounds.

.... The treaty of peace was signed in Paris on Sunday; Waterloo was fought on Sunday, too.

.... Tho Newburyport Herald states that spiritualism is making great progress in Essex County.

.... They have been fining hackmen in New York for importuning passengers to "take a kerridge!"

.... The next nuisance to a trombone-player who performs after is one who does it before breakfast.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We were very much gratified on reading, in one of our English exchanges, a sketch of the speech of Mr. Baxter, member of parliament for Montrose, on the opening of a new exchange at Dundee, Scotland. He had been asked to propose the health of "the President and People of the United States of America," and he embraced the opportunity to speak of our country, not in terms of fulsome eulogy, but with energy, justice and sound sense. He said he was not surprised that there were faults in our society, and many desperate characters within the great republic who occasionally wrought a deal of mischief, but what *did* excite his wonder was: "that, in the short space of sixty years, by the unaided energy and enterprise of their own people, the United States should have risen to the rank of a first rate Power, developed their agricultural, mineral and commercial resources with a rapidity unexampled in history, and without a monarch, an army, or an aristocracy, afforded an instance of self-government and obedience to law which cannot fail, whatever be our political sentiments, to command our respect. But America, it may be said, shows an inordinate desire for territorial aggrandizement. True; but if this be meant for a railing accusation, does it come with a good grace from a Power on whose dominions the sun never sets—a Power which has appropriated South Africa, Australia and New Zealand—a Power which, step by step, has possessed herself of India from the Himalaya Mountains to Cape Comorin? John Bull, however, uses more gentlemanly expressions; while Jonathan talks vulgarly of annexing Cuba, he, with a marvellously quiet dignity, sequestrates Oude."

He depreeated the "unnatural jealousy of the United States," exhibited in certain quarters. "I care nothing," said he, "about what is called the Monroe doctrine. America for the Americans is no cherished maxim of mine; but this I do say, nothing is more likely, nothing more natural, nothing is more desirable, than that a people so industrious and so well fitted for self-government as our trans-atlantic cousins should gradually extend their institutions over the entire continent of North America; and that, no matter what we do, or think, or say—whether Lord Palmerston for the nonce stands by his friend, the King of the Mosquitoes, or, like a wise man, abandons that mighty potentate to his fate, both Mexico and Central America will sooner or later be peopled and civilized by the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. We, at all events, have irons enough in the fire, without multiplying them in a quarter where we cannot, in the nature of things, maintain a footing long, and I, for one, hope that the people of both countries, tired of this diplomatic finessing and blundering, will take the matter into their own hands, and give their respective governments distinctly to understand that war as to the terms of an apology, or the protectorate over a few savages, would be a fratricidal and sinful war—that they wish an end put to this squabbling about mere trifles, when tremendous interests are at stake—and that the only contest which they will tolerate between Great Britain and America is as to which can do the most for the civilization and evangelization of the world."

We respect Mr. Baxter's sentiments and his frankness in expressing them. There is nothing liko "talking for Buncombe" in his speech—not a particle of clap-trap. He has scanned the capabilities and destinies of this country with a steady eye, and he is neither indignant nor jealous at the foreshadowings his sagacity has detected. The enlightened men of Great Britain know that the interests of their country and of ours are almost identical—and that their prosperity increases proportionally with ours. One of the heaviest misfortunes that could have befallen England would have been success in their attempt to put down the revolt of the North American colonies. These States, as colonial dependencies, would have been a burthen to England; independent, they have poured wealth into her coffers and prolonged the commercial greatness of the parent stock. Let us hear more of such frank declarations of sentiments on the part of the people of Great Britain, and we shall have no trouble from their rulers.

MECHANICAL CURIOSITY.—M. Roby, of Paris, has a timepiece made entirely of clay. All the works, plates, cogs, and wheels, are made of aluminium; and M. Roby believes that it is much better for these purposes than the metals generally employed. It is much lighter, does not require so much power to conduct the wheels, and therefore, with a heavy balance, will obtain a better result for regularity. It is very hard and smooth when hammered, and the friction will be reduced to almost nothing.

PLAYING WITH FIRE-ARMS.—This is never child's play. Several young men in Ligonter, Westmoreland county, Pa., got up a sham duel, but in loading the weapons, one of tho seconds carelessly discharged a pistol, the ramrod of which was driven through his hand, causing a wound, which, the doctors having amputated, is likely to prove fatal.

DR. JOHN C. WARREN.—By the death of this eminent man, Boston has lost one of her most valuable citizens. As a surgeon he stood at the head of his profession—while he was a friend and patron of science, and a man whose private reputation was without a blemish.

Should any of our readers desire a *first class* literary paper, one that will never call up a blush to the cheeks of purity, one whose stories are of the highest order, and whose illustrations can always be relied upon as being *correct* as well as *beautiful*, subscribe at once for *Ballou's Pictorial—Musical Harp, Cleveland, Ohio.*

THE OUTRAGE AT PANAMA.—The murder and robbery of our citizens at Panama will not soon be forgotten. Great events may flow from that sanguinary episode.

WOODING UP ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

On pages 360 and 361 of this paper, we add another large picture to our gallery of American art, designed expressly for us by Mr. Billings, and engraved by John Andrew in his best style. These pictures have elicited unqualified commendation from the press and the public. Framed and glazed—and they are well worthy of it—they make highly ornamental parlor pictures. But we prefer to let their merit speak for themselves. The present picture will be recognized as highly truthful and characteristic by all who have voyaged on the "Father of Waters." It is a night scene. One of the large Mississippi high pressure steamers, full of freight and passengers, has rounded to, to "wood up." The steam is rushing from the escape pipes, and the red light of fires and lanterns streaming athwart the volumed vapor, the lurid sky, the rushing waters, the impatient spectators, the busy hands, tramping round in a circle from shore to deck and back again, until their task is accomplished, altogether make up a weird and dramatic picture, which "Salvator Rosa" would have delighted in. These river boats are obliged, by their long voyages and the head of steam they carry, to take in a frequent supply of wood. As soon as the fireman has reported wood short, the captain is on the look out for a station where he can obtain a supply. If in the night time, a signal lantern is hoisted, which is answered from the shore. The boat rounds to. A brief colloquy takes place between the captain and the owner of the pile. If a bargain is struck, the boat is made fast by bow and stern lines, and the "wooding up" begins with the activity characteristic of Yankees. The owner of the pile always requires his pay in hard dollars, having a praiseworthy horror of "wild cat" and other "inventions of the enemy." Seated on his pile, perhaps smoking an old pipe, with the gravity of a sachem, he surveys the operation of "wooding up," which is performed by the hands of the steamer, black, white and gray—for a most amusing variety of the human species is always found in the crews of these river boats. The operation concluded, the lines are cast off, and away goes the smoking, snorting monster, like a race-horse starting for the goal. The constant recurrence of these scenes varies the monotony of a long voyage on the great waters of the West.

LIBERTY OF SPEECH.—In 1764 a New York butcher was disfranchised for saying he would sell beef at four and a half pence per pound, "in spite of the wiscbeads." The boys that "kill for Keyser" say worse things now-a-days.

"THE TEXAN CRUISER."—This is the title of an admirable nautical tale, now publishing in Ballou s Pictorial. It is from the pen of T. Burlingame Ross, and is the best sea story ever published in newspaper form.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Albert G. Twombly to Miss Emma A. Powell; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. John A. C. Randall to Miss Mary A. Skelton; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Adolphus H. Bates to Miss Mary F. Mumler; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. George W. Powers to Miss Joanna M. Rich; by Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Amos M. Mower to Miss Margery A. Kenneston; by Rev. Mr Clark, Mr. Weston Gray to Miss Harriet Brown.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr Hooper, Mr. Samuel D. Sawin to Miss Caroline E. Simonds; by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Samuel M. David, of Boston, to Miss Maria J. Edmands.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. A. G. Chamberlain to Miss Mary Ann Bicknell.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Langworthy, Mr. J. R. Campbell to Miss Mary J. Wilder.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Richard G. Elliott to Miss Ellen M. Damon.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Conway, Mr. James Harding to Miss Frances O'Brien.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr Richards, Mr. Edgar A. Bailey to Miss Lydia Maria Blood.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Royal T. Smith to Miss Susan M. Ripley.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed. Mr. Jeffrey Hollingsdale to Miss Emma I. Gillett.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Isaac Morton, Jr. to Miss Harriet M. Peterson.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr Joseph Francis to Miss Mary J. George.—At Conwayboro', S. C., by Rev. Mr. Mahouy, Mr. W. H. Buck to Miss Angie Beaty.

DEATHS.

In this city, Dr. John Collins Warren, 78; Mr. James Kelt, Jr., 37; Mrs. Delia Morin Snow; Mrs. Susannah F. Armstrong, 29; Mrs. Abby B. Wharton, 33; Mrs. S. Augusta Spaulding, 33; Mrs. Nancy P. Magoun, 40; Widow Catherine C. M. Edes, 73; Miss Mary Elizabeth Fowle, 25.—At Dorchester, William L. Carlton, Esq., 72; Widow Rebecca Stetson, 76.—At East Cambridge, Mr. Amasa Davies, 73.—At Watertown, Mr. Rufus Cox, 61.—At Somerville, Mrs. Louise C. Woodwell, 27.—At Medford, Mrs. Abigail Simonds, a government pensioner, 96.—At Salem, Mrs. Mary Trofitter, 87; Mrs. Elizabeth D. Turner, 24; Mr. George Thomas Sanders, 51; Capt Joseph Felt, 79; Mrs. Mary Redman, 26.—At South Danvers, Mrs. Ruth Stevens, 69; Mr. Wood Fornis, 58.—At Lynn, Mr. Nathaniel Fry, 60; Mr. Nathaniel Ireson, 63; Mr. John Jessup, 71.—At Plymouth, Mr. Joseph Wilson, 41; Widow Betsey Raymond, 73.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Hon. Henry W. Kinsman, 48; Miss Susan Jones, 66.—At Provincetown, Capt. Reuben C. Case, 37.—At Annisquam, Mr. Moses Lane, 71.—At Nantucket, Capt. Joseph Allen, 83.—At Chatham, Mrs. Charlotte M. Howes, 22.—At Springfield, Miss Isabella Keyes, 19.—At Richmond, Widow Hepziba Leadbetter, 90; Mr. Selah Andrews, 87.—At Portsmouth, N. H., George J. Jeffries, Esq., 67.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner of 4th and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner of 4th and Chesnut Streets, St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Kentucky; Trubner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London, Agents for Great Britain and Europe generally.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OPIUM.

BY SMITH ELY, JR.

In sorrow's night, my prostrate heart
Besought thee, called thee friend, and felt thy power.
In memories of that transforming hour,
I know thee, what thou art.
A potent spirit, in whose presence bright,
All nature blooms with garments of delight—
The shadows flee, the pulse revives, the nerveless sight
Resumes its pristine lustre—the glad soul
So long despairing, gains the sunlit goal—
Dilates into a god—yet owns thy might,
Thou angel! robed with light.

But glowing visions, and expanding views,
The lustrous radiance of heavenly hues,
The star-crowned seraphs with angelic mien,
The golden atmosphere which bathes the scene,
Are all a pictured curtain, shutting out
The spectre-haunted gloom that reigns without.
Down from supernal heights,
From dying cadences, and fading charms,
Plunged into depths profound, where shapeless forms
Practise infernal rites.
Here workest thou, O demon! mystic, dread,
Mid hungry hosts of thine own ghastly dead,
Whose eyes still turn to thee their frozen sight,
Thou spectre! black as night:
Akin to death—that pale
And grisly janitor, at whose dark door
The trembling exiles from Time's stormy shore,
Suspensive wait, while ghostly hands unveil
Heaven's gates immortal, or hades' portal!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MRS. BRADFORD'S MADONNA.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

It is a mean-looking street, on the corner of which that old house stands. You would not believe it was once a handsome and fashionable house, and the street also a fashionable street. But it was really so; and the people who lived there were at the very top of the upper-tendom of that day, and wore damask silk gowns, and hoops, and point lace—and those who wore them, danced minuets with gentlemen who wore velvet coats, and cambric ruffles, and long swords, and long queues also.

It is a large old wooden house, of a dull, dingy yellow color; and the door and window casings are of a shabby green. Dim, dingy and smoky-looking enough it is inside, too; but if you go in, you will see, here and there, a fragment of the rare old splendor of former days.

Just look at the delicate tracery of the exquisite carving on that old chimney-piece! Look closer at the faces of the cherubim and seraphim, and think if anything could be more beautifully chiselled, even in marble. Now, see this mouldy fragment of wall paper that peeps out from the torn strip of thin, mean fabric which has replaced it. It was imported from Europe at an immense cost, and is the real, original, artistic execution of the history of Telemachus—not the miserable factory daubs that were copied after it; but you can only see the merest bit of it now.

Tear off the outside strip? Not for the world! Mrs. Bradford would consider it an outrage upon her "decent striped paper." And if you did, it would only disappoint and tantalize you—just as it does to see Allston's unfinished productions. But go up the broad carved staircase, and in the farthest corner you will see part of a wreath—*only* part, for everything here is fragmentary—of flowers, painted, not on paper, but on the broad, smooth panel. Busy, housewifely hands have scoured and rubbed most of it out; but a rose with a bud or two, and a cluster of purple jasmines, and two or three immortelles, are yet distinguishable.

Coming back to the room again, you may seat yourself in this antiquated chair, which was brought over in the Mayflower, and gaze on the opposite wall, where stands a large clock with an ebony case, and near it hangs a picture. Surely, the old lady, who sits knitting in the corner, does not know the value of that picture. I mean she does not know its value as a work of art; for that she values it as an heir-loom, the fact that she cannot be prevailed on to part with it is sufficient evidence. When a picture dealer came from New York to hunt up the pictures in old Boston houses, he fixed his calculating eye upon this Madonna. It was like opening up a golden fountain to him; for he had been expressly charged to obtain this very one, if it could be had for money.

"Would you like to part with this, ma'am? It is an *old* thing enough! but I will give you a price—a good price, ma'am; would not ask you to sell it, ma'am, only it looks so much like my daughter! Would ten dollars—indeed! Well, twenty, then? Really, you *do* set a price upon that piece of antiquity! Well, now, I suppose if I offer you fifty dollars, you will think me a great fool—but just because it looks like my daughter, as I said before, I would really give you fifty dollars."

No, indeed! Mrs. Bradford does not know anything about paintings, nor old masters, nor Madonnas—she doesn't even know that it *is* a Madonna, nor what a Madonna is—but she knows that she remembers her dear old grandfather showing it to General Washington, and that the general said it was a "perfect gem;" and on account of those two she would not give up the picture—not even if she should not have money enough to buy her breakfast with. So the New Yorker goes away very much baffled by the old lady's simplicity, and doesn't get the picture that looks so much like his Dutch-built daughter!

Yes, the old house is left to Mrs. Bradford, because she has a life rent in it, and cannot be displaced; but the heir-at-law looks on with a fierce and bitter feeling because she does not die and let him put up a large brick block of stores there. It would pay capitally; and he feels, much as the New York picture dealer does, that the old lady is outliving her usefulness, and that the best thing she can do, is to have "her countenance changed, and be sent away." Then the house can be pulled down, and the Madonna will go into an auction room; and Leonard has his orders to buy it at any price, and charge any rate of commission. The picture dealer's daughter will perhaps help her father to soften the cracked varnish, and bring out the fuded tints, and put it in a new frame—taking care, however, that it shall not *look* new; and then it will be transferred, "for a consideration," to the picture gallery up town, where Ignoramus Wealthy talks learnedly of "the old masters."

Mrs. Bradford allows me to go in and gaze at the picture as much as I will; and since the spring days have come, the old lady goes out to see her neighbors, and leaves me to come and go as I list. A few days ago she left me thus. So I took her easy chair, and leaning back, I looked at the Madonna. A sort of indistinctness began to come over me. When I looked at the Madonna, the old clock would come right into its place, and the picture would be no longer visible. Soon I heard the warning click which it makes before striking, and then I remember to have heard peal out nine, and then another. It was ten o'clock then.

In a few minutes the clock changed places again with the Madonna, and then its regular beating changed also to a soft, low, human voice! For some time I could not distinguish any words, but presently I heard distinctly; and the first intelligible sounds were something about Thomas Brockway and Elizabeth Frothingham, and then they shaped themselves into distinct sentences, thus:

"——and the father of Elizabeth refused that his daughter should marry Thomas Brockway, because he had been so long away in foreign parts, and there was no means of knowing what his reputation there might have been. Many times," said the clock, "have I stood guard over this unfortunate young couple, pointing faithfully to the hour when Mr. Frothingham would probably come from the great house, where the colonial governor held his levees, and to which Mr. Frothingham was a constant and welcome visitor. At eleven he always rose to go; and at that moment also, I gave the lovers the signal to part. I have seen the girl's face bathed in tears, when she would look earnestly in mine, as if asking me to delay the moment of striking.

"A few minutes after Thomas Brockway departed, Mr. Frothingham would enter, scold his daughter affectionately for sitting up for him, and hurry her off to bed, with a good night kiss. For my own part, not having the gift of speech, I was obliged to keep profound silence; but could I have made myself intelligible, I would have represented to Mr. Frothingham that he was making his daughter unhappy for no purpose—for as sure as fate, they would be married, either with or without his consent, and that he had better bring his mind to it at once. I should have told him also that Thomas Brockway was a good and true man, and loved Elizabeth with a manly and generous love; and that the good little maiden would assuredly die and leave the futher childless, unless he relented in his present determination.

"Frequently Mr. Frothingham would sit up long after he had sent Elizabeth to bed, and then I could see that his heart was set upon a certain Charles Aspinwall—a great favorite of Governor Dudley—for his daughter's husband. I could not speak, but I gave a deep sigh—it was a few minutes before twelve—and he looked up, almost startled by the sound.

"'It is so still here that the clock-beats sound loud to-night," he said, as he gathered up his hat and gloves, and retired.

"I was witness to these scenes almost every night in the week. No one knew of them but Pompey and myself. Pompey was a large black man, whose face exactly resembled my framework in color. In fact, he and I were very intimate. It was his hand that wound up my weights every morning as soon as prayers were over. It was he, too, who watched for Thomas Brockway, who generally came in as soon as Pompey's master turned the corner.

"One night I heard Thomas Brockway ask Elizabeth if she would marry him secretly, and trust to time to reconcile her father. At first she was shocked to think he would propose such a thing; then she began to talk it over with him, and finally she consented to go with him to some place in Europe, where he said that he had an estate. I could not lift a finger to warn them, for I truly sympathized with their misery; and I thought the father a very stern and a very foolish old man—although he was my master—to peril his child's happiness in this way. Indeed, Pompey often made the same observation, while winding me up.

"I shall never forget the night that this dear young girl went forth from her father's house, to bind herself and her fortunes to Thomas Brockway. Tears had swollen her beautiful eyes; but when she came down from her chamber, they were hot and tearless. She had managed to send Pompey out of the way, for she would not implicate the faithful old black man, who had carried her in his arms when a babe.

"Well, I watched her with an unwinking eye, as she went round the room kissing the furniture, laying her head down upon the old dog, as he reposed on the rug before the bright fire, taking up her father's glove that lay on the table, and putting it in her bosom, and not shedding a tear all the while. Then she came to me. I thought the leaden heart within me would have dropped to the floor. I gave a quivering sort of start when she pressed herself up to my black framework. 'Poor old clock,' she said, 'when next you strike, I shall be gone, perhaps never to return! Then she went and stood before the Madonna! The look which she saw in those sweet eyes melted her at once. She fell on her knees before the picture, and the tears poured from her eyes. I hoped she would give up the wild scheme when I saw those tears; but just then Thomas Brockway came in, and put his arm tenderly around her, as one would a weeping child. I heard low whispers, but could not distinguish what they said, for there was a great sound of carriage wheels on the gravel walk; and before I could count out a minute they were gone!

"When Pompey came in, he looked earnestly in my face, but I could not tell him what he wanted to know. He was wondering where Miss Elizabeth had gone. If I could but have told him! If I could but have sent the faithful creature after her, to implore her to come back, and not to break her old futher's heart—but I was speechless.

"At eleven, Mr. Frothingham came in. Pompey, who had been stumping backward and forward for a full hour in the hall, now followed him in, and tremblingly told him what he feared. Then there *was* a scene! I saw Pompey suddenly extending his arms, only in time to save the master from falling. I was thankful then, that I could not even shriek out!

"It was a painful night. Old Doctor Thatcher was here all night, and a bed was brought into this room for Mr. Frothingham, and Pompey stretched himself on the broad rug with Carlo. At first the doctor feared paralysis, but it proved otherwise. Mr. Frothingham recovered gradually, but looked very pale and thin. At length, after some days, Pompey brought him a letter. The fugitives were about sailing for England, and wrote to implore his pardon, which they could not leave America without receiving. Mr. Frothingham drew his writing-table before him, and as I glanced upon the paper I saw the words, 'I forgive you both for what you have made me suffer!' It was the triumph of nature.

"Two years went by. Mr. Frothingham was lonely and dull; and even Dr. Thatcher's afternoon visits, nor the stately calls of Governor Dudley (in which he talked chiefly of the perfections of his unmarried sister), seemed not to cheer him in any degree. But one day I saw Mr. Frothingham, in full dress, entering a carriage at the door. I noticed that the horses were white. What did that mean? His own were beautiful bays. In a few hours the carriage returned, and Mr. Frothingham handed out a beautiful and stately lady, in a white satin dress and lace veil! They did not come in here, but I heard Pompey telling the new waiter, that master was married to Madame Pickman.

"After this I saw little of the family. They sat chiefly in a room up stairs, hung with blue damask. Often the shutters here were not opened until Pompey came in to see if I thought it was time for dinner. How I languished for the old times! I heard some of the servants say that madame was proud and haughty; and I could easily believe it, because she did not like this dear old room, which always seemed so homelike.

"One day Mr. Frothingham came in; he looked grave, if not positively unhappy. He sat down in his old arm-chair, put his hands before his eyes, and I could see the tears trickling through his fingers. I knew he was thinking of Elizabeth. He sat there until dusk, for madame had gone out on a visit to Cambridge, and would be absent all night.

"I heard a loud knock at the door; but he did not seem to heed it, for he was musing over the past. The wood fire blazed up cheerily, and threw great shadows on the walls. The door opened, and another shadow glided in, sunk on its knees before the easy chair, and laid its head on Mr. Frothingham's arm. In its own arms was an infant shadow, which it laid on his lap.

"I could not look any longer. My heart beat so loud that I could hear nothing but a sound of mingled weeping and kisses; and then Thomas Brockway came in, with a large shadow, and clasped his wife and child in his arms, as he sunk down beside them on his knees before Mr. Frothingham.

"Thus it was that my sweet Elizabeth came back. To this room, so endeared to her by every remembrance of loving trust, or more loving error, she returned as to a haven of rest. Hither she brought her child's cradle; and here her stately stepmother learned to love her, when she saw how beautifully she made her life atone for her one fault.

"They have all passed away now, and I stand almost alone; and as shadow after shadow disappears upon the wall, I think of that land where I can never join them, because *Time* shall be no more!"

* * * * * * *

I started up aghast, as the clock rung out a merry peal of eleven long, musical chimes. The Madonna was looking down upon me, with her soft, angelic eyes—so sweet in their spiritual depths, so starlike in their serene beauty! I had been dreaming, perhaps, for I had a faint memory of looking up into a noble arch, under which was a long gallery, where a full choir was performing around an organ, and a single sweet voice singing, "*Ora pro nobis, Mater!*" There was such a tender sweetness in that voice! I *felt* it rather than *heard* it.

Mrs. Bradford came in with her usual slow step and whining voice, and said:

"Why, for the *land's* sake, Miss Lowell! Have you been settin' here all this time without a mite of sowin' in your hands? Only see what a long bit I've gone and knit! What *have* you been doin' on? *What* did you say? *Lookin' at the Medony?* Well, you are the queerest woman! I guess *I* don't spend time to look at the Medony; only I vally it, because Gineral Washington—"

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Bradford, I know. I only wish that the Madonna was *mine*."

"Yeourn! Well, I guess, when I die, I'll give it tew you! Only you must promise to write one of your stories about it arter I'm dead—and be sure to put in Gineral Washington and my gran'ther."

If that picture dealer ever sees the Madonna, he will have to get up over night!

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is said that 15,000 Germans have recently left Hamburg for Texas, and that no less than 25,000 more were expected to follow. —— The whole number of schools under the jurisdiction of the Board of Education, in the city of New York, is 271, with an aggregate of 152,874 pupils. The average attendance is 54,903. The expense of tuition is $3 70 each, or $10 66 on the average attendance. The outlay for schools the last year was $917,853. The number of female teachers is increasing. —— The Chinese use orange flowers to scent their tea, as well as rose leaves, jasmines, and the blossom of the sweet plum-tree. —— The sword worn by Napoleon Bonaparte at the battle of Marengo, in 1800, was purchased by the Emperor Nicholas in 1850, just half a century after that eventful and bloody battle, for the sum of thirty-two thousand dollars. French swords, since then, have cost the Emperor of Russia much more than that sum, large as it is. —— It is said that the bride of Major Raines, U. S. A., who was married in Newburgh, the other day, received from her mother a bridal present in the shape of a ferry property worth $300,000. —— The rush westward is unprecedented. The Tribune says that for the past three weeks the arrivals over *each* of the Michigan roads—the Central and Southern—have been not less than fifteen hundred, and often they have averaged two thousand daily! The climax of the emigration will not be reached until June. —— The Vienna correspondent of the London Times states that the Austrian officials assert that England cares but little for the Italian question, but desires to aggrandize Sardinia. —— A German named Henry Dineart, who was committed on a charge of pocket-picking at the late fire in Philadelphia, hung himself in the Moyamensing prison. The large amount of funds found upon his person led to the discovery that he possessed ample means, and that the charge was evidently a mistake. —— The Empress Eugenie is entertained every day in her chamber by a concert of the choicest description. —— Captain Whipple, a submarine operator, has removed from Pensacola harbor a sunk caisson, which was constructed thirty years ago for a permanent wharf, at a cost of nearly three hundred thousand dollars. Two tons of gunpowder were burnt in the destruction of this submarine structure, and the harbor is now entirely free from every obstruction. —— The total number of land warrants issued under the law of March, 1855, is 227,000, requiring upwards of 15,000,000 acres. The number of claims received is 245,700. Upwards of 14,000 warrants, covering one million seven hundred thousand acres, were issued in April. —— A curious rencontre happened to Douglas Jerrold on the first night of "The Rent Day." When he was a midshipman on board a man of war, he met in the same capacity, a lad named Clarkson Stanfield. Sixteen years afterwards, these two sailor boys met on the boards of a London theatre; one the great scene-painter, and the other a successful dramatist. —— The Dental News Letter reports a case of St. Vitns's dance cured by the extraction of eight stumps of decayed teeth. —— Erasistratus, having cured the son of the King of Syria, of a dangerous complaint, received one hundred thousand dollars as a gift. He is the same, of whom it is said, he dissected criminals alive in his inhuman zeal for anatomical research. —— They are suggesting, in Paris, the project of a railroad from that city to Constantinople, passing through Switzerland, Illyria, and Herzegowina. It would connect with the French roads at Troyes. —— A little boy died in Bangor, lately, from the effects of using an old tobacco pipe to blow soap bubbles with. His little sister, who used it with him, was also taken dangerously ill. It is supposed they were poisoned with the essential oil of tobacco, imbibed from the pipe they were using. —— The City Council of Philadelphia have prohibited the erection of wooden awning posts hereafter. —— An old hunter residing on Broad Top Mountain, Pa., says that in the last fifty years he has killed 200 deer, 30 wolves, 20 bears, 100 foxes, and 30 wild cats. Among other exploits, he killed six wild turkeys at three single shots, and two deer at one shot with a bullet. —— The iron mines in this country will furnish one hundred thousand tons a year for two centuries at least. —— A project is on foot for bridging the Boulevards of Paris. Pedestrians will then be restricted to the sidewalks, and carriages alone will circulate in the streets. The additional trouble of walking up one pair of stairs and down another, will be amply compensated by the increased security of life and limb.

AFFECTIONATE.—When Dobbs was dying, his wife, who had led him a terrible life, was afraid that he would either cut her off with a shilling, or prevent her marrying again; she was young and handsome, if she was a Tartar. But Dobbs left her all his money, on condition of her marrying again, "for then," said he, "I shall be certain that somebody else will be as wretched as I've been."

TURKEY.—Twenty-five years ago, the Bible depot in Constantinople was a single small room in an obscure warehouse, without a sign, and opened only once a week. Now it occupies three rooms in the busiest street, and a sign in six languages announces to the passers-by the nature of its divine treasures.

NOISY CARRIER'S BOOK AND STATIONARY CO., No. 77 LONG WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Incorporated according to an act of the Legislature of California, January 1, 1855. CHARLES P. KIMBALL, President.—TRUSTEES—Charles P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibben, G. B. Haywood.—CHARLES GALACAR, Agent, NEW YORK. 3—8m

FOURTH OF JULY ORATOR.—We learn that Edward G. Parker, Esq., has received and accepted an invitation to deliver the usual oration before our city authorities on the coming 4th of July.

HIAWATHA.—Some people say Hiawatha is a "Finnish" production. Don't they mean "finished?"

Wayside Gatherings.

The Free Masons of New York are about to erect, at a cost of $400,000, a magnificent marble temple.

The skeleton of a mastodon has been exhumed from the bed of a marsh in Christ Church Parish, S. C., by Dr. Klipstein.

The Military College at Norwich, Vt., has elected John G. Saxe, Esq., as poet for the commencement in August next.

It is proposed by a party to supply Brooklyn with water for $3,500,000, and to deliver 20,000,000 gallons per day. To be completed in two years.

The limb of a peach tree which had been buried all winter in snow, in Northampton, was found full of fruit buds, while the rest of the tree, having been exposed to the weather, has none.

Oregon is taking measures to be admitted into the Union; the population amounts to fifty thousand, and with more wealth than any other community of fifty thousand people on the globe.

The steamboat men on the Mississippi show much animosity to the new railroad bridge at Rock Island, and represent that it occasions frequent detentions to their boats.

Capt. Nathaniel Smith, of Newburyport, has donated to the Association for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Females, the sum of $1000 in trust, the income annually to go into the treasury of that association.

A silver medal has been received from the Emperor Napoleon's Palace of Industry at Paris, as an award to General Stuart, late engineer-in-chief of U. S. navy, for his contribution of a model of the dry dock at New York.

Notwithstanding the prospect of an abundant harvest and the ample stocks of breadstuffs, it is said that a heavy combination has been formed at the West to sustain the present prices of breadstuffs. This is outrageous.

The receipts of the American Home Missionary Society for the financial year ending April 1st, were $193,548 37—exceeding the receipts of the previous year by $13,411 68. The receipts of this society have been more than doubled since 1842.

Alexander Vattemare, of Paris, has forwarded for the N. Y. State Agricultural Museum, 600 bags of grain and seeds, procured from the contributions of the European nations, represented at the World's Fair, 1855.

The capital stock of the company to build the bridge over the Hudson at Albany is half a million; it is to be 20 feet high, and is to have a draw 200 feet high, which is to open constantly, save when cars are crossing.

Egan Toothy was taken prisoner at Santa Rosa by the Costa Ricans, and condemned at the same time, but his punishment was changed to imprisonment because he was the correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent.

The new suspension bridge over the Falls of Montmorency gave way, lately, and the whole structure, with a man, woman, horse and cart, was carried over the Falls. The bodies of the man and woman have not yet been found.

The state of Italy is more and more attracting attention, and is becoming more and more complicated. It is stated that the Austrians are about to take military possession of the frontier of Parma, on the side of Piedmont.

The Paris correspondent of the Brussels paper *L'Emancipation* states that a despatch had been received which announced that the Danish government had consented to the arrangements which had been offered by foreign governments for the regulation of the Sound Dues.

Nathan Chandler, Esq., for many years a resident of Boston, has been admitted a partner in the well-known and highly respectable banking house of John Munroe & Co., at Paris, and will be the resident and managing partner of the branch house in New York.

During the month of April, there occurred thirty-two fires in the United States where the loss exceeded $10,000 in each instance, and the aggregate loss reached the enormous sum of $1,847,000. Galena, Ill., Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and Nashville, Tenn., were the principal sufferers.

It appears that Zuazua, the Mexican commander who surprised and took 150 Lipan Indians, had to shoot them all before he got to Monterey—the squaws killing their children every chance they could get, and the men, whose limbs were bound, trying to escape. Thus the whole Lipan tribe is nearly exterminated.

One hundred Polish families, mostly farmers, have settled in Kames County, Texas, near the San Antonio river. The Texan says:—"They are quiet but energetic people; they are acquiring our language fast, and have already built up quite a city, including a large and beautiful church that is now finished."

An institution called "The Fuel Savings Society" has been started in Baltimore. The object of the association is to receive deposits in limited sums during the summer, to be returned during the winter in coal or oak wood, at the lowest prices at which these articles can be procured at wholesale during the warm season. It is under the control of well-known benevolent gentlemen.

Paris employs annually for the manufacture of perfumery 80,000 pounds of orange flowers, 60,000 pounds of cassia flowers, 54,000 pounds of rose leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine flowers, 32,000 pounds of violets, 20,000 pounds of tuberouse, 18,000 pounds of lilac, besides rosemary, mint, lemon, citron, thyme, and other odorous plants in larger proportion.

A coal bank a short distance from Zanesville, Ohio, caved in, lately, and shut in four men. An immense number of people at last accounts were engaged, amid much excitement, in trying to dig them out. The prisoners had a basket of provisions, and it was supposed would hold out until rescued, although they were nearly a fourth of a mile from the mouth of the pit.

Alpheus J. Lyman, a school teacher in Hartford, was lately fined $20 and costs in the police court for whipping a boy who trespassed on the school grounds and grossly insulted the girls of the school; but he has been thoroughly sustained by the people of the district, who endorse his conduct and pay all the bills incurred by the prosecution.

Under the head of "*Not quite pleasant*," a London paper observes:—"Our brother Jonathan continues to show his teeth. An American squadron cruising off Gibraltar, and showing us how they can close the nine-mile channel from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean between Spain and Africa, is an agreeable incident at the conclusion of a war with Russia. Yet such is the fact, nevertheless."

The London Times lately addressed itself to the French ministry of war, to obtain the biographies of some of the principal French generals, the history of the campaigns of some of the African regiments, and some general information about the principal military institutions in France, with a view to a reform of the military system of Great Britain. This application was, it is said, supported by the English cabinet.

Foreign Items.

The British government is employing a large force of laborers to repair and strengthen the fortification of the heights and castle of Dover.

The journals of Warsaw announce the death of a celebrated Polish poet, Cajetan Kozmain, who died at the age of seventy-three years, on the 15th of March.

Among the new companies announced in London are a Milk and Butter Company, a Photographic Association, and an Unadulterated Bread League.

The railway from Sydney to Paramatta has succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations; and it has been resolved to continue the line on to Liverpool without delay.

The Louvre Museum has just purchased, for 35,000 francs, a folio volume filled with sketches and drawings by Leonardo da Vinci.

Count de Sartiges, late Minister of France at Washington, is said to be named French Ambassador to the Court of Turin; Viscount Serrurier will soon be sent to Washington in his place.

M. Carrel, the father of the well-known Armand Carrel, the chief editor of the National during the first years of the reign of Louis Philippe, recently died at Rouen, at the age of 85.

The famous Russian helmets are to make way for the French kepi; the long gray coat will be retained, but the ordinary coat will be "a sort of frock imitated from the French."

The Berlin papers begin to talk openly of the marriage of Prince Frederick William with the Princess Royal of England. The prince will visit England at the conclusion of the spring reviews, and it is expected that he will return an accepted suitor.

Sands of Gold.

.... The worst men often give the best advice.—*Bailey.*

.... Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.—*Ammian.*

.... A forced match between a man and his religion sours his temper and leaves a barren bed.—*Landor.*

.. What you keep by you may change and mend, but words once spoken, you can never recall.—*Roscommon.*

.... The most lovable heart is that which loves the most readily; but that which easily loves also easily forgets.—*Goethe.*

.... Life runs not smoothly at all seasons, even with the happiest; but after a long course, the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more equably at the end.—*Landor.*

.... As frost to the bud and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship; for confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate.—*Tupper.*

.... He that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint that boasteth of it is a devil; yet some glory in that shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion of their souls.—*Thomas Fuller.*

.... Men often escape lightly from the first imprudence, and suffer terribly from its repetition; for folly repeated becomes sin, and sin is always punished. There is no variableness in the government of God.—*Wigglesworth.*

.... If any man think it a small matter, or of mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken; for it is a point to be silent, when occasion requires; and better than to speak, though never so well.—*Plutarch.*

Joker's Budget.

The boy who was kicked by a Shanghai rooster is recovering. The fracture is not so great as would justify amputation.

A censorious critic says that when an editor's scissors become dull, his journal may be expected to partake of the same quality.

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure, and no quack medicine!

"Where there is enough for six, there's enough for eight," said a gentleman. "Yes," replied Alexander Dumas, "if you are speaking of candles."

The man who first introduced the fanning-mill into Scotland was denounced as an atheist; he was getting up gales of wind when Providence willed a calm!

Théophile Gautier predicts the time when the forces of the soul shall be reduced to chemical formulas, and apothecaries will sell wit in bottles, generosity in pills, and poetic genius in powders.

A newspaper article recently informed the public that the hands at Mr. Jones's machine shop had struck. Mr. Jones came out the next day denying it, as they had not *struck a stroke* for a week.

It has at length been discovered that the long-talked-of individual in the "brass coat and blue buttons" is brother to the man who wears a weed with a white hat round it.

A would-be gentleman, the other day, called at the post-office, Loughborough, and displayed his ignorance of natural history or the French language, or both, by requesting to be supplied with a stamped *antelope!*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber,	one year	$2 00
4 subscribers,	" "	7 00
10 "	" "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner 4th and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chesnut Streets, St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Ky.; Ross & Tousey, 25 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

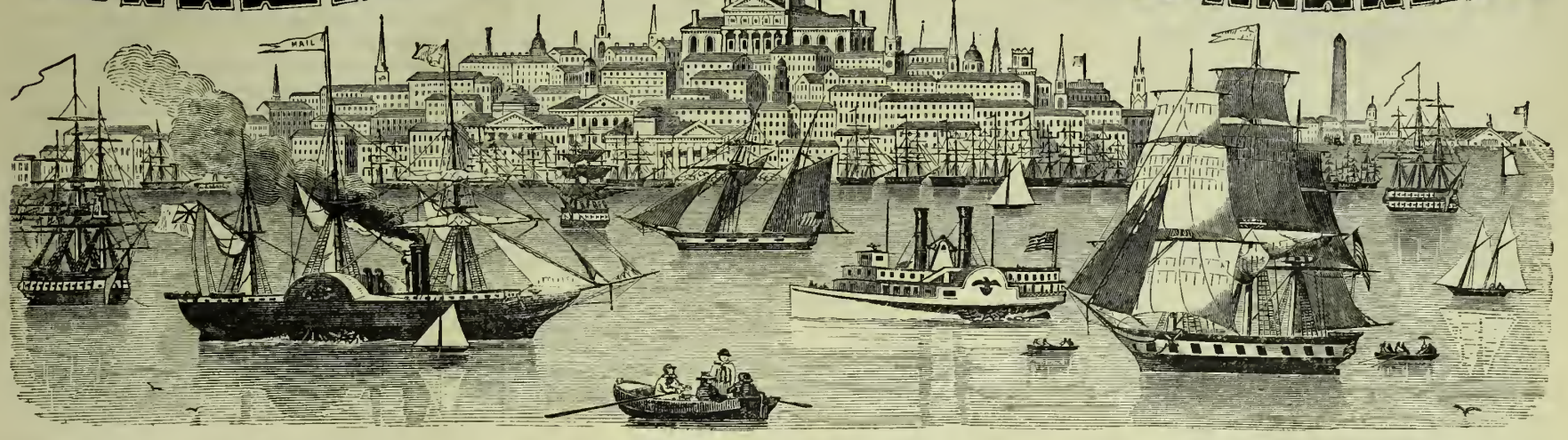


WARWICK CASTLE, ENGLAND, IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WARWICK CASTLE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

We present on this page a large and spirited representation of Warwick Castle, England, now the residence of the Grevilles, as it appeared in the feudal times. The huge many-sided towers that flank the gateway, the heavy walls and battlements, the massive pile that rises from the inner court, all convey an idea of impregnable strength. A train of vassals and men-at-arms are filing through the archway. Behind the mounted knight, who heads his steel-clad cavaliers, a prisoner, with his arms bound behind him, appears mounted on a white horse. To the left, a band of cavaliers are watching in the procession, while in the foreground a group of serfs gaze in the same direction. The present approach to the castle is through an embattled gateway, called the Porter's Lodge, on the eastern side of the town of Warwick, and fronting the road leading to Leamington.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. X., No. 24.—WHOLE No. 258.

VIEW OF CHELSEA FROM EAST BOSTON.

The accompanying sketch of the pleasant town of Chelsea, as seen from East Boston, was drawn for us by Mr. Hill, and the different localities, the churches and public buildings, will be readily recognized by those familiar with them. On the left is seen a portion of the bridge to Charlestown, near which are the United States Hospital and grounds; along the water's edge to the right are the ship yards, the ferry ways, etc. On the right is the most densely populated part of the town, with its different churches, and the buildings of the Marine Hospital. The groups of houses and trees are correctly delineated. A steam ferry boat is seen crossing the water. The figures in the foreground are drawn and grouped with great spirit and effect. This pretty town was formerly a part of Boston, and the subject of re-annexation has recently been brought up before the people of Chelsea and Boston. Formerly, and for more than a century, the communication with the city was tedious and difficult. It is one of the pleasantest of our suburban towns, the streets being broad and bordered with shade trees, well lighted by gas and lined with tasteful residences. Among the public buildings in the town are the Naval Hospital and the United States Marine Hospital; the latter, now in the course of construction, will be a noble and substantial building, affording that accommodation to patients which the present hospital establishment is inadequate to supply. The town house is a fine large building of brick. The surface of Chelsea is quite undulating, rising in parts to a considerable elevation. The most considerable of these eminences is Powder Horn Hill, about two miles from the ferry, from the summit of which magnificent views may be obtained of Boston, Charlestown, Bunker Hill, Medford, Lynn, Nahant and Boston Harbor. Mt. Bellingham is a lofty hill, commanding an extensive prospect, and is already nearly covered with elegant private residences. The attractions of the place are so great that numbers of gentlemen doing business in Boston and elsewhere make their homes in Chelsea. But though quiet, yet "dead as Chelsea" has come to be an unmeaning proverbial expression, for it is brisk and active in business, in politics, in religion, and in all the movements of the day. There is more individuality among the people here than in any other town in the State. A town meeting in Chelsea is quite a lively affair, for it is always attended by spicy and eloquent speakers, representing various shades of opinion and not afraid to express and to defend them. The fire department is effective, wide awake and always on hand. The military spirit is well represented by the Chelsea Light Infantry, a well drilled corps, ably commanded by Capt. J. F. Fellows. The Chelsea Library Association is a well organized body, and their lectures and debates are well attended and well conducted. Among the notabilities of the town we may mention that venerable old lady, Mrs. Ruth Partington, who has here pitched her tent. Nor is our friend the "Antiquarian," one of the least worthy citizens of the place. Perhaps we should not omit to state, among the important statistics of Chelsea, that it is the birthplace of Daniel Pratt, Jr., the "great American Traveller," and nobody in particular's candidate for the presidency of these United States. Ship-building is an important branch of the business of this town, and since 1850, has become one of the principal occupations of the people. Many of our finest clipper ships were built here. John Taylor has launched 17 vessels, with a tonnage of 17,030 tons, and Jotham Stetson 6 vessels, measuring 6752 tons. Messrs. Winde & Clinkard have built some of our fleetest yachts and pilot boats. More than 100 new buildings are going up the present season. The Cary Improvement Company have extensive lands, on which many fine houses have been already erected. Ten acres in the centre of the village, now occupied by the present Marine Hospital, will soon come into the market. For the accommodation of those who are fond of riding and driving, there is a fine livery stable kept by Mr. S. Green. The population of Chelsea has doubled within six years, and is now about 11,000. Access to Boston is now had by means of a fine steam ferry running three first class boats every fifteen minutes; 5000 passengers and 500 vehicles are conveyed daily. Besides the bridge to Charlestown and one to East Boston, a new free bridge is building to connect with East Boston near the ferry.



VIEW OF CHELSEA, MASS, FROM EAST BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER.

—OR,—

CALYPSO, THE WANDERER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR,

BY T. BURLINGAME ROSS.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXI.

AT THE ALTAR.

A DREARY, sleepless night was passed, and when the morning broke Irene arose pale and weak. She performed her usual ablutions, but the water could not cool the fever of her heated brow. At an early hour a black woman brought up some breakfast. Irene drank a little coffee, but she could eat nothing. At about ten o'clock Antonio St. Marc made his appearance. The stain was all washed from his face, and his garb was rich and showy. He approached Irene and took her hand and kissed it. He did not look cross nor ugly, but kind he could not look to her.

"Well, my child," he said, "how do you find yourself this morning?"

Irene looked up, but she could not speak.

"Will you not answer?" he added, after waiting awhile.

"O, what can I answer?" she gasped, clasping her hands upon her bosom.

"Why—you can tell me how you feel."

"Alas, you should know that already."

"And so I do," he returned with a sudden energy. "You have for the past year been feeding yourself with strange hopes and fancies, and now that you are brought back to filial duty you feel disappointed. Now let me assure you that you can overcome this as soon as you have a mind to. Let your mind be settled upon the performance of the duty which every child owes to its parent, and you will be well enough."

"O, you know not the heart that beats with my life," uttered the fair girl, painfully.

"Nor should I wish to, if it can take the fated issues of life no better than it appears to," was St. Marc's unfeeling response. "But we will let that part of the subject drop. I have come to tell you now that San Benito waits for you. We have made all necessary arrangements, and the marriage will come off at noon, in the church close by here. The warden has promised to have it clear of all interlopers at that hour."

"So soon!" groaned Irene.

"Ay—so soon. Why, bless my soul, what would you have? here is a fact fixed upon—as firmly fixed as the mountains—and we are anxious to return to Vera Cruz. Now what would you have? Would you procrastinate for the mere sake of procrastination?—or would you only gain time for another escape?"

This was spoken tauntingly, and the maiden made no reply.

"I shall send our friend up," said St. Marc, as he now turned towards the door, "and I hope you will receive him kindly—or courteously, at least."

Irene now bowed her head and wept. But the tears were few. The fount was hot and parched, and the flood was soon spent, and an aching sensation followed. She heard the door opened again, and on looking up she saw Martin San Benito. The last ray of hope rested upon her soul now. A moment she gazed into his face—it was by no means an ill-looking one—and then she sunk upon her knees.

"Martin San Benito," she uttered, with her clasped hands raised towards him, "by all the hopes we hold of joy—by all the faith we hold of God—by all the sacred memories of your youth and by all your longings for salvation hereafter, I pray you release me from this fatal contract! O, do it, and God and all good angels shall bless you. I will pray for you, and I'll speak your name to God with my prayer. O, say you will spare me! You will—you will!"

"Upon my soul, my sweet lady, you move me almost too much," San Benito returned, with a comical expression of countenance, for he was trying to appear deeply touched, whereas he was only perplexed. "But yet that very emotion should assure you that I can be kind; and so kind do I mean to be that I'll waste none of it now, but keep it until after we are married. Bah—don't speak so any more. Here—let me help you up. There, now be reasonable. Why, our marriage is all arranged, and it would be too bad to put it off now. No—we'll be married first, my love, and then you may tax my kindness as much as you please; but not now—not now."

"Then you ask not for the love of your wife?"

"Ah, my sweet one, I'll make you love me. You can't dream of the great things I'll do for you. Why, I mean to make you the happiest little wife in Mexico. So don't say another word—only give me one kiss as a pledge of our future felicity."

"Back senor!" uttered the maiden, rising proudly to her feet. "Touch me not now. I might have held some slight respect for you, but you have swept—"

What more Irene would have said we cannot tell, but she was stopped by Cassandra, who caught her by the arm and whispered into her ear:

"Make him not angry. O, for your own sake, do it not."

Irene stopped, and having gazed a moment into the face of her attendant, she sunk back upon her chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"There," said San Benito, with a spice of vengeance in his tone, "I see you understand the art of using all the privileges of your sex to the discomfort of ours. But let me assure you that you will gain nothing by it. Though I may promise you that I will overlook this if you will behave better in future. I had hoped to find you more cheerful; but never mind—we may make up for this. You will be ready at noon."

With one last effort of expiring hope, Irene started to her feet.

"Spare me! O, spare!"

"Lady," the man returned, speaking quickly and sternly, "you do not know me, nor my love, if you think I could give you up now. From the moment when first I saw you to the present time I have not only loved you, but have hoped that some day I might call you mine for life. The hour so long hoped for has come, and sooner than give up the prize now I'd see the very earth, with all that live and move thereon, swept at once into annihilation! Now you have my answer!"

Irene spoke not. She only sunk back once more upon her seat, and bowed her head.

"You will be ready," the suitor said; and with these words he left the apartment.

"O, Clarence! Clarence!"

"—sh!" whispered Cassandra, drawing her arm about her companion's neck. "Let not your soul faint yet. Keep up until the last moment. O, as sure as God is, it does seem to me that this terrible blow may be averted."

"Alas, how?" groaned the unhappy girl, looking up into her attendant's face. "What is there left now? Suppose a thousand Clarences came, what could they do against the will of my father?"

Cassandra had once before been stopped here, and she had no more power to overcome the difficulty now.

The hours passed on, and the clock ticked—ticked—ticked—each vibration of the pendulum seeming a death-knell to the sorrow-laden soul. Fearfully Irene gazed upon the dial, and she saw that only a few minutes more must pass away ere the fatal hour would be at hand. The black woman came up and announced that all was ready below, and that the carriage was coming. She had been gone but a few moments when the sound of wheels came rumbling up from the paved street.

"Come," said Cassandra, "let us be prepared. They will soon be here after us."

"I cannot."

"But you must."

"No, no—let them come. O, they shall not find me so ready for the sacrifice."

But there was not much opportunity for further remark, for even as Irene spoke, the tread of feet was heard upon the stairs, and in a moment more St. Marc entered the apartment.

"What?" he cried. "Not ready yet? This wont answer. Come—on with your dress. Hold! Not a word of that. You know what is to be done. Your fate is fixed, and as sure as the sun shines you shall be San Benito's wife ere another hour has passed!"

Irene arose to her feet, and clasping her hands she raised them towards heaven. Her lips moved, but no audible sound came forth; yet she prayed deeply and fervently. Then she went to her table and threw her light mantilla over her head.

"Now I am ready to obey you, senor," she said.

She spoke hoarsely and tremulously. St. Marc uttered not a word; but he took her by the hand and led her from the room, at the same time motioning for Cassandra to follow. At the street door they found a carriage in waiting. Irene was handed in, and as soon as the attendant had taken a seat by her side, St. Marc followed.

"The groom has gone on in advance," said St. Marc, as he noticed that Irene was gazing eagerly around.

Nothing further was said until they reached the church. Here the maiden was handed out, and conducted into the sacred house. Martin San Benito stood by the altar, and the priest was all dressed for the ceremony.

* * * * * * *

"O, great God! I cannot!" gasped Irene, as she stood before the altar and received the usual question—her hand lay in San Benito's grasp, and it trembled fearfully.

"Go on," cried St. Marc. "I can answer for her. I have told you all."

The priest moved forward, but ere he could speak another word the great doors of the church were burst open, and an armed man rushed in.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

"WHAT ho, there!" cried the priest, as soon as he could recover from the first shock of this unwonted event.

"Stop this unholy marriage!" the intruder shouted, moving towards the altar.

Irene heard that voice. She turned—and with one wild cry of frantic hope she broke from the man who held her, and on the next moment she was upon the new comer's bosom.

"Clarence! Clarence!" she cried, with all the energy of her soul. "Save me! save me from this fate!"

"O, great God, I thank thee!" the youth murmured. "Irene—blessed one—they have not yet made you a wife?"

"No! no! no!"

"Then thou art safe! Fear no more, for—"

"Out! thou Yankee villain!" shouted St. Marc, starting forward towards the spot where our hero stood.

"Back!" Clarence uttered, first putting Irene behind him, and then raising his revolving pistol. "By the heavens above me, Antonio St. Marc, if you lay a hand upon this girl, your life shall be the forfeit!"

"How now, senor?" demanded the priest, stepping down from the altar. "Art thou mad, that thou dost presume to enter God's sacred house and seize a child from her very parent?"

"Hold, most reverend senor," returned Clarence—his face deeply flushed, and his eyes flashing fire. "I would save your church from a foul blot, and yourself from a most unholy deed. Antonio St. Marc is no father to this fair girl! She is not his child, nor is she of his blood! He is but a miserable lepero—she is pure Castilian, from father and from mother!"

"Lying knave!" hissed St. Marc, moving a step towards the youth, "who helped thee conjure up that monstrous lie?"

"Here she comes," Clarence returned. "She is not so fleet of foot as I, and hence comes late; but she comes in time."

As the youth thus spoke, the old woman, Calypso, came moving on towards the altar. Antonio St. Marc turned as pale as ashes.

"What does the hag here?" he gasped, between his clenched teeth.

"Look ye, my children," here spoke the priest, as he noticed that the scene before him promised to be one of more than ordinary importance; "I would know what is the meaning of all this. I see, also, more armed men at the door of our holy church. What do they there?"

At the mention of more armed men, St. Marc seemed paralyzed. He started, but spoke not.

"Most reverend father," spoke Calypso, advancing slowly to the altar, "I have come to forbid the unholy banns that you, unknowingly, were about to consummate."

"Get thee hence, accursed hag!" fiercely exclaimed St. Marc, turning upon her. "Have you, too, come with the lie in your mouth?"

"Senors," resumed Calypso, tremulously, "I have come to stop a most unrighteous thing. Holy father, you are an old man, and for many years have officiated in this very place. Do you not remember the wealthy *hacendado* of Valladolid, Ferdinand San Gaspar?"

"Ferdinand San Gaspar?" repeated the priest, while St. Marc started as though a thunderbolt had burst at his feet. "To be sure I remember him. San Gaspar?—why, he was one of our most noble sons."

"And do you remember the Donna Isabella?"

"His wife? Ay, most excellently well do I remember her."

"And do you remember what became of them?"

"Ay," returned the priest, with a shudder. "They were murdered. O, I remember it too well!"

"Were they?" whispered St. Marc, trembling while he spoke.

"Yes, yes," answered the priest

"Did they belong about here?" added St. Marc.

"They owned the most sumptuous and valuable hacienda in Valladolid."

"How long since the dreadful deed was done?" St. Marc pursued, striving with all his might to appear calm.

"Hold!" cried Calypso, ere the priest could answer. "Let the black villain ask no more. Look, holy father! Do you not remember 'twas said the Lady Isabella was killed with her husband?"

"Ay."

"Then know 'twas false. The lady lived. On that fatal night the Lady Idora San Gaspar was at the hacienda. She was Ferdinand's sister, and had only come there the day before. The murderers asked her if she was the Lady San Gaspar, and she answered them yes. So they killed her, while Isabella escaped. The murderers not only robbed the house, carrying off four hundred thousand dollars in gold and diamonds, but they took away the infant daughter of the house."

"Accursed liar!" hissed St. Marc.

"Hold, senor," said Calypso, fixing her large, dark eyes full upon him. "*Who has charged you?*"

"But speak on," urged the priest, who was now all excitement. "What of the Lady Isabella?"

Calypso made a slight movement upon one side. Then she threw off the long, coarse robe that had enveloped her person—tore away the matted hair that had hidden her open brow, and then stood erect, while her flashing eyes swept proudly about upon the company present. She stood now, a noble looking woman, not over forty years of age, and dressed in a rich and handsome garb.

"By the saints!" cried the old priest, starting forward and extending his hands, "I know you now. You are the Lady Isabella herself! You are—you are! Ay—every feature is the same. It is—before God and man I'd take my solemn oath of it, even though you swore to the contrary!"

Antonio St. Marc cast his eyes towards the door, and he saw that the vestibule was occupied by armed officers of the city. He turned to San Benito and whispered; and in a moment more he started to move towards the small door that opened into the court back of the church. At a motion from Clarence the boy Peter leaped to the door and presented a pistol.

"You pass not here!" he uttered.

On the next moment the officers rushed in, and ere many minutes Antonio St. Marc and Martin San Benito were prisoners.

"Have you further use for them here?" asked the chief of the guard.

The woman, whom we must now know as Isabella San Gaspar, shook her head, and the priest replied that they might be taken away at once. When the dark men were gone, Irene turned to her mother and sunk upon her bosom.

"O," she uttered, as she clung fondly to the noble woman, "did not nature tell me that you were something to me? O, when you even repulsed me I loved you more fondly than I dared to own."

"And how could I help repulsing you?" the happy mother returned. "O, my heart was breaking then with its load of love, and I knew if I allowed one caress I should fail—I could have held out no longer."

"But why should you hold out?" asked Irene.

"Because I had taken a most solemn oath, and sealed it upon the lips of the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe, that while Antonio St. Marc lived he should be the first to know me; or, at least, that I would not claim you until I had confronted him. But when I made that vow I supposed he would come here sooner. I believed he would come here as soon as he thought the excitement consequent upon the murder had passed off. But he did not come. He settled down in Vera Cruz, and there he remained. O, how my heart yearned towards you—and how I longed to bring the villain to justice. But what could I do? In Vera Cruz he could do as he pleased. His money was potent. To have revealed myself there would only have been to seal my own doom, for he could have crushed me in a moment. But the time came at length. When I went to the capital a week ago, I saw Antonio St. Marc. I knew him in a moment. I returned here and told to the captain of our city guard my whole story. I assured him that the murderer would be here, and he promised to be ready at a moment's warning. Again I started for the capital, and early this morning I met Captain Howard. I took a horse and returned with him. We went first to Mendrid's house. There we learned what had transpired, and while I went to the guard-house, Clarence sought for my child. We met here—O, what a meeting!"

"But, my dear child," said the priest, after some time had been spent in the interchange of those marks of affection which could not be restrained, "will you not explain to me more of the circumstances of the murder and robbery? You know that was never fully understood here?"

"Certainly," returned Isabella San Gaspar. "Antonio St. Marc, whose real name I do not know, and Jilok Tudel, then two young men, who were leperos of the capital, came out here to Valladolid and offered to work for my husband at putting up some new buildings which he contemplated. They professed to be architects, and as they offered themselves so cheap, he engaged them. And on the very night after the engagement had been entered into, they did the fatal work. They had found out where the money vault was, and they meant to possess themselves of it. They murdered my husband first—then my husband's sister—then the domestics who slept in the main house—and then they robbed the vault. All this while I lay like one dead in the very room where my husband had been murdered. I heard them coming, and I had fled to the closet. When I saw the fatal blow struck, I tried to cry out, but horror had made me dumb. Senseless in all but a mad, frantic consciousness of what was going on, I remained there and saw my husband and his sister struck down. I heard the murderers leave the room, and then my consciousness left me.

"When I came to consciousness again, I found myself away up among the mountains north of the city of Mexico, and some Indians had me in charge. They informed me that they had found me not far from there, with my clothes torn, and my flesh all cut and bruised, and that all they could gain from my speech was, that some one was trying to murder me. They were very kind to me, and with them I remained until I was wholly recovered, one of them having gone to Valladolid and found out for me how things were there. When I did go away, I went in the disguise of an Indian. I went to my former home, but I could not stop there. Not for all the wealth of all the world would I have spent a night beneath that roof. I found one man in whom I dared to trust. I was but a woman, and my nerves were so unstrung that I feared if I made myself known, I might be hunted out and killed. I found one man to whom I told all. He took the property and kept it—and he holds it now.

"After this I went to Vera Cruz, and there I found the two murderers; and—I found my child. Many and many a day I watched to steal her away, but I could not do it. I found that St. Marc was a man of influence, and that he had bribed the authorities. I dared not show myself—and I wandered away. Long suffering had made me cold and cheerless, and ere long life was nothing to me. Only the one bright-eyed cherub at Vera Cruz tied me to earth. By-and-by I resolved to let St. Marc bring my child up, but I meant to overlook her as much as possible, so as to shield her from harm if I could. Then it was that I swore that I would never reveal myself, while St. Marc lived, save in his presence. I hoped—ay, I thought—that he would soon visit Valladolid, and I meant to be there and expose him. But years passed on, and he went not. I saw my child grow up to a beautiful maiden, and I saw the young American officer in her company. I knew he was an honorable man, and I was content. Of Old Castile myself, I had come to distrust everything Mexican. I hoped Irene would gain the noble American for her life companion. Now you know all."

Once more Irene rested upon her mother's bosom, and then she turned to her noble lover. Her lovely face was lighted up with joyous smiles, and over all beamed a halo of holy gratitude.

"God's ways are wonderful, and past finding out," uttered the priest. "Let us not lose this noble opportunity to offer up our hearts anew to God."

So they all kneeled there around the consecrated altar, and in fervent tones the holy man offered up a prayer of thanksgiving and praise to the One Living God. Then the party made their way to the dwelling of Carlos Mendrid. The old merchant was overjoyed to see them, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks as he heard the strange story which Isabella San Gaspar had to tell him.

O, it was a glorious evening! The old priest came, and he and the Lady Isabella talked of times long agone. Clarence and Irene were almost too happy. They wept and smiled by turns, and then smiled while they wept. And away in one corner sat Peter and Cassandra. They were together of necessity, and they soon became communicative and then happy.

* * * * * * *

One lowery, dark day, the court was opened for the trial of Antonio St. Marc. Martin San Benito was accused of nothing, and he was set at liberty. St. Marc was calm and collected now, and he swore that Irene was his own child.

"Let her not lay the flattering unction to her soul that she has not aided in the destruction of her own father," he said, bending a keen glance upon her; "for she is my own child—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh!"

"It cannot be!" gasped the maiden.

"Hold," cried the boy Peter, advancing towards the judge. "Here is a letter, most honorable senor, that I found upon this very man. I was present when he fought the duel with Jilok Tudel, and when he lay wounded upon the ground, I went to his assistance. As I tore open his doublet this packet fell out. I saw that it was addressed to San Benito, whom I knew to be a man of St. Marc's own kidney. Here it is—and it tells its own story."

St. Marc turned pale as death, and his very look told the whole truth. The judge opened the missive and read as follows:

"Dear Martin San Benito:—If I fall in the duel I am now about to fight, this letter will be yours. You have asked me for Irene's hand. You may have it. But if I do not kill Tudel you will have to do it before you can obtain the prize. He has an equal claim upon her with me. She is not my child, but Tudel and I found her when she was an infant, and it was arranged that I should keep her for my child until she was nineteen, and then he would claim her for a wife. Her birth was pure and honorable, and her parentage more than respectable. If you can put Tudel out of the way, do so—and when Irene is your wife you will be kind to her, for she is a good girl. But don't tell her of this. Never let her know that I was not her father. Of course, if I fall, my property is Irene's.

"[Signed] St. Marc."

Little other evidence was needed. Antonio St Marc was condemned and sentenced to the gallows.

"But why did you never let me see that letter?" Clarence inquired of his boy, after they had left the court.

"Because I knew you had as much on your mind as would do you any good," was the commencement of the boy's reply. "I knew you worried as it was, and I would not add this. It was safe with me, and I knew I could use it when it could be of use."

"My noble boy, you were right," Clarence responded.

And now our story is nearly told. In Valladolid Clarence led the lovely Castilian maiden to the altar, and having gathered up their property there, in company with the happy mother and Peter and Cassandra, they went to Vera Cruz. There Irene obtained all the property St. Marc had left, the good priest, Gonzales Rondo, assisting them greatly in obtaining it.

"And now," said Clarence, "shall we remain in Mexico?"

"No, no," returned Irene, earnestly. "I like it not. My love has made for me a new home. My mother, what say you?"

"Wherever you find a home, my children, I must go with you; and in some respects all places would be alike to me where my love was turned. And yet I will say—the glorious country that you so proudly call your home we shall be equally proud to call ours."

"Bless you," ejaculated Clarence, with tears in his eyes. "O, God knows, if we live, we will be happy—very, very happy. Peace and love are ours henceforth, and we will be happy all our days."

And Clarence spoke not idly. In a few short weeks they found a home within the youthful State of the Lone Star, and there they gathered about them all the healthy, noble sources of pleasure and joy; and their social circle grew wider and wider day by day, for as they became known they became loved, and their souls expanded, and grew warm and hopeful beneath the genial influences of the republican institutions by which they were surrounded.

Among the first to welcome the noble young captain and his beautiful wife back to the land of his nativity, were the brave trapper-crew of the little schooner. Old Max Winter and his hardy followers seemed as happy as the happy husband himself, and as Irene kissed them each in turn, they swore she was an angel. She saw them rough and hard without, but well she knew that within those rough bosoms beat hearts as pure and noble as hearts can be. She loved them, for they loved her husband.

Not long since, a Texan paper came on this way by the "due course of mail," and in it was a notice which assured us that Peter Sythe and Cassandra Carillo had been made man and wife. Happy, happy Peter! And why not—happy, happy Cassandra?

Charity is a paradox to the covetous. The doctrine that teaches alms, and the person that needs them; are by such equally set at nought. Tell a miser of bounty to a friend or mercy to the poor, and point him out his duty, with an evidence as bright and piercing as the light, yet he will not understand it. He shuts his *eyes* as close as his *hands*. In both cases, there is an incurable blindness, caused by a resolution not to see; and, to all intents and purposes, he who *will not open* his eyes, is for the present as blind as he who *cannot*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FLOWERS.*

BY SARAH A. NOWELL.

By thy beautiful faith in the sweet old thought,
That a spirit dwells in each leaf,
I know that thy soul must be deeply fraught
With high and holy belief.

I know that for God, and man, and truth,
Thou wouldst wear the armor long—
In thy noble manhood, as in thy youth,
Wouldst battle against all wrong.

Like the angel within the leaf, a part
Of the life which its odor tells,
I know that, within thy noble heart,
An angel forever dwells.

And as the soul from within the rose
Sends out its perfume to bless;
So the generous spirit within thee glows
At another's happiness.

May the beautiful soul that dwells in the flower,
Still keep its perfume in the leaf,
And thine!—O, far be the mournful hour
When it loses its holy belief!

* In answer to a poem by the editor, in No. 18 of the Pictorial.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STRAY LEAVES

FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "SHIFTLESS WOMAN."

One of the greatest trials that fall to the lot of those unfortunate persons whom nature has constituted life-members of the great fraternity of shiftless women, is that we must constantly incur the contempt of our own sex. I think I shall be justified in saying, that we who are bound together by the great law of sympathy and suffering, oftentimes despise each other for those very weaknesses that degrade us in the eyes of the world.

Not to be *practical*, implies an absence of all those feminine accomplishments that make up the sum of all excellence in woman. It means that the unfortunate individual indulges in undarned stockings and untidy gloves; that she sports curl-papers at the breakfast table, and forgets to unroll them for dinner; that she is so lost to the charm of outward adorning as to promenade the streets hoopless and plumeless. But let me strive to conquer this mood of bitterness that will fly from the tip of my pen, and give you, dear reader, another event drawn forth from the variegated patchwork of my life.

I am now a prisoner within the four walls of my parlor, reclining upon the lounge, that seems to my heated imagination to be stuck full of cambric needles of torture. Suffering the result of another instance of want of tact and practicality; and this is my retribution, to be forced to sit here, and admit to my presence all my *practical* friends, who, in crowds, hasten to condole with and pity me, on this new accident. Let me tell you how it all came about.

Thanksgiving was coming on with rapid strides. With vigilant care I had stood firm and unwavering at my post of household duty. For a whole month previous, I never once let the great object of existence slip from my mind. During the day I sat and meditated on the three distinct rows of pastry that should grace my board on the approaching festival. My dreams at night were flavored with most delicate spices, intermixed with huge mountains of pumpkins, upon whose summits sat winged fowls of every variety and plumage.

I spent a whole morning in depositing my favorite poets into the darkest niche of a very gloomy garret, and laid upon my parlor table sundry cook books, works on "Family Economy," "Hints to Young Housekeepers," and the "Way to be Useful." My servant girl had excellent health, and was freshly imported from foreign lands. What could I expect but perfect success and a glorious victory?

When all was arranged in my brain, laid out like men on the chess board, with order and precision, I fancied I could see the moving of the machinery of this admirably contrived household. "It was a pity," I sighed, "that I alone should enjoy the triumph." The thought struck me that Aunt Tamar and Sophia could now be invited to visit me without any risk to myself or to them. An epistle was forthwith despatched. In my bright anticipations, I related to James, my husband, all my glowing visions. He shook his head ominously, but this, I thought, was from mere force of habit. He pleaded and entreated me to keep out of danger, to rush into no new discomfiture.

"Let Biddy do the cooking," said he, "and be content with this."

Biddy was fresh from "Old Ireland," and "could wash very nicely, marm—could sweep and dust, marm—but och, never did I the like of the thing as to roll the pastry, marm."

Putting aside my husband's advice, I arrayed myself in a new and extremely pretty morning wrapper and descended to the kitchen, taking along with me an armful of cook-books, as a passport to that mysterious domain. Not to enter into detail, I will say that I, that day, experienced the satisfaction of complete victory. The cook-book did not desert or mislead me, as so many "ignis fatuus" illusions had done before. At night I had the inexpressible delight of leading James into the pantry, and displaying to him the result of my skill.

"Marie, did you indeed make these pies?" he asked, with the old gleam of satisfaction lighting up his face.

"Yes, yes, I did, James—that is—I read the receipt from the cook book, and Biddy kneaded the flour and put them in shape."

"Well done, Marie!"

James stooped down and imprinted a kiss npon my hot and hurning forehead as a token of restored confidence. O, was not I a happy woman that night? Alas, too happy to be of long continuance. The next morning rose in clouds that threatened to shroud the sky of my domestic life in murky darkness. While I was yet preparing my morning toilet, I heard lond voices in the kitchen; not angry sounds, but tones of good-natured hilarity and mirth. I stopped to listen. Biddy had been but a month in the country, and had no friend or kindred with whom to exchange greetings. What meant then these lond, jovial voices? I repaired to the dining-room with all possible haste, and there I found three goodly specimens of Erin's fair and portly daughters, in brisk conversation with Biddy.

"And sure it's my own friends that have followed me to this land of liberty, and it's not the like of me that refuses to give them a welcome."

I stood still a moment striving to divine the purport of the half suspicious observation of Biddy. The truth at length flashed upon me.

"You are not going away, Biddy—just at this important time to leave me without help?"

"And to be sure I am, marm. It's to the city we are going, to be jolly over the good luck that brought us to this land of liberty."

An honr hence, with a sad heart I saw Biddy and her newly arrived friends leave for the city, to get a taste of American liberty hy celebrating together the approaching festival. What was now to be done? The week's washing had not yet been done. Biddy had placed the boilers over the stove, and was making preparation to perform this duty when she received the unexpected call from her acquaintances. Then again rushed upon me the degrading sensation of my own inability to labor in an emergency. I pondered upon it until I grew desperate. In my dependent state, I was but the tool of all the smart Irish servants in America. One insignificant person had it in her power to stop the whole machinery of my household arrangements. I was completely in the power of any ignorant and whimsical emigrant who chose to torture me.

At breakfast, James, seeing my stern, unbending face, asked if anything had gone amiss. I was ashamed to relate this new discomfiture, and so swallowed my coffee and turned the conversation into another channel. The moment the door closed upon my husband I summoned all my fortitude of will and just said to myself:

'*I* will do the washing myself to-day. I will not yield to this nnpardonable shiftlessness. I am just on the verge of losing all my self-respect, and perhaps this circumstance has occurred to arouse me to determined action. Other women wash—I will wash. My mother, my grandmother, all my aunts, all my relatives showed a peculiar talent for labor. I belong to a practical family; there is nothing like perseverance and resolution. Yes, I will wash, myself, to-day."

After putting aside my breakfast table, I resorted to the parlor, took up my cook-book and began assiduously to turn over the pages, hoping that this friend, to whom I was indebted for one good turn, would not forsake me now. I was right. The cook-book was as true as steel. Toward the close of the volume, were all sorts of odd scraps and directions, and among them I found ont the process of washing. I found instructions for washing with soda and without soda, with washing powder, and with soft soap. I selected the washing with soda, as the easier mode, being attended with the least physical labor.

With a relieved heart I descended to the kitchen. I added the dose of soda to the boiling water, and commenced throwing in the clothes. I flourished the clothes stick most dexteronsly, and felt as proud as though it were a sceptre, and I a qneen to wield it. As I continued to throw in one garment after another, I was snrprised to see the boiling water spout up in little fanciful colnmns, raising the clothes up with it, giving them the appearance of inflated bellows, then flowing back, the garments would assume their natural shape. As the fire waxed hotter, the water spouted higher and took more beautiful forms. Now it would seem like a sparkling fountain, then, like the waves on the beach. I became quite engrossed with watching this new phenomenon in the practical world. Surely, thought I, there is beauty in every department of life's employments. This boiling water, sparkling and rolling, expresses the beauty of motion and form to a rare extent. I forgot, dear reader, the ostensible purpose for which I stood by that huge boiler, plunging into its heated receptable my clothes-stick—the washerwoman's wand. I stood moralizing to myself, and my miud went wandering off into the region of laws—material and spiritual laws, those that govern matter and mind; when, as if to show me some still greater manifestation of the power and beauty of those scalding waves, out rolled an immense boulder, that overleaped the confines of the vessel, and dashed over my foot.

O, dreadful awakening from the mystical dreams of philosophy, to the reality of a scalded limb! Shriek after shriek resounded through the rooms of my dwelling. Sinking npon the floor I groaned aloud:

"O, why should I have striven to reach the topmost round of practicality at one leap? Why could I not have been content with yesterday's success, and not been ambitions to become cook and washerwoman both in the same breath? O, fatal, fatal ambition!"

My neighbor, Mrs. Smith, passing my dining room door, heard my harangue, and stopped, as she said, to hear me recite from Shakspeare, for, added she:

"There never was anybody that conld read up so smart and minister-like from those great poets, as you, Mrs. Maric."

My poor deluded neighbor believed me reciting from my own tragedy that the whole neighborhood snid I was writing for the press. Yes, yes, she was right; I was indeed rehearsing one of my most successful tragedies. My shrieks only convinced my neighbor outside how wonderfully well I was acting my own production, and she said to herself:

"Lor bless me, why don't the crazy thing go upon the stage at once? I am not over tender-hearted, but bless me if I can endure those shricks without being affected."

Following the sound of my voice, Mrs. Smith came bowing herself politely into the kitchen, and found me, half delirious, bending over my scalded foot, that, by this time, was in a terrible state.

"Now, hless me, Mrs. Marie, how well you do act that play of yours. Heart alive! what is this? Scalded! scalded! Marie, Marie, what upon earth have you been doing? O, this all comes of departing from woman's sphere."

"For mercy sake, stop your preaching," screamed I, "and put into effect some of your abominable practical talent, that promises to be the death of me yet. I see now that I *have* departed from my sphere. I was not made for a shirt-maker nor a washerwoman, and this is what I get by it. Help me, I say, Mrs. Smith, or I shall go mad."

"Poor, poor misguided woman, you are now reaping the fruits of your wrong doings—"

So mnch of the soliloquy of my compassionate neighbor I heard—and the remainder was lost in a fainting fit that took away my entire consciousness. When I recovered, I found myself lying upon my parlor sofa, and half of the inhabitants of the village of L—— about me. O painful, degrading fall! Mrs. Smith had told everybody her version of the accident. I had attempted to do my washing, and in a fit of absence of mind, had fallen to reciting tragedy, and thus got scalded.

"How *could* you do it? How *did* you do it? How did you possibly *contrive* to do it?" were the first words that fell upon my ears as I came back to life again. Around me stood this jury of practical women, convened to hold inquest on the mangled body of one poor, unfortunate, shiftless sister. To my inexpressible relief, I now heard my husband's step on the stair. He came home with a light, happy heart. His business had been good, and he had ordered home a nice, fat turkey and a pair of chickens for Thanksgiving. Poor James! It was a woeful sight for him. In my heart I pitied him more than myself at that moment. The ladies shrunk back as he approached to learn the history of my accident.

During this time nothing had been done to alleviate my sufferings. The women had been quarrelling among themselves as to the remedy. One said "cold water"—another, "alcohol"—the third declared that nothing but a "scraped potato" wonld effect the cure, and a fourth protested loudly in favor of "Russia Salve." James at once took effectual means of clearing the room and of dismissing the jury, and sent immediately for a surgeon. When the wound was dressed, I said in a despairing voice:

"James, sit down at once and write Aunt Tamar and Sophia not to come to visit us. You must dine out on Thanksgiving day, and I will content myself here on the lounge, and sip Mrs Smith's weak broth."

The long and painful experiences that my James had passed through since the day of our marriage, had not been without its softening influences upon him. At first he had rebelled, but soon he learned to accept the discipline, and as a recompense will doubtless be a better man for his shiftless wife. Now he seemed quite inclined to cheer me, and said:

"No, Marie, it will take one week to dispose of the three rows of pies in the pantry. The poultry will keep until Biddy returns, and we'll have thanksgiving yet."

Mrs. Smith, in honor of her high office in the society of practical women, a league that comprises among its members all the smart ladies of our village, took it npon herself to bring up this striking example of shiftlessness at their annual meeting which occurred soon after my accident. Mrs. Smith related on this occasion, the plan and plot of the tragedy it was believed I was writing for the public eye.

"This, ladies, as far as I have been able to learn, is the story: A French countess falls in love with a German exile, and makes desperate and most ineffectual attempts to nnite her destiny with that of her lover. The German takes the disguise of a troubadour, and sings love dittics under her window. This plan is discovered by the ogre husband, and a company of soldiers are sent in hot pursuit of the love-stricken exile. The countess now tears her beautiful black hair and scatters it to the four winds of heaven, stamps on her jewels, and strips up all her best dresses, and ends by letting herself down from her chamber window by means of a bed-cord. She orders her servant to drive with furious speed to an old castle in the 'south of France,' where previously, when arranging an elopement, she and her lover had agreed to repair. They ride night and day, without food and sleep, and reach the castle just as poor, jaded Germany throws himself from his steed at the entrance gate to the castle.

"The lover, finding the countess's beanty gone, her jewels destroyed, and in possession of no wealth aside from the count, refuses to wed the lady. His affections wane at once. The countess immediately becomes delirions and rushes to a precipice overhanging a river, and throws herself over the rocks. Her servant follows after, but reaches her too late to rescue her from her frightful death. Howling and screaming, the faithful domestic returns to the count to relate the terrible tragedy; while Germany packs up his books and his flute, and sails for America. Here he supports himself by giving music lessons and by flirting with the ladies, by whom he is universally admired."

The club became quite excited in the story of the poor conntess. Many of the ladies, particularly the young ones, declared they would speak for a copy ot the play before the first edition was exhausted.

"My sisters," spoke the presidentess, "my sisters, let the fate of our poor, shiftless sister be a warning to us all. Deal not with dreams and visions. Stick to the matter-of-fact road! I repeat it, sisters—stick to the plain path of practical duty."

"Amen—amen," responded the two vice-presidentesses—and the meeting broke up.

Reader, do not think I am wholly desolate in my prison life. It is only when my practical friends come to visit me that I feel the full shock of degradation. They would fain tear out of me the *how*, the *where* and the *when*, of the unlncky event. Nothing short of a minute, written, accurate account of the accident, narrating faithfully the "rise and progress" of each buhble, from the time the water in the canldron first began to boil and sputter, to the climax of "spouting fire and hail," will, or can, satisfy the rational part of community. Therefore, in all compassion and in good faith, I dedicate this chapter to those of my practical friends, who, amid the flourish of trumpets and waving of banners, have reached the topmost round of practicality—in fact, to those who can make their husbands' shirts fit about the neck without hanging them, and go through a family washing without scalding themselves in the complicated and yet to me mysterions process.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FIRST STATE PRISONER.

BY GRANT THORBURN.

I LANDED in New York, June, 1784, hy trade a rongh nail-maker, in the 22d year of my age. In October following, I went up to the Park to see a man hung, (at that time the Park was out of town, and only 50,000 inhabitants). With ten thonsand fools, some bigger and some smaller than myself, we stood watching the vibrations of the rope and the iron hook, during two long hours. Then the sheriff stood on the scaffold and read a reprieve. I confess I was very much disappointed; I expected to see a hanging, but no hanging was there.

The man was Noah Gardner. He kept a large shoe store in New York. He committed forgery, which, at that time, was death by the laws of these United States. The state prison in New York was building at this time: this was the first prison erected in the world for reform, instead of hanging. The Society of Friends were the chief promoters of this humane system. One room in the prison was now ready to receive criminals. The Friends procured from the governor a commutation from death to the state prison for life.

Being a shoemaker by trade, they gave him a stool, wax, last and awls, and here commenced the state prison shoe manufactory. Next court, six vagahonds were sent to keep him company, them he learned to make shoes. I visited the prison three years after this. In one large room sat three hundred shoemakers. Noah was provost marshal, walking through the ranks with cane in hand, punishing evil-doers and praising them that did well. Seven years having passed over him, the Friends waited on the governor. "Friend," said they, "seven years ago yon would have hung this man; now here is a reformed member saved to society."

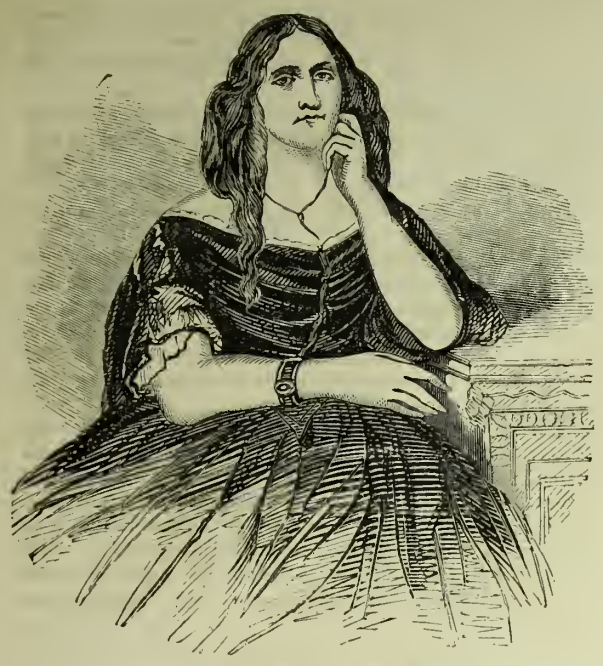
He received an unconditional pardon, and came ont. The Friends found him a store in Pearl Street, lent him money, endorsed his notes, and gave him their custom. Immediately he was in a very thriving way. He joined the Society of Friends, and said thee and thou with the best of them. He had a wife, and children arrived at matnrity.

His jonrneymen were chiefly men of families, and wrought in their own honses. One day he gave a man a pair of boots. "Now, friend," says he, "thee must bring home these boots on fourth day evening." Says the man, "You shall have them." The boots did not come home till fifth day evening. Noah was wroth. He gave the man a long lecture on the evils of disappointment and want of punctnality. When he drew np to breathe, the man replied:

"Sir, I am a poor man; I have a wife and three children, the youngest only forty-eight hours old. I had to attend on my wife and cook for my children. It was not in my power to finish the boots sooner." Noah still continued to magnify the horrors of disappointment. The man grew angry; his Scotch blood boiled in his veins; he struck the counter with his fist like a sledge-hammer. "I know," says he, "it's a terrible thing to be disappointed. I remember going up to the Park to see yon hung, and I never was so disappointed in my life when I saw the reprieve!"

Now this was a knock-down argument, as an Irishman wonld say. It was a case in point, as they say in court; and a fact beyond all controversy, as they say in Congress. Noah was dumb; he opened not his mouth. He gave the man another pair to make, kept him in employment, treated him kindly, but, as the man said, he never heard the word *disappoint* drop from his lips thereafter.

Noah went on prospering and to prosper. One day he borrowed various snms of money, and obtained a nnmber of endorsements. The bills he changed for gold; the endorsements he got shaved in Wall Street. That night he was off for parts nnknown, taking with him a dear sister, the wife of a yonng friend, to cheer him on the way. This story is true to the letter, and being the first snbject of state prison reform, the day dreamers of the present time may settle the question whether hanging or state prison reform is the surest mode of curing a consummate villain. His family and friends never heard from him.



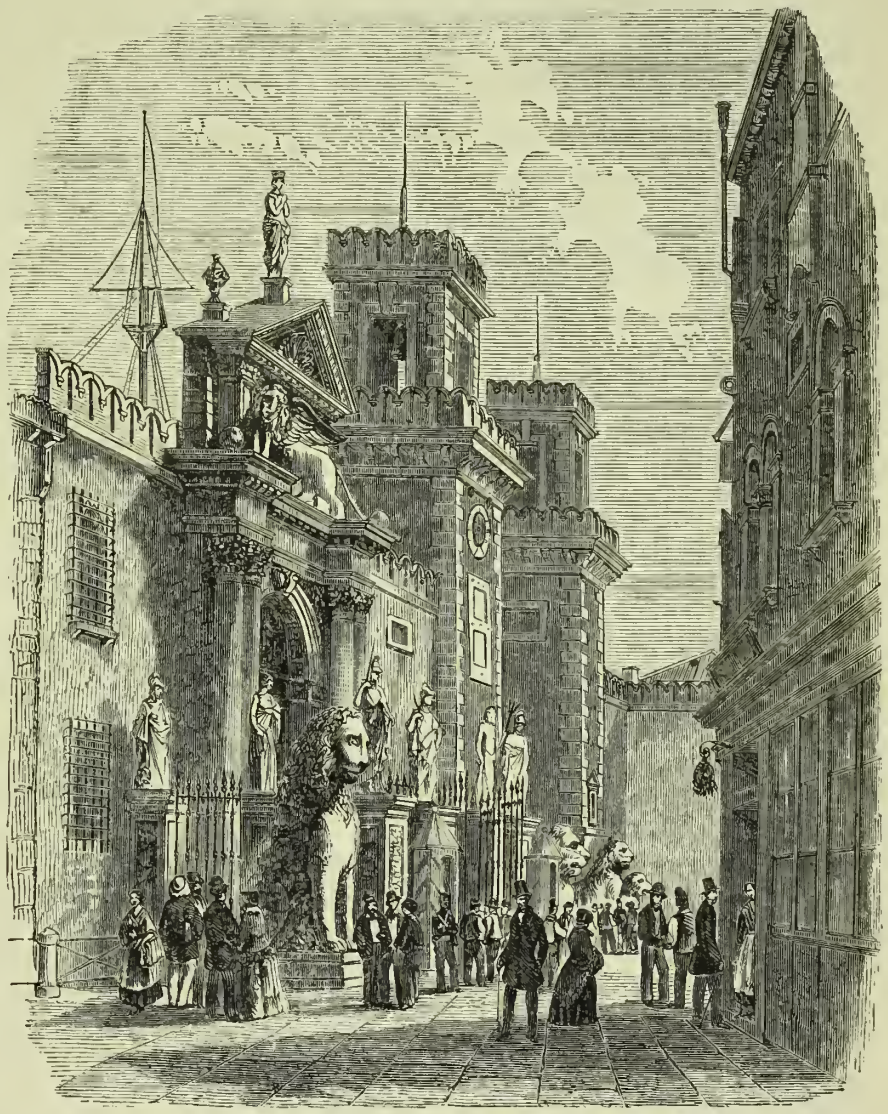
MADAME EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

MADAME EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

The accompanying portrait is a faithful likeness of the beautiful and accomplished Madame de Girardin, wife of the brilliant editor of "La Presse," and one of the most distinguished literary women of France, whose recent death threw a gloom over that society of which she was an ornament. Delphine Gay (her maiden name), daughter of Marie-Françoise Nichaut de Lavalette and of M. Gay, receiver-general of finances, was born under the first empire, January 26, 1804, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and was baptized, it is said, on the tomb of Charlemagne. "Do you not already see here," says M. Saint Beuve, in allusion to this incident, "the century in perspective, with its lofty pretensions on one side, and on the other its positive vocation; the tomb of Charlemagne as a decoration of the stage, and the cash-box of a collector beside it?" However this may be, this majestic baptism conferred happiness on the young girl. When she entered the world of society and letters, towards the middle of the restoration, when the breath of the ideal, long repressed, was beginning to revivify men's minds, she was all at once a prodigy, the muse of the nation at about the same period when Victor Hugo was a sublime child. Both were welcomed on the threshold of literary life by Chateaubriand, who became the god-father of the young poet and the young muse. Beautiful, inspired, courted by the best society, Mlle. Delphine Gay saw herself surrounded by such men as Soumet, De Vigny, Victor Hugo, Guirard and Lamartine. The first strophes of Delphine Gay were consecrated to the glories of her country. She sang the death of General Foy. She sang, like Beranger, like Lamartine, like Victor Hugo, like Casimir Delavigne—the insurrection, the name of Greece, that religion of the imagination with the nations of the East. At sixteen years, she was celebrated, a very rare privilege—since, from the beginning of this century, only three poets have been allowed to see glory shine upon them in that undecided dawn which is not yet youth: Victor Hugo, Delphine Gay and Alfred de Musset. The aurora of Madame de Girardin's literary career was illuminated by elegiacs, stanzas and poems which are still remembered. "Ourika" made mothers weep; "He loved me" set young girls to dreaming. These simple verses, these artless inspirations of the "Essais poétiques," mark the calm and serene hour which preceded the tempest of literary strife, and re-read to day, they exhale a special perfume because they bear the stamp of no particular school. The first productions of Delphine Gay reflected in a measure the tone of sentiment of Madame de Stael and Chateaubriand, of whom she was passionately fond. Her publication of "Napoline," marks the hour when she learned to "look in her heart and write." This poem is full of felicitous lines of delicate raillery, of skillfully-drawn portraits, and of masculine thought. Mademoiselle Gay was united to Emile de Girardin June 1, 1831. The literary labor performed by Madame de Girardin was considerable. Besides her poems, collected in 1842, and forming a large volume, we have from her the "Opera Glass," "Stories of an Old Maid to her Nephews," the "Marquis de Pontanges," "M. de Balzac's Cane," "Marguerite, or Two Loves," "We should not sport with Sorrow," and the "Parisian Letters," that is to say, her correspondence with the public, the work in which she shows herself in all the plenitude of her talent, in all the freedom of her spirit. There she speaks of everything, of literature, art, politics, of the drawing-room and the garret—of the lady and her lover, or, seizing the first excuse, sketches a portrait, or cuts a silhouette, or delineates, in twenty dashing lines, a striking picture of that society she knew so well. Her dramatic pieces are the "School of Journalists," a comedy in five acts, unanimously accepted by the committee of the Theatre-Français in 1839, but never acted; "Judith," a tragedy in three acts; the "Husband's Fault," a comedy in five acts; "Lady Tartuffe," a brilliantly successful comedy, in which Rachel played, and still plays the heroine; "Joy causes Fear," a piece which had over one hundred representations; the "Clockmaker's Hat," a most amusing farce and "A Woman who hates her Husband." She left also an unfinished comedy at the time of her death. She contributed largely to the success of her husband's journal, "La Presse," by the brilliant articles she published therein, under the name of "Vicomte Delaunay." Many of these essays and sketches remind us of Willis, who is more Parisian—in the best sense of the word—in his newspaper style, than any writer with whom we are acquainted. Madame de Girardin discussed everything with the same *abandon*, the same charm, the same facility, the same delicacy of perception. She was not a mere sketcher of external appearances, but a philosopher with a deep insight into the mysteries of life. So much for the authoress—for the character of the woman, we have the testimony of M. Saint-Beuve, who knew her well. "No one has more wit than Madame de Girardin. At a soirée, a dinner, or in a small circle, no one can be livelier, more amusing, or richer in smart and sparkling sayings. No one could charitably desire more confidence, ease, or dexterity in attack and repartee. If, when conversation commences, she seems to utter some premeditated pleasantries, which are like a part of her toilet, she has others, uttered every moment on the spur of the occasion, quite as good. We see that she is amused both by what she says and what she hears, provided the latter is witty. She plays a fair game and her whole soul is in it." In spite of the epigrammatic turn of her wit, Madame de Girardin was adored by all those who lived in the circle of which she was the centre. Devoted to her friends, she was also constantly dispensing anonymous charities. Of her literary performances, it may be said, as Moore says of Sheridan:

"She ran
Through each mode of the lyre and was mistress of all."

The Parisians lament that with Madame de Girardin they have lost one of the last, if not the last of their literary drawing-rooms—a *salon* where the tact of the hostess harmonized the brilliant talent her reputation convoked, and where artists and men of letters enjoyed the happiest intercourse. The salons, where the very best society assembled, used to be numerous in Paris before and after the revolution, but they are now few and far between, to the regret of citizens and strangers.



ENTRANCE TO THE ARSENAL AT VENICE.

ENTRANCE TO THE ARSENAL AT VENICE.

The rich and massive sculptured pile of which we herewith offer a representation, is one of the most imposing monuments of the Queen of the Adriatic. The spectator will notice the fine effect produced by the huge lions, the rows of statues, the massive archway and its flanking columns. The arsenal of Venice dates back to the year 1304, and the republic, during its centuries of glory and prosperity, successively embellished and adorned it. It is surrounded by strong walls and towers. Its circumference is estimated at two miles. The entrance shown in our engraving is the most picturesque part of the building. The sculptures of the archway were executed at the close of the 16th century, by the disciples of Sansovino. The four marble columns are attributed to the year 1460. The winged lion of St. Mark could not fail to be placed above the archway as the guardian and protector of the marine. The statue on the summit is that of St. Justine, sculptured by Girolamo Campagna; it is a souvenir of the victory won by the Venetians over the Turks on St. Justine's day in 1571. The other statues, on the pilasters which separate the iron railing, Victory, Wisdom, Strength, and other allegories, recall the same event. The four lions in Pentelic marble, placed, one on the right, and the three others on the left of the gateway, are not the least remarkable ornaments of this façade. They were brought from Greece by Francesco Morosini, surnamed the Peloponesiac, in 1687. The nearest one decorated the celebrated port of Athens, the Piræus, also called the Lion's Port.



MEXICAN FEMALES PREPARING TORTILLAS.

MEXICAN WOMEN PREPARING TORTILLAS.

Our engraving represents the interior of a Mexican hut built of canes, in which are two men in the costume of the country, and two women engaged in preparing *tortillas*, the staple food of the laboring classes. Although wheat is successfully cultivated in many parts of Mexico, the rich alone use wheaten bread, which is very dear. The people employ Indian corn, which is prepared in the following manner: a woman kneeling on the ground, and having before her a *metate*, a sort of granite table supported by four legs, places the grain upon it and crushes it with a granite roller, which she manages with both hands very dexterously. As soon as the corn, which has been previously soaked in water, is sufficiently manipulated, the tortillera lets it flow into a vessel placed before and below the metate. This operation terminated, the cook makes up the dough into cakes which are cooked immediately on a flat, earthen griddle laid upon live coals. The tortillas, not unlike our hoe-cakes, are very good eating when prepared by Mexican women who are adepts in the business.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MADAME ——.

BY "GAY HUMBOLDT."

Ellen, Spring has come again—
The same fair Spring that traced our sky,
When blushing flowers wreathed her brow,
And love-lit smiles danced in her eye.

Days are growing longer now,—
The same fair April days, I weet,
That used to climb old Mansfield's towers
With radiant eye and crimson feet.

Birds are singing too, how well!
High with joy, with love how deep!
Twilight's lingering heavens still tell
Nights too glorious for sleep.

Ellen, you were kind indeed,—
I know me well that cosy room,
Where sunbeams ever love to stay,
And night ne'er brings her sable gloom.

And yet, dear Nell, it may not be,
I may not meet thee there to night,
And though I pray that life for thee
Shall be all happiness and light:

Still, madame, do not wish me joy,
And do not bid me "call again;"
Thy beauty beams no more for me,
Thy smiles would pierce my heart in vain.

And didst thou think I could forget?
Thou shouldst have known this truth before—
The heart that's loved as mine has loved,
Still loves, and must forever more.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SACRIFICE.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

Rich old Squire Morton and his only son lived in the large, handsome house on the hill, and good Farmer Crosby and his wife and only daughter lived in the brown farm-house just at its foot. Squire Morton looked on his broad acres, and smiled grimly as he thought of his vast possessions, for money had been his idol, and his whole life had been an offering on its altar. He had married a wife who, besides being young and beautiful, was also wealthy. She had been brought up delicately, and in the cold atmosphere of his home, she pined and sickened, and in process of time, fell a victim to the insatiable idol of the place. She died, leaving an only son, heir to his father's wealth and to her own soft and delicate nature.

It may have been that Squire Morton's cold heart felt a little remorse concerning the early death of his young wife, but it is certain that his conduct towards his child was wholly inconsistent with his general character. He gave him a good education, for the boy liked books and learning. As he grew older, he seemed to expect no work from him; he let him do just what he pleased; found him in money, and asked nothing in return, but that he should live at home.

Farmer Crosby, living in the brown farm-house, was a hard-working man, and well to do in the world. But Farmer Crosby could never say "no," and unfortunately he put his name on a note, just to oblige a friend, and one day found himself obliged, for this one act of friendship, to mortgage his hard-earned farm. It was a hard stroke for the good farmer; it had been such a pride and joy to him to look round on his little place and feel that it was all his own, and that he had earned it by the sweat of his brow. It was a hard stroke, too, for Mrs. Crosby. She had worked diligently to assist her husband, and now to think that what they had looked upon so long as their own was not wholly theirs, but might pass into other hands, was indeed a bitter stroke.

Hard work had failed to bow the straight form of Farmer Crosby, but it bent before the stroke of this great trouble. Mrs. Crosby had ever, in saddest times, wore a smile, but now the tears often dropped upon her work.

But there was no help for it. The evening of their days must be spent like the morning, in incessant labor; the mortgage must be paid off; the place must not be sold. Had they but a son to assist them—but Heaven had vouchsafed them no son; Emma was their only child, and was just verging into womanhood. But Emma Crosby was a girl of great decision and energy; she could not be idle and see her parents toiling, and her mind was soon made up as to what she should do.

Now Emma had a lover, no less a person than Henry Morton, the squire's son, and it was but the very next evening after her father's misfortune that she stood waiting for him to join her according to appointment. Her step was firm and decided as she passed out at the door and down the garden-walk. She stopped to put a trailing vine in its place and to pull a rose as she passed along, and when she looked up, the light came to her eye and the smile to her lip as a young man of slight figure and delicate features came forward to meet her.

"You are late," said she. "I feared you had forgotten your promise."

"I sat over my book longer than I was aware," said he, looking up into her face with a timid air. "I hope you are not weary with waiting."

There was no displeasure in her frank, open countenance as she smilingly replied:

"It is of no consequence. I concluded you were dreaming over our books. But where shall we walk, Henry?"

"Anywhere, Emma, that it pleases you."

"Let us follow the path by the wood, and then down to the brook."

One would not certainly have supposed they were lovers: she did not take his arm; he did not assist her over rough places in their walk; indeed, her quick, nervous foot cleared the obstacles before his dreamy eyes saw them; she, strong, healthy, active, needed no protector; he, abstracted, delicate, pale, could not certainly have been looked up to as one.

So they walked on, she often getting far beyond him, and then turning round and waiting for him to overtake her, till they came to the brook, where they seated themselves beneath the far-spreading branches of an oak. The sun had just set, and rich golden clouds hung around the west; far up the sky was of a deep dark blue; calm and quiet lay the far off hills, with the soft light shining upon them; opposite was a grove of pines, waving their soft shadowy arms, and close beside them the brook murmured and rippled along. So they sat there—he, with his dreamy eyes fixed on the western sky; she, with her restless gaze first upon the clouds, then upon the pines, and finally upon her companion. He was quiet and still, as befitted the scene; she, restless and uneasy.

"See, Emma," he said, "how beautiful are the clouds, and how pretty the light falls upon the pines! How pleasant it is to sit here, after poring over books all day! It is such a rest—such a calm, quiet delight. But I think you said you had something particular to say. I hope it is nothing to disturb this quiet."

"I wanted to tell you that I was going away, Henry."

"Going away, Emma? What do you mean?"

"Why, Henry, father has been unfortunate: he endorsed a note for a friend, and has been obliged to mortgage his farm. I am going to work in a factory at L——, to help pay off the mortgage."

"O, Emma, that is a wild dream!"

"Not so wild as some of your dreams, Henry."

"But, Emma, how can I get along without you?"

A shade of disappointment and an expression, half-chagrin and half-vexation, passed over the girl's face for one moment ere she answered:

"I did not consult my pleasure nor my comfort in coming to this decision, only my duty. I can earn more money at the factory than anywhere else, and it would kill my father and mother to be obliged to leave their home; they shall not do it while I have strength to work. If you have any objection to urge against my doing this thing, I hope you will speak candidly: this is why I wished to speak to you to-night."

"It is all very noble and dutiful in you, I know, but I was thinking how lonely I should be without you. When my brain is tired and weary, it is such a rest to come to you. You are always fresh and unwearied; indeed, I fear I am very selfish."

The girl's eyes grew soft and liquid, but her voice was firm as she answered:

"I knew all this, Henry, and thought of it all before I decided. I knew you would miss me, and I had much rather stay than go, but duty and love to my parents urge me to my present course."

"You are right, Emma,—always right," said he, still gazing with his dreamy eyes upon the west.

Dreamy, unpractical man, he did not half comprehend nor appreciate the sacrifice the noble girl was making. He thought only of himself—of how he should miss her. He did not see how she was devoting herself to a life of toil, beginning at earliest dawn and continuing till after the light of day had vanished; he did not think of her as leaving her father's home, where she was so loved, for a residence among cold and unfeeling strangers; he did not think, even once, how dreadful the close, hot air of the factory must be to her, who was accustomed to the free air of her own hills; he did not think how weary and monotonous that life must be,—how, perhaps, she might pine and sicken in the close, stifled atmosphere,—how her healthy, active frame might grow thin and bowed with toil,—her fresh cheek pale, and her free step slow and languid; no—he only thought how he should miss her.

Emma felt all this, and her woman's love tried to excuse it to herself; "he is so dreamy—so unpractical." She, in her stronger nature, had not thought of coming to him in her trouble and abiding by his decision; no—she first settled the matter fairly in her own mind, and then gave the result to him as gently as she could, and he received it as she had expected he would. She was learning the hardest and most bitter of all woman's experience—the making a great sacrifice, and not having it appreciated or understood. She was having her eyes opened to a truth which it is painful to see, the selfishness of a heart we love.

Yet she was prepared for this. Wrapt up in books, planning great deeds which he might never execute, an ardent lover of the beautiful in nature and in art, yet often blind to the noblest developments of moral beauty, enraptured with the beauty of a sunset and the murmur of a brook, yet blind and deaf to the beauty of the sacrifice the human heart beside him was silently making. Such was Henry Morton.

Emma's factory life began dull and monotonously enough to outward appearance, but cheered by her holy resolution and strong determination. She never repented of her course, and if she ever tired, she had but to think of that dear home, of her father's gray hairs, and her mother's gentle smile, and grow strong again.

She had letters from home very often. Her lover wrote her long epistles, full of the great deeds he was to accomplish, glowing with beautiful thoughts and pleasant fancies, saying how he missed her, and longed for her return. When Emma read these, a pleasant smile would pass over her face, as when one listens to the dreams and fancies of a beloved child. But they contained no words of encouragement or strength; she never went to her work with a lighter heart after reading them; if she had depended for strength upon such a course, weak and frail would her spirit have become. But she leaned upon no such unsubstantial support his love was to her but as a beautiful adorning, not the strong pillar,—a pleasant summer retreat, but affording no shelter from the storms of life.

There seemed to be something in Emma's strong, active temperament to attract weak and clinging natures to her. Her roommate was a small, delicate, very beautiful girl. Nora Dalton had been brought up in luxury, and then suddenly left in want and penury, with scarcely a friend in the world.

Nora sought the factory for a means of earning a livelihood. Hard was its daily routine, its tedious confinement. Like an automaton, she went through her tasks, she walked with her companions to the factory, she sat at meals with them, but she was not of them. When Emma came, Nora instantly felt that she was superior to those around her, and Emma instantly knew that Nora was one who needed her love and friendship, and she willingly gave them.

Strong in her purpose, Emma toiled on, and a few years found that purpose accomplished. Her father's farm was his own again; she was in her old home, and things went on much as before. Yet not exactly as before, for Emma had taken Nora under her protection, procured a school for her, and her home was Nora's also. And in her new home, Nora seemed like another being. Gentle, beautiful and affectionate, she was one to be loved and petted. Good Farmer Crosby and his wife loved her almost as if she were their own child, and the whole village wondered at her exquisite beauty. The rustic beaux stood afar off and admired her, but scarcely dared approach her; she seemed to them such a vision of loveliness, and Emma enjoyed their round-eyed wonder. And to Henry Morton, she was the embodiment of a glorious dream. They were much alike—these two, given to dreaming and to poetry, to wandering in the woods, to listening to the song of the brooks and the murmur of the pines.

"Nora," said Emma, one evening, as she came in late, her hair wet with the dew, and her dress the worse for a long walk,—"Nora, where have you been? You are very imprudent."

"Walking with Henry down to the brook. We sat there longer than we were aware, and you know it is a long way home."

"But why did he not come in?" said Emma.

"I don't know; yes—he said he had some writing to finish, and wished me to ask you to excuse him."

Emma said nothing.

They were like two children—Nora and Henry. How long they would have sat by the brookside, or read love ditties beneath the shade of the trees, it were hard to tell; but just now there came a sudden awakening, for Squire Morton died, leaving Henry heir to his vast estate. He died and was buried, and Henry was left in his lonely home—lonely even in his father's life, still lonelier now. A few days after his father's burial, as he sat there, dull and gloomy, he heard a rap at the door, and Farmer Bird entered.

"Mr. Morton," said he, entering directly upon the business which brought him, "I come to speak to you about that pasture land of yours joining mine; you know—just beyond the meadow. I want to buy it of you. I have tried to trade with the squire, your father, but never could make out; you know he always held on dreadful tight to every rod of land he got—no offence, sir; but I thought that now, perhaps, you and I might strike a bargain. I am willing to give you what it is worth."

"What is the market-price of land like that now?" said Henry, trying to assume a business-like air.

"I offered your father, the squire, eight cents a foot, which was a high price as land goes here. I'll give you that for it."

"I'll think of it, Mr. Bird, and let you know; but I had rather not give a decided answer now."

"Very well; but I may conclude that I have the refusal of it?"

Henry bowed; but the farmer still sat there, twirling his hat in his hand.

"You must miss your father very much, sir," said he.

"I do, indeed," was the reply.

"I suppose," the farmer continued, "you will be getting married soon. It is very lonesome-like here for you, and you want somebody to take care of things. A good wife is a good thing, and I am right glad that you have so good a one in view. There isn't a smarter or better girl in town than Emma Crosby."

Henry made no audible answer—not that he was dreaming now, for the farmer's words had thoroughly awakened him.

Mr. Bird rose to take his leave. "A mighty strange fellow," said he, as he left the house; "no more fit to fill his father's place than I am to be president!"

"Married!" thought Henry Morton, to himself, when he was alone. "Yes; what hinders? Married to whom? To Emma Crosby, to be sure. Is she not my affianced wife? Is not the whole village expecting our marriage?"

So he sat there, in the dull old library, buried in thought. They called him to dinner, but he heeded not. The afternoon passed, and the setting sun was sending his last rays into the apartment, when he rose, and putting on his hat, walked out.

The old housekeeper looked at him as he passed down the garden-walk. "The death of his father hangs heavy upon him, poor fellow!" said she, shaking her head and wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.

He took the direct road to Farmer Crosby's house, but ere he reached it, his purpose failed him. He struck into the path leading through the woods down to the brook.

With a slow, heavy step he passed along, looking neither to the right nor left. He hears a sweet voice—it is Nora's voice. He looks up; he sees the flutter of a light garment through the trees—it is Nora's dress. Just then the singer turned, and her sweet face beamed full upon him. For a moment he put up his hands to his eyes, as if to shut out her presence. She turned to meet him.

"Ah, Henry, how glad I am to see you! I was just thinking of you." She laid her hand upon his arm, and looked up in his face.

She had such sweet, winning ways, it was impossible to resist her. Emma never clung to him in that way; never had any of those little charming ways which made Nora so bewitching. So thought Henry as they walked along. By-and-by they came to the rustic seat by the brook.

"Emma is coming by-and-by," said Nora.

"Emma?" said Henry, starting.

"Yes—Emma. What makes you start so? Do you know I think Emma is sad, lately? I don't know what has come over her. Dear Emma, I can't bear to see her unhappy."

"Do you indeed think she is unhappy, Nora?"

"I do. I fear something worries her."

"Have you any idea what it can be?"

"I have not,—dear Emma!" said she.

"Dear Emma!" echoed Henry. "I suppose you know," said he, turning to Nora, "that Emma is my plighted wife?"

"O yes," said Nora, archly; "I am aware of that fact."

"There is nothing now to hinder our union. I am rich, and in need of a wife; and yet how is it, Nora, the thought that I can now take her, who is so good and true, to be mine forever, brings no rapture to my heart? How is it, Nora? Tell me if you can."

Nora's cheek was pale, and she turned her face away from him, and gently put away the hand which had been resting on his arm.

"What shall I do, Nora? Emma has been everything to me. She has encouraged me; she has been my strength when I have been weak, and I thought I loved her, till—till you came, Nora; then," and he went on impetuously,—"then I found that we were not congenial. She did not enter fully into all my tastes and feelings; she did not live in my atmosphere; she was too practical—too matter-of-fact. She does not enter into my high aspirations when I talk of the fame which I am to earn for myself; she smiles upon me, it is true, but I see that she is incredulous. She has not the faith and confidence in me that you have, Nora. Now feeling thus, is it not a sin to marry her? Speak to me, Nora. Tell me what shall I do—what ought I to do?"

But Nora did not answer; she only sat there, with a look of fixed sorrow upon her sweet face.

"I don't love her, Nora; I love only you," he said, in a low voice.

Nora spoke at last:

"Don't speak so, Henry. You don't know how wretched your wild words have made me. Pray take them back; say you were but in jest. And I have caused all this—I, miserable wretch, whom she took to her home and her heart,—I, whom she has cherished as a sister. Had it not been for me, you would still have loved her; she would have been your wife; you would have been happy together. Emma, Emma, you have nourished a viper in your bosom!" She bowed her head upon her knees, and heavy sobs shook her slight frame.

Henry knew not what to say. In a few moments Nora lifted up her head.

"You ask me what you shall do? Conquer this foolish passion. I will go away; you will love Emma then. Take her for your wife, and she will make you happy."

"Nora, that is vain. I cannot marry Emma. I shall tell her my feelings. She is noble and good; she will understand me; she will not ask me to make so great a sacrifice. Nora, you must not—shall not go. What shall I do without you?"

Still the same selfish man; still thinking of himself.

"You don't know, Henry, what you are saying. Do not tell her. Marry her, as you are bound to do; keep your secret, and Heaven will reward you. When I am gone, you will cease to think of me."

He did not seem to hear what she said, but taking her hand, he said, passionately:

"Tell me, Nora, that I am not indifferent to you—that if I were not bound by honor to Emma you would be mine."

But Nora did not speak; she only bowed her head upon her lap, and withdrew her hand from his.

Henry grew desperate.

"Nora," said he, "I know you love me. Something tells me that I am dear to you. We are congenial, Nora; our wishes, our tastes are similar. Nora, we are made for each other; let us not, then, make our lives miserable for the sake of a mere point of honor."

Nora lifted her pale, sad face to his.

"A point of honor, Henry? Do you call Emma's happiness, your plighted word, a mere point of honor? I do not reproach you; the blame is all mine. I have been blind and thoughtless, but I see it all now. Heaven knows I would not make the humblest creature miserable; how, then, can I bear to think I am the cause of wretchedness to her who has been my best friend?" She rose to go, and he tried to detain her. "Let me go, Henry. My brain is almost wild. I cannot think while you hold me thus. I would go home." There was such a look of passionate entreaty in her pale, sad face that he let go her hand, and she darted from him.

She was gone. He was alone—alone with the murmur of the pines, and the ripple of the brook, but for once they were unheeded. He had not sat there long when he felt a light touch on his shoulder, and looking up, he saw Emma standing beside him.

"Where is Nora? I expected to find her here."

"She has been here, but is gone."

Emma looked at his disturbed face, and her woman's instinct told her that something was amiss.

"Henry," said she, and she seated herself just where Nora had been sitting, "I see by your looks that you have something to say, but first listen to me: I have not been blind for the last few months, and I am convinced that you do not love me,—that you wish to be free of your promises to me. You love Nora; you think she is more suited to you, and loving her, of course you ought not to marry another. You are free; your feelings have changed; I blame you not. Go to Nora; tell her that if she loves you, you can be happy."

He sat and heard her through; then taking her cold, passive hand, exclaimed:

"I knew it would be so, Emma. I told her you were too good—too noble to do otherwise than you have done. Thank you, Emma. We will love you very much—Nora and I!"

The old look of disappointment and chagrin passed over Emma's face. She pressed her hand upon her heart; she shut her eyes to keep the tears from falling; but with the same seemingly cold manner, she went on:

"I have seen all along, Henry, how it would be. I saw your love was passing from me. Nora is worthy of you; only love her as she deserves to be loved, and I will bless you." And she rose to leave him.

And so without once thinking of the sacrifice she was making, never dreaming how many hopes nor how much of love were crushed by the few words she had spoken, Henry Morton took back the vows he had spoken, heard the words that he was free to marry Nora, and blessed her for them, for they ensured his own happiness.

"Let me walk home with you, Emma. I wish to speak to Nora."

She had turned to go, but when he spoke, she waved him back with her hand. He saw her pale face, and for the first time, a faint idea of the sacrifice she had made crossed his mind; but he dared not speak to her; the pale face, the wave of the hand awed him. He waited till she had gone, and then rose and followed her.

When Emma reached home, she went directly to her chamber. She would have spoken to Nora, but she thought Henry would save her that trial. In the morning, she seemed the same as ever. Breakfast hour came, but Nora did not make her appearance. Emma went to her chamber; she was not there; she had not been in bed all night. Where could she be? A note lay upon the table; Emma opened it and read:

"DEAREST EMMA:—I must leave you. Do not ask me to tell you the cause of my departure. For all the good you have done me—for all you would still do for me, I bless you. But still I must leave you. Do not look for me; and when you are happy, think of me as one who would lay down her life for you.

"Your own NORA."

The tears fell fast from Emma's eyes as she read. "Poor Nora! where can she be? She has no friends. Alone in the world, what will become of her?"

"Nora—where is Nora?" said a voice at her side. It was Henry.

"Nora is not here," said Emma, in a husky tone. She passed him the note.

"What can this mean?" said he.

"You should know, if any one, Henry.. Did you not see her after I left you?"

"No. I came here; but she sent me word she could not see me. Where can she be?"

"I know not."

"And she left no message for me?"

"This is all."

"Why should she leave us thus when we might have been so happy? What is to be done, Emma?"

Emma's lips curled almost scornfully.

"Done?" echoed she. "Go after her, of course,—not stand here idle. She cannot be far from here. She must have taken the early coach, or, perhaps, walked to the nearest railroad station. It is of no use to stand here and say poor Nora." And she turned round and left him standing there.

A little ashamed of his indecision, he went out, mounted his horse, which stood at the door, and rode to the station-house. But the cars were gone; it would be half an hour before the next train came along. Before he had fairly made up his mind as to the best course to pursue, the train came rushing by. He hesitated; after all, he might not reach the city in season to see if Nora were in the first train; he might miss her. At this moment a female figure rushed by him, and darted into the cars. It was Emma. A shrill whistle, the train was off, and he was left behind. Emma had gone in search of Nora. "It is just as well," said he; "she can persuade her to come back better than I could do." So satisfied that all would turn out well, he rode homeward.

It was the express train which Emma had taken, and it would reach the city as soon as that in which Nora had started. With her veil over her face, her mind full of sad and anxious thoughts, she paid no attention to anything about her, till suddenly she was aroused by a shrill whistle, and the sudden stopping of the train. There was hurry and confusion; every one rushed to the car door. What had happened? She, too, followed the crowd. There had been an accident; the morning train had been thrown from the track. Had any one been injured? Yes—nearly all, more or less. It had been a fearful accident; many lives were lost.

Emma grew sick and dizzy, and her heart stopped its beating for a few minutes. Then she grew strong again, and with steady steps went to look for Nora. A sad sight met her eyes. Dead and wounded were lying together; there were mangled forms—there were groans and cries—a mother sat with her dead infant in her lap—some were lying there with limbs crushed to atoms and fearful bruises. It was a sight that no mortal could look upon and forget. And Emma's straining, eager gaze took in all this suffering humanity, and then she breathed again. "Thank God, Nora is not here!" But another thought, they may not all be here. She turned to a bystander:

"Are these all the injured?"

"No," said he. "They have carried one young lady into the next house. Perhaps," said the man, seeing her change color, "you are in search of a friend. Shall I go with you?"

Emma bowed, and the man went on:

"She was senseless when I saw her, but the doctor thought she might come to."

He ushered Emma into a neat, comfortable apartment, and there upon a bed lay the insensible form of Nora. The physician stood by, and one or two women, who made room for Emma as she came in. She turned to the physician:

"Do you think she still lives?"

"Well, madam, I trust she will revive. I see no external injury sufficient to cause death. You are a friend, or sister? Perhaps the sound of your voice might rouse her."

Emma went close up to her.

"Nora, Nora!" said she, with a shudder through her whole frame.

Her eyes opened, but her gaze was wild and strange. She revived somewhat, but reason seemed gone.

"Do not carry me home!" she shrieked; "anywhere but there!"

"A singular case," said the physician. "The wound upon the head is not sufficient to bring about such a result. Was your friend perfectly sound in mind when she left home?"

Emma replied in the affirmative.

"Perhaps of a nervous, excitable temperament, and the shock was too much for her."

Emma sent word to her parents of Nora's sad state, and that afternoon, her father came to take her home, as the physician said the journey would not injure here. They brought her home, and laid her upon her own bed, and for weeks she struggled with a severe brain fever, but at length she was pronounced out of danger.

A few weeks more passed. She grew stronger every day; but she never inquired for Henry,—never said anything about her leaving home, and Emma was afraid to introduce the subject. At length, taking pity upon Henry, who haunted the house like a ghost, she ventured to say to her, one day, when she seemed pretty strong:

"Nora, a very dear friend has been waiting at your door for weeks; shall I admit him?"

"Emma, I know who you mean; but how can I see him? Do you know—"

"Yes, Nora; I know all."

"All, Emma?—you don't know all; you can't know how we have both injured you—our best friend."

"Nora," said she, in her calm, quiet manner, "I know all. Henry is nothing to me now but a friend. The matter is all settled. He does not love me, Nora. If you love him, tell him so. All I wish is your happiness."

"And you have given him up to me? Emma, Emma, this must not be! You have suffered—you suffer now. I will not see him."

"Nora, have I not said he does not love me? God keep me from marrying one who loves me not. It matters little whom he prefers, so that he does not love me. I would give him up to my deadliest enemy. Don't make the deed more meritorious than it really is," said she, with a bitter smile. "I have loved him; I expected to marry him: all this is past. He loves you, Nora. Shall I call him?"

She covered her face with her hands. Emma went out, and soon after, Henry entered alone.

The sacrifice was accepted. Nora and Henry were married, and the two dreamers led a dreamy life. No doubt they were very happy in their own way—the child-husband and the child-wife. Being rich, they could afford to dream and lead an easy, idle life. But was there any difficulty, straight went a messenger down to Farmer Crosby for advice.

In course of time, Nora had a little brood of children about her. She petted them—played with them; but if any of them were sick, Emma must be sent for to nurse and prescribe for them; and when they were well, they were oftener to be found at the farm than in their own home.

Henry dreamed on, but the great deeds he was to accomplish lay still in the far-off future. The book he was going to write, the poem which was to make him immortal, lay still in the unworked quarry of his brain. His children, sad disturbers of day-dreams, grew up around him, and the old house, which had been so lonely in his boyhood, was gay with their ringing laughter. Then sports broke in upon his meditations; then wants, as they grew older, called for something more substantial than day-dreams. So he was forced to turn his attention to the cultivation of the rich lands left him, as promising to be a more profitable investment of his time than novels or poems, which, at best, are uncertain property to their owners. In time he became quite a respectable farmer, though the neighbors said that Farmer Crosby always had to tell him when it was time to do his planting, his mowing, and his harvesting.

By-and-by there came up a subject of wonder to the townspeople, in the fact that every week a gentleman of fine appearance and elegant manners was seen to pay regular visits at the home of Farmer Crosby. The visits, of course, were for Miss Emma Crosby. The gentleman was a wealthy and distinguished merchant from the neighboring city. In due time they were married, and a good wife she made him, and the neighbors said she had done as well as if she had married the squire's son; and she was good enough for anybody, no matter how rich or great.

TAUNTON, MASS.

The engravings on this and the succeeding page are from prominent and picturesque points in the pleasant and prosperous town of Taunton, and were from drawings made expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, whose faithful pencil is so well known to our readers. The first engraving represents the Episcopal Church, on Church Street, a very graceful building of the Gothic order, standing upon a terraced platform ornamented with graceful shade trees. The clergyman is the Rev. Edward Anthon. The second sketch is a view of Church Square. The building on the extreme left, partly hidden by trees, is the Bristol Academy, situated on Academy Street. The next building is the Unitarian Church, a fine stone structure; Rev. Charles H Brigham, pastor. On the right is the town-house, quite an imposing building. The upper part of this building is occupied as a school house. Church Square, from the number of fine buildings by which it is surrounded, and the shade trees with which it is liberally adorned, is a very attractive portion of the town. The pedestrians, carriages, haycarts, etc., in the foreground, give us a lively idea of a thriving New England town. Next in order comes a view of Taunton Green, a truly charming place. The noble elms that surround it are now in their fullest foliage and verdure, as represented in the picture, while the figures and carriages introduced by our artist are quite characteristic. The building on the left is the Court House, a very neat structure. The small building in the centre with pillars in front is the Taunton Social Library, while beyond, and almost obscured by the embowering trees, is a noble building—the Taunton Hotel, kept by A. J. Pease. The last view in the series is the residence of Mr. William Mason, the proprietor of extensive locomotive works. It is a very fine building, and stands at the junction of Clinton and High Streets. Taunton is the semi-capital of Bristol, and is situated at the head of navigation on the Taunton River, and on the New Bedford and Taunton Railroad, 35 miles south of Boston. Our engravings have shown the character of its architecture, and the manner in which it is laid out and ornamented. The town contains a large number of elegant private residences with tasteful grounds and gardens. The second State Lunatic Asylum, a fine structure with three domes, stands about a mile north by west of Taunton Green. The manufactures of Taunton are extensive and various, consisting of locomotives, steam engines, cotton and other machinery, nails, cotton goods, etc. The Taunton Locomotive Company is an old and prosperous establishment. Messrs. Mason & Co. manufacture locomotives and cotton machinery extensively. Messrs. Field & Son manufacture tacks and nails to the amount of $1,000,000 annually. The Old Colony Iron Company has a large capital, and does a corresponding business. Large quantities of brick are manufactured in this town. Ship-building has also resumed its former importance here. Taunton has a large coasting trade, and in the importation of breadstuffs, ranks third among the New England towns. Among its literary institutions are a high school and academy, which enjoy high repute. The Social Library, to which we allnded above, contains a large number of well-selected books. The name given by the Indians to Taunton was Cohannet, and Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins, who came hither in July, 1621, are supposed to have been the first Englishmen who visited it. At that time, the great plague, which had committed such ravages among the aboriginal tribes of New England, had left its traces in the forlorn and desolate condition of Cohannet. The proprietorship was then claimed by the sachem of Tetiquet. At the head of the list of purchasers of Taunton stands the name of Henry Uxley,



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, TAUNTON, MASS.

who sold out his house and real estate to Richard Williams (possibly a relative of Roger Williams), who may, therefore, be considered as the founder of Taunton, though Miss Elizabeth Pool, a lady of family and fortune, from Taunton, Somersetshire, England, generally has the credit of the settlement. "An ardent desire of planting another church in the American wilderness induced this pious Puritan lady to encounter all the dangers and hardships of forming a settlement in the midst of the Indians. She died in 1654, and her kinsman placed over her grave a stone with an inscription which commemorates her virtues." At the entrance of the Mount Pleasant Cemetery, which is laid out on a plan similar to that of Mount Auburn, stands a monument to the memory of this lady, with the following inscription:—"The Females of Taunton have erected this monument in honor of Elizabeth Pool, foundress of the town of Taunton in 1637. Born, before the settlement of America, in England, 1589, and died at Taunton, May 21, 1654." The inscription on the original gravestone, in the old burial ground, reads:—"Here rest the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Pool, a native of old England, of good Family, Friends and prospects, all of which she left in the prime of her life to enjoy the Religion of her Conscience in this distant wilderness. A great proprietor of the township of Taunton, a chief promoter of its settlement and its incorporation, A. D., 1639, about which time she settled near this spot, and having employed the opportunytys of her virgin state in Piety, Liberality of manners, died May 21, A. D. 1654, aged 65, to whose memory this monument is gratefully erected hy her next of kin, John Borland, Esq., A. D. 1771." The first pastor of the first church in Taunton was born about 1660. He married a sister of Edward Whalley, a major-general in the Parliamentary army, and one of the regicide judges. Mr. Hooke changed his residence to New Haven, Ct., in 1640, returned to England in 1656, and became a chaplain in the family of Oliver Cromwell, lord-protector of the Commonwealth of England. After the restoration of Charles II., he was silenced for non-conformity, and died in London in 1677. In a pamphlet entitled "Plain Dealing or Newes from New England," written by Thomas Lechford of Clement's Inn, January 17, 1641, and published in London, 1642, reference is made to the first church in Taunton. "Cohannet, alias Taunton, is in Plymouth patent. There is a church gathered of late: Master Hooke, pastor; Master Street, teacher. Master Hooke received ordination from the hands of one Master Bishop, a schoolmaster, and one Parker, a husbandman, and then Master Hooke joined in ordaining Master Street. One Master Donghty, a minister, opposed the gathering of the church there, alledging that according to the covenant of Abraham, all men's children that were of baptized parents, and so Abraham's children, ought to be baptized; and spoke so in publique, or to that effect, which was held a disturbance, and the ministers spake to the magistrate to order him; the magistrate commanded the constable, who dragged Master Doughty ont of the assembly. He was forced to go away from thence with his wife and children."

A CAPTAIN OF ZOUAVES.

The captain of Zouaves could scarcely have exceeded five-and-twenty years of age. Handsome in person, manly, frank, and courteous in manners, he was by nature, as evidently by choice, a true soldier of the tented field. In fact, almost a child of the wild Arabs, from having served in Algiers since his beard had commenced its growth—his home the camp, his resting-place not seldom nnder the vault of heaven. In the course of conversation, he informed me, without the slightest assumption of manner or bravado, that he had been five times wounded—four times in Algeria, and again at Inkermann. On the last occasion, General Canrobert had sent to him to say that his wound should be handaged with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. "I ask for nothing more," he replied. "This, however, is the third time it has been promised, but, as yet, I have never received it." "Be satisfied," said Canrobert, "the emperor will never neglect a brave soldier." "I obtained the wished-for prize," he continued, "and now, though scarcely recovered from my wounds, I am again returning, after a brief visit to my home, to the side of my brave comrades." In truth, he gave sufficient evidence of not having recovered from his wound; nevertheless, he was all anxiety to be once more in the battle-field, and full of energy and manly spirit. Indeed, the day subsequent to our arriva at Constantinople, I met him in the bazaar. He appeared so cast down—I really feared he had some great cause of sorrow; and so had he. His brave Zouaves, as he called them, had suffered severely in a recent sortie. Of this he had just been informed and he took the fact of his not having been present to share their dangers as much to heart as if he individually had been the cause of those disasters. I asked him if he frequently visited his home. "Rarely," he replied, "save when I have been wounded, and then I seek rest." Nevertheless, his family were alike wealthy and of high birth.—*Sayah: or, the Courier to the East.*

The humor of exploding many things nnder names of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. —*Swift.*



CHURCH SQUARE, IN TAUNTON, MASS.



VIEW OF THE GREEN, TAUNTON, MASS.

A FLOATING CITY.

The "Mistress of the Seas," as the London papers name the monster steamship, now building of iron, near London, is in the shape of plates, securely rivetted together. Her dimensions, etc., are thus described:—She has a double side fore and aft, all the way up to within a few feet of the taffrail. She has also double decks. By this means great buoyancy and strength are imparted to the vessel, as the space between the decks and sides is filled with air. She is built in eight compartments, all air and water tight. Her registered tonnage is 23,000 tons, with capacity for coal in addition of from 12,000 to 14,000 tons. Her draft of water when loaded will be 28 feet, and when unloaded 18 feet. Her average speed is computed at 23 knots or miles per hour. She will be propelled by a gigantic screw, 23 feet in diameter, four paddles, and by sails. Her number of masts will be seven, three of which will be crossed with yards, and square-rigged, as in a line-of-battle ship, and the other masts will have fore and aft sails. Her number of boilers will be ten, five on each side, and each having ten furnaces. She will carry, in addition to a sufficient complement of small boats, no less than eight small screw-steamers, each 110 feet in length, placed four on each side of the vessel. These steamers will land and embark both passengers and cargo. The passengers' berths are placed on both sides the entire length of the ship. The number of decks is four, and the height of the principal saloons, which are in the centre, is 15 feet. The number of passengers she will be able to carry is 600 first class, 1800 second class, and 10,000 troops with field equipments. Her length is 680 feet, her breadth of beam, 83 feet, depth from deck to keel, 58 feet, aggregate length of saloon, 400 feet. Her commander will be Captain Harrison, with a crew in all, including seamen, engineers, stokers, etc., of from 850 to 900 men, consequently, with all on board, she will comprise within herself a population of a large town, or even city, say 13,000 persons. Nearly 1000 men are employed in her construction. The contract price for her building is £320,000. There are then the expenses of her engines and the fittings, victualing, etc. The mere expense of launching her into the water, when completed, will be no less than £40,000, as hydraulic power will have to be used for the purpose, and the machinery employed of a peculiar construction. She will enter the water broadside on. Her deck is to be flush, except for cabin entrances and similar purposes, so that a promenade more than twice the length of the Great Britain's deck will be available for the passengers. The floor of the ship is perfectly flat, the keel being turned inward and rivetted to the inner ship's keel. These several skins are joined to each other by longitudinal webs or girders, formed of plate and angled iron. There are 17 of these webs on each side of the ship, which run the entire length, and are placed at such distances as to extend upward, at intervals of about three feet from the keel to the main deck, and again closed up in length varying from 20 to 60 feet. The main deck is treated in the same manner for 20 feet on each side, and iron girders bind one side to the other, so that the entire vessel may be denominated a web of woven iron, the rivets forming the fastenings, and the webbed or honey-comb cells becoming an indissoluble structure. The compartments between the outer and inner skin will hold 3000 tons of water ballast. The web plates are of inch iron, and the outer and inner skins are of three-quarter inch iron. The vessel will have 20 ports on the lower deck, each five feet square, to receive railway wagons. She has also 60 ports on each side for ventilation, and an abundance of dead lights. The lower ports are 10 feet above the water when the ship is loaded.—*Halifax News.*

SMOKING IN GERMANY.

The propensity of smoking is declared by the physicians to be actually one of the most efficient causes of the German tendency to diseases of the lungs. In point of expense, its waste is enormous. In Hamburg alone, fifty thousand boxes of cigars have been consumed in a year, each box costing about three pounds sterling; one hundred and fifty thousand pounds puffed into the air! And it is to be remembered that even this is but a part of the expense; the cigar adorning the lip only of the better order, and even among those, only of the young; the mature generally abjuring this small vanity, and blowing away with the mighty meerschaum of their ancestors. This plague, like the Egyptian plague of frogs, is felt everywhere and in everything. It poisons the streets, the clubs, and the coffee-houses; furniture, clothes, equipage, person, are redolent of the abomination. It makes even the dullness of the newspaper doubly narcotic; the napkin on the table tells instantly that native hands have been over it; every eatable and drinkable, all that can be seen, felt, heard, or understood, is saturated with tobacco; the very air we breathe is but a conveyance for this poison into the lungs; and every man, woman and child rapidly acquires the complexion of a boiled chicken. From the hour of their waking, if nine-tenths of the population can ever be said to wake at all, to the hour of their lying down, which in innumerable instances the peasantry do in their clothes, the pipe is never out of their mouths; one mighty fumigation reigns, and human nature is smoke-dried by tens of thousands of square miles. But if it be a crime to shorten life, or extinguish faculties, the authority of the chief German physiologists charges this custom with effecting both in a very remarkable degree. They compute, that of twenty deaths of men between 18 and 35, ten originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking. Tobacco burns out their blood, their teeth, their eyes, and their brains; turns their flesh into mummy, and their mind into metaphysics.—*Hamburg Journal.*



WILLIAM MASON'S RESIDENCE, TAUNTON, MASS.

RICHNESS OF RUSSIA.

The fisheries of Russia are most extensive and valuable. It is stated that 500,000 individuals are employed about them in the lower Wolga and Northern Caspian. The sea-coast fisheries in the Black Sea, Sea of Azoff, the Baltic and the White Sea, are great and productive. All her noble rivers everywhere abound with fish, and owing to the numerous fasts in the Greek Church, the consumption of fish in Russia is very great. There are in the Russian empire 542,177,248 acres of land in forests. These are of immense value, and as communications are opened up throughout the country, they will become still more valuable. There has been immense wastage in times past, but of late years the government has appointed special officers to look after them, to preserve them from unnecessary destruction. Russia is one of the best wooded countries in the world. The quantity of timber yearly consumed must be immense, when we recollect that nearly all the houses throughout the Russian empire are built of wood. The number of horses in Russia exceeds by 7,000,000 the total numbers in France, Austria, Prussia, the United States, and the United Kingdom, together about 14,000,000. The value of the whole must be very great Saddle horses sell from 300 to 1000 silver roubles each; and with the exception of the numbers that roam the eastern provinces, say 4,000,000—a peculiar and hardy and valuable breed,—the Russian horses are of an excellent quality. Their cavalry horses are equal to the English, and superior to any other in Europe. The number in Russia present to our view a force equal to 129,000,000 effective men. Taking them at half the average value (£32 10s.) of horses in the United Kingdom, or £16 5s. each, the total value will be £354,750,000. The number of cattle in the Russian empire exceeds by nearly 6,000,000 the total number in France, Austria and Prussia (24,823,394), and their value is also very great. At half the average value of those in the United Kingdom, the amount, at seven pounds each, will be £217,000,000. Minerals of the most valuable and useful kinds abound in Russia. Salt is found in various places; but there is a district of country on her southern frontier, extending nearly in a line parallel with the northern coast of the Sea of Aral and the Caspian, and to the north of the line mentioned, between both, where salt is found of the finest quality in such abundance that it is sufficient to supply the whole world for millions of years! Immense beds of sulphur have lately been discovered about Secamara, on the banks of the Wolga; and vast gold fields, richer than those in California and Australia, have lately been discovered around the sources of the Lena. Silver is most abundant at Nartshinsk, on the Chinese boundary. There is good reason to believe that all Siberia abounds with the precious metals. Very large fields of coals have been found in different parts of Russia, especially in the iron districts. To the westward of the Ural Mountains and the Don, in the government of Ekaterinoslay, a vast field of the very finest anthracite coal has been found, and is now working to a great extent. The gold produced in the Ural Mountains was, in 1851, £3,500,000. Sometimes it is much more and nearly double. Besides gold and silver, Russia has a vast extent of iron mines, yielding that metal of the very finest quality. There are also large mines of platina, copper, lead and zinc. Copper especially is found in the government of Olonetz, and in the Oural and Altai Mountains. It is produced to the extent of about a million pounds a year. Large quantities of lead are obtained from the mines of Nertschink and Kholivano. The iron works in the Oural Mountains employ above fifty thousand laborers.—*National Intelligencer.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

BY GERTRUDE M. BUNN.

Blessings be on thee! may the God of heaven
 Send down to cheer thee through thy future life
The richest blessings e'er to mortals given,
 So may each hour with happiness be rife!
May friendship, love, and all those tender ties
 Unto the human heart most truly dear,
Cheer with their sweet and kindly sympathies
 The rugged pathway of thy life while here!

There is on earth a bright, angelic band
 Of sisters—a blest gift to mortals given—
When nature faints, strengtheuing the weary hand,
 And pointing still the languid eye to heaven.
O, may these angel guides, Faith, Hope, and Love,
 Shed o'er thy future life a radiance blest,
Leading thee onward to the world above,
 Where storms are o'er and where the weary rest!

May all that's bright around thy path be thrown,
 And heaven's own sunshine cheer life's gloomy way;
And when around thee death's dark night is thrown,
 May it but usher thee to endless day!
O, may this prayer bring down the choicest blessings
 Which by our Father's hand are ever shed;
And may its influence be with thee resting,
 When she who offers it is with the dead!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HOUSE IN SHADOW.

BY FRANCES M. CHESENRO'.

In that part of the city of Boston denominated the "South End," stood, twenty years ago, a large, old-fashioned building, painted a sombre brown color, and so surrounded by high brick walls as to shut out the soft sunshine that played upon the opposite roofs, and lighted up with brightness the otherwise gloomy dwellings. For many years had this quaint old building sat in the shadow, cold and stern in its appearance, and forbidding in its surroundings. The front windows were dressed in heavy folds of rich but faded damask, and heavily carved inside shutters excluded all light and air from the apartments.

No happy, smiling faces of children were seen at the windows, looking out into the quiet street, no merry little voices were heard at their noisy games. People passed and re-passed the stern old house, and wondered who was shut up within its cloistered walls. Children never played on the sidewalk in front of the mansion; lovers never lingered beneath the heavy shadow that enveloped the dwelling like a black cloud; even beggars passed on and sought the sunshine on the opposite side; only now and then, a lonely wanderer, houseless and weary, stopped in the fast thickening darkness to screen himself from the vigilant eye of the watchman, in the deep gloom that mocked the starlight darkness of the night.

A heavy brass knocker at the door admitted you to the interior of the building. The people who lived opposite, sat and watched the forlorn appearance of the old house, and marvelled as day followed day, and weeks and months went by, why so few persons passed into the door of that mysterious dwelling. There it stood, frowning upon you, never relaxing its stern features, cold, cold, even with the heat of a summer's sun shining upon it.

Was it that the exterior of this mansion had caught the gloom and sternness of the occupant who dwelt within? Had the shadow that had fallen upon the life of the still beautiful woman who lived within, fallen like a curse upon the mansion? The busy, curious neighbors told strange legends concerning it, hut whether they drew them from their excited imagination, and wove them out of their fertile fancies, or founded them on authentic facts, it was impossible to tell.

No old families lived in the vicinity. The houses were all occupied by new inmates, and no one of them could look back eighteen years and compare the appearance of this particular place with its present gloomy aspect. It stood there defying curiosity, and indifferent to the noisy life about it.

Just so indifferent was the occupant, who through the weary days and nights of each succeeding year lived within these walls. She was still a beautiful woman, but stern and immovable in feature as the face of the mansion itself. She was a woman of thirty-six years, though to young eyes she might seem ten years older. Let us pass in at the door, through the dark halls, and penetrate into the very heart of this solitude, and there seek for some knowledge of the history of this person.

More than eighteen years before, James Howard brought into this elegant mansion his young and lovely bride. There was much gossip at the time of his marriage. The young heir had married, without the consent of his parents, a young girl below his position in life. He was of age, and in possession of a fortune by inheritance (of which this old mansion was a small part), and could, as he thought, well afford to incense his parents by marrying as his fancy dictated. Edith, his young bride, was very beautiful, and he gloried in her charms. She was brilliant and fascinating, and easily won the heart of the rich young profligate.

There was gossip too among her circle of friends. It was rumored that she had broken a plighted troth, to marry her wealthy suitor. She had torn from her heart the image of one who had won it in very childhood, to gratify an ambition to rise above her then humble state. It was told how the young student, plodding his way through poverty to achieve a name, was suddenly crushed by the blow given by her gentle hand. He was hopeless, reckless, forgot his God, and his own great aims that had hitherto urged him on to action, and for a time lay sunk in dissipation, with ruin hovering over his head.

Faint rumors afterwards reached the ear of the young bride that her lover had sprung up from his infamy, and with mad enthusiasm was rushing on again to reach the goal that had glistened before his boyish eyes. Then all knowledge of him ceased, or at least no further tidings penetrated those thick walls to cheer the lonely heart that pined in the midst of its splendors, and was starving by the side of a plenteous feast.

Edith was a gay but not a happy bride. She swept through those spacious rooms in her queenly beauty, the admired of all eyes, and the pride of her worldly husband, but with the ghost of an old sorrow ever by her side, unseen but felt, and its stealthy footsteps followed upon her soft tread, and mocked her in her day dreams of gilded happiness. Pride rose in her soul, and with gigantic will she strove to thrust out the spectre; but in vain, for ever glided by her that same dark presence, sometimes slipping into shadow and secreting itself from her gaze to raise false hopes, then suddenly starting up, and with more mocking features beckoning her on to the extreme verge of mental misery.

Edith did not love her husband, but she bore children that she did love, and now she felt that the old sorrow would be allayed, but ever in the quiet of her happiness came the spectred memories, and hovered about the cradle of her dear ones, and watched over their sleep, and jeered upon their smiles. This was the worst of all trials. She almost maddened under it, and even her children's happy faces and their merry, sweet voices could not bring peace to her heart.

Years passed on. James Howard lived an extravagant and reckless life, but his large fortune was not wasted, nor his good name tarnished in the eyes of the world. Death arrested him in early manhood, and he passed from his splendors here into eternity almost without a warning. His two sons grew up to boyhood, but inherited his diseased constitution, so that at an early age they too were taken from their mother's side. One daughter, fragile and beautiful as a lily, was left a little time to cheer the mother's heart. She lived to unfold her rare beauty, then sickened and died.

Edith now sat down amid the ghostly shadows of her palace home and turned her grief inwardly, keeping her eye dry and her brow placid, but nursed the sorrow with her very life blood. Unlike many of her sex, she did not grow gentle and tender by her grief. Better she might have been, if fasting and prayer, and nightly vigils, and silent watchings could make her so, but in aspect she seemed to be slowly turning to stone. She gave up society and friends, and kept about her only one faithful attendant, who had known her in happier days. The other servants seldom saw the face of their mistress.

Thus was Edith at thirty-six years of age. A few old friends still clung to her, and refused to be shaken off, who sometimes would penetrate into the solitude of her life. It was one of these faithful ones that on one occasion presented herself before Edith, and submitted to her hearing a request.

"I have come on a strange errand," she said, "but I pray that it may not be a bootless one."

The cold face of Edith grew colder, as the soft, womanly voice of the friend went on in its gentle pleadings.

"Why will you shut out all life from your soul? Why will you rebel against the good God, by this state of indifference and selfishness?"

Edith choked down the tenderness that stirred her soul, and with a stern, almost unkind, voice, said:

"Because it pleaseth me so to do; pass on to your request."

"It is this. I have in my house a young girl, perhaps ten years old, who is motherless and fatherless, as far as any love and care are concerned, who needs a home, who needs *your* kindly care and assistance. Will you take this child as your own, and bring her up to fill the place which your own beautiful daughter has left vacant?"

Tears sprang up in the heart of Edith, but she stopped the fountain, and turned it back before it reached her eyes.

"Why do you ask such a request? Who could live in these cold shadows, and in the gloomy atmosphere of this house? All my own children sickened and died for want of sunshine without and cheerful tenderness within. Do not ask me to change my lot; I accept it, hut feel no joy in life."

The visitor went away, sad and discouraged. Edith sat down in her lonely room, buried her face in her hands, and groaned aloud. The cry of her poor heart was for the love that only once had blest her life. The years that had passed seemed to have vanished from her memory, and the thought of that last scene with her lover seemed as an occurrence of yesterday. The fine face of the student beaming with manly love was before her. She felt the presence of the loved one.

Ah, how bitterly did she weep and call upon the past to give back its lost happiness! She started and grew scared by the mocking spectres of buried joys that went stalking through her memory. Then recalling all her pride, she seized her tenderness, and with a desperate will she thrust it into the most secret niche of her soul, and turned a heavy bolt upon it, and then again she was the cold, forbidding woman.

The day following, Edith's seclusion was again interrupted by the entrance of the visitor of yesterday, and this time she came not alone. She led by the hand the child for whom she had solicited kindness and care. Their presence seemed to awaken Edith from a reverie, for she looked up suddenly, and her eye fell upon the pretty face of the little stranger. Instinctively she held out her hand to bid the child approach. There was something in the soft eye, and the wavy hair upon the temples, that recalled some old familiar face. She started, and almost gave a cry of pain as the little one opened her lips to speak. What was the magic of that little face?

"Come to me, child," said Edith, striving to regain her usual calm and cold exterior.

"I do not wish to go," whispered the little one, clinging to the arm of her more genial friend.

"Go, my child, there is nothing to fear." This command was received by a hurst of tears and sobs from the sensitive child.

One look of reproach from the faithful friend changed the tone of the stern woman, and in a more tender voice she again hade the child approach her.

The little girl, striving to check her tears, went forward at the lady's bidding.

"What is your name, pretty one?"

"Edith, ma'am."

"Edith! why were you named Edith?"

"Mother told me that father named me Edith because he thought it a pretty name."

"Is your father dead? Tell me what you remember of him."

"I do not know anything of father now. Mother is dead, and now I never hear any one talk of him."

"Explain to me what you know of this child's parentage," said Edith, addressing her old friend.

"There is little I can tell you. Her mother was a young and quiet woman, who married a man twice her years—a lawyer by profession. After a few years of married life, he was unsuccessful in business, lost all he had accumulated, and left the country to seek a better fortune elsewhere. For a time his wife heard from him, and occasionally received money for her subsistence; but for six years no tidings have been heard of him, excepting a report that he had taken to reckless, dissipated habits."

"How old are you, Edith?"

"Ten years, ma'am."

"Will you come and live with me, Edith?"

"Will you love me if I come?" said the child, looking up timidly.

"Yes, dear little one; come and be my Edith. I will love you, and bestow all care and kindness upon you."

The visitor wept tears of joy, and departed, leaving her little charge with her friend.

There was something about the little child that aroused all the old girlish tenderness in the soul of the stern woman. Her little voice awoke memories that would not be silenced. Edith felt from the first moment that she looked on the child, that God had sent it to her to repay her for the wasted love of her youth. The sorrow was over, and the links of her childhood were to be joined to her woman's life, and she was to live and be better and happier for the discipline.

The child grew and was very beautiful. Her dainty feet chased the shadows away that had hovered over the gray gloom of the dwelling; the sunlight was let in, and the fresh breath of heaven penetrated into apartments musty and damp from long neglect.

At the end of a year there came a man, middle-aged but careworn, to the mansion, and he knocked for admittance. He passed through the hall door and it closed upon him, shutting out from busy life without all further knowledge of an arrival that was to bring a risen joy into that household. The woman of maturity and the careworn man, pilgrims on life's rugged road, had met at one of the last mile stones, covered with the dust and bruises of their thorny journey, and recognized each other at a glance.

The father had come to claim his child, little thinking whom he was to thank for the care of his little neglected one. He brought no fortune with him, only the wealth of reformed habits and a freight of fresh hopes. It was not yet too late to begin a new, active life. He came to find his child, calling by the sweet name of mother one who had well nigh wrecked his life's happiness. Should she not retain that sweet title? Youth and passion had passed, manhood was in all its prime, but even with the charm and romance of youth gone, why not walk hand-in-hand through the remaining journey, supporting each other's steps, and cheering by each other's smiles!

Again the old mansion witnessed a bridal scene. Then the sunlight fell softly upon the old roof, yet brown and sombre, but the happiness within had penetrated the very bricks of the walls, and the shadows seemed less heavy; indeed they stalked off in their pomp and gloominess, and a genial light played without and within.

DINNERS BEFORE THEY ARE COOKED.

Striking is the aspect in which our London supply presents itself to view, when we consider the question—how many animals are alive and growing at once, destined for the London cattle-market? It is supposed that, taking the average age of hullocks and sheep when brought to market at four years and two years respectively, the numbers cannot be far short of 1,000,000 bullocks and 4,000,000 sheep, thus marked out for the metropolitan dinner-tables. Some are on the wild moors of northern Scotland; some are on their way to trysts at Falkirk and Galloway; some are under the charge of railway companies, for transport to the richer soil of Suffolk and Norfolk; some are fattening in those two counties, or in the midland districts; some may be growing in Flanders, Holland, or Holstein, and some in Ireland; the short-woolled sheep may be luxuriating on the Downs of Sussex; the long-woolled may be grazing in Leicestershire; some are suckling, and some are fattening.—*London Times.*

A VENERABLE CLERGYMAN.

The U. S. House of Representatives have as their chaplain, the venerable Daniel Waldo, of Syracuse. He was nominated for the office by Gen. Granger, who stated that he was in his 94th year, and has been a Congregational minister for more than 70 years. He is yet erect, cheerful and active, and quite gifted in his profession. Mr. Waldo was taken prisoner by the British on York Island, and confined with several hundred more in the far-famed and fatal Sugar-house Prison, in New York, where he endured sufferings and cruelties equalled only by those on board the Jersey prison ship.—*Washington Globe.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY CHANT

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Cheops' grand pyramid sinking 'neath sandy waves—
Plains over which the wild simoon blows;
Tracks wild with ages, where vultures all gory rave,
Eclang the queen comes of all Ziugaroos.

Monnts where the torrent foams headlong and thundering—
Jnngles the wild lions hardly pierce through;
All the wide world over Romany's wandering,
Nought can escape from the wild Zingaroo.

Statnes the rising snn gilds in his gorgeousness—
Eye of the universe—piercing all through!
Sparks of his glory light Zingari's loneliness—
Bleared is the eye of the seers of Zingaroo.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CAPE ANN WRECK.

A TRUE SKETCH OF OUR OWN SEASHORE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

The dull gray clouds had been gathering all day in the sky. It was too cold to have a downright, hearty rain, or even snow; but once in a while there came sharp, spiteful flecks of half-icicle, half-snow, that cut against the cheek and lips like steel. At the northeast there were huge masses of dense clouds, of which each seemed to embody a young whirlwind; and at the sonth there was a cold, blue line above the sea, stretching the entire length of the coast, and telling of approaching storms and the fierce battle of the wind and wave.

Down in the fisherman's cottage, near the beach, and scarcely protected from the fury of the waves by a long shelving rock, the fisher's wife sat in mute but unmistakable anxiety. All day she had watched and waited for the welcome sight of the little frail bark, to which all her treasures were entrusted, save one. Her two sons—one fifteen, the other nineteen years old—were out in the same boat with their father. Her daughter, now eleven, sat by her side with an unusual expression of sorrow on her childish face.

One after another the rough fishermen would come in, to ask if her husband had come, although they well knew that he had not—for they had begun some hours before to have fears of his safety. And no one knew better than Margaret Beaman herself, that unless he should have time to get in sight before dark, the chances were all against him. A dweller by the sea from her childhood, the daughter and sister of fishermen, and now for twenty years the wife of another, she would be likely to feel and calculate the peril to which she was certain her husband was exposed. Mechanically her fingers kept on working, but with a nervousness and absence of interest, painful to see. And there were those who, before the dull afternoon had begun to deepen its shadows, were sitting by her in the quiet room, and talking of the probabilities which now seemed so faint.

"If he can but round yonder point afore dark," said Thomas Hallock, an old and experienced seaman, "he will get in safe enough, for the boat goes over the wave like a bird—but I am afeared it will be night afore he makes the point."

Margaret kept on her work, but little Jenny could not imitate her. The child went sadly and put away her playthings in the closet, and sat down again by the fire with clasped hands, and a thoughtful look on her little brown face that was pitiful to see. Her little heart was yearning for her father and brothers, and she noted every word that Thomas Hallock had uttered.

There was a portentous lull in the atmosphere now. It grew darker and blacker without, and in the low room they could hardly distinguish each other's faces. Could they have done so, Margaret would have seen that the brave old seaman turned pale, and that there was no hope in his countenance. Lower, darker grew the blackness, and then the winds were let loose. Down came the blinding storm of hail, rain and snow mingled together, and above all, and over all, the fierce wind triumphed. Not a living thing could have walked the beach for an instant without being swept into the sea; and the inhabitants of the few scattered huts trembled as they heard clapboards and shingles torn off and carried hundreds of yards, up into the town itself.

Above the beach a few stunted and crooked trees had grown for years, slowly indeed, but with some progress towards mature size. These were lifted like feathers from the ground, and borne violently over the tops of the low houses. Windows were blown out, fences scattered, and gate posts uprooted; and in the little barns attached to almost all the dwellings, the solitary cows were kicking and plunging furiously. The houses themselves rocked like so many cradles; and men who had braved the terrors of the sea for years in vessels like egg shells, now quivered and trembled in their wind-shaken habitations on the land.

Margaret sat speechless and faint in the dark room, unperceived by her neighbors, who chatted on in the lulls of the storm, in a low, monotonous tone, which almost distracted her, while yet she could make no effort to hush them into silence. There was a slight pause in the storm, while it seemed gathering itself up into new fury, and the sky was, for a moment, less dark. No one came in—for no one could have stood against the fierce wind long enough to have passed from one cottage to another; and even the monotone of Thomas Hallock ceased to be heeded by the ear of Margaret. Her work had dropped from her hands when the increased darkness came on, and she sat clasping little Jenny's hand, as if to feel that she had at least one left.

O, that treacherous sky of the morning, which had tempted the fisherman and his sons to take out the boat, which was nearly past using! But the morning sun had risen so gloriously, and the winds slept so tranquilly on the bosom of the waters, scarce rippling their glassy surface, that Ansel and William had prevailed on their father to go out. He went at their earnest pleading, but told Margaret they should be in long before supper time.

In the midst of the temporary lull which succeeded a long and loud clashing of the elements, the door was opened, and Agnes Blair, who was William Beaman's betrothed wife, came in. How the poor girl had weathered the storm sufficiently to arrive there in safety, it was impossible to say. Her hair and clothes were drenched in wet, and her face gleamed up like a white lily, as she entered. Thomas Hallock took her hand, and almost reverently, as if fearing to touch one under so great sorrow, he led her to a seat by the fire, and took off her wet shawl. No word was spoken, but she had sat there but a few moments, when a gun was heard. Another and another!—fast and loud they came, and the old sailor sprang to his feet, and ran out into the blinding storm.

Poor Margaret knew that the signals were not for her. It must be some large vessel, that was now coming fast onward to its destruction; and down in the depths of her troubled spirit she felt, for a moment, that there was some comfort in the thought, that there she would not be the only bereaved one.

But it was a thought born of her present distraction, and not a real sentiment—for she was too kind-hearted to cherish it. The firelight shone upon the faces of her companions, and she looked mournfully towards Agnes Blair, as if to ask her sympathy; but the girl sat with closed eyes, and saw nothing but the sinking boat, as it was pictured on her mind.

On leaving the house, Thomas Hallock had called to two stout fishermen, John and George Swift, to come out and reconnoitre the beach, if possible, and try if they could see or hear anything of the vessel which was in such evident nearness to the shore.

The storm-king had spent the greater part of his fury, and as the clouds thinned a little, the three men thought they could perceive the tall masts of a ship rocking to and fro, at a very slight distance from the beach—so slight as to appear in the greatest possible danger. It was the work of only a very few minutes to roll down to the water's edge, and to set on fire, a number of barrels smeared thickly with tar and pitch; and almost beyond their expectations, they blazed fiercely, and threw a broad gleam upon the waves. Still the ship came on pitching and rolling, now deep in the trough of the sea, now mountains high, and threatening each moment to be thrown, a shattered wreck, upon the shore. She was now so near, that in the lulls of the storm, they could distinctly hear the shouts of those on board.

It was a terrible moment to those three brave seamen. They did not forget that Dennis Beaman and his sons were probably, if alive, exposed to the merciless elements; nor could they conceal from themselves the fact, that any attempts to succor those who were already in sight, would involve almost certain death to him who should make it. And yet, how could they stand there inactive, and see that noble ship, as they now found it to be, go down to the deep without an effort to save the precious lives with which she was freighted?

A crash from the ship, which struck at that moment, decided them. A small boat, which lay between two rocks so tightly wedged that even the wind had not lifted it out of its place, was turned upwards, and two pairs of stout oars were found underneath. They dragged it to the water's edge and embarked. It floated over the waves like an egg-shell, and, in spite of the storm, the two young oarsmen managed, with Hallock's assistance, to get her near to the spot where they supposed the ship to have struck. There were one or two white faces gleaming up under the light of the tar barrels, as the bodies floated inward; and the fishermen saw that they were strong and able swimmers, and they rowed still more swiftly to the ship. Overhead, the storm had abated; but the surf ran mountains high, and the billows foamed and boiled in their mad rage, and threatened destruction to the frail thing that danced over them, with its precious freight of human life.

They had nearly reached the spot where the ship was stranded, when they heard a cry that almost froze their blood. She had parted amidships, and the people were throwing themselves into the sea.

"—— and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

They reached at length the bare and shapeless rock on which the ship had struck. There were perhaps a dozen persons standing on it, and a few who had not yet left the creaking timbers of the ship, and Hallock, the experienced and more daring seaman, called to the sufferers to descend carefully into the little boat. Not a boat had yet been taken out from the ship. Hallock and George Smith, with incredible difficulty, managed to get out the long boat, and to take out the remaining persons who still clung to the wreck; while John Swift was left to take care of their little shallop.

But while John was wondering how his single arm could possibly aid them to the shore, the pair of oars next his own were seized by a strong arm, and even in the darkness he recognized Dennis Beaman! John uttered a loud shout, and Dennis knew his voice.

"John, my good fellow, did you know we were here?" said he, eagerly.

"No, but we shall be thankful enough to take you home, too!"

It was all that either could say, for the boat was now full, and their strength and skill were all needed. Both boats were now within range of the beach fires; and before they could land, they saw figures in the bright light, apparently bending over the dead and dying.

The storm had ceased, though the waves kept up their wailing monotone, and the boats were safely brought to land. As the exhausted people touched the shore, a cry of deep gladness, in which the voice of woman was heard, greeted them. On the beach lay two or three bodies, from which the life seemed wholly gone out; but the sailors carried them to the nearest houses, one of which was Dennis Beaman's cottage. Margaret was bending over the pale face of a boy nearly the age of her youngest son, Ansel, and trying by every means to restore him. A faint motion had just encouraged her to hope, when in rushed her two sons, followed by her husband! Margaret did not faint, and only for a moment did she slacken her exertions. She thought of the boy's mother, and renewed her efforts. Her husband's more practised skill soon availed, and wrapping the youth in warm blankets, they laid him tenderly down upon little Jenny's bed.

From one of the seamen, who happened to be brought to Beaman's house, they learned that he was a passenger; that his father had committed him to the care of the captain of the ship, which was bound to New York from London. This was all that the man knew, except to testify to the boy's generous and affectionate disposition, that had charmed all on board, and made him a universal favorite; and that when the danger was at its height, there were several of the passengers and crew who were calling loudly for Howard Stanton.

Beside him, on the low bed, lay Agnes Blair, stricken down with sudden blight at the first entrance of the men with the apparently lifeless body of the boy; nor had all their efforts availed to rouse her from that deathlike swoon. Her sweet face was paler even than that of Howard Stanton. And it was not until the boy was fully restored, and the present anxiety for his life was past, that she opened her eyes to see William Beaman kneeling by her side; and at a little distance his father and Ansel were heating blankets, and wrapping them around the slight figure that lay near her.

Margaret was gliding round, with her face all wet with the tears which she could not shed before; and little Jenny was flitting hither and thither, doing everything, and handing everything, just in the right time, while Thomas Hallock was trying to hide his real sympathy under a rough voice, which, nevertheless, sometimes trembled, in spite of his efforts to restrain it.

Morning came—the clear, cold, wintry morning, with a sky as purely blue and cloudless, as if no storms had ever reigned triumphant over those now laughing, dancing, sparkling waves. The sea was sublime in its beauty on that morning, as if it had forgotten its "heathenish and fearful dealing with human life" of the previous night. The beach was strewn with wrecks from the ship, and afar off, the little fishing-boat, from which Dennis and his sons had been taken into the ship, was floating over the waves unhurt!—while the nobler vessel was broken into fragments. A few had perished, and their bodies were floating inward towards the beach; but the greater part were saved by the matchless bravery of the three seamen. We build monuments to heroes who peril their lives for glory; but for such as these, we have no visible tribute! But there is a better monument in human hearts; and the prayer of those whose beloved ones were saved on that fearful night will not fail to ascend for the brave men who rescued them from an ocean-grave.

How fondly did Margaret hang over the beautiful boy whose life she had so tried to save! It was long before he fully recovered; but when he did, there was a world of gratitude in that young heart, which in after years blossomed out into love for sweet Jenny Beaman, and turned the fisherman's cottage into a lovely and pleasant home, still standing in that "kingdom by the sea."

A MAGAZINE OF DEATH.

The grounds belonging to the United States Arsenal, at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, embrace an area of 27 miles. In the three magazines there are 30,000 pounds of powder, and 9,000,000 rounds of cartridges for small arms and cannon. The storehouses contain 35,000 muskets, rifles, pistols and carbines, 2500 sabres, 100 cannons, 600,000 cannon-balls and shells, 30,000 pounds canister, and accoutrements for 10,000 men. The total value of the land and buildings, with their contents, is over $1,000,000.—*New York Express.*

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as counected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

☞ Specimen numbers furnished when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

THE MISSES FOX.

Our readers, believers and non-believers in Spiritualism, will thank us for presenting them portraits of the "original rappers," the Misses Fox, of Rochester, who have made so much noise in the world. The likenesses are from a daguerreotype by Meade Brothers, of New York, and are therefore reliable. Since the origin of the rapping excitement in Rochester, in 1849, mysterious demonstrations of the nature of those of which the Misses Fox were the media have been signalized all over the world; they have given rise to books, pamphlets and newspapers without number, and the believers in their spiritual origin are numbered now by hundreds of thousands. The phenomena exhibited by the media are so curious, that learned and scientific men have felt it their duty to investigate them, and various are the theories by which they are sought to be accounted for. One of the most elaborate works on the subject is that by Professor Mahan. Prof. Faraday, of England, has also given the subject his attention, and honored it with his theory. Congress has been memorialized to appoint a committee of investigation; but as yet our legislators have not seen fit to devote their time to spiritualism. Of the ladies, whose portraits we present, it may be sufficient to remark, that no imposture has been found upon them; and that committees composed of the cutest Yankees, both male and female, have failed to discover any secret machinery or fixtures, by which the sounds heard from and about them might have been produced.



THE SISTERS FOX, THE ORIGINAL SPIRIT RAPPERS.

WRECK OF THE CAZADOR, CHILIAN STEAMER.

Last winter, with its unusually wild and stormy weather, was sadly prolific of disasters on the coast and ocean. The details of the wreck delineated in our engraving are doubtless so familiar to our readers, that it would be useless to recapitulate the painful particulars. It is enough to remind them, that the Chilian government steamer, Cazador, a fine vessel, on her voyage from Talcahuano to Valparaiso, with three hundred and fifty-eight persons on board, was driven on a reef off Point Carranza, near Maule, on the thirtieth of January, 1856, and nearly all perished. Our engraving is from a drawing made by an eye-witness, and delineates the terrible occurrence with fidelity. The scene is startling and terrific. The wild waves are breaking over the bows, and are fast engulphing the gallant fabric, sweeping off the unfortunate crew and passengers, men, women and children, by scores. Their struggling forms are seen contending with the furious billows that whirl them on the jagged rocks. Some are ascending the rigging; some throwing themselves overboard; others, incapable of exertion, are lifting their hands in an agony of despair. The steersman still clings to the wheel, faithful to the last. Two boats are in the foreground seeking to save a few of the sufferers from earthly annihilation. In the foreground are seen floating spars, to one of which two persons have attached themselves. The whole scene is one that cannot be contemplated without emotion, while it is one that will dwell on the memory of eye-witnesses forever. An attempt was made after she struck, to make the shore and land passengers, but she filled too rapidly. The boats left with all they could carry, and reached Constitution, a seaport of Chili, 18 miles off. The disaster occurred at 8 in the evening. At 4 A. M., the next day, there were no traces of the vessel, and out of the large number on board a great majority perished. Of how many tragedies like that we have delineated has the ocean been the theatre! How many gallant vessels have gone down in the storm and gloom, with no record of their fate! Yet still the hardy mariner treads the deck fearlessly—for he knows that death meets us everywhere, on shore as afloat, in the ship-of-battle and in the calm pursuits of peaceful life, and that an overruling Providence orders all things for the best.

PETRIFIED CITY.

Mr. Ritchie, who proceeded, some years ago, with an expedition from Tripoli, to explore the interior of Africa, says: "As one of my friends desired me to give him an account of what I knew touching the petrified city, situated seventeen days' journey from Tripoli, by a caravan, to the southeast, and two days' journey from Onguela, I told him what I had heard from different persons, and particularly from the mouth of one man of credit, who had been on the spot; that it was a spacious city, of a round form, having great and small trees, furnished with shops, with a large castle magnificently built. That he has seen there several sorts of trees, all of stone. That he saw also figures of men in different postures; some holding in their hands staffs, others bread; every one doing something; even women suckling their children—all of stone. That he went into the castle by three different gates, though there were many more; guards were at these gates, with pikes and javelins in their hands. In short, that he saw in this wonderful city many sorts of animals, as camels, horses, asses sheep, and various birds, all of stone.—*Corning Gazette.*



WRECK OF THE CHILIAN STEAMER CAZADOR.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

JUNE.

Spring, in our New England climate, is a period of strife between sun and rain, cold and heat, wind and calm, frost and warmth—a protracted struggle, enlivened by very freqnent visitations of that most agreeable morning and evening caller, that "unbidden guest," the east wind. We do not fairly realize that winter is gone till June—glorious Jnne, with its wealth of foliage, its glory of grass and flower, and its prodigality of sunshine, bnrsts upon us. Then, we are ready to sing with Solomon, "Lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." These genial sunbeams, that greet us so early and leave us so late, give promise of nature's choicest delicacies. Strawberries and cream! "Think of that, Master Brook." They are among the gifts of open-handed June. Says good old, kind-hearted, genial, pious Izaak Walton, "Doubtless God could make a better fruit than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did." But those know not the strawberry who have eaten it only in a confectioner's saloon, gathered over night and partaken of amidst the dust and din and whirl of the city. Fresh from the vines, with the dew of morning glittering on them, with cream unconscious of adulteration, and sugar white as the December snow npon Mount Washington, then strawberries are a "dainty dish to set before a king." So June comes to us, first month of the summer, with her fairy fingers full of first-fruit offerings, to herald the advent of a season of geniality and delight. Forgotten are winter's coldness and winter's disports—the freezing blast, the deep snow, the flying cutter, the musical sleigh-bells. But we have snow-white blossoms, and birds more musical than bells, and rambles "under the greenwood trees," and moonlight and music out of doors, and picnics and a thonsand pleasant things to make summer pass like a dream.

TRAVEL.—It has become fashionable of late to make up a party to visit Europe and charter the whole cabin of a vessel. Rev. Dr. Thompson, of New York, and twenty of his parishioners tried this scheme.

MASONIC HALL.—It is proposed that the contemplated Masonic Hall in New York shall be located on Broadway, be built of brown sandstone or marble, to be five stories high, 100 feet front and 125 feet deep.

EUROPE.—The travel to Europe is immense this season. Berths on board steamships are engaged as far ahead as September. This looks as if money were plenty and business brisk.

SPLINTERS.

.... In 1643, the houses in New York were mostly of one story, with straw roofs and wooden chimneys.

.... The first printing press was established in New York city in 1693, who published the first paper in 1725.

.... A captain of a New York barque was charged by a Chinese sailor with amputating his queue.

.... The works of Edgar A. Poe have been published in Paris, and received there with enthusiasm.

.... Madame Biscaccianti, formerly Miss Ostinelli, of this city, has satisfied even the critical Parisians.

.... Robert S. Rantonl, son of the late R. Rantoul, Jr., has been admitted to practise in the Supreme Court, Salem.

.... Professor Anderson, the necromancer, well known in this country, is quite popular as an actor in London.

.... It is now proposed to bridge over the Mississippi River at St. Paul's, Minnesota.

.... The various telegraph lines have transacted more business than ever during the present season.

.... The seed of the sweet potato seems to be entirely lost in the greater part of Virginia.

.... Lady Franklin is still determined to send out more expeditions to the Polar regions. It would be useless.

.... John G. Saxe is the poet for the next Commencement of the Military College, Norwich, Vt.

.... See "Flag of our Union" for Lieutenant Murray's great story, "The Greek Adventurer: or, The Soldier and the Spy."

.... It has been said that a milkman is like a sailor—both get their living by water.

.... Barnum has been brought into court so often, lately, that he says his occupation is "tending bar."

.... Flounces are immensely popular this season with ladies. You see little dainty figures immersed in billows of silk.

.... The weather is growing delightful. The birds are presenting their little bills and renewing their notes.

.... The number of hats annually sold in New York city is 7,000,000. The hatters are not caught napping.

.... There is a town at the head of Lake Superior called Hiawatha. Is the *water higher* there?

.... It is said that a Yankee baby will invent an improvement on his cradle before he is six months old.

.... A cravat worn by Washington was lately put up at auction in New York, and brought five dollars.

.... A lump of gold weighing sixteen pounds and worth $3300 was lately found by a Chinaman in California.

.... J. G. Percival, the poet, who died lately at the age of 60, wrote some of our finest lyrics.

THE GULF STREAM.

The offices performed by this wonderful current of water in the ocean, show how admirable are the provisions of Providence in the mechanism of the world. Starting from the Gulf of Mexico it passes through the Bahama passage into the Atlantic Ocean, where its waters retain both their elevated temperature and their northerly direction for many thousands of leagnes. Lieutenant Maury's recent observations, which possess so much scientific interest and practical value, have brought to light very many facts respecting this remarkable current.

England and the whole of western Europe owe a portion of their fertility, and the mild temperature they enjoy in the same latitudes where stern winter reigns during five months on the American continent, to the Gulf Stream, which Lieutenant Maury aptly calls the conducting pipe of an immense heating apparatus of which the torrid zone is the focus, and the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea the reservoirs. During the past winter, many of our captains off the banks, whose vessels were sheeted with ice, found no other way of "thawing themselves out," than by running into this beneficent Gulf Stream.

The maximum temperature of the waters of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico is from 23 to 24 degrees (Centigrade); that of the Gulf Stream at the moment it plunges into the Atlantic, is from 21 to 22 degrees, or about six or seven degrees higher than that of the ocean in the same latitude. Ten degrees further north the Gulf Stream loses only two degrees of its heat, and at three thousand miles north of its mouth, it preserves in mid-winter the temperature of summer. At 40 degrees north latitude it spreads over many thousand square leagues, covering this portion of the ocean with a mantle of heat—if we may use a sufficiently descriptive expression. Encountering the Grand Banks it deviates towards the east, and continues to flow on with less impetuosity, but still dispensing its genial influences, until it reaches the British Isles, where it divides into two columns, one of which penetrates to the polar basin of Spitzbergen, while the other, turning back on the English coast, flows into the Gulf of Gascony, both columns retaining a much more elevated temperature than that of the ocean.

This volume of warm water produces the happiest effects on the climate of that portion of the globe it treasures. The "Emerald Isle" owes its verdure to the warmth of the stream, and its influence is seen on the smiling shores of England. The climate of the northerly islands of Scotland is tempered by the warmth of the Gulf Stream, so that, even in mid-winter, the ponds are very rarely frozen. While Liverpool enjoys a mild temperature, Labrador, in the same parallel on the American continent, is a cold and inhospitable region. "The cold and pitiless Labrador," as Moore calls it in one of his songs.

But not only is it the office of the Gulf Stream to dispense warmth to countries in a high latitude, it also serves to draw off the surplus heat from Central America and Mexico, which, but for this gigantic escape-valve, would be the hottest and most pestilential regions of the globe. But the Gulf Stream is charged with producing the fogs on the coast of Newfoundland, the tornadoes in some parts of the Atlantic, and indeed a variety of atmospherical phenomena, based on the collision of cold and hot currents.

The following is the most plausible explanation we have yet seen of this phenomenon: "Many causes produce the phenomenon of the Gulf Stream. The principal is the tendency of tropical waters towards the pole, their high temperature rendering them lighter than moderately warm water, and very much lighter than cold. As for the direction of the current, it belongs in part to the rotation of the globe which causes northerly winds and currents to deviate towards the east, and southerly ones to the west." Be that as it may, the Gulf Stream is one of the most curious of natural phenomena, and we have felt bound to give it a "first-rate notice," because, as the toper said of water, "it has done so much for navigation!"

INCIDENT IN COURT.—Miss Matilda Heron lately gave evidence in court at New Orleans, respecting the robbery of some diamonds. As she was leaving the witness stand, she dropped a rose, which a gentleman picked up, but was politely requested by the lady to retain it, whereupon he dashed off a very complimentary impromptu stanza which has found its way into print. There is some poetry even in the atmosphere of a court room.

HIAWATHA.—The picture we lately gave of Mrs. Barrow in the character of Minnehaha, in Longfellow's Hiawatha, was from an admirable picture in photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case. We are so often indebted to these gentlemen, that their names are as household words among our subscribers.

QUEBEC.—Ship-building is carried on largely at Quebec. Some very fine vessels are launched there. Among those which have made excellent time in their passages may be mentioned the Boomerang, the Shooting Star and the Arthur the Great.

ART ITEM.—The New Orleans Picayune talks about a "Colt stake" to be made up on the Union Course, on Long Island. "Horse steaks" are said to be a daily occurrence at the restaurants in Paris.

GEN. SCOTT.—This gallant gentleman continues to enjoy excellent health. His robust and martial figure attracts attention wherever it is seen.

ON DIT.—That Fanny Kemble is coming to this country again. She is a highly gifted woman, but erratic, like most great geniuses.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Solomon said that there was nothing new under the sun, and there are always people enough readily to challenge the novelty of every new invention. These people will tell yon that Colt's revolver is an old affair, and that the steam engine ought to be credited to a past century. Of course they will discover a hint for the electric telegraph in an old book, entitled "Mathematical Recreations," and published in Paris in 1626. In that work, which is a miscellany of arithmetical and mathematical puzzles, curious experiments in optic and mechanics, there occurs the following passage in reference to "the magnet and needles which have been rubbed on it:"

"Some have asserted that, by means of the loadstone, or a similar stone, absent persons can communicate with each other. For instance, Claude being at Paris, and John at Rome, if each of them had a needle rubbed on some stone, the virtue of which was such that in proportion as one needle should move at Paris, the other would move the same at Rome, it might be arranged that Claude and John should have the same alphabet, and that they should agree to converse from a distance every day at six o'clock in the evening. The needle, having made three turns and a half to signify that it is Claude and no other, wishing to speak to John, then Claude, wishing to tell him that the king is in Paris, he would move and stop his needle on L, then on E, then on R, O, Y, and so on with the others; now, at the same time, the needle of John, corresponding on the same letters and throughout, he could easily write or learn what the other wished to signify to him. The invention is fine, but I do not think there is to be found in the world a magnet having such virtue; also it is not expedient, otherwise treasons would be too frequent and too secret."

We do not think, however, that there is enough practical information in the above hint to warrant us in the attempt to tear the laurel from the brow of Professor Morse. Let us continue to cherish, rather, the belief that there is something new under the sun, or at least some entirely new combinations of old elements.

GRANT THORBURN.—In the present number we publish a very interesting reminiscence of New York in the olden time, from the pen of Grant Thorburn, who, in spite of his advanced age, writes with the spirit and vigor of youth. Mr. Thorburn's reminiscences are of great value: few men possess at once a memory and a faculty for writing like his.

BREVITY.—If brevity is the soul of wit, it certainly is not the essence of a name recently bestowed on a child in South Carolina, who rejoices in the following appellations: "Frances Cornelia Amarinthia Olivia Sarah Rebecca Sophronia Julia Josephine Victoria."

Will some one smart at figures tell us how Mr. Ballou can afford to give one hundred pages of reading matter (all of which he pays for), in each number of his Dollar Magazine, or twelve hundred pages of excellent and entertaining miscellany for *one dollar* per annum? There is but one other magazine in the country which equals Ballou's Dollar Monthly in circulation, nor is this to be wondered at while it is afforded at so low a price.—*Machias Democrat.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Bishop Eastburn, Amelus C. Hammond, Esq., of London, C. W., to Miss Bessie Neail, of Dublin, Ireland; by Rev. Dr. Robbins, Mr. Henry C. Wood to Miss Ellen Thayer; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Harrison Ellis to Miss Susan E. Smith; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Wilkins A. Verge to Miss Lois M. Whittier; by Rev. Dr. Lotbrop, Dr. Charles D. Homans to Miss Eliza, daughter of the officiating clergyman.—At Brookline, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. William D. Coolidge to Miss Rebecca H. Tilden.—At West Cambridge, Mr J. E. Smith to Miss Lucy B. Russell.—At Melrose, by W. J Farnsworth, Esq., Mr. Caleb G. Howard to Miss Sarah S. Kimball.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Rev. Willard W. Ames to Miss Marcia M. Felton.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Parmenter, Mr. Henry Clark to Miss Charlotte P. Powers.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Barnaby, Mr. Thomas S. Drown to Miss Jane E. Woodbury.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Tillotson, Mr. James Leland to Miss Emily M. Johnson.—At Fitchburg, by Rev. Mr. Tilden, Mr. Oliver B. Burgess to Miss Frances G. Wait.—At Ware, Mr James L. Pierce, of Warren, to Miss Mary E. Ellis.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Thomas Emmons, 92; Gardiner G. Hubbard, Esq., late of Needham, 43; Mr. Jonathan A. Palmer, 42; Miss Mary Ann Dyer, 44; Mr. Horace C. Lane, 34.—At Roxbury, Dea. William C. Hunneman, 87.—At Charlestown. Mr. Richard Watts, 35.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Hannah K Foster, 56.—At Cambridgeport, Miss Rebecca W. West, 29.—At Melrose, Mr. George Howard, 30.—At Salem, Mr. Robert Walsh, 70.—At Beverly, Widow Nancy Standley, 86.—At Milton, Mrs. Jane Ford, 48.—At Somerville, Mr. Hugh Moore, 54.—At East Lexington, Mr. Peter Blodgett, 58.—At Hingham, Miss Margaret Cushing, 70.—At Gloucester, Mr. Abraham Sawyer, 96.—At Rowley, Miss Martha J. Shepard, 25.—At Plymouth, Miss Elizabeth B. Russell, 27.—At East Abington, Mrs. Achsah Baker, 43.—At Worcester, Mr. Truman Martin, 54; Mr. Madison M. Aldrich, 44.—At Auburn, Mr William E. Rice, 22.—At Northboro. Mr. Oliver Adams, 85.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Margaret Spencer, 36; Mrs Martha Church, 77; Mrs. Deborah Elzimore, 43.—At Concordia Parish, La., Mr. William Austin, of Boston, 79.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year..... $3 00
4 subscribers, " " 10 00
10 " " " 20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner of 4th and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner of 4th and Chesnut Streets, St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Kentucky; Trubner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London, general agents for Europe.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG OF THE HEART.

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

O the heart sings that life
Is a dark, dreary road;
And at best 'tis but sad,
Though it leads us to God.

It is dark with the light
Even Love fitly lends,
As he leads us astray
From our long journey's end.

But there's one laurel leaf
On a brow I'd entwine,
Mid the damp raven locks
That are waving round mine.

Then I'll dash swiftly on—
Then I'll plod boldly on
To the goal that will swiftly
Be lost or be won.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHO WAS THE LADY?

BY F. WOOLLEY GILLETT.

May Evelyn and Isadore Devanx were children together, brought up in the same flourishing village, and school-girls in the same great white academy. True, Isadore's father was a *retired merchant*, and May's *only* a village lawyer, a lawyer of great talent, possessing the confidence of good men everywhere, and rising to eminence in his profession. Isadore's home was a large, white mansion, with the softest and brightest Persian carpets, the richest of velvet hangings, the heaviest of mirrors, the costliest of sofas, and the most beautiful of painting or statuary. May Evelyn's home—ah, gentle reader!—that small, white house, so like a dove-nest, on the brow of the hill, just south of the village—that was the dear little place where May was taught her evening prayer and her morning song of praise. That beautiful cottage, surrounded with its heavy maples, shaded by its hanging vines, beautified with its clustering roses and its modest snow-drops, sung to by the winged singers, that made their spring-nests and reared their fledgelings upon the low roof, or amid the green tree leaves. Not Old England, with its wealth of "merry homes," or France, with her vine-wreathed cottages, could boast a fairer dwelling-place. There Isadore Devanx went to frolic amid sunshine and shadow with innocent May Evelyn, and May went to the Devaux mansion to visit her little friend, and admire the beauty that wealth and taste had gathered.

When the girls were eighteen, they left the village seminary. Isadore went to the city "to finish her education," and May retired to her home to aid her mother in household duties and cheer her father's heart when he returned at twilight, toil-worn and weary with the cares of the office, and also to pursue her studies as leisure would permit. Although Isadore possessed all the inherent scornfulness of her proud ancestors, circumstances and daily life had not yet developed it, and she remained true to her child-formed attachment to May. She had thought of her, in years past, as holding a nearer relation—even that of her sister, for she knew that her eldest brother cherished in his heart a hope that May Evelyn would yet be his wife. Therefore, when a year had passed away, and Isadore and her brother were ready to make a European tour, and pass months in the Parisian home of an uncle, Isadore's last thought turned towards her friend; and when the last visit was made, and May stood in the doorway to whisper "good-night," she took her hand and led her out to the gate, then she turned and threw her arms abont her neck, as she exclaimed: "Good-by, dear May!" When the gate was shut behind them, May clasped her white hands over it, and bending her head forward, said, in a voice full of tenderness: "Don't forget your *old friends* amid your brilliant eastern life."

There was a step backward, a pair of manly hands were folded over hers, soft, dark eyes looked tenderly down upon her fair face, and from full, red lips came the low words: "I never shall forget you, May!"

A glow brighter than the moonlight which encircled her, crept over May's neck and brow; and when William Devaux saw the *heart-smile* that bounded to her fresh lips, he knew there was one heart in which *his* memory would be eternal.

Two years brought gaiety and dissipation enough, combined with the influence of her new found relative, to call forth all the pride of Isadore's nature. She was *feted*, and fondled, and flattered, and followed, and adored; she was told the proud station of her fathers, and the kingly greatness that surrounded them, till she came to believe that blood-royal coursed through her veins, and her only fit companions were the titled and the rich. Time and polished society and lavish wealth had added greatly to her personal beauty, and developed charmingly her grace of manner and her wonderful conversational abilities; but it had also awoke the bitter fountain in her breast that murmured always "contempt and pride." And when she returned to America, after two years absence, her fair hand plighted to a French lord, she considered herself upon the very pinnacle of happiness.

The years that brought such glory to Isadore, wrought change and sorrow in the dear home of May Evelyn. Her father had signed papers to a heavy amount for a friend who had failed in business, and the whole weight of payment came upon him. His health failed at the same time, rendering him unable to pursue his profession, and the combined afflictions prostrated his energy, and almost shattered his excellent judgment. But he was not left alone in his despair. Mrs. Evelyn and May begged of him to apply the sum then treasured in the banks for the payment of the debts, and when that was found not to suffice, May's fine piano and the beautiful furniture of the cottage parlor were sold to accomplish it. Then the dining-room carpet and chairs, and other articles, were removed to the parlor, and the simple chamber furniture was carried down to the dining-room. When they sat down to their first evening meal, after the great debt had been cancelled and the change made in the arrangement of the rooms, May's face was as bright as a sunbeam, as she said:

"I don't see but our old home is very pleasant yet, father."

"Ah, yes, my child!—very pleasant to you, for youth and hope are great beautifiers. But what are we to do now? I have no money, and worse yet, no health. I had an offer to-day for our home, and though I dislike to sell it, I fear there is no other way."

"O no—don't sell it! We have lived here ever since our marriage," said Mrs. Evelyn. "I could not live and leave it."

"What!—sell this home, father? This dear old spot—where I was born? Not till I am ready for the lunatic asylum, please. I have thought of it all—mother and I, and we have concluded, if you consent, that I ask Mr. Frink for an apartment in the seminary. The salary will support us comfortably, until you are able to pursue your profession."

"God bless you, May! You always see a clear way through the dark."

"Well, then, you just make yourself happy here with mother. I shall dare to trust you with her," May laughed, "and shall be one of the happiest, wisest, cleverest little 'school-marms' in all the world! I should not wonder if I made you very rich, yet."

"Your warm, loving heart has made us rich already, May," said her mother, while the tears glistened in her brown eyes.

May had been two years in the seminary, and one clear September afternoon she had lingered longer than usual over her desk after the scholars departed; and when she drew on her straw bonnet and hung her satchel on her arm, the sunbeams were playing "hide and seek" with the twilight shadows, and the mist that began to gather about the door admonished her that the supper-hour was approaching. In such haste was she stepping over the pavement that she did not notice the sound of coming footsteps, till she heard her name pronounced in tones that sent the heart-blood tingling through her veins. Looking up, she saw Isadore Devaux and her brother. Isadore brushed hastily by, so near that her rich, satin robe rustled against May's shilling muslin. But William held out his hand and said:

"Ah, May, you see we are home once more. Isadore is in great haste; so good-by till we see you again!"

May's step grew slower, and the tears fell in a miniature shower over her face, for she had learned another lesson in the cold, hard school of adversity. She knew that her dear old friend *meant* to forget her, and that wherever they might meet, there would be only haughtiness and derision with the one, only sorrow and regret with the other. May was just beginning to understand the *inestimable worth* of dollars and dimes. What marvel that her bright eyes dimmed—that her fair cheek paled—that her warm heart ached? What marvel? The young and the pure shrink from *that* lesson, as the hounding roe hides from the arrow of the hunter.

"What does that mean?" said Isadore Devaux, to her brother, as they rode past May's home, on a clear morning, early in the next winter. "There is the carriage of the C——s at Mr. Evelyn's. What can it mean?"

"Is there anything surprising in that?" asked William.

"Surprising? Certainly. I would as soon think of being seen there myself. There are no greater aristocrats in the land than the C——s."

"I have seen the carriage there frequently since our return, and I am told that May is a great favorite with the C——s."

Isadore tossed her head with disdain, and exclaimed:

"Favorite! Fa-vor-ite!"

Notwithstanding her contempt, it was true, and she considered Mrs. C—— a very foolish woman, when she met May Evelyn in the beautiful parlors of the former, a few evenings after the above conversation.

"How sweet May looks to-night!" said a lady-guest, to Mrs. C——. "As pure as a lily, and as fresh as a rose-bud."

"Yes; May *is* beautiful—spiritually beautiful; take her all-in-all, I think I never saw her equal," was the reply. "Yet, I see, Isadore Devaux treats her very scornfully."

"And all, forsooth, because she is not burdened with sickly, foreign airs, and has no troops of waiters dangling at her heels, and cannot glisten in satin and diamonds. In every accomplishment she is Isadore's equal, and she possesses personal beauty, and a grace and dignity of demeanor that Isadore Devaux, with all her pride, might well desire."

These words fell upon the ears of William Devaux, and when he saw May gliding about, with such perfect gracefulness, in her pure white muslin dress, with the brown curls, that had escaped from the wreath of fresh geranium buds, falling over her fresh cheeks and snowy neck; when he saw with what ease and gentleness of manner she received the attentions lavished upon her, he queried whether, if he were to offer it, she would accept his name, even with all its honors.

The winter-days wore on, and found May at her desk in the old school room, and May found, as often as she stepped down upon the sidewalk at twilight, a hand reached forth for her satchel, and a friend to enjoy her homeward walk; for, in defiance of his sister's scorn and his own pride, William Devaux learned that, whether he would or no, May Evelyn's fair face kept ward and watch in the holy places of his heart; and when he saw how faithful she was to every duty—how she lightened her mother's cares by aiding in the household labor—how she brought the last paper, and trimmed the lamp, and read to her invalid father, or sung his favorite songs, to lead his mind away from his great sorrows, and that, too, when she was weary with the wear and tear of a teacher's life; when he saw how sweet her smile was—how patient her words were—how happy she *was* and *would* be—how she put away the sorrow that hung around her own way, to bring gladness, and contentment, and support, and comfort to those who had given her life, he could only say, there in that lowly home:

"May—May Evelyn, will you—can I hope you will—be my own sweet, happy, cherished wife?"

May drew the little hand away from her blue-veined temples, and laid it in his, as she said:

"Yes, you *may hope* that I will."

He folded his strong arm about her, and pillowed her curl-covered head upon his breast, and asked:

"Have you ever thought, May, how much—how entirely I loved you?"

"I have thought," she replied; "I have known it many a year."

"How could you know it, May? I thought to be so guarded, until within the last few months, that no one could suspect it."

"You were very *cautious* and very *proud*. But *I knew it by my own heart*."

"Well, May, you have taught me the utter folly of the pride-spirit, and I believe 'I have unlearned contempt.' Anyway, I hope you will not allow your own sweet nature to become tainted with it, soon enough to deprive me of a 'honny wee wife.'"

"No danger of that. I warn you to a wilfulness *in another direction*. I never give up my friends."

As they sat there, in the happy consciousness of first affection, May told him *when* she would be his wife, when her father regained his health, and went again to his old labor, when she had aided him in bringing back comfort and luxury to his precious home, when both of her parents could bestow upon her a bridal blessing, *then* would she stand with him before the altar. He might have urged, but he felt how sensitive her parents would be in receiving aid from May's *husband*, and he loved her the more, for so sacredly regarding their desires. * * *

Health had come back to Mr. Evelyn. Plenty smiled at his board, and the goddess of good gifts sat at his fireside. May had fulfilled her promise, and gone to be mistress of the Devaux mansion, and all who saw her, of high or low, averred that she wore her honors very gracefully, and made the lonely old place all alive with sunshine and joy. But May thought only of the great love that made the new home, if possible, more of a paradise than the old, and she asked only for its continuance through her life-journey. Sitting by her husband's side, one bright summer evening, she said, turning her blue eyes to his:

"I have been thinking all day of Isadore. Why does she not write? Her sunny home in *la belle* France cannot have driven you from her memory."

"Why, May," said Devaux, "you do not suppose she would write to you? *You are not a lady!*"

May laughed—her happy, soul-full laugh, and replied:

"It follows, then, that, not having married a *lady*, you are *no more a gentleman!* That deprives you of a letter, too. Ah, me!"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Sparrowgrass Papers: or, *Living in the Country*. By Frederick S. Cozzens. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 328.

The enterprising publishers have made a hit in bringing out these admirable humorous essays in book form. Every railroad and steamboat traveller who buys any book, must buy this. It is not surpassed in quiet humor by any production of the present century. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

French's American Drama. Samuel French, 121 Nassau St., New York.

Among the late numbers of this excellent edition of acting plays, to which we have frequently called attention, we find "Ireland and America," one of Barney Williams's pieces; the "Irish Tiger," a farce by Morton; the "Swiss Cottage," by Bailey; and "Camille: or, The Fate of a Coquette," by Alexander Dumas, Jr.

New Music.—G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have issued "Les Vepres Siciliennes," by Henry Roselien, and "On the Blooming Mead," by Spindler, both for the piano.

Yankee Travels through the Island of Cuba. By Demoticus Philalethes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 412.

Yet another on Cuba—and a well written one, too. There is a little of everything in this work (history, scenery, manners, etc.,) sketched with spirit in a series of familiar letters. For sale by Redding & Co.

Select Orations of Cicero. By C. D. Yonge. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 580.

Another acceptable volume of the "Classical Library." The translation is well done. The student need hardly be told, that one well acquainted with Cicero's orations, necessarily acquires a knowledge of logic and rhetoric. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

Gleanings. Some Wheat—Some Chaff. By Miss A. A. Goddard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo pp. 311.

A modest title ushers in a series of very pleasant and clever sketches, which cannot fail to be read with pleasure and profit. For sale by Redding & Co.

A Treatise on Arithmetic—Theoretical and Practical. By Elias Loomis, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. 1856. pp. 311.

Professor Loomis's work is very favorably spoken of by teachers, and is certainly a clear and comprehensive treatise on a science of the first importance. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

Vagabond Life in Mexico. By Gabriel Ferry. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 344.

We are told that the author of this clever and readable book was long a resident in Mexico; and no one can read his brilliant pictures without being convinced that he is intimately acquainted with the people and the country he portrays. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon to the Accession of Louis Napoleon. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 2 volumes, 8vo.

Alison is an indefatigable collector of facts, and a forcible though occasionally faulty writer. The present history is a valuable one, for the mass of material it presents; though the author's views are those of a rabid English tory. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

Plu-ri-bus-tah. A Song that's by no Author Perpetrated by Philander Doesticks, P. B. New York: Livermore & Rudd. 1856. 12mo. pp. 264.

A humorous poem in the metre of Hiawatha—but less a parody on that, than a series of hits at the social peculiarities of the day. The volume is illustrated by "Punchy" sketches and vignettes. For sale by Redding & Co.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The city of Worcester will have a grand celebration of the approaching Fourth of July. —— The largest water wheel in the world is at Troy, New York. Its power is equal to 1000 horses. It drives machinery which works up annually 10,000 tons of iron into horse-shoes, spikes, nails, etc. —— G. P. R. James, Esq., British consul for Virginia, has determined to make Richmond his future residence. —— In Norway, eagles destroy oxen by the following contrivances—they dive into the sea, and then roll themselves in the sand, and afterwards, by flapping their wings and shaking their feathers into the eyes of an ox, they blind and overcome it. —— The most perfect telescopic instruments in the world are made at Munich. That for Harvard College, one of the largest refractors yet seen, was made there. Its focal system is about twenty-two feet, and diameter of the object-glass fourteen inches—cost $18,000. —— Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping. —— The practice and principle of insurance is of great antiquity, and was well known in the time of Claudius Cæsar, A. D., 43. It is certain that assurance of ships at sea was practised as early as the year 45, A. D. —— William Mitchell, who for many years was manager of the Olympic Theatre, in Broadway, died, lately, in the 57th year of his age. —— Silliman's Journal says: "The city of Marseilles has undertaken to establish a complete system of electric clocks. The arrangements require the laying of 40,000 metres of conducting wires. The clocks will be placed in the street gas lamps, so that the hour may be read at night as well as by day. The whole will cost only twenty-two thousand francs, and the care and supply of them for one year. —— More than 1000 barrels of eggs are daily received at New York. —— A very extensive cave has been discovered near Caledonia, Minnesota. Several large rooms have been visited, and the Brownsville Herald says that it will probably rival in attraction the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. —— The statistics of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, show that the product of the honey bee is 16,000,000 pounds of wax and honey, valued at $2,400,000. —— The Washington Star says that a delegation is shortly expected from Salt Lake city, bringing a State constitution for Utah, in which they will ask the admission of that State into the Union. —— Enormous quantities of apples have perished this spring after reaching the New York market—the growers having held back for better prices until too late; and the case was then aggravated by an excess of supply. —— John Mitchell, the Irishman, is residing on a small farm of fifty acres in East Tennessee, and is said to be in very straitened circumstances. The plantation and slaves which he sighed for does not seem to have proved a profitable investment. —— Two brothers in Salisbury, Herkimer county, New York, recently got into altercation, when the younger killed the other with an axe. —— A member of the House of Representatives from one of the Western States was once so poor, that he paid for his tuition by ringing the college bell at the session hours. He literally "rung himself in." What a forcible illustration of the sentiment, "Honor and fame from no condition rise." —— The prospect for crops in the coming season is represented as good in almost all parts of the country. —— There are, according to medical writers, the large number of seven million pores in the body of a man of ordinary size; and if these were joined lengthwise, a table would be formed twenty-eight miles long! —— Mr. Everett's address at Charlestown, Massachusetts, yielded $500 profit, which sum has been sent to the ladies of Virginia. —— The new mayor of Philadelphia is an active member of the "Fire Department," president of one of the fire companies, and runs with the "machine." —— A box has been received at the office of the American and European Express Company, in New York, which contains a portion, and perhaps all, of the relics of the unfortunate expedition of Sir John Franklin. There are nine articles; among them a piece of a boat, with the word Erebus cut into it.

TURKEY.—The Turks are very delighted to get rid of their very good friends the allies. "Save us from our friends!" is now as common an expression at Stamboul as "Allah Kerim!" "Long live our friends, the enemies!" shouted Talleyrand, when the allies entered Paris in 1815.

COST OF WAR.—The London Times figures it up that the Eastern war has cost England one hundred and seventy millions of dollars—rather an expensive amusement!

RUSHIN ON THE VENUS.—Rushin, the critic, ridicules the ideality of the Venus de Medicis. He says the "figure has got handsome calves to its legs and a straight nose."

THE YOUNG PRINCE.—A soldier mounts guard every day over the cradle of Louis Napoleon's baby-heir, when that young gentleman is not "in arms" himself.

THE ART OF ARTS.—A fragment of Guttenberg's printing-press has been discovered. It had been lying at the bottom of a well for four centuries.

HOPEFUL.—History teaches us, according to Madame de Stael, that all principal events tend to the same end—namely, the civilization of the world.

TRUE.—A newspaper writer says, the less money you leave your children when you die, the more they will have twenty years afterwards.

EARLY RISING.—Lord Chatham said, "If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing."

Wayside Gatherings.

Mr. Everett will continue to lecture with a view to the ultimate purchase of Mount Vernon.

Carrigan, for the murder of his wife in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, is to be hung July 25th.

John D. Murrel, the wealthiest man in Virginia, died at New Orleans, lately, leaving effects amounting to $2,000,000.

The annual catch of salmon on the Penobscot is worth $20,000. The Revere House, in Boston, alone has ordered 300 per week.

The Boston street-smokers are clamoring for the repeal of the most salutary ordinance that prohibits that pestiferons nuisance.

The salary of the mayor of New York has been raised to $6000, and those of the comptroller and street commissioner to $5000.

The Bahama Herald says that about 16,000 bushels of salt have been raked at Crooked Island, and that Rum Cay bids fair to yield a plentiful harvest.

The Zanesville Courier says it is reported that very great losses of sheep have occurred in Ohio this winter, and predicts that it will affect the wool crop.

One of the duties of the aldermen of Dubuque is to go around and look up boarding-houses for strangers, when they arrive in that city to remain some time.

Within a brief period, the State of Georgia has lost three of her most eminent statesmen and ex-senators—Judge Berrien, Governor Troupe and William C. Dawson.

Commodore Kearney, of the navy, has started a subscription for the relief of the suffering families of the employees on the lost Pacific, with a contribution of twenty dollars.

The descendants of the mutineers of the English ship Bounty, at Pitcairn's Island, having increased beyond the resources of that island to maintain them, are about to remove to Norfolk Island.

We understand that Hugh Miller is expected soon in this country, for the purpose of lecturing. The advent of this distinguished geologist and self-made man will be looked for with much interest.

A phoca or seal was recently caught in the marshes of the Roanoke River, in North Carolina, which yielded three gallons of oil. It is said to be the first seal ever seen in the waters south of New York.

A bill has passed the New Brunswick House of Assembly, granting $50,000 for the construction of railroads in that province during the present year, and thereafter one million dollars a year for the next three years.

A lady was married at 7 o'clock in the evening, at New Orleans, recently, and died before 9 o'clock same night. She had been slightly unwell a few days before the ceremony, but the matter was not thought serious.

The London correspondent of the Toronto Globe states, that a report is quite current in England, to the effect that the queen has some thought of paying a visit, during the coming summer, to her loyal province of Canada.

Savannah papers announce the death of the Rev. Willard Preston, D. D., an old and distinguished Presbyterian clergyman of that city. He was a resident of St. Albans, Vermont, during the late war with Great Britain.

There are twenty women in the employment of the United States, at various points, as keepers of lighthouses, beacon-lights, etc. Three or four have the prefix of "Miss" before their names, in their reports to government.

Mr. James, the British consul at Norfolk, has received directions from Lord Clarendon to distribute $1000 among the benevolent institutions having charge of the widows and orphans of those who died during the epidemic of last summer.

The St. Louis Intelligencer charges that there has been an expenditure of a million dollars over and above the estimates of fifty miles on the Pacific Railroad, and says that it is ready to show that the estimates were above the actual cost of the work done.

The celebrated running mare, "Fashion," died near Lexington, Kentucky, a few days since. She was raised and owned for many years, by William Gibbons, Esq., of New Jersey, and won more races than any other animal ever known in the sporting world.

We learn that as soon as flour recedes two or three dollars more on a barrel, our bakers, with a magnanimity rarely equalled, have resolved to increase the size of their loaves two ounces. We hope our citizens will appreciate this liberality on the part of the bakers.

Grieving the death of his wife, with whom he had lived in uninterrupted happiness for more than fifty years, Mr. John Sbeddon, of Globe Village, Mass., drowned himself in the river at that place. He was 81 years old, and had been universally respected.

The statistical returns of Providence, R. I, show that patent medicines are manufactured there by the thousand barrels. Two establishments of this description in that city render the enormous product of 1000 barrels and 423,000 bottles of medicine, amounting to $700,000.

In reference to the great religious awakening, a writer from Stockholm, Sweden, says: "Never before in the history of the country has there been such a day of the Redeemer's power—such a season of excitement about matters of vital religion among all classes of the people."

At a sale of unclaimed baggage, at Cleveland, Ohio, a trunk and contents, worth $100, were bought for $25; a chest of tools worth $75, for $7 50; and a satchel, containing a suit of clothes and a $175 watch, for $4 55. All the purchasers did not make such good bargains as these, however.

It is now stated that the immense quantities of wheat purchased at Chicago, Milwaukee, and other points at the West, last fall, said at the time to be on account of the French government, were in reality bought for parties in Boston, New York, etc, who will "realize" a loss of something near a million of dollars!

A "self-loading hay cart" has been patented by D. H. Thompson, of Fitchburg. It consists in the employment of rakes applied to a cart or wagon, in connection with an inclined frame, operating in such a way that the hay will be raked up and loaded into the cart or wagon, by merely drawing the vehicle over the meadow.

In a recent letter, Gen. Shields, late United States senator from Illinois, but now farming it in Minnesota, remarks: "I am in good health, and have been employed all winter in hauling rails; this is hard but healthy work." Full as hard, probably, as making speeches in the United States senate. Gen. Shields was shot through the lungs in the Mexican war.

The Detroit Tribune states that a commission merchant of Hamilton recovered in court, lately, $3000 of the Montreal Telegraph Company, for a failure to deliver a telegraphic message, which he sent to his correspondent in New York, within a reasonable time, whereby he lost, in the decline of flour, the amount of damages returned him. The despatch was three days on the way.

Foreign Items.

The advertising columns of the London Times are estimated to yield the enormous sum of $3,000,000 per annum.

The Neapolitan government has forbidden not only the taking of relics from Pompeii and Herculaneum, but photographs, even.

The emperor of the French, on Count Orloff's introduction to him, asked if he "brought peace," which elicited the courteous reply, "Sire, I come to ask it!"

The Museum of the Louvre, in Paris, has purchased, at an enormous price, a manuscript volume written by Leonardo de Vinci, and illustrated with pen and ink drawings by the same author.

The north of Syria is in a very disturbed state. In and about the mountains there are 30,000 men, all carrying arms, and the Turkish government would be powerless against any rising of the people.

Mr. Warren, the author of "The Diary of a late Physician," "Ten Thousand a Year," and other works favorably known in America, has made a successful debut in the British House of Commons on the question of education.

A monument to William Roscoe, the historian, has been erected in the Unitarian Chapel, Renshaw Street, Liverpool, where all that was mortal of Roscoe was interred. It consists of a fine bust of the historian placed in a niche of gray marble.

Mr. Francis, of New York, has recently exhibited before the French emperor a military wagon, which can be turned at will into a ferry boat for crossing rivers, thus sparing the inconvenience of carrying and constructing pontoon bridges. His majesty expressed his approbation of it to the inventor in the most flattering terms.

Sands of Gold.

.... Truth is simple, requiring neither study nor art.—*Ammian.*

.... There is no less danger from great fame than from infamy.—*Tacitus.*

.... To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise.—*Goldsmith.*

.... Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of virtue.—*Thomas Fuller.*

.... For each nation, the true classical spirit must be found in the genius of its own romance.—*Bulwer.*

.... When a man delineates himself, he always shrinks from a complete confession. Our moral nature has its modesty.—*G. H. Lewes.*

.... It occasionally happens, that he who is always in search of something beyond the great, lights on something which is really great.—*Quintilian.*

.... A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without its dew? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.—*Landor.*

.... Those who excel in strength are not most likely to show contempt of weakness. A man does not despise the weakness of a child.—*Wigglesworth.*

.... If thou art wiser than the many, do that which thou thyself approvest, rather than what they may look for; and be assured that, when they admire thee most, thou hast done something wrong.—*Landor.*

.... Though men may impose upon themselves what they please, by their corrupt imagination, truth will ever keep its station; and as glory is nothing else but the shadow of virtue, it will certainly disappear at the departure of virtue.—*Steele.*

Joker's Budget.

It is said that no man who has paid regularly for his newspaper, has ever been known to be bitten by a mad dog.

Why is a lover eloping with his lady-love, like a vessel sailing to a certain port in France? Because he is bound to have her (Havre).

A saucy debtor was recently cautioned by a creditor to *be-ware.* He didn't take heed, and the next time we heard of him, he was turned into a "stone jug."

A western editor, in speaking of a contemporary, says, all he wants is a fair chance, and he will make the meanest man outside of Connecticut. Complimentary, that.

Enamored Writing-Master to a Young Lady Pupil.—I can teach you nothing; your *hand* is already a very desirable one, and your I's (eyes) are the most beautiful I ever saw.

"Rogers," said Cook one day to the wit, "how do you contrive to infuse so much *iron*-y into your epistolary compositions?"—"I find not the least difficulty in that," replied Sam, "for I always write with a *steel* pen."

Emery has just invented a new kind of drill. It is adapted to military purposes. By means of cog-wheels and steel springs, eight companies of militia can be drilled in twenty-three minutes. Who says this is not a progressive age?

Fishing Conundrums.—What fish may be said to be out of place? A perch in a bird's cage; a skate in a cutler's shop; a plaice on the top of an omnibus; a sole at the bottom of your foot; whiting cleaning plate; and a mussel in a lady's neck.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year		$2 00
4 subscribers, " "		7 00
10 " " "		15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner 4th and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chesnut Streets, St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Ky.; Ross & Tousey, 25 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

THE IMPERIAL CRADLE.

The hirth of an heir to the throne of France, now the leading power in the European family of nations, is an event of historical importance, so that we do not hesitate to lay before our readers an anthentic photographic portrait of him in the very elegant and costly cradle presented to him hy the city of Paris. The cradle is in the form of a vessel, a ship heing the principal figure in the arms of the capital city of France. It is elaborately carved and gilded, canopied with velvet, and draped with the richest point lace. The caps and robes of the imperial infant are of the finest material and choicest workmanship, and he is now, nneonscious as he is, surrounded hy every luxury that a limitless command of money can procure. It is said that a soldier mounts guard, night and day, over the cradle, so that the gleam of the bayonet will be the first object that will arrest his eyes as soon as they are capahle of taking cognizance of what is passing hefore them. This young gentleman commenced his career on the 16th of March, 1856, and the thunders of the cannon at the Hotel des Invalides, fired hy the old soldiers of that institution, announced his birth. Thousands who heard the reports, remembered how the same guns, forty-five years before, in the same month of March, announced the hirth of a son and heir to the founder of the imperial dynasty of France. The old Parisian flaneur might relate an amusing anecdote touching the announcement of the hirth of the King of Rome. When the news was expected, all Paris crowded through the various avenues leading to the Invalides, and stood in masses together on the gronnd that lies hetween the ditches and the esplanade. Twenty guns were to announce the birth of a princess and twenty-one a prince. A given space was to intervene hetween each discharge. "Room! room for the emperor's page who brings the news!" And the page spurred into the court-yard of the hotel at full gallop. Some minutes afterwards a lighted match traced a semi-circle to the right of a gun-carriage and gave a kiss of fire to lips of bronze. The first explosion rung out on the air, and upon that noisy multitude, chattering like a gossipping woman, fell one of those impressive, solemn intervals of silence which sometimes petrify vast congregations. Only, at each detonation, there was a light rustling murmur, a faint echo of the bronze which had begun to speak. They were counting in a low tone: one—two—three—four—up to twenty, a fatal number, for at that numher the doubt as to the sex of the infant had not ceased. One more cartridge burned, and Napoleon had an heir male, a direct sucessor to the imperial throne. The invalide who was to fire the twenty-first gun had formerly heen the wag of his regiment. Seeing the multitnde hanging on the end of the cord that burned in his hand, he brought it near the piece, and then, as if the match had nearly given out, approached it to his lips to revive it with his breath. During these



CRADLE OF THE YOUNG FRENCH IMPERIAL PRINCE

well calenlated evolutions, the interval agreed npon between every two detonations had more than elapsed, so that all Paris, with ears on the alert, were in consternation. "Twenty! only twenty! It's all over! only a girl!" were exclamations uttered everywhere. The waggish veteran, satisfied with having "sold" all Paris, cut these commentaries short. The twenty-first cannon thundered on the air, and from one end to the other of the esplanade hurst forth the cry, "Long live the emperor!" "Long live the emperor!" replied the mntilated veterans of the empire from the other side of the ditch. "Long live the emperor!" shouted the wounded of the Samhre and the Meuse; and old soldiers of Fontenoy gave forth the cry, "Long live France! glorious and respected!" Alas! what a hligh[t] fell on those hopes that clustered ronnd the cradle of the King of Rome. The star of his father's destiny soon paled. A few months saw him march forth at the head of the most powerful army that ever took the field in modern days. A few months saw him returned foiled, from the Russian campaign, shorn of the proud array with which he vainly wooed the smiles of victory. The adienx at Fontainehleau—the exile to Elha—the landing at Cannes—the hundred days—Waterloo—St. Helena, "last scene of all," followed hard npon each other. The King of Rome is torn from his father's arms, and, as Duke de Reichstadt, dies at Vienna, the victim of a system of state policy as atrocious as any that ever disgraced the Machiavellism of modern Italy. Who can say that the fate of the second emperor's heir will be brighter than was that of the first? "Shadows, clouds and darkness," rest npon the destiny of one born to a crown in these latter days—and the royal children of France seem to be pecnliarly unfortunate.

THE CITY OF VAN, ARMENIA.

The picture herewith presented, delineates one of the most striking cities in the East. Van, or Wan, is the capital of a pachalic of that name, a territory of Turkish Armenia, and is huilt on the eastern shore of the Lake of Van, in latitude 30 degrees 30 minutes north, longitude 43 degrees 40 minutes east. It stands enclosed hy a double line of ramparts, and its citadel, as will be seen by onr engraving, crowns a line of isolated rock, the sides of which are nearly perpendicular. It would seem impossihle that such a stronghold could he ever stormed—and yet military science has accomplished even more diffienlt achievements than wonld be the capture of such a Gihraltar as even this eastern fortress seems to be. The city that stretches along the base of the hill, presents the usnal appearance of Oriental places—low houses, domes and minarets heing confusedly, hut pictnresqnely, grouped together. Our pietnre is enlivened by the introduction, in the foregronnd, of bands of Armenian cavaliers, in the picturesqne attire of their country, with flowing robes, high caps and long lances, and mounted on spirited horses. The estimates of the population of the city range from 10,000 to 40,000. The city is not well built, hut it has many baths, caravanseries, Armenian churches and mosques. In its vicinity are some enrious ruins which have been supposed to date back as far as the days of Semiramis. The chief exports are the produce of the district, and cotton fahrics which are woven from the raw material imported from Persia. The pachalic of which this city is the capital, consists chiefly of a lofty hasin surrounded hy steep mountains, and the centre of which is occupied by the Lake of Van, the estimated area of which is about two thousand square miles. Its population consists of Armenians, Christians, Turks and Koords.



CITY OF VAN, IN ARMENIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1856. | $3 00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. X, No. 25.—WHOLE No. 259.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The beautiful design on this page is from the pencil of Billings. The centre of the picture is occupied by the State arms. The shield on the left displays the palmetto tree, with fasces at its base, surrounded by the motto, "Animis opibusque parati" (prepared in heart and deed). The other shield has a female figure, holding a bunch of flowers encircled by the motto, "Dum spiro spero" (while I breathe I hope). The supporters are a Continentaller in the Revolutionary uniform, a figure of Liberty, with the Phrygian cap and laurel wreath. Above is a figure of Fame blowing her trumpet. Conspicuous over the State arms is the far-famed palmetto tree. A military parade is delineated in the distance. To the left of the arms is an Indian squaw, who, having stretched the hide of a deer upon a rustic frame, is dressing it in a peculiar manner, in order to make moccasins or leggings. On the right is a negro laborer engaged in picking cotton. The armorial bearings of the "Palmetto State" denote her determination to carry out the hopes of her chivalric sons, as she ever has done since she joined the "old thirteen." Prompt to assert her State rights, and ready to defend them, she has nevertheless never been backward in pouring out blood or treasure when the national good demanded them. Cotton picking, as represented in our picture, is the employment of many in South Carolina, and the "staple" is exported to every manufacturing community, forming a prominent source of our national wealth. The rice crop in 1850 was 60,590,861 pounds, nearly three quarters of the whole product of the Union. The population is 668,245, of whom 384,720 are slaves, and the area 18,048,000 acres. The State legislature meets annually; the senators are chosen for four years—representatives for two. The militia of South Carolina is in a high state of discipline; and at the annual encampments much military information is acquired. In the Mexican war, the members of the "Palmetto Regiment" proved themselves no holiday soldiers. Their gallant deeds in the field entitled them to the gratitude of every patriotic heart. South Carolina has 1182 churches; many of them are rude structures, but frequented by devout worshippers: 484 are Methodist, 413 Baptist, 136 Presbyterian, and 50 Episcopal. Large numbers of French Huguenots found an asylum in South Carolina when exiled from France; and it was also a haven of refuge for many Puritans, who fled from the licentious court of Charles II. Although the Spaniards at first guarded the coast of Carolina, and the French attempted to settle there, Charleston was founded by the English, under William Sayle, in 1672. It is a city of refinement and devotion to educational institutions. The Yemassees, who were the original inhabitants of South Carolina, were a bold race, and after the treaty of Utrecht they nearly succeeded in a plot for the extermination of the whites. There was a deadly struggle, in which the Indians fought like demons, but were at last compelled to retire. No State is richer in historical legends than South Carolina; and luckily she has a son—the gifted Simms—who has gleaned them with care, and clothed them in his own vivid style. Years hence they will be read with more interest than at present, while the works of authors, now more popular, will have passed from the public recollection



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TRIBUNAL OF WITCHCRAFT.

A TALE OF OLDEN TIME.

BY ELIZA J. EVERETT.

Towards the close of an April day that had been unusually soft and balmy, more than a century and a half ago, Mistress Sarah Wright, wife of one of the principal men of the town of Salem, sat by an upper window of her spacious dwelling, looking forth with a somewhat abstracted gaze upon the street below. She was a woman of a stately carriage and of rare and commanding beauty; and as she sat in a heavy antique chair of dimensions ample enough for a modern throne, her presence was more that of a sovereign of the realm than of a staid Puritan matron. But now there was an expression of despondent sadness upon her countenance, which seemed at variance with its stamp of pride; and the usually calm and even swell of that haughty bosom was interrupted by an occasional heavy sigh. Now and then, her eyes would mechanically follow some passing figure till it was lost to view, or pursue for a while the fantastic gambolings of a party of children who were congregated at their sports in front of the house—but evidently her mind was elsewhere.

At length her attention was arrested by a smiling salutation from a modest-looking young woman who was walking by on the opposite side of the street. She recognized Ruth Sherwood, from childhood her most intimate, almost her only, friend, and with an air most cordial, responded to her greeting; but as she watched Ruth's receding form, the smile faded from her lips, and her bright and kindly aspect changed to one cold and unfriendly. A few moments after Ruth had passed the house, Captain Richard Adams, a young military commander who was rapidly rising in public notice and esteem, and who, on business at the town, was then temporarily absent from his post at a frontier fort, went quickly by in the same direction that Ruth had taken.

A burning blush overspread Mistress Wright's fair countenance when she first beheld him—a blush which was instantly succeeded by a deathlike paleness and a quick, convulsed breathing, while she instinctively, and without any consciousness wherefore, drew back to avoid passing any token of recognition. But this precaution was unnecessary, for the young man, in his haste for the one object, did not even glance towards her. And that one object, as Mistress Wright correctly surmised, and as her eager watching soon convinced her, was to overtake the slender maiden who had just preceded him.

When his pace slackened on reaching Ruth's side, the pale face of the earnest watcher became a shade whiter still; but she remained silent and moveless, nor did her eyes withdraw their absorbed gaze from those two figures while they continued within the range of their vision. When they were gone from her sight, with a groan which seemed wrung from the heart's agony, she bowed her face upon her clasped hands, and in that attitude, with an air of one utterly crushed, she had remained some minutes, when, as if roused to sudden desperation, she arose and paced rapidly up and down the apartment.

"Fool, fool that I was!" she exclaimed passionately, clutching at the folds of her rich, though sombre-tinted velvet dress, with a contemptuous, convulsive grasp to which a slighter fabric would have yielded, "fool—with my human heart, to fancy that gauds like these, or that honors as vain and valueless, would compensate for what that heart craved!"

And then, in a burst of despairing anguish, she threw herself on her knees beside her bed, and burying her face in the coverlet, wept a shower of hot tears. But tears were foreign to her nature, and soon she re-commenced her wild walk of the room's ample length. Pausing before her mirror, she gazed long, with a mournful, pitying expression, upon the wondrously beautiful image it gave to her view.

"And that I," she murmured, at length, half aloud, "so fitted to command love, should so vainly pine for it!"

But her reflections went not much further ere a dark scowl and look of bitter hatred came over those perfect features, and she turned quickly from the glass, exclaiming: "And for such a pale, waxen-faced chit as that too! How dare she stand in my way—how dare she claim a love which was mine—which belongs to me?" And she stamped her foot, and drew up her superb form with the air of an empress asserting her right.

But, seemingly, this frantic mood lasted not much longer, and as if wearied by her own violence, she sunk into a large armchair, and resting her forehead upon one hand, remained long as still and motionless as a statue. At length she slowly arose, saying, as she did so, in a voice very low but singularly distinct and determined:

"*I will!* She shall never reign over my desolation."

Her countenance, though so pale, was perfectly calm; but there was a slight compression of the lips, and a something, almost lurid, in the light of the eyes, which told that the storm had not wholly passed; yet, with a manner quiet and self-possessed, she re-arranged her disordered dress, and joined her husband below stairs in answer to his summons.

Six years before, Mistress Sarah Wright, then the maiden Sarah Linsley, was the supremely admired of the youths, and envied of the damsels, of the straight-laced settlement in which she dwelt. Human nature will assert its rights, will develop itself, despite the iron bands of custom or of law wherewith foolish humanity may vainly seek to bind it—and Sarah Linsley's beauty prompted many a poetic, boyish vision, many an emotion of envious maidenly spite, in the grim and godly town of Salem—and even in the sacred meeting time, many thoughts and eyes, which should have been engaged in business more holy, were stealthily occupied by her resplendent charms or the manifestations of their influence.

Gifted with considerable penetration, she saw the effects of her power, but saw with apparent indifference. Overtures of female intimacy, and in common with many a modern belle she had many, she quietly and civilly put aside; and a few solemn and formal proposals of marriage which had been made to her through her brother, who was her guardian, had been declined with equal seriousness and ceremony, and then, by her at least, to all appearance, forgotten.

Ruth Sherwood, her friend from early childhood, was her only intimate associate, and it would seem that the attraction of contrast, not of congeniality, was the bond which so closely united them. With her queenly beauty, Sarah had a proud, ambitious spirit, and a clear intellect. There was little of the religious element in her nature, and in regard to the minor superstitions of the day, she was a decided skeptic. Ruth, who was then about seventeen, and some three years the junior of her friend, was slight and childlike in figure, with a very pale face, and an air and aspect of extreme delicacy and gentleness, which made her appearance interesting, though she possessed no claim to beauty of person. Her mind was intelligent, though her judgment was often unduly swayed by her warm, feeling heart; and her disposition and entire cast of thought were moulded by her deep religious feeling. Yet was she as free from the credulous fears of the age (for the reign of demon-terror in New England had now begun), as her more self-reliant friend; for strong religious faith and trust as effectually protected her from the infection of those apprehensive misgivings, as did cold, material reasoning and constitutional lack of spirituality, the other.

Of these two young women, each seemed a fitting type of her lineage. Sarah was descended from a younger branch of a noble and haughty English family, which had been chiefly noted for its bold, warlike deeds and arrogant bearing. Her emigrant ancestors were possessed of a considerable amount of worldly goods when they landed on the American shore, but sickness and the various disastrous vicissitudes of the early colonial life had soon dissipated their property and reduced them to poverty. The family, however, struggled on through adversity, and as younger members grew up to assist its fortunes, by dint of persevering efforts, of gradually enlarging mercantile enterprise, and new and influential connections, it had attained to an easy competence for all its various members; and with that competence, to a respectable social position in that community wherein, despite its theoretically spiritual organization, worldly wealth and rank were not wholly unrecognized and unhonored.

Ruth was the youngest of a respectable and pious line which had given several ministers to the Presbyterian church. Intelligence and refinement were her family heritage, but neither rank nor fortune was added to those desirable gifts, and Ruth's exquisite skill and taste in embroidery, for which, even in that rigid society, she found ample employment among a certain class and for ceremonial occasions, were constantly occupied in order to aid the scanty income of the widowed aunt with whom she lived.

Notwithstanding the difference in their worldly circumstances, their inward being and outward seeming, the two girls were warmly attached to each other, and were together as much as they well could be, to the exclusion of all other intimacies, and considerably to the annoyance of many of the young maidens who came within their sphere.

Ruth, in her reverential love of the beautiful, regarded her peerless friend with pride and admiration, untainted by the slightest shade of envy: perhaps she felt that their paths, their spheres of influence, were too distinct for the possibility of disagreeable contact; but however that might have been, so pure and warm was her affectionate friendship, that its occasional unconscious, but unmistakable manifestation had awakened in the bosom of its object a response of deeper tenderness than that proud girl had before supposed herself capable of.

Among the many, who, though the undeclared admirers of Sarah Linsley, had, by her keen perception long been recognized as such, was Richard Adams, a young man of about her own age. He was agreeable and rather handsome in appearance, of frank, gentlemanly manners, and was generally regarded as a youth of talents and promise; though his parents being in very moderate circumstances, and he still so young, he had not yet attained to any decided position, nor were his prospects very brilliant. Yet he had approached nearer to the heart of his reserved mistress than any other who had done homage to her charms; and she occasionally extended to him some mark of preference, slight indeed—very slight—yet sufficient to keep alive a youthful lover's hopes. But when the worshipful and wealthy Master Wright, one of the councillors of the colony, paid his formal devoirs to the fair Sarah, those hopes were speedily doomed to death, and that, without one after shade of relenting in the heart of the beautiful but merciless judge.

True, during the twenty-four hours which she took to consider of Master Wright's proposal of marriage, she did assume to scrutinize her sentiments toward Richard Adams, and, in imagination, placing a plain Goodwife Adams beside a stately Mistress Wright, conspicuously in view of the town, the comparison resulted so disadvantageously to the former, that, with a slight, disdainful smile upon her bright lip, and a sudden closing of the hand as if in the act of crushing some frail toy, she dispelled the airy love-dream, and speedily signified to her brother her assent to become the councillor's bride—a decision which received his cordial fraternal approbation.

She did not see Richard Adams again until the day after the first publication of the banns of her approaching marriage, when, while abroad upon some errand connected with her bridal preparations, she encountered him in the street. Apparently absorbed in despondent reflections, he did not observe her, concealed as were her features and much of her person by a thick veil; but she recognized him, and marked his ashy face and lustreless eye, so different from the bright and buoyant countenance he had been wont to bear—and she knew well what had caused the change; but she closed her heart and mind against the thoughts which arose within her, and soon they and their subject were forgotten, and the business on which she had gone forth reigned supreme over her faculties.

Years had gone by, and her husband, a councillor no longer, but a wealthy and honored citizen still, had proved but a dull, uncongenial companion to a nature like hers. One of her two children she had seen laid in the grave after a short and violent illness; the other was now feeble and slightly distorted in figure in consequence of a fever from which she had nearly died; but over the death of the one or the sickness of the other, she had not sorrowed as most mothers would have sorrowed. The deep, quiet tenderness which ordinarily characterizes maternal affection, was not in her nature; and besides, the chill which was over her regard for her husband seemed to have communicated itself to her feelings for his children also. Indeed, her friend, the pale, gentle Ruth, who had been constantly by the sick bed of both the little invalids, and in whose arms the one had died, seemed to have more of a mother's sympathy with their sufferings, more of a mother's anguish of bereavement over the lifeless one, than she who had given them birth.

Yet was Mistress Wright an honored and decorous wife and mother even in the sanctuary of domestic privacy; for her husband, who loved and confided in her fully, was part and parcel of that undemonstrative period and place, and amid the peacefully and punctiliously observed proprieties of home, he felt not the chill, he did not miss the tenderness—and well content with his dignified and courteous helpmate, he felt that, on the whole, his lines had fallen in pleasant places.

And how was it with his stately partner? Ah, human nature is apt to be dissatisfied at the best, and she had ventured a fearful risk—a risk, the import of which, ere long, she keenly felt. For when her worldly pride and ambition were satisfied, when they had no more to ask, they seemed to die, and her woman's heart to arouse to active life, and importunately crave what she had, it might be, forever denied it. In terror, she sternly strove to stifle its movements, to shut her soul's eyes and consciousness to the image which continually arose before it—the image of her youthful and abandoned lover. He had left the town a few days before her marriage, to join a military force which was assembled on the frontier to repel an expected attack of the Indians, and it was more than two years before he returned.

Meanwhile, he had distinguished himself by deeds of warlike daring and many a keen-witted stratagem, in the continual border skirmishes with the savage foe—skirmishes which, though fierce and deadly, and frequently characterized by intricate and subtle manœuvering, have not been deemed of sufficient importance to fill much space on the page of history, or to awaken a single note of the trump of after-fame. When, at length, business recalled him temporarily to his former home, the cheek that she had last seen so deadly white, was bronzed by exposure; the form, before somewhat slight, though symmetrical, had expanded into fuller and more manly proportions—but his manner and bearing, more sedate and dignified than of old, though not as much so as his stern military experience might well have occasioned, retained most of their former characteristics.

Earnestly, despite herself, and vainly, did Mistress Wright seek to discover in the young soldier any trace of her former power—any evidence of its continued existence. He neither sought nor avoided her presence in the frequent visits which his business required him to make to her husband's house; and his manner to her was always friendly and kind, but perfectly calm and unembarrassed. She shuddered at, but did not question, the feeling of desolation which came over her heart at the idea of his indifference, but her confidence in her beauty's spell was strong, and with a vague trust that that spell was not yet broken, she sustained herself—against what? She did not ask—indeed, all of her fears and hopes were as if in a dream, nor had she any vivid consciousness of her sentiments and emotions.

But when the young soldier had returned to his troops, and Mistress Wright to the dreariness of her daily life, the effect of these conflicts began to manifest itself. The fancies and feelings which had laid dormant before, they had roused into active life and a tangible shape; and, unable wholly to cope with her busy tempters, she sought to soothe them into quiet—to solace her heart-loneliness with imaginary pictures of what might have been, had not her own hand interposed an immovable barrier. Surely, she reasoned, there could be no great harm in that—it was so slight a comfort, though the only one left to her—those few, faint moonbeams might be permitted to a life from which the sunlight seemed forever excluded. Ah, though she saw it not, those pictures' faded tints would yet burn as with fire in her very soul.

At length, whatever doubts she felt in regard to her former lover's sentiments toward herself were set at rest, when, about a year afterwards, he was again in Salem. He had called on business upon her husband, who was not at home, though momentarily expected there; and in compliance with her invitation, he sat down to await Master Wright's return. The two entered into conversation, and after a while, there was a brief pause in their discourse, which was finally broken by Mistress Wright, who made some observation in continuation of what they had been speaking of before, but in a tone which, without her intending or foreseeing it, sounded like the echo of her heart's deepest, most

secret emotions—a tone so expressive and peculiar, as to take the ear and attention at once, and wholly to the exclusion of the words into which it was shaped.

Adams started, and looked up in her face with an air of honest surprise—and of surprise, only—as if a strange voice had suddenly sounded in his ears. O, the agony and humiliation which thrilled through that proud woman's soul as she met that look, and stooped, as if to pick up the handkerchief which had not fallen, in order to hide the confusion which sent a burning blush over her face, her neck, and even her hands. Fortunately for her, her husband at that moment entered, and with little of her accustomed ceremonious grace, she hurried from the apartment.

During the remainder of the young man's stay in the place, she sedulously avoided meeting him. That one wondering glance had convinced her that she was loved no longer, and she was too much crushed and humbled—the pain and the shame were too fresh, for her to summon the cold, haughty serenity with which only she would have braved and repelled a regard of pity or contempt.

Many months afterwards, a temporary cessation of hostilities on the part of the dusky borderers, enabled Captain Adams to pay rather a lengthened visit to his paternal home. It was not long before town gossip began to intimate that an attraction more powerful than his love for his honored parents or his natal soil had much to do with his unusual stay in the place; and whenever these whispers met Ruth Sherwood's ear, her pale cheeks glowed in a manner very suspicious, and highly confirmatory of the rumor. Mistress Wright, though she said the least of the matter, was the first person, after the young man himself, who was thoroughly convinced of the truth of this report; and when Ruth and Adams met, as occasionally they did, at her house, beneath the calm courteous friendliness of her manner, she writhed in anguish at observing many quiet marks of preference for her gentle friend—tokens which now seemed to her priceless in their value, but which once, in her over-ruling pride, she had contemptuously cast from her.

Shortly after Adams had returned once more to his post of duty, Ruth informed her friend Sarah, confidentially, that she was betrothed to him. A sudden, livid pallor, which Ruth, in her timid agitation did not note, was the only visible token of the mortal agony with which that proud woman's wild hopes died; and in a manner feeling and cordial, she congratulated her unconscious rival, and expressed great satisfaction at the contemplated union. The subject was not again mentioned between them, and Ruth, always nervously shy and sensitive where her deepest feelings were concerned, thought not to marvel at her friend's silence in the relief it afforded her.

Her lover was again in Salem for a few days, on hurried business, at the time my story opens; and on the morning that Mistress Wright was first introduced to the reader, that matron's worshipful husband, to whom she had not confided Ruth's secret, had expressed to her his high opinion of the young man, and his gratification in the prospect that "that discreet and kind-hearted maiden, Ruth Sherwood," had won a preference so desirable as that of the brave and popular young officer.

One bright morning of the ensuing midsummer, there was an unusual excitement in the town of Salem—and Salem was already accustomed to agitating scenes, for it was the year which furnished that dark and humiliating page of colonial history, on which is recorded the trials and executions for witchcraft. It was one of those days of clear blue sky and gladsome sunlight, which, where human sorrow and suffering exist beneath their brightness, prompt the feeling that Heaven has no sympathy with earth. Yet no shade of that despairing sentiment was upon the spirit of Ruth Sherwood, as she stood before her grim inquisitors on that smiling morn, to answer to the charge of unlawful dealings with the Evil One.

Ruth Sherwood—hitherto to all appearance the gentlest, the most retiring and kind-hearted of the daughters of the settlement—no wonder that a commotion, even greater than had been usual of late—was in the town when that dark accusation fell upon her name. The cheeks of thoughtful matrons and of grave, white-haired men grew pale, and their hearts sunk heavy and sorrowful within them, as they thought of the fearfully waxing power of Satan, when thus boldly and successfully he wove his meshes around the child of a race so eminently pious—a race which had given so many exemplary ministers to the congregation of the elect.

To those seriously-judging persons, as well as the less reflecting and more youthful portion of the community, not a little was added to the dramatic interest of the day, by the fact that first and chief among Ruth's accusers, was Mistress Wright, so long her most intimate and attached friend—though much true-hearted sympathy was felt for the honored complainant in her painful position, thus compelled, as a Christian and a mother, to come forth against one who had been so near and dear to her the greater part of her lifetime. Yes—as a mother—for it had become plain to her, as soon it became plain to the magistrates and other less active auditors of the examination, that Ruth, by diabolic arts, had occasioned the fearful convulsions that had terminated in the death of the laughing, fair-haired child she had laid in the grave some two years before.

The little Alice—over whose angelic looking corpse Ruth had shed such a flood of bitter tears—could it be? Yes—for not only Mistress Wright's trustworthy statement, but the confirmatory testimony of her servants, proved that when by long and patient ministering they had succeeded in bringing the child to a state of comparative ease and quiet after the first attack, Ruth had entered the sick room, and at sight of her, all the little sufferer's agitation and agonies had been renewed; and it was only when, after the others present had spent some time in fruitless efforts, Ruth had taken the child into her own arms and care, that it breathed calm again and fell into a quiet sleep, from which, when it awoke, to behold Ruth bending over it, the spasms returned with terrible violence and speedily closed its life. What clearer proof was needed of an evil eye, and the power to break its spell?

Ruth remembered when the child's strong love for her and her own judicious ministry had been the received solution of the mighty riddle now so differently and so darkly expounded. She was a true Calvinist, and, theoretically, had no faith in the invocation of saints and angels; but now, her brief asseveration of innocence unheeded by the mortals around her, she bent down her head, and with a simple natural impulse of her religious heart, she besought the angel-spirit of her darling to aid her in this, her need.

But Mistress Wright had another, and in the view of most persons, a far more serious charge to bring against her perfidious friend; the deformed and sickly condition of her remaining child, a boy about five years of age. The young Saul had been, for his age, one of the healthiest and most active children in the town, and bade fair to inherit much of his mother's stately beauty; but a little more than a year previous to that time, he had been stricken by a fever of a dangerous and infectious character. From this illness he recovered so as to leave his couch, and to be pronounced convalescent by the physician; but, after a while, instead of regaining his vigor and sprightliness, he seemed to droop more and more, and at length spent most of his time in lying down, with his body drawn almost into a ball, and declaring his inability to rise, or change his position to any extent. Yet, when "Aunt Ruth," as he called his mother's friend, who had been with him during his illness almost constantly, would take his hand and invite him to walk with her, he would contrive to get off the couch and accompany her. And still, at that late day, though he walked about a little, his body was constantly distorted, and any exertion was painful to him.

It was further averred that the physician, though skilful, knew neither cause nor remedy for the child's ailment, and therefore it was undoubtedly the result of witchcraft. Ruth's constant intercourse with the child, and her peculiar influence over him, in addition to the many suspicious indications in relation to her subsequently disclosed, induced Mistress Wright, and afterwards the magistrates and most of the other auditors of the investigation, reasonably to conclude that she was the agent of the evil influence under which the child seemed to be suffering.

When the evidence in relation to this portion of the accusations against Ruth was nearly concluded, the woman who had the child in charge, changed her position in a way to bring him in full view of the prisoner. Her aspect beneath that fearful ordeal, and her surroundings, were so unwonted and so strange to him, and when her gaze for a few moments rested upon his face, its expression was so wild and unnatural that the child cried aloud in terror, and clung to his nurse. Lo—another proof, a confirmatory seal, as it were, to the belief the previous evidence had induced.

When, in answer to the examiner's demand, Ruth had briefly and in vain asserted her innocence of these later charges, she turned her eyes for the first time since the inquisition had begun, upon the countenance of her former friend, there was nothing of fear, or of anger, or of vengeance, in her look; but it thrilled through every nerve of its object. It was earnestly appealing—inquiringly reproachful—and through and over it all there was a mournfully compassionate expression, as if of the pity of some superior and supernatural being. Beneath that earnest regard, the lofty accuser paled, and her eyes sank; and then, with a faint, irrepressible scream and an involuntary shudder, she covered her face with her hands.

But the sentiment of that court had a bias irresistible, and its judgment of that incident was directly the reverse of what we of modern times would be apt to form in regard to it; so it served as another link in the chain of evidence which was dragging the poor prisoner to an awful doom.

And then was brought forward and duly testified to, the fact that Ruth had been the frequent visitor, the benefactress, and defender of the fame, of an infirm old woman, who had dwelt alone in a miserable cottage in the outskirts of the town, and who, a short time previous, had been incontestably proved a witch, and, as was fitting in a Christian community, soon after hanged therefor. And to this foul charge was added a respectable list of the customary ones of sick cows, of spoiled milk and addled eggs, which, with a few additional items as uncertain and as trivial, served to destroy the fame and life of more than one victim of the prevalent superstition; and the guilt of all these last accusations was readily and satisfactorily proved upon the culprit.

Ruth saw that her fate was decided, and for a few moments a despairing emotion crept over her heart. And again, more vividly than before, despite her repeated efforts to banish it, came the thought of her absent lover. But even though he knew of her situation, he was powerless to aid her; and not for worlds would she have had his honored name linked with the infamy which then rested upon hers. And if he should believe her guilty!—Ruth grew bewildered—it seemed to her that she should go mad with the thick-coming fancies which rushed upon her mind, standing there as she did, with the gaze of that curious crowd riveted upon her face.

In a desperate effort to repel the wild thoughts within, she endeavored to fix her attention upon the faces about her; but all were alike cold and unfriendly, all alike scorned or rebuked her glance—and chilled to the very soul, she was about withdrawing her eyes from the assemblage, when they fell upon a dusky countenance which was just behind the foremost spectators, and upon that dark face they lingered, as if there at last they found the warmth and the hope they had elsewhere sought in vain. And truly, when Ruth beheld Wenochin, she felt a little consolation, for she knew that there beat one heart friendly to her in that room of terror.

Wenochin was a young Indian, about twenty-five years of age, and the son of a widowed, infirm woman, whom Ruth had befriended and converted to the Christian faith during the latter years of her life; and through the long, suffering illness which terminated in the death of the poor Indian woman, Ruth had been unremitting in her care and attention. Wenochin was of a feeble constitution, and a gentle, affectionate, almost womanish disposition. His mother, his last surviving relative, he had tenderly loved; and for her young, pale-faced benefactress, since Ruth's earliest kindness to that dear relative, he had cherished an attachment and devotion almost oriental in manifestion.

Though Ruth's coming always filled his eyes with light and his heart with pleasure, he yet seemed to regard her with the distance and reverence due to a being hallowed and sacred. He seldom addressed her save when it was of absolute necessity, and never, under any circumstances would touch her hand, or approach her person so nearly as to brush even a fold of her garment; yet often, though Ruth saw it not, when she had departed from his mother's cabin, he would throw himself on the earth and press his lips passionately upon the print of her retreating footsteps.

Since his mother's death he had seen Ruth less frequently, but she had ever met him with a kindly greeting, and had done for him several little acts of friendship which happened to be in her power—which he had requited with numberless trifling services and many curious presents, all tendered with the same deferential regard as of old. And, as we have said, when Ruth beheld him in that stern-faced group, she knew that one kindly, pitying spirit was near her—and it was strange, too, she thought, that she, a white and Christian woman, must look to the dusky heathen alone, of all assembled there, for human sympathy in her fearful trial.

But this thought had hardly shaped itself in her mind before she and all others in the court-room, were startled by a sudden, piercing cry from the Indian, instantly followed by violent contortions of his countenance and of his whole body, which seemed as if caused by some excruciating torture. One of the magistrates, and many in the room, had observed the prisoner's steadfast regard of him a few moments before, and the whisper of the "evil eye" went round. The purport of that whisper was soon confirmed by the sufferer, in his reply to the interrogatories of the court, pointing his finger wildly again and again toward the accused. Poor Ruth! as her last hope faded, she bowed her head in real despair.

Her aunt, a cold-hearted, superstitious, self-righteous woman, had early joined the ranks of the suspecting against her; and now, she felt that in all her native town, no human heart had pity or mercy for her. O, why had that last, faint consolation been taken away? That final accusation was not needed to assure her doom—it only served to increase its bitterness. It seemed, too, as if her every good deed was rising up in enmity against her—and now, despite herself, her trust in Heaven, as well as her hope in man, for a moment sunk. But for a moment only; and then, her strong religious nature repelled the temptation.

Had Ruth's mind been of a more superstitious cast, or had her faith been less clear and rational, she, as did other harassed and tortured sufferers of those troublous times, might have persuaded herself that she was really all that she was accused of being; but instead, the inspiring idea that possibly she was chosen a martyr by Heaven, presented itself to her mind, and with the thought, her faith and her courage grew strong. And when the magistrate solemnly adjured her to give a final and a truthful answer to the accusations brought against her, it was with the feeling that her cause had no relation to any earthly tribunal, that she replied, as she raised her eyes appealingly above: "My Father in heaven knoweth my innocence of these foul charges, and before his judgment seat I leave my cause."

As Ruth stood at that moment, with her white, delicate hands clasped in prayerful attitude before her bosom, her pale, spiritual face raised heavenward, beaming with celestial trust, and a single ray of sunlight which streamed through a small aperture in a partially closed shutter resting like a glory upon her head, and lighting her fair tresses with a golden gleam, she looked a very type of Purity and Faith. And that dark-haired, stately woman, with her brow of gloom, the bitter determination in her lip of perfect curve, and the unholy pride pervading her exquisitely moulded features—the dusky, writhing Indian—the stern, hard-featured Puritan magistrates—and the mixture of cold, of curious, and of vindictive countenances around—contrasting with the ethereal aspect of the accused, gave to her rather the appearance of a holy martyr in the midst of her persecutors, than of an agent of the Evil One beneath the judgment of the righteous.

Strangely enough, this idea presented itself vividly to the mind of one of the magistrates as he looked upon the scene; but he knew it to be a delusion of the enemy, and piously closing his mind and heart to the Satanic wile, he proceeded with increased bitterness to denounce and exhort the criminal. But notwithstanding his great zeal and urgency, the prisoner refused to confess.

"I will not pollute my soul or my lips with falsehood," was her sole reply to the worthy man's vigorous appeals, "nor may I cast unmerited dishonor upon a lineage which, though humble, has been ever of unspotted fame."

And, charitable counsel and Christian command alike failing to overcome Ruth's stubborn purpose, she was formally committed for trial.

Two weeks had passed since the day of Ruth's examination, and she had been duly tried, convicted and sentenced to death for the crime alleged against her. She was confined in the Salem jail, awaiting the execution of her sentence.

Improbable as it may seem, that human life should be deliberately destroyed by grave and thoughtful men upon pretexts light and trivial as Ruth's trial afforded, the records of that period will bear out the assertion that upon evidence even more frivolous and doubtful, many hapless beings were adjudged guilty of the capital offence of witchcraft, and suffered the penalty allotted to that crime. Indeed, in perusing the details of the examinations of the accused before these solemn old Puritan magistrates, the reader of the present day finds his sense of the ludicrous almost as forcibly appealed to as are his feelings of justice and humanity. Yet is there little ground for the half disdainful, half pitying consciousness of superiority with which we are apt to regard that so-considered "dark age" of our history.

It befits not us, of this enlightened era of mesmerism and physchology, of spirit-moving chairs and tables, of spirit edited and spirit-contributed-to newspapers, of revelations direct from the world to come—revelations, how humiliating in their character, how pitiful in aspect beside the dimmest imaginings of a faith-tinctured mind—and of innumerable new and fantastic theories of metaphysical bewilderment—all claiming to roam over, to dwell upon, the most ethereal heights of spirituality, and all alike descending to the common level of modern mysticism—the acquisition of material cash—it befits not us to deal so contemptuously with the sombre delusion of our forefathers. If their judgments beneath its influence were bitter and erroneous, they were sincere as well; and if the consequences of their spirit manifestations were often dark and tragical, there was something of dignity in the gloom; for it was the evidence of an honest, though mistaken purpose; while the glittering results of spirit presences in our day are open to a less favorable interpretation.

But this digression is becoming too lengthy—let us return to our narrative. Ruth, as we have said, had been condemned to death, and she was to meet her fate at the end of two weeks from the day of sentence. During the first few days after Ruth's doom had been pronounced, and while the poor victim, in the solitude of her prison, was struggling in the combat between the flesh and the spirit—while with life, and youth, and health strong in every heart pulse, she was striving to nerve herself to turn from them and from the bright and cherished prospects which had been around her earthly path, to a dishonored grave—and endeavoring to fix her soul's gaze steadily upon the bright future of heaven, unheedful of the darkness which had fallen upon her earthly present—Mistress Wright, in her free and honored home, was vainly striving to banish the memory of Ruth's look on the day of the examination; the look which had so powerfully affected her at the time, and the only one the poor girl had turned upon her during all her ignominious ordeal. It was constantly before her waking vision, it was interwoven with all her sleeping fancies—and at length, in mercy to her own brain, she resolved, if it could be done consistently with her deeper determination, to prevent that image being stamped upon it forever—for so it would be, she felt, if Ruth met her appointed doom.

Her husband was then absent, having sailed for England, on some private business several weeks previous to Ruth's accusation, and his return was not expected before the early winter; but his temporary absence did not diminish his wife's influence, and accordingly, when she applied to the magistrates for permission for an interview with the prisoner, alleging as a reason for the request, that from her early and long friendship for the condemned, she was naturally very desirous that she should repent and confess her great sin, and also, on account of the intimate association of so many years, hoped that she might have influence to effect that most desirable result, her petition was very readily acceded to.

It was near the hour beyond which no one except those connected with the prison was admitted or suffered to remain within its walls, when Mistress Wright crossed the threshold on her purposed visit; but her secret design admitted of no delay, and the brief interview then permitted her, better suited it than would a longer and later one on the morrow.

Ruth was engaged in earnest prayer when the jailer opened the door of the apartment in which she was confined, to admit her former friend—in prayer for that best-beloved one with whom her thoughts had been intently occupied for sometime before she bent her knee. She turned her head at the sound of the opening door, and at sight of that face so familiar and once so loved, she sprung up with a first impulse of the feeling of former times, but quickly came the thought of the stern and chilling experience of the past few weeks, and the realization of the fearful present—and cold and distrustful, she stood for some moments looking upon her visitor, who, remaining near the door, seemed to be intently listening to the sound of the jailor's retreating footsteps.

"What would you with me, Sarah?" asked Ruth, at length, in a voice as kind and friendly as she could command—for, though she had summoned to her aid all her Christian and religious feeling which had seemed so strong before, it could not instantaneously conquer the sudden uprising of humanity within her.

Mistress Wright did not immediately reply, and continued occupied as before; in a few moments, however, as if satisfied that Mr. Hopkins's somewhat ponderous person had reached a safe distance, she approached Ruth, and said, in a low tone:

"I would give you liberty and life, Ruth—will you accept the boon?"

Ruth looked at her doubtingly for a moment, and then, pressing her hand to her forehead with a bewildered air, she said, slowly.

"Is it all a dream—or do you come to add to my misery by a bitter mockery?"

"Nay, Ruth, I mock you not I come in very truth, to free you, if so you will, from this gloomy prison and the shameful and fearful gallows which is beyond it. What do you say to the offer?"

"Sarah," after a brief pause, Ruth answered, with an air of mingled doubt and wonder, and yet a faint gleam of her old childlike reliance upon the ability of her early friend arising within her—a very faint gleam though, for since Ruth's late gloomy experience, all her faith in humanity, save her hoping trust in one single mortal, seemed dead, and there appeared to her to be an immeasurable distance between her and her kind—"Sarah, is it indeed so? Can you undo your own work? or have you influence over those stern judges to reverse their decree—to retract the sentence they have pronounced?"

"No, hardly that," she replied with a derisive smile to the last query, passing by unanswered, though not unnoticed, the well-merited accusation which Ruth's words had implied; "I should need to sign and seal a compact with the 'Black Man' before accomplishing so wondrous a task. But," she continued, in a lower tone, "there have been *escapes* from prison before now, where there have been cunning heads and bold hearts to devise and accomplish them; and there may be another, Ruth—it will be my care that there shall be, if you say but the word."

Ruth hardly dared trust this new and unexpected brightness in her prospects. It had burst upon her so suddenly, and she had dwelt so long beneath the fear and the gloom, that the darkness had become a reality too stern to be destroyed by that instant of radiance—and with a dim apprehension at her heart that some fearful shadow yet lay between her and the attainment of the good so freely proffered, she said:

"If, without taking sin upon my conscience thereby, I may be free and live, I will gladly fly. But," she added, in a moment after, as with something of that apprehensive ingenuity with which we are apt to frame causes for distrust in any seeming blessing which startles by its unexpectedness, the idea rose in her mind, "if I should live to know that Richard credited this dark story?"

"Be not concerned on that score," interrupted her companion, in a low, bitter tone, and with a smile almost fiendish in its malice, "it will only be *another surprise* for him."

While she spoke, the memory of Adams's wondering glance on that unforgotten occasion stung her proud soul to the quick, as it had done innumerable times before, and nerved her anew for her present purpose. Ruth looked at her wonderingly for a moment, for she knew nothing of the subject of her allusion, and consequently neither understood the meaning of her words nor the emotion by which they were accompanied. She would not pause to question them then, however, but was about to ask for another and more needed explanation from the incomprehensible woman before her, when she was prevented by her continuing:

"But our time, which was short at best, will soon expire, and I must now inform you of the condition on which I will obtain your freedom—for there is a condition, an inexorable condition, attached to my action in the matter."

The load which had lifted such a little way from Ruth's heart before, sunk back with its accustomed weight at these words and the tone in which they were spoken. Mistress Wright continued:

"It is this. You must swear to me a solemn oath that you will renounce Richard Adams and his love forever, and that you will never, in any way, directly or indirectly, seek to exculpate yourself to him from the charge now resting upon you."

Ruth had involuntarily recoiled a pace or two in horror and amazement as this proposition fell upon her ear—this proposition, which gave a revelation so unlooked-for, and which conveyed a sufficient explanation of the strange hostility which had pursued the poor prisoner to her present state—the explanation she had been about to seek—and she now remained silent, regarding her companion with an expression of mingled feeling, in which a sorrowful surprise predominated. Irritated by her silence, Mistress Wright spoke:

"Choose—and your choice must be quickly made—between me and the common hangman!"

Ruth's moral and religious sensibilities, always acute, had been rendered peculiarly so by the ordeal through which she had so recently passed—and forgetful for a while of herself, of all, in grief at the fearful sinfulness of the woman who had once been so dear to her, she said, mournfully:

"Sarah, has Satan gained the mastery over you wholly?" Then falling on her knees before her, and looking imploringly in her face, she continued: "O, my friend, once so loved and honored, cast off this dreadful delusion—kneel, pray with me that this fiendish spirit may be taken from you, and that you may be your true self once more—yourself, so noble, of whom this dark deforming sin is so unworthy."

"Ruth," said Mistress Wright, in a cold, contemptuous tone, which plainly indicated the hopelessness of any further appeals of the kind, "I pray you waste no more of these silly antics on me. Reserve them for the councils of the godly, who may appreciate and admire them. I would choose, instead, to hear an intelligible answer to my proposed condition."

Ruth rose from her knees, and fixed upon her a brief and sorrowful gaze; and then, as her own position recurred to her mind, a momentary expression of anguish passed over her face, and she replied in a distinct voice, which was yet tremulous with suppressed emotion:

"You proffer a condition which it is impossible for me to accept. Life, with forever upon it the separation and the shadow which are for me the bitterness of death, would be a torture, not a blessing—and if even thus I would accept it for myself, I would not be justified in voluntarily bringing such misery upon that truly noble heart, which loves me so well—upon the only friend I have left on earth," she added, as with a feeling of hopeless desolation she clasped her hands over her face, and burst into tears.

Mistress Wright sat in stern silence for some time, while Ruth's tears flowed fast, and at length she said, in a cold, unrelenting tone:

"Hasten your decision, Ruth—time flies fast."

The love of life had risen anew in Ruth's heart during this interview, and she now raised her tearful eyes beseechingly to her persecutor.

"Sarah," said she, "be merciful, as you hope for mercy, even in this world. Bethink you, neither wit nor high station preserved Mistress Hibbins from the fate which impends over me," and she shuddered at the fearful picture which arose before her mind. "If I am slain, the retributive justice of Providence may yet visit upon my accusers the doom which they bring upon my innocent head."

The only reply was a smile of indifference. Soon after, the footsteps of the jailer were heard approaching, and Mistress Wright arose, saying, in a determined voice:

"Farewell, Ruth—your fate be on your own head."

"Sarah!" cried Ruth, in desperation, springing to her feet, "there is nothing to bind me to secrecy. I will proclaim what has passed between us, and and on the admissions your own words have implied, I will demand justice for myself."

Mistress Wright turned and confronted her, drawing up her majestic figure to its full height.

"And who, think you, will credit the tale?" she asked, in a tone absolutely derisive in its cold, unmoved deliberateness—a tone which seemed to breathe the very spirit of the stern, unbending necessity which from all sides was pressing upon the guiltless victim.

Ruth felt the force of that voice and the words it uttered, and sinking upon her seat again, she bowed her head despairingly upon her hands; nor did she raise it, when, in obedience to the jailer's summons, her visitor withdrew from the apartment.

It was perhaps the same spirit of reverence with which Wenochin had ever regarded Ruth, beneath a different coloring, which now rendered him the most timorous and horror-stricken of her imputed victims. Though duly present in the court-room on the day of her trial, he took a position as remote as possible from the prisoner, and assumed in it a crouching attitude, in which he was effectually screened from even a casual glance of her eye; and when the purposes of justice required that he should present himself to her view, so great was his fear and reluctance that it was almost by force that he was brought to the designated place.

When Ruth's look turned upon him, his distress seemed so acute, and his contortions were so violent, that for a little while she forgot her own painful position in surprise, and in a brief after-speculation as to whether these extraordinary appearances were the effect of a powerful imagination upon a feeble frame, or of the strong spell of Mistress Wright's gold upon a weak moral nature—for Mistress Wright, who was plainly the originator of Ruth's present troubles, Ruth knew too well to believe for a moment that she had any faith in her own allegations.

But Ruth pondered not long over these thoughts—for when the friend of her childhood, of her whole life, had been so false and treacherous, when her only relative had doubted and forsaken her, the failure of the Indian was hardly to be wondered at.

Wenochin, who from his boyhood, had been in the habit of visiting the town almost daily, was a favorite of Mr. Hopkins, the portly jailer, who, notwithstanding his grim office, possessed a kindly, genial disposition, upon which the young Indian's delicate constitution and gentle, feminine manners had first won, and the good feeling had been confirmed and strengthened by Wenochin's patient, intelligent interest in Mr. Hopkins's long tales of his early experience as a settler, and by his willing recital of his keen-witted observations in his daily tour through the town, until Wenochin was now always welcome to a place by the jailer's summer-afternoon seat beneath the heavy portal of the building of which he had charge, or beside his winter fire within its gloomy walls.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

VISIT TO THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

A letter from W. C. Prime, Esq., dated Jerusalem, Feb. 21st, and published in the New York Observer, says: "No better evidence of the change of Mohammedanism is needed, than the fact that the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, which has been so long guarded from Christian intrusion, is now opened to them, and that yesterday, a party of twelve American gentlemen and three ladies went through its sacred enclosures. It was not accomplished without some difficulty, but the money of travellers has found its way into the hearts of the Moslems, and has vastly relaxed their religious severity. The pasha has granted several orders recently, admitting English and French travellers into the mosque, but England and France rule here now, and America is unknown. Hence, in the pasha's absence, his agent here would not take the responsibility of admitting us to the great harem; but the chief of the soldiery, Hasham-Aga, volunteered (in consideration of sundry gold pieces) to open the gates for us. The fanaticism of the servants of the mosque is unabated, and without a proper order or guard it is dangerous for a Christian to approach and impossible for him to enter. Hasham-Aga gave us a guard of thirty soldiers, who accompanied us, and we entered the grand court at one o'clock, and remained in the mosque and in the great crypts under it, for two or three hours, examining everything; and, as you remember that this is the site of the Temple of Solomon, and the enclosure of the court is considered identical in size and shape with the court or inclosure of the temple, and the crypts antedate the Christian era, you may imagine the interest with which I went over this hitherto unexplored ground."

BRIDAL PROCESSION IN CEYLON.

The picture given below represents a bridal procession in Ceylon; which presents many interesting features. The bride and bridegroom, hand in hand, and readily distinguished by the sumptuousness of their attire, which contrasts strongly with the remarkably economical apparel of some of their attendants, are advancing over a cloth spread before them, and constantly renewed as they proceed, while four of their friends hold a canopy above their heads. A sort of rude guitar, a native drum and a fiddle played by a gentleman who rejoices in the possession of a European hat, furnish forth the music of the "wedding march." Beautiful young girls strew flowers in the pathway of the happy pair; floral wishes for a roseate journey through life! After the union of a young couple has been determined on in Ceylon, the wedding day is fixed by an astrologer. At the hour which the stars have designated, the young man goes forth with his parents, allies and friends, on the way to the house of his future wife. He is followed by men loaded with provisions, and particularly by four men carrying a huge *pingo*, containing, not only eatables of all kinds and choice dainties, but a piece of white cloth, a vest with blue and red stripes, and jewels and ornaments, the number and richness of which vary with the fortune of the family. When the husband is poor he borrows these articles just to make a show at the festival. The procession arrives towards evening. A *maduwa*, or temporary building, is prepared to receive them, and the friends of the bride are assembled there. In the middle of the maduwa, the floor of which is covered with mats, the men of both companies seat themselves round a heap of rice and palm leaves covered with delicacies of all kinds; the ladies do the same in the interior of the house. After the repast, the bridegroom enters the house, approaches the bride, exchanges with her balls made of rice and cocoanut milk, and presents her with the piece of white cloth, the jewels and the ornaments. This ceremony is performed in silence. The company pass the night in conversation and story-telling. The next morning the bride, escorted by the bridegroom and by their friends, is conducted to the paternal mansion, where the sacramental ceremonies of the marriage take place. One of the special circumstances of these solemnities is that, while they are going on, the bride always precedes the bridegroom, a custom founded, it is said, on the history of a husband, who having walked alone and too far in advance, suffered his wife to be killed behind his back without noticing it. A strange custom, related by some travellers, but which appears unlikely, is that of permitting a woman to have as many as seven husbands, provided they are brothers. It seems, however, certain that the manners of the Cingalese tend rather to polyandry than to polygamy. Ceylon, the scene of the ceremonies we have depicted, is an island in the Indian Ocean, close to the south-eastern extremity of the Coromandel coast, and containing 19,469 square miles. The capital is Colombo Its coasts are flat and covered with rice fields, interspersed with forests of cocoa trees. The interior of the country is traversed by a chain of steep mountains covered with wood, which divides the island into two almost equal parts, and the highest point of which is the famous Adam's Peak, or Hamaleel, 6680 feet high, on which the Cingalese and all the Hindoos worship the colossal footsteps of Adam, who, according to their belief, was created there, and according to the religion of Buddha, is Buddha himself. This mountain can be seen in clear weather at sea at a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The chief river of the island, Mahavillagonga, the mouth of which forms, at Trincomalee, the best harbor in all India, has its source in this mountain. It is considered sacred by the followers of Buddha, as we have remarked. The betel leaf is exchanged by the pilgrims who visit it, as a sign of peace, for the purpose of strengthening the bands of kindred, of confirming friendships and reconciling enmities. A priest then blesses them on the summit, and enjoins them to live virtuously at home. According to Davy, the road which leads to the summit is, with all its windings, eight miles long, and in some places very steep. The summit, where the priests show the pretended footsteps of Buddha, is surrounded by venerable old trees, particularly rhododendra. The island seems to consist of primitive rock. It has many rivers, few of which, however, are navigable, as they are, for the most part, too shallow in the dry season, and too dangerous in the rainy season. The climate is, on the whole, mild and healthy. Although near the equator, the heat is more moderate than on the continent, on account of the sea breezes. The monsoons give variety to the climate. The difference between the longest and shortest days is not more than fifteen minutes. The island produces gold, silver, lead, tin, iron, quicksilver and salt; besides these, about twenty different kinds of precious stones, among them the amethyst, rock crystal, topaz, garnet, ruby, sapphire, hyacinth, turquoise, etc., are brought down by the rivers after heavy showers in the rainy season. The rich soil produces nearly every plant peculiar to India and the tropical countries. All the tropical fruits grow wild. Rice, tobacco, pepper, sugar, coffee, pisany, tamarinds, several species of palm, the palmyra tree, ebony, talipot or talpat trees, with enormous leaves, of which a single one would cover from fifteen to twenty people, are found here. The chief production, the cinnamon tree, is peculiar to the island. About 340,000 pounds of cinnamon are annually sent to England. The best and most prolific cinnamon woods, generally called "cinnamon-gardens," are situated on the coasts. The annual product is about 400,000 pounds. The thick forests, which are but seldom visited by men, contain numerous wild beasts—herds of elephants, ferocious wild boars, leopards, monkeys and jackalls. The island is also rich in tame animals, poultry, etc., and the shores abound in fish. The pearl fishery on the western coast, in the Bay of Conatchy, was formerly very prolific. The inhabitants, estimated by some at 2,000,000 (exclusive of strangers settled in Ceylon), are divided into two distinct nations, the Weddas, a rude people, living in the interior forests, without any social order, who neither attend to agriculture nor the breeding of cattle, but depend on the produce of their hunting for support—and the Cingalese, who have attained a certain degree of civilization, practise agriculture, work in iron and gold, weave cotton, and possess a written language. They are divided into certain castes, like the Hindoos, each of which has its separate laws, customs and dress, and are of the religion of Buddha, which is distinguished for its wild spirit and the purity of its doctrine. Besides these there are Hindoos and Moors. The possession of the port of Trincomalee is of much importance to the British, it being the safest of all ports in the East Indies. Bishop Heber says of Ceylon, that the country "might be one of the happiest, as it is one of the loveliest, spots in the universe, if some of the old Dutch laws were done away, among which, in my judgment, the most obnoxious are the monopoly of cinnamon and the compulsory labor of the peasants on the high roads and other species of corvées." The labors of missionaries have been crowned with great success among the natives. Colombo is the residence of an English bishop. The civilized world is indebted for its earliest knowledge of this rich, fertile and important island, to the Portuguese Almeyda who, in 1505, entered a port of Ceylon by accident, and was hospitably received and well treated by the natives. The Portuguese were induced to establish commercial settlements on the island, on account of the great quantity of cinnamon it produced; but their cruelty, their avarice and their fanaticism, which they evinced in suppressing the religion of the natives and endeavoring to convert them to Christianity by violence, made them so much abhorred, that the Cingalese, in 1603, assisted the Dutch in driving them out of the island. The conquest and expulsion of the Portuguese was consummated in 1656 by the capture of Colombo, the principal town of the island. It was soon apparent, however, that the Cingalese had changed masters, without materially benefiting their condition. The Dutch, if not so fanatical, were very nearly as grasping as the Portuguese. In the first flush of triumph the victors obtained from the natives a cession of the most valuable lands in the island, and the arrogance and severity of their sway soon excited in the hearts of the islanders an animosity deep as that which the Portuguese had provoked. Bloody wars ensued—with numerous sanguinary battles, in which the ordinary fortune of savage tribes when contending with civilized people attended the arms of the Cingalese. Beaten at all points by the Dutch, they fled into the interior recesses of the island, and there retained their independence at least, if they had been deprived of their possessions. After Holland had been erected into the Batavian republic by the French in 1795, the English took possession of this island, and at the peace of Amiens, in 1802, it was formally ceded to them. In 1815, they subjected the whole of it, by the capture of the Cingalese king of Candy, and the conquest of his principal town. The British have possessed themselves of the most valuable parts of Asia by force of arms. Their last act of aggrandizement was the "sequestration," as they mildly term it, of the kingdom of Oude. Yet our British friends are always ready to read us a lecture on our grasping national propensities. Of course, they presume our statesmen and people to be utterly ignorant of the history of British India. It is much to be regretted that our British friends are tinctured with such a propensity for intermeddling with the affairs of other people. We must fear that the will to regulate the affairs of the world will long survive the power to accomplish it. The spirit would be much more excusable if the domestic affairs of Great Britain were managed better, but, unfortunately, they are in as disordered a state as those of Mrs. Jellyby, whose household was at odds and ends while she devoted all her time to the affairs of Borrioboolagha. Great Britain has for so many years made it a part of her legitimate business to give the law to the world, that perhaps it is expecting too much of her to relinquish it in a hurry.



NATIVES AND THEIR DWELLING-PLACE, NOOTKA SOUND.

NOOTKA SOUND.

The picture at the head of this page, shows the interior of a hut of islanders at Nootka Sound, with a group of natives engaged in smoking fish, while some are reposing on the mats which serve them for ottomans. Their costume is neither expensive nor picturesque. The pots of herring in the corner, and the strings which decorate the rafters overhead, give the cabin an "ancient and fish like" appearance. The fine arts are represented by the hideous faces on the walls. Captain Cook, who discovered Nootka Sound in 1778, said that the roe of fishes was the "bread" of the natives, and formed their winter diet. The climate of the islands and shores of Nootka Sound is mild, considering the latitude, 49 degrees 35 minutes north. Nootka Sound, the locality where the interesting natives of whom we have given a specimen abide, is an inlet of British America, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. The harbor is ten miles across. The inhabitants are very simple and primitive in their habits and manners, as our sketch sufficiently indicates, and present few points of interest for the study of the traveller. Contented with their rude dwellings, simple attire and monotonous food, they are worried by no aspirations for a condition more physically comfortable or refined.



MARRIAGE PROCESSION IN CEYLON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DIRGE.

To the memory of ——, Captain of the —— Regiment of Cavalry, who died on duty at Fort Leavenworth. 1855.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

"Sound anew a strain funereal—
Sound anew, O spirit lyre!
Doomed to mourn a soldier's burial,
Theme requiring loftier fire."

Dirges peal along the fortress,
Where he died in glorious prime;
Dirges rise o'er mountain gorges;
Dirges wail in sunny clime;
Dirges float o'er orange bowers—
Echoing, float through lordly hall;
Drooping, fade the smiling flowers—
Joyous songsters cease their call.

Muffled drums and pealing anthems
Wail his fate among his band:
Chilling heavens and withering flowerets
Wail it in his native land:
Blighted hopes and withering tear-drops,
Funeral weeds and pageant gay,
Florida's son is marching tombwards;
Death—the "captain"—all obey.

Memory, rousing at the anthem,
Mourns in attributes combined,
Honor, truth, majestic bearing—
Lofty thought and glorious mind.
'Tis no sin to whisper gravewards
All the pent up love of years;
There's no Lethe where we lave us,
Equals sorrow's gushing tears.

We have known him in his childhood—
Watched him soar to manly prime;
And his soul was fraught with glory,
Noble thought and deed sublime:
But our life-path wide diverged;
Still the chains time could not sever:
Chants our heart his funeral dirge—
Honored, loved, remembered ever!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GUELPH AND GHIBELLINE.

A LEAF FROM THE ANNALS OF BOLOGNA.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

The history of Italy is written in blood. For two thousand years, with little cessation, she has been assailed by foreign force, or torn by civil war and intestine dissension. The seats of arts and science have been profaned by tumult and massacre, which only ended to commence again. The favored land of beauty and poetic achievement has been for ages disgraced by intrigue, treachery, and wholesale assassination. Those who have most contributed to their country's honorable fame, have been repaid with insult, deprivation and death, and Dante's scorching verse and Tasso's dying lament are but the tithe of the still enduring monuments which testify their own and their country's disgrace. But with all this, the fame of Italy lives in the hearts of all men. She is the fount from which men of every clime and nation have drawn the fire of inspiration, and her annals are the examples of patriotism, virtue and self-sacrifice, even more than of ingratitude, cruelty and cowardly treason. Though her glory has faded, yet its works of genius remain, and these are still a glory which other lands continue without equalling to emulate. Rome and Florence still remain, and lesser cities which it needs not to name, but which have each contributed to Italy's worthiest deeds.

Foremost among these stood, in the fourteenth century, the city of Bologna. Her university, founded centuries before, drew crowds of students from far and near. She was famed in all countries as the seat of learning and the arts. But adorned as she was with such enviable advantages, she was torn with the strife of civil factions, which threatened in time to destroy her liberty and prosperity. The contentions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines were ceaseless and implacable, and Bologna was, like many other Italian communities of the age, a city ever divided against itself and bent on its own downfall. It may well be imagined that where neighbor was thus set against neighbor, and citizen against fellow-citizen, even the family circle did not escape the dire dissension.

Imelda Lambertazzi was a daughter of the house of Bonifazio Lambertazzi, which at the time stood at the head of the Ghibelline party in Bologna. She was just turned of eighteen, and though not possessing perfect regularity of feature, was universally acknowledged the most beautiful of the fair. She had an ardent temperament, an accomplished mind, and a disposition which endeared her to every acquaintance. But educated and surrounded as she was, it was but a natural consequence that she should regard the partizans who opposed themselves to her family and kindred, as men cruel and devoid of patriotism; blood-thirsty traitors, who ought to be detested by all lovers of their country. Nor did these ideas undergo a change till after her first meeting with Guido Geremei, the son of a Guelphic noble.

Guido was a handsome, gallant young cavalier, brave and generous, whose countenance was formed to belie base arts and deeds of treachery. These youths, of houses set in opposition, met, it matters little when or where. It might have been in the cathedral's cloistered aisle, or by some unthought-of encounter, such as may happen in lands the most unpicturesque, and to personages the most unromantic. They met, and their fates decreed that they should meet again. They loved; how could it be otherwise, when each discovered that the one truly worthy of affection was precisely the one whom arbitrary circumstance forbade to love? Partizan enmity cannot bar the course of natural feeling, which is but the more powerful for the very difficulties which restrain it. It is true that, in Imelda, the growth of attachment was at first but gradual. With her, the name of Guelph had been synonymous with that of traitor. She saw Guido Geremei, and asked herself how it could be that base intentions should inspire an appearance so noble, a bearing so lofty and generous. She doubted, and reproached herself for doubting. When they met again, she would have shunned him, and would have been disappointed had her efforts found too great success. She strove to forget, but could not be willing to be forgotten.

The youthful lover, on the other hand, well knew the danger which would threaten him in his pursuit of the object of his love. He, therefore, put a curb on himself, and mingled wariness and secrecy with boldness and perseverance. He found means to gain to his interest a female relative of Signora Imelda, who, being about the same age with the signora, was the latter's favored confidant. To Laura Balorena, Guido applied himself, beseeching her good offices in his suit, using all the eloquence of words and harmless lady-bribes to engage her warmly in his behalf. Laura was naturally of a gay, coquettish disposition, and pleased with the attractive manners and generous hand of the cavalier, lent herself heartily to his cause. She discovered a woman's natural sympathy for the difficulties of the lovers, and consoled and counselled each by turn, bidding them hope on and persevere till they should arrive at the happy termination of their troubles. Guido and Imelda bestowed scarcely more regard upon each other than they did upon her whom they believed their truest and staunchest friend.

But there came another actor in the scene, whose agency was at first unfelt and unsuspected. This was the dwarf who attended on Signora Imelda in the capacity of page, according to a fashion prevalent in noble families in that age. Dominic was not ill-formed, nor was he ill tempered, although somewhat capricious to others than his mistress. Toward her, he always manifested strict respect and attention. He seemed by some intuitive power ever able to interpret aright her slightest look and gesture. She was sometimes startled by the sudden flashes of intelligence which contradicted his usually silent and seemingly unobservant demeanor. Toward the Signora Laura, Dominic manifested an aversion so marked as to draw on him the reproof of his mistress.

"I do her no wrong—I do her no wrong," he replied, his eyes gleaming and his whole frame agitated with the emotion which he felt. "She is not worthy of the signora's friendship."

"My poor Dominic, you are surely beside yourself. The lady Laura is the truest friend whom I possess. You know not what she has done for me. Half of my life, I might say, would be taken from me were I deprived of her. But she is sometimes thoughtless in her ways, and I have noticed her amusing herself with my little page in a manner which I fear has provoked his enmity. Is it not so, Dominic? Do not be unjust even where you have reason to complain."

"I hate her!" cried Dominic, with a fiery earnestness which caused his mistress to shrink from him with a fear entirely new. "She has a bad heart, I say, and cannot be worthy of your friendship. She may flatter, and smile, and play the hypocrite, but will she ever, like your faithful Dominic, be ready to yield life itself to promote your welfare? No—not she. Mark me when I say it, my lady: she will betray your confidence, if you ever lend her any which she deems worth betraying."

Surprised at the excited manner of the dwarf, Imelda regarded him more attentively, as it seemed to her, than she had ever done before. Her imagination, for a moment, invested him with certain of those mysterious attributes which popular legends were wont to ascribe to beings peculiarly diminutive in stature. She likened Dominic to the wizard dwarfs of northern caverns, whose beneficent or whose malignant influence is so frequently felt by their superstitious neighbors. Or she made him akin to the gnomes, who pierce the bowels of the earth for untold gold, and silver, and wealth of precious stones. Gazing on his swart face, she smiled at the fancies which she had conjured up. Dominic saw the change in her expression, and attributed it to a cause foreign from the right. His features immediately became agitated afresh, and his eyes filled with moisture.

"You laugh at me and my words," he said. "But do not imagine that I am the puny, brainless being whom you think me to be. I can think, and see, and do, and dare, better than many of those who look on me with scorn. Dominic can at least say with truth that he has well served her whom he is proud to own as his mistress."

Imelda was affected, even to tears, by the pain inflicted on his morbidly sensitive disposition, and by the allusion to the faithful and assiduous service which the dwarf had ever rendered to her.

"You wrong me, my poor Dominic," she said. "You have indeed served your mistress faithfully, and do not, I pray you, think her unmindful of it, or that she judges your capacity merely. Neither suppose that she had the slightest thought of making you a subject of ridicule and laughter. You believe me, Dominic?"

The dwarf darted forward and dropped on his knee before her. To seize her hand and bear it to his lips, to spring to his feet and fly from the room, was only the motion of an instant.

"Singular being!" so thought Imelda to herself. "Can it be possible that his mind has in it a tinge of madness? He has moments in which he appears so overcome by sudden impulses that I hardly know what to think of him. And Laura, too,—a traitoress, false to friendship and honor! The thing is impossible. It were a shame even to entertain the thought. Some thoughtless jest of hers at Dominic has jaundiced the poor fellow's eyes, and given to his vision of her an entirely false color."

Notwithstanding her confidence in Laura, which she persuaded herself to be complete and undisturbed, Imelda was conscious of a depression which she could not entirely overcome. There was a vague sense of impending evil, uniting with the denunciation of the dwarf to shake that implicit faith in her chosen friend, which it was according to her nature to entertain. In a great degree, however, her feeling had its origin in the fact that she was about to decide regarding a step, whose consequences, if taken, she was totally unable to foresee. The crisis of her attachment to Guido had come. He besought her to unite her fate indissolubly with his own, secretly though it must need be for the present. But there would come an opportunity by-and-by when party spirit might be persuaded from its rancor, and when their union might be openly and happily proclaimed. But if the future should disappoint this expectation, they would fly their native land, taking refuge in some region where they would live undisturbed, happy even in the most obscure condition. Such was the pleading of Guido; and his words found sufficient aid in her own heart as well as in the encouragement which Laura offered in behalf of his suit. Yet she shrank at the thought of the consequences which might ensue, in some measure to herself, but much more to her lover, through the premature discovery of such a marriage. Her brothers had repeatedly vowed vengeance on the family of the Geremei, who had often thwarted them in their schemes of petty power. Let them but entertain a suspicion of Guido's designs on their sister, and his life would be in immediate danger. While such fears made her doubly apprehensive, the warning of the dwarf fastened itself more strongly on her mind. An incident, long since forgotten, returned fully to recollection, giving form and significance to a suspicion which she was not willing to own, but of which she was unable to divest herself.

About three years before, a suitor of Laura, Ugolo Foscara by name, had been concerned in a street quarrel between certain of the Guelph and Ghibelline partizans. In the affray, several were killed on each side. Among the Ghibellines fell Foscara, who died in less than half an hour after receiving the fatal wound. Rumor assigned to Guido Geremei the dealing of the blow, but not with evidence sufficient to substantiate the charge. Imelda knew not that her friend had had any decided attachment to young Foscara; but there might have been something of the kind, and if so, what fearful significance might not rest in that invective of Dominic's, which, at first, bore in her mind so absurd a character. Could it be possible that his words were founded on a keen perception of passions which, to common eyes, were invisible? Had she not been amazed, more than once, with the wonderful acuteness which the dwarf displayed on occasions when his mental powers had fully asserted themselves? Could it be possible that, underneath the guise of earnest friendship, the companion so trusted was putting in effect a scheme of deliberate revenge? and that the unsuspecting Guido was to be led on, till, at the very moment when about to seize the full cup of happiness, it should be dashed from his lips by the hand of blood? Could such refinement of cruelty exist in the heart of one so given to gaiety, almost levity of disposition? Yet such instances had been, and such might again be, in the sunny clime where the deeper passions of time rage beneath a smiling surface. Circumstances utterly trivial before, now assumed an ominous import. Laura's demeanor had not, of late, been so evenly cheerful as it was wont to be. Lines such as painful thoughts are wont to form, marred her usually clear and lustrous countenance. Could such as these be indications of a meditated treachery?

In these torturing suggestions she sat so deeply absorbed, as to be unaware that the person whom they most directly concerned had, in the meantime, entered her apartments, and was now standing by her side. Aroused by the sound of her friend's voice, Imelda upturned a countenance so pallid that Laura drew back in alarm.

"What is the matter, my dear lady?" she exclaimed.

Imelda looked steadfastly in her face before she answered:

"I cannot—no, I cannot believe that there is treachery in one who wears a countenance so frank and beaming."

"What do you mean, Imelda?" inquired the other, changing color, yet steadily meeting the gaze of her friend.

"Laura, you shall hear what is in my mind, for I will not entertain even the shadow of a doubt against you, unless there be cause for it."

Imelda then recounted the words of the dwarf. She also spoke of Foscara's death, and of Guido's supposed agency therein, and of the feelings which she had imagined might be induced in Laura by the violent death of a lover to whom she was attached.

"I know you will not blame me," she continued, "for these thoughts, however baseless they may be. You see how naturally they have risen. It is not, dear Laura, that I am forgetful, ungrateful, unmindful of your kindnesses, but, pardon me, I *could* not help the thoughts. You know that a word, a look, even, from you, would be sufficient to betray a secret every day more dangerous. Guido's life and mine are at your mercy."

The mention of Foscara's name produced on Laura a very visible effect. She bent her eyes on the floor, and did not lift them until her companion had ceased to speak. And even when she gave answer, they remained half averted from her companion.

"I did not really *love* him," she replied. "But he was well born, and brave, and I certainly did not dislike him. When he died, I wept for him, for he was worthy of it, and I felt shocked at the manner of his fate. It was but the other day that I learned the sure fact that it was Geremei's hand which dealt the death-blow. The thing had never been told me before, or if I had heard of such a thing, it had been forgotten as an idle, untrustworthy rumor. I will own that, when I knew the truth, my feelings underwent a change toward Geremei. I could not think of him as

I had done before, for I looked on him as the destroyer of one for whom I had much regard. Yet I reflected that he was, doubtless, not much to be blamed, for Ugolo, at the time, refused to name the author of his death, saying that it was a fair meeting, and that his death had been brought on by his own doing."

She paused, leaning her head on her hand. Imelda regarded her with anxious eyes. Such deliberation and gravity of speech she had never met in Laura before, and they showed that she might, perhaps, feel more deeply than she was willing to avow.

"Laura, you will not turn against us on this account? Surely, in these evil times, such things may take place without criminal design on either hand. You cannot believe Guido to be a blood-thirsty bravo? Let it pass, then, dear Laura; as far as may be, let it pass. Do not withdraw yourself from us now, when most we need your friendship."

"No!" replied Laura, throwing her arms around her friend. "I will not. The past is past, and though its remembrance may give me pain, I do not wish to make it more painful by seeking to revenge it. And if I should desire ill against your lover, I know that it cannot reach him without reaching you also. There, love, do not be alarmed when you find that your Laura is not altogether such a harmless, frivolous creature as you and others have thought her. I am capable of things you little dreamed of, dear Imelda, but I am not going to harm either yourself or your handsome cavalier. I will take good care of him, I assure you."

Imelda looked inquiringly into the eyes of her friend. She was inclined to not half like the malicious smile which then met her gaze. But when Laura, with a tenderer regard, embraced her closely, and bade her no longer harass herself with baseless doubts, Imelda hesitated not to give again the complete confidence of her heart. Near an hour had passed, and the two were still together, when a light step was heard, and Lorenzo (as she understood it to be), her younger brother, stole softly into her apartment. She turned toward her visitor with a look of questioning surprise. He, however, answered only by putting his finger to his lips in token of silence, and approaching, threw himself before her, removing, at the same time, a velvet cap whose visor had partly concealed his face. As he did so, Imelda uttered a half stifled cry.

"Guido! Can this be you? How dare you, and in such a guise, too? How can you be so venturous?"

"I dare anything," said Guido, seizing her hand, "to obtain you. Now mark you, Imelda: you have three times put me off from the hour which should make me the happiest of men. You say that I shall encounter danger, death, and all that, the moment that you become wholly mine. Let it come. Peril I fear not—that I encounter every day. If you are willing to undergo an inconvenience which, I trust, cannot be very great as far as merely yourself is concerned, there is no impediment which should restrain your consent to our immediate union. You have trifled with me, Imelda,—trifled with me in dallying thus. See! I come into the very jaws of death to meet you; to show you how useless it is to make the pretext of my danger a bar against what you own you would otherwise consent to. Nay, look not so reproachfully on me; I mean not altogether what I say. But to-morrow, just after the vesper hour, the good Father Paolo, whom you well know, will be in waiting at the palace entrance next adjoining the convent of Santa Rosa, and opening from the covered way through which you sometimes pass in going to and from the cathedral. You doubtless remember the mansion, for I have often told you that it should be my dwelling and yours, when better days arrived. To-morrow, then, with Laura for your companion, meet me there. Before Father Paolo, change with me the vows which shall make you my bride. A trusty friend shall keep the door meanwhile, and then, as the streets grow dark, we will take the road for Rome. By to morrow morn, we will be far away, I warrant you, from all who wish us harm. Will you come, love? Ah, that downcast countenance! I have asked too much. I have asked too severe a proof of your affection—too great to bestow."

Imelda took his hand gently within her own, and touched her lips to his brow.

"I will come," she replied, in a low, soft whisper. "My fate is yours, Guido. Now, obey me, and hasten away. They will kill you, if they find you here."

Guido pressed her hand once more to his lips, and departed. As he passed along the street, thanking the stars that he had not encountered any of the household, a diminutive figure watched him from an upper window of the Lambertazzi palace. It was Dominic. The next moment, Guido vanished in the darkness, and the dwarf, with a passionate gesture, slid noiselessly from his perch, and hurried down the stone steps to the little chamber where he slept. Here he threw himself on his bed, and, burying his face in its covering, sought to stifle the cries he could not restrain.

"I heard it all!" he moaned. "To-morrow, then, she forsakes poor Dominic. Not a word—not a thought for *him*. Ah, she little knows whither it is that she goes! Would she but heed my warning! but no—she will not. Why should I give it? She is doomed to be deceived—betrayed."

Through all the night he lay there, moaning with pain, twisting and writhing like a wounded snake. Morn came, and still there, prostrate on the bed, and fevered with anguish continued the puny form. Nor was Dominic missed till near noon, when a servant came to his room.

"Ho! Dominic, idler as thou art, out with thee, and attend thy mistress. Here have we been, trudging up and down stairs, for I know not how long, in search of thee. Dost hear?"

The dwarf bounded on the floor, turning on the servant a gaze so malignant that the latter stepped back fairly abashed.

"Go," said the dwarf,—"go, or else I will spit venom in your eyes! Go; say I will come when I choose, and not till then!"

The servant made no reply, but went away, muttering to himself something about "demons" and "exorcising the imp." He repeated to his mistress the answer which he had received. Imelda, surprised at the insolent rejoinder, recalled the domestic, and inquired if he had informed her rightly.

"Even so, my lady," was the answer. "And though he often has his fits of rage among us, yet I think no one ever saw him wear so furious a countenance before. He raved at me as though the foam were ready to fly from his mouth."

"Very well; you need remain no longer. I will visit him myself. Poor fellow," continued Imelda, discoursing with herself; "he and his similars are subject to those distempered moods. Yet his frenzy always calms at my approach. Poor Dominic! He is faithful as a very dog. I fear I shall miss him sadly."

The dwarf knew her approach, although her light footfall could scarce have been heard by a fairy's ear. His mistress found him sitting on his low couch, his thick, brown hair hanging in disorder about his face. This last was inflamed as it would have been with fever. His eyes were strained and bloodshot.

"How is this, Dominic?" asked the lady, in a reproving voice. "Are you in pain? Are you sick? Surely you cannot be yourself, to return such an answer to my message."

"They flout me," he answered, sullenly turning his head. "They endeavor to irritate me constantly. But let them beware! I can revenge, if I am but a dwarf!"

"Dominic, Dominic, beware of *yourself!* It is yourself that is at fault. You are jealous, capricious, and too often unreasonable with every one except myself. I command you—entreat you to crush the temper which makes you so disagreeable. Even those who visit me you do not spare. The Signora Laura has been forced to complain of your demeanor."

"Ay, ay!" retorted the dwarf, gasping with a new accession of rage. "She whom you deem so good—so angelic! I say she is a hypocrite, a Jezebel, fit only for the hangman!"

"Hold, sirrah!" exclaimed his mistress, her eyes sparkling with indignation. "Since when is it that I have permitted you to take such liberty of speech in my presence? Remain, then, where you are, till you are able to restrain your tongue more effectually."

So saying, she went away. The dwarf sat motionless for an instant, stunned, as it were, by that severity of manner which he had never before observed in his mistress. Then covering his face, he threw himself back in his former posture.

At the vesper hour, Imelda and Laura issued forth on their way to the cathedral; but soon, retracing their steps, entered the palace which Guido had pointed out. There they found the young cavalier anxiously awaiting them. With him was a venerable, white-haired priest whom Guido addressed as Father Paolo.

"My children," said the old priest, regarding the lovers with a kindly countenance, "you venture much in this matter. But if your motives are right and well considered (and I understand it so to be), then let us hope that this marriage may be an earnest of good to yourselves, and even to those relatives who oppose it. Heaven save our city from the discord which now distracts it, and bring together its people in bonds of unity and peace. Come, then, my children, I now begin to read the service."

The ceremony having been concluded, Father Paolo took them each by the hand, added a few words of paternal advice, and gave them his benediction. Then he bade them farewell, and departed. Laura, also, having embraced her friend, now took leave. The tears sprang to Imelda's eyes as she saw herself thus separated from all save him who had now become more than ever her chiefest friend. But he, approaching her, kissed away the sparkling drops.

"Courage, my love—my wife!" he said. "Our good steeds even now stand harnessed in the court below. And, with such a brave rider like thyself, we will soon be among scenes more prosperous to our fates. See, from the window here, how my good Gandolfo tosses his head, and sends his mane streaming on the air like the pennon of a knight banneret. He knows the fair burden which he is to bear this eve, and right truly will he do his duty, I warrant me."

The young bride glanced eagerly at the gallant courser, and so doing, the infectious spirit which burned in the bosom of her new made lord, seemed, in that instant, communicated to herself. She placed her arm around the manly form of her husband, and laying her cheek against his own, whispered in his ear the following words from her favorite Petrarch:

> "With thee, I gladly tempt the untried earth,
> And in thy noble being find a second birth."

"O thou most delicate flatterer!" exclaimed Guido. "But see! the shadows grow more dusk; the hour arrives which summons—"

"Thee to death!" said a hoarse voice behind them.

Turning quickly at the sound, the brothers Nicolo and Lorenzo Lambertazzi stood before them. Men gaunt of aspect, dark featured, and with eyes fired by inextinguishable hatred.

"Spare him—spare him!" cried Imelda, throwing herself as a shield between Guido and those who were advancing on him. "Spare him, brothers! He now belongs to me—to you. He is my husband!"

"*De jure, sed non de facto,*" answered Nicolo, with a low, mocking laugh. "And if he were so in very deed, our good steel would not bate a tittle of its due. Stand forth, then, young whelp! Out rapier, and meet thy fate like a man, if such thou claimest to be!"

"Do your work," answered Guido, eyeing them with a stern countenance. "You see that I am armored with a silken doublet, while you are encased in plates of solid metal. Your daggers are pointed against a brother; but what is a brother's claim when valued by a murderer's heart. Strike!"

"They must strike through me, then!" exclaimed Imelda. "Nay, I will not be removed hence. It is vain to attempt it!"

"Off, girl! The daggers are poisoned!"

She answered her brothers with one pale, flashing look, which, for a second's space, held paralyzed the assassin's stroke. Then roused to shame at the weakness of a moment, they flung themselves on Guido, striking at him with their daggers. Their blows were at first warded off by his own address, and by the devotion of his wife, who persisted in her self-exposure in spite of every effort to prevent her. The brothers, exasperated at length by her obstinacy, struck furiously at their victim, regardless of any impediment. Guido fell, lifeless and pierced with wounds. Imelda, regardless of the injuries which she herself had suffered, threw her arms around the body of her lord.

"He is dead!" she said, with the calmness of concentrated despair. "Go!"

Nicolo and Lorenzo gazed on her with a troubled countenance. The storm of rage had swept by, and was succeeded by the lull of gloomy remorse.

"Are you hurt?" they asked

"No—I am not hurt. Go!"

"She will be out of her frenzy, presently," said Nicolo, to his brother. "Come, let us look up Messer Castro, the burial undertaker. We will see that what lies there, has, at least, a decent bestowal."

"Let us go, then," said the other. "In faith, I could almost wish, now, that the thing were not done."

They were gone. But now, from a recess which had been shadowed by the door, there stole forth a distorted, ghastly form. Crouching, crawling, as though under the oppression of some horrid weight, he crept to the side of Imelda. The latter, made conscious of another presence, glanced toward it.

"My poor dwarf—my poor Dominic!" she exclaimed. "They have killed him and me!"

The dwarf made no answer, but shrinking from her gaze, trembled with agitation. His mistress was deeply touched by this proof of sympathy.

"My poor Dominic!" she said, once more. "Thou, at least, and Laura will compassionate me. I have no longer any friends but you. Ah, they have killed him—my life—my all!"

"It is false!" exclaimed Dominic, springing to his feet with a convulsive cry. "I killed him—I killed him! I led them hither. It was I. See, mistress—there lies his sword, all bloody! Strike me to the heart with it, mistress! Strike—so my breath may pass into the dead, and he may live again!"

His hearer answered him, with a countenance whose tearless rigidity was scarce disturbed by the dwarf's delirious speech.

"Dominic," she said, "your brain is turned. It cannot bear like mine. Go, call Father Paolo. Tell him what has happened. Tell him that I wish this dear body borne to the convent, where I may, perchance, be permitted to watch by its side. Fly, Dominic, if you have care or sympathy for me."

The dwarf obeyed. Imelda still held the lifeless form in her embrace. Quickly stripping the vestments from Guido's shape, with eager tenderness she pressed her lips to his wounds. She hesitated not to draw the tide of death from his veins to her own. Closer and more eagerly to finish the hopeful work. Lo! there is yet hope. Above the heart, a hardly perceptible warmth holds conflict with the gathering chill. It glows apace. He breathes—he lives!

"*Ora pro nobis, O Mater! Ora pro nobis!*"

Looking up, Imelda beheld Father Paolo, whose moistened cheek attested the sincerity of the emotion almost unheeded by his fair companion. Instantly she was once more watching the unclosed eyes of her beloved charge. Without turning her face, she pointed to a bier which two monks had just set down by the side of the aged priest.

"She is right," said the latter. "Ignatius, Lucius, help us to place the wounded man on the bier."

Guido was borne to the convent, within whose walls he and Imelda were, for some time, kept concealed. For weeks he was unable to rise from his bed. After that, however, he gained strength rapidly, and within two months from the time of their entrance, Guido and his wife were secretly conveyed beyond the city gates, and made their escape undisturbed to Rome. Here they remained in contented obscurity, till the death of the brothers Lambertazzi and the subsidence of political feud allowed them to return to Bologna.

The dwarf never saw the lady Imelda after the moment when he left her by the body of her husband to execute the message to Father Paolo. Nor did he ever quit the walls of the convent which he then for the first time entered. He steadily refused again to see his mistress, who received with mingled pity and horror the confession which he caused the venerable priest to deliver to her. It appeared that the dwarf had conceived such an attachment to his mistress as to cause him to become insanely jealous of all whom his mistress regarded with favor. The discovery of the love of Imelda and Guido, and their approaching marriage, brought the morbid passion to its culminating point. For a space he struggled against himself, till after the departure of Imelda and Laura from the Lambertazzi palace. Then, aware of the errand on which they went, and overwhelmed by a guilty infatuation, he hastened to the brothers of his mistress, and informed them of the marriage about to be concluded. Thus he became the agent of a catastrophe which had very nearly cost the life of the lady whom he idolized, as well as that of her husband. Though he never again saw those to whom he had caused so much injury, yet he had the satisfaction of receiving their full forgiveness.

As for Guido and Imelda, their lives, happy in themselves, were the cause of much happiness to others. The mingling of two families, who for years had been leaders of opposing factions, annihilated the strife which had existed between the parties of Guelph and Ghibelline.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN FISHERIES.

We present our readers on this and the succeeding page with authentic sketches representing various modes of fishery pursued in Europe. The first of these delineates a very picturesque scene on the banks of Lake Sostrand in Norway; the bold shores, the fisher's cot, the clustering trees, and the peculiar apparatus which we are about to describe, afford a singular combination of striking features. The Norwegian salmon, which are very large and of excellent quality, are caught in various ways. The method we have depicted appears to be very effective. A traveller who witnessed it says that, in descending the Sostrand *fiord*, he noticed a number of small barrels floating on the surface of the water. "These barrels, at a short distance from each other, were secured each by a thin cord or rope, and all these cords were joined together at the end of a high scaffolding that projected over the *fiord*. It was a sort of platform, long and narrow, one end of which rested on the bank, while the other, at a slight angle of elevation, was supported on long poles on the edge of the rock that advanced into the water. It was not long before I saw the head and arm of a man, whose body was concealed behind a sort of screen made of planks, at the end of the platform. Although he did not make the least motion, he appeared very much occupied, and was evidently not perched on that frail observatory for motives of mere curiosity. My boatman explained the enigma by telling me he was fishing for salmon. A large net is suspended horizontally under the barrels, and the extreme transparency of the waters of the *fiord* permits the fisherman to see all the fish that swim in it. When a shoal of salmon passes over his net, he rapidly draws up in one clue all the cords attached to the different barrels; the barrels thus close together at one point, the net is shut and all the fish in it are taken. Although the *fiords* abound with fish, as also the mountain streams that discharge themselves into them, it appears that these men often lie in ambush the best part of a day without taking anything; but one fortunate capture is an ample reward." The dwellers on the borders of many rivers and streams resort to another and very simple method of taking salmon. They either make artificial embankments, or avail themselves of the rocky ledges that divide the stream into several narrow passages, and on each of these they place two sluices, one above and the other below, which they can open and shut at pleasure. The fish, having once entered these locks, are prevented from proceeding or returning, and are then taken easily by hand. The salmon is of unrivalled excellence among fishes as an article of food, and it is of great commercial importance. There is much that is peculiar about its habits. It is a migratory fish, existing for a portion of the year in fresh water, and for the remainder in the sea. It is a native of fresh water, and shoals of salmon annually work their way up the rivers, ascending even considerable falls of water to deposit their spawn. They will clear rapids or falls which are eight or ten feet in height, and, though at first



SALMON-SPEARING BY TORCHLIGHT.



SALMON-FISHING IN NORWAY.

baffled in their efforts, resume the attempt with surprising vigor. Sometimes they overshoot or mistake their mark, and throw themselves upon dry land. Though they seldom spring more than ten feet out of water, they have been known to descend a fall of thirty feet, and to leap over a dry rock of considerable height and drop into the water on the other side. At the fall of Kilmorac, on the Beauly, at Inverness-shire, Scotland, a kettle was once placed upon the flat rock on the south side of the fall, close by the edge of the water, and kept full and boiling, until a suicidal salmon leaped into the kettle, and was cooked on the spot. This was one of the wonders of which the Frasers of Lovat, lords of the manor, were particularly proud. Our next engraving represents a highly exciting and picturesque scene—that of salmon spearing by torchlight. The sport, always presenting striking features, is here heightened by the accessories. To the crowded boats with the busy spearmen and glaring lights, is added a background of stern ledge and tumbling water dimly lighted by the full moon set in the misty sky. The spearing of salmon requires great skill and dexterity. Nets are placed in various directions in pools of deep clear water. The disturbance of the water by the boats, and the glare of the lights, terrify the fish, which rush into the nets, and those passing within reach are dexterously speared. In "Guy Mannering," Sir Walter Scott describes very vividly a scene of salmon-hunting by torchlight. Our next picture represents a group of English fishing-boats at Hastings, with the fishermen mending their nets. These craft are broad enough in the beam to ensure their safety. Hastings is one of the Cinque Ports, Sussex County, on the English Channel, at the eastern termination of the south coast railway. Fisheries and boat-building employ a great number of hands here. The next picture represents the method of fishing in Canada. A Canadian stands balanced at each end of the canoe with his spear. An Indian woman, with a papoose on her back, is drying fish by a fire, while a hunter in the foreground is loading his rifle. This manner of fishing requires dexterity in its management which only an Indian or a Canadian voyageur is capable of. Two men occupy a canoe in the centre of the stream: one poises himself on each edge of the vessel in front, the other in a similar way behind; each has a spear. The canoe, though in the centre of the rapid stream, amid rocks and shoals or eddies, is kept perfectly steady, and in a straight course, by occasional thrusts and shoves at any object which presents itself—an overhanging or sunken rock, or the broken trunk of a fallen tree. The labor of keeping the canoe steady does not interfere with the spearing of the fish, which is carried on in silence and with unceasing attention. The fish, as they are caught, are jerked off the spear into the boat; they are afterwards handed over to the women, who clean them and dry them by suspending them from a stick over a smoky fire. Our next engraving shows a Russian fishing-boat off St. Petersburg, a regular Noah's ark in appearance, built over on deck, and looking like a block of floating ten-footers. Boats lay alongside, and up the gangway a Russian, with his four-sided cap and long frock, is passing gravely. The structure is certainly a very curious one. Our last engraving shows a party of French fishermen angling for mackerel with stout poles in a heavy sea, a mode of catching fish at which our Gloucester fishermen will be, perhaps, inclined to smile. The method is certainly not the most expeditious that might be adopted. The mackerel is one of the most delicious table-fish there, while in beauty of appearance it is unsurpassed by few. They are abundant on the French and English coasts as they are on ours. The mackerel fishery affords employment to numbers of French and English. The mackerel approaches the coast of England in large shoals, and it was formerly considered that its annual movements were from northern to southern, and from southern to northern latitudes; but this fish is found in the British seas at all seasons of the year, though in winter they are not numerous. When the fishermen commence fishing early, they are obliged to proceed a considerable distance out to sea, approaching the coast as the season advances. The first catch of the season commands a very high price. There are three modes of fishing pursued in Europe—with drift nets, with seines and with the line. By the latter, a couple of men will take from five hundred to one thousand a day, if it be favorable. The fishermen prefer a smart breeze, which they call a "mackerel gale." The French boats go out frequently with six or eight people on board, all of whom fish with the line, some hands tending two lines. The fish bite voraciously; frequently a rag attached to the hook is sufficient bait. The seine fishing requires two boats. The drift-net fishing is thus described by Mr. Yarrell:—"The drift net is twenty feet deep by one hundred and twenty feet long, well corked at the top, but without lead at the bottom. They are made of small fine twine, which is tanned of a reddish-brown color, to preserve it from the action of the sea-water, and it is thereby rendered much more durable. The size of the mesh is about two inches and a half, or rather larger. Twelve, fifteen and sometimes eighteen of these nets are attached lengthwise, by tying along a thick rope, called a drift rope, and, at the ends of each net, to each other. When arranged for depositing in the sea, a large buoy attached to the end of the drift-rope is thrown overboard, the vessel is put before the wind, and, as she sails along, the rope with the nets thus attached is passed over the stern into the water till the whole of the nets are run out. The net thus deposited hangs suspended in the water perpendicularly twenty feet from the drift-rope, and extending from three-quarters of a mile to a mile, or even a mile and a half, depending on the number of nets belonging to the party or company engaged in fishing together. When the whole of the nets are thus handed out, the drift-rope is shifted from the stern to the bow of the vessel, and she rides by it as if at anchor. The benefit gained by the boats hanging at the end of the drift-rope is, that the net is kept strained in a straight line, which, without this pull upon it, would not be the case." The nets are set in the evening, and sometimes hauled once during the night; at others,



ENGLISH FISHING-BOATS AT HASTINGS.



CANADIANS SPEARING FISH IN THE RAPIDS.

allowed to remain in the water all night. The drift-rope is hauled in by means of a capstan. The boats employed are generally about thirty feet long, built of oak or ash, copper-fastened, with great depth of waist and breadth of beam, and are considered both fast and safe. The seasons of the mackerel fishery fluctuate greatly, an abundant being succeeded by an unproductive one; or, several plentiful seasons may occur together, and be followed by as many of scarcity. On some nights two or three thousand fish will be caught by one boat, and another, not more than a mile distant, may not take one hundred. This uncertainty contributes to render the fishery a precarious source of subsistence to those who can only embark capital in it on a small scale, and cannot stand against the unforeseen reverses which may occur in a short period, but are counterbalanced on an average of years. As instances of the great variation of price experienced in the mackerel fishery, some examples, cited by Mr. Yarrel, may be quoted:—"In May, 1807, the first Brighton boat load of mackerel sold at Billingsgate for forty guineas per hundred—seven shillings each, reckoning six score to the hundred. The next boat-load produced but thirteen guineas per hundred. At Dover, in 1808, mackerel were sold at sixty for a shilling. In 1834, they were cried through the streets of London at three for a shilling (twenty-three cents.)" Mr. Yarrel mentions several instances of great success in this fishery. The value of the catch of sixteen boats from Lowestoff, on the 30th of June, 1831, amounted to £5252. In March, 1833, on a Sunday, four Hastings boats brought on shore 10,800 fish, and the next day two boats brought 7000 fish. Early in the month of February, 1834, one boat's crew from Hastings cleared £100 (500 dollars) by the fish caught in a single night. The fish are sold by auction on the beach; and at Billingsgate, the dealers sell them in quantities above fifteen, which is the lowest number disposed of by wholesale; some dealers will not sell less than a hundred of six score. During the season, about 100,000 mackerel are brought to Billingsgate in the course of one week. The uncertainty with regard to the commencement of the season extends to prices, and to the success of each boat, and resembles a lottery in which there are some high prizes and many scarcely worth striving for; but the hope of obtaining the former is the great stimulus to exertion. The competition and excitement attending the fishery business is admirably described in Charles Reade's powerful novel, "Christie Johnstone," published by Ticknor & Fields of this city. May and June are the busiest months for mackerel fishing in England. The mackerel may be considered as frequenting nearly every part of the coasts of the United Kingdom, but it is most abundant on the southern portion of Great Britain, on the coasts of Sussex, Kent, Hampshire and the western counties, and on those of Suffolk and Norfolk. They do not make their appearance on the Scotch coast until late in the summer. Whatever may be the fact as to their migration to the Arctic seas, the following statement, taken from the Edinburg Journal of Science, shows that they are found in those latitudes under singular circumstances:—"Admiral Pleville Lepley, who had had his home on the ocean for half a century, assured M. Lacepede that, in Greenland, in the smaller bays, surrounded with rock, so common on this coast, where the water is always calm, and the bottom generally soft mud and juice, he had seen, in the beginning of spring, myriads of mackerel, with their heads sunk some inches in the mud, their tails elevated vertically above its level; and that this mass of fish was such that, at a distance, it might be taken for a reef of rocks. The admiral supposed that the mackerel had passed the winter torpid under the ice and snow, and added that, for fifteen or twenty days after their arrival, these fishes were affected with a kind of blindness, and that then many were taken with the net; but as they received their sight, the nets would not answer, and hooks and lines were used." The study of fishes or ichthyology (from the Greek *ikthus*, a fish, and *logos*, a discourse or treatise,) is not only very interesting, but very important. Of all classes of vertebrate animals, there is not one which affords so great a number of species useful as food to man. Nor is the supply scanty: they are drawn by millions from the deep; the work of fisheries gives employment to thousands, and the amount of capital employed is enormous. The fisheries have been considered as an excellent school for seamen, and the best sailors and commanders in the mercantile and naval marine of this country have served an apprenticeship at the fishing business. Tenants of the waters of our globe, the organization of these animals expressly fits them for their liquid element. They are clothed neither with hair nor feathers, but with smooth scales, often beautifully bright and delicate, giving uniformity of service to a compact contour, admirably adapted for progress through the waters. Some, it is true, have a hard osseous envelope, like the Ostraceans; and others are arranged in a panoply of spines, as the Tetraodons and Diodons, which remind us of the hedgehog. There are some, also, as the eel, the codfish, shark, etc., which have the skin naked, smooth and slippery. As is the case with terrestrial animals, they vary in their habits and powers of locomotion. Some move slowly along, others cleave the waves with the velocity of an arrow, bear up the rapids and clear the falls with wonderful energy. Many persons regard the fins as the principal organs of locomotion in fishes, but these, in fact, are principally used as balancers of the body, as agents in turning the direction of the animal's course, or of guiding it as it swims along. It is the tail or elongated muscular extremity of the fish, tipped with a broad extended web or fin, which constitutes the efficient organ of locomotion. The fish sculls itself along by rapid strokes from side to side, as may be seen by disturbing one of these animals while at rest and watching its motions. It is by the movements of the same organ, only more violently exerted, that the fish leaps out of the water, springs at insects, or clears the water-



COMMON FISHING-BOAT OF ST. PETERSBURG.



FRENCH FISHING-BOATS OFF THE COAST.

fall; and we may further observe that it is only in such fishes as have the tail muscular and powerful and the body compactly shaped, that this faculty of leaping exists. The large-headed, slender-tailed codfish cannot leap, but the salmon and trout will spring several feet above the surface of the water. The use of the fins as balancers was proved by the experiments of Boulli, who observed that when both the ventral and pectoral fins of fishes were cut off, all their motions were unsteady, and they reeled from right to left, and down, in a very irregular manner. An internal sac, usually termed the swimming bladder, a reservoir of air placed beneath the spine, and varying in form and size in different species, by the inhalation or expulsion of its contents, enables it to sink or rise. The sight of fishes is ordinarily very acute, and there is no longer a doubt that fishes hear. They have, however, no external auditory apparatus. But a full description of the organization and structure of these interesting animals would require volumes. In this connection, we may introduce an account of a curious fish recently brought to light in New Mexico. The description is given in the Rochester, N. Y., Union of April 17, the fish being styled a "fish with four legs:"—"We saw, yesterday, a queer creature for this part of the country, viz., a fish having four distinct and useful legs. Near Fort Defiance, New Mexico, there is a stream of water which comes down from a canon in the mountains, and just before meeting the fort, suddenly sinks into the earth, and is entirely lost to view. It does not communicate with any other stream on the surface. In this brook, those legged creatures abound. The only mention of these fish was made by Captain Howard Stanfield, some years ago, but these that we saw were the only specimens ever brought to this country. They were obtained by Dr. Langworthy of this city, who had them in his possession but a short time before Prof. Agassiz became aware of it, and wrote to Dr. Langworthy expressing his great desire of obtaining them. He says, 'I can hardly tell you how very important the specimens would be to me, in the study of our natural history,' etc. They were sent to him by express yesterday. For a short description of the fish: In the first place, they look almost exactly like a miniature codfish, about six or seven inches long. On the back there is a membranous fin running from the shoulder to the tip of the tail, and a like fin underneath, except that it commences back of the hind legs. Projecting from the gills on each side, are five or six pendulous bodies, somewhat resembling small branches of the fir-tree, about an inch in length appearing as though they were intended to take the place of the gills while the fish was in the air, that the blood, in circulating through them, might become decarbonized. This is all that is striking about the fish, except the four legs, placed precisely as the legs of the alligator, and very much resembling them in form. They are not useless excrescences, but real legs, used to advantage in procuring flies on the edge of the stream. They are a great curiosity on the whole. They were procured by Dr. Langworthy for the express purpose of sending to Agassiz, but he heard of it through Prof. Baird, and immediately wrote to ascertain if there was really a specimen of them in this city."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NEW PICTURE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

C'est un tableau nouveau et vivant; il ne deviendra jamais vieux, il ne mourra jamais; car il vit dans mon cœur.

There's a picture new in memory's halls,
Upon it the earnest lovelight falls,
And never a dearer can grace the walls
 Where oft I am fondly busy;
My eye goes glancing with scarce an aim,
But lingers before the golden frame
Of the picture new, that bears the name—
 "A day with Jennie and Lizzie."

The scene is winter; earth's mantle gray;
Her rivulet veins have no more play;
The birds from her bosom have flown away,
 Like hope from a lovelorn maiden:
The wooer sun is afar and cold;
His billet-doux rays to the frozen wold
Are all intercept by Aquilon bold,
 With only bitterues laden.

The frost-king ruleth o'er vast domains;
He's stealthily curtaining window panes,
That they within may not see the chains
 He fast for his captives forges.
Atlantic even hath an icy gird,
And huddle his waves like a frightened herd,
Or a charger host by their riders spurred
 Over height, through valley and gorges.

Such to a stranger eye the scene;
Desert and dread you say, I ween,
But lo! the secret—this is a queen
 Disguised as a suffering peasant:
I view her ever as on her throne;
Myself her subject delight to own;
To *me* is this never a frigid zone,
 But tropic, and passing pleasant.

I see two forms of a mould to please;
Ivory fingers on ivory keys,
Lips sweet dewy with music—these
 Are scenes wherewith I am busy.
Beauty I see; and I feel, the same,
Hearts bright glowing with friendship's flame,
As to mine I press the picture's name—
 "A day with Jennie and Lizzie."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RUSSIAN SLAVE.

BY E. S. SMITH.

It was the epoch of the Congress of Vienna, when the fate of all Europe was decided amidst pomps and festivities without a rival in modern history. Tournaments, carousals, masked balls, theatres and operas, horse-racing and gambling, regattas, illuminations, fireworks, everything that the imagination could devise, was employed for the amusement of kings and their subjects.

Among the festivities prepared hy the imperial committee, there figured a stag-hunt, and the woods in the neighhorhood of Tchoenhron were gay with the crowd assemhled to witness or participate in the sport. One person alone, splendidly dressed, and mounted on a high-bred horse, took no part in the amusement of the day. His eyes were intently fixed on Sir Richard Haight, an Englishman, noted for his great wealth, eccentricities, and his passion for gaming; he followed him wherever he went, and appeared desirous to attract his attention.

"What can this mean?" said Sir Richard to himself. "Twice have my eyes encountered this young man, and each time he has made the same mysterious gesture. I cannot be mistaken; it is intended for me." And he turned his horse's head towards the stranger, which the latter ohserving, advanced to meet him.

"Sir," said he, bowing, "I have had the honor to meet you hefore."

"Yes," replied the Englishman, vainly interrogating his memory; "yes, your face is a familiar one, but I cannot satisfy myself by pronouncing the name of its owner."

"You have never known my name. We met at Moscow."

"In society?"

"No; at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and other public places. Pardon me, if, with only this title to your notice, I have ventured to address you on this occasion. The importance of the motive will, I hope, be some excuse to a mind as generous as yours."

"What can I do for you?" said Haight, in a tone of great courtesy; yielding to the sympathetic interest which the pleasing face of the young man had already inspired.

"I have come to ask for liherty."

"Of me?"

"Of you."

"Are you not mistaken?" said Sir Richard, with some hesitation, not knowing exactly what to make of this strange request. "I am Sir Richard Haight, an Englishman by birth, remarkable for nothing hut a love of play—"

"And for sneeess in it," eried the young man. "It is my only hope. If I should tell you, sir, that it is perhaps reserved for you to rescue a fellow-man from an opprobrious condition; to efface from his brow a mark that devotes him to scorn and humiliation, what would yon reply?"

"You amaze me; for I cannot see what such an hypothesis can have to do with a gentleman like yourself!"

"A gentleman!—yes, by elevation of soul, perhaps, also by education; but not by the accident of hirth. I am a Russian slave, sir!"

"You!" said Haight, with astonishment.

"My name is Neston Chlestakoff, and the estate on which I was born belongs to Prince Osmanzoff."

"How can I serve you?" asked Haight, extending his hand frankly to the young man. "I would gladly do something more than pity you. But let us go this way," he added, turning into a path that led away from the throng. "It is to be more prudent. You know, perhaps, that the priuce is here."

"Yes, but I could not choose the moment to speak to you. The prince gives an entertainmeut this evening, I helieve, at his country-seat?"

"Yes."

"You will not return to Vienna, for after the fete you are to go to the chateau of the Baron Pushkine?"

"Yes."

"To play there?"

"The whole night; and the prince will he there."

"I was well informed." He hesitated a moment, and a deep shadow passed over his countenance.

"Is not that the livery of the prince that I see near us?" asked Sir Richard.

"It is."

"He eannot be far off. Shall we not endeavor to avoid him?"

"With all my heart! Not that I am afraid of being immediately recognized—many years have passed since we last met; hut I could not exchange ten words with him without exciting remembrances, and then all would be lost."

"Let us follow this path, then." And putting spurs to their horses, they soon found themselves out of sight and hearing of the chase.

"Here," said Sir Richard, "we are safe from ohservation."

"Before going further," resumed the young Russian, "I must ask you to take charge of this," handing him a pocket-book. "Within it are hank notes to the amount of a million of roubles."

"A million!" exclaimed Haight, surprised out of his usual ealm hy the amount.

"Take it sir, I beg of you, and condeseend to listen to me. My father and I were born on a small estate near the Volga; the estate helonged to Prince Osmanzoff, the father of the prince now in Vienua. My father was attached to his person for a long time, and served him with such zeal and devotion, that at his death he hequeathed him a considerable sum; but unfortunately for our family, he forgot his enfranchisement. My father traded in furs with Southern Russia, and heing intelligent and energetic, he grew rapidly rich. My education was entrusted to a French emigrant; and to his care I owe all my suhsequent success—for when I grew up, I joined my efforts to those of my father, and extending our operations to the East, I douhled his fortnne in a few years. Our position as serfs excited the solicitude of my friend, the Frenchman, and he urged me to seek an adopted country in the western world; but though I ardently desired to withdraw my neck from the yoke of bondage, I could not fly without leaving my poor old father a prey to my master's vengeance. If I left Russia finally, the smallest punishment for him would he the loss of his property, and a return to the rude lahors of slavery. I could not do it. Besides I nourished a hope that enahled me each day to await the morrow. I thought that Alexander, who, it was said, was amhitious of the title of regenerator of his country, would associate his name with the abolition of servitude. But all the philanthropy of the emperor, restrained as it was by the overbearing and pitiless nohles, produced only the ukase, that forhade the individual sale of the serfs; they could only be sold with the estate. I had waited in vain."

"Why did you not try to purchase yourself?"

"It would have been useless. The great Muscovite lords have made a horrible compact, hinding themselves not to accept the ransom of a slave. Are you ignorant that a serf of Count Naroumoff offered two millions of roubles for his liberty, and was scornfully refused? Yet the count receives but a small annual tribute from this man—only a few rouhles; hut these great lords find a cruel pleasure in counting among their vassals, and absolutely dependent upon their capriee, millionaires, whose fortunes they can ruin in an instant. I have borne my hard lot with the fortitude of a Christian. I have endeavored to forget it in business, and travel, and deeds of charity; but now my courage fails, for I love—and the woman who accepts me for a husband, must accept the chain of slavery."

After a moment's pause, the young Russian resumed:

"Prince Osmanzoff, I have said, possesses an estate on the borders of the Volgn. It contains only fifty houses, yet he will not sell it at any price. But the prince plays; and play is with him an unhridled passion, for which he will sacrifice everything. In the feverish excitement of this passion, he may he led to risk this estate. If he does so, he may lose. In this village I was born; my father was born there; my family are still there. Gain this village for me—man, Englishman, Christian; with this triple title I put my fate in your hands. You have an unlimited credit over my purse—stake everything—triumph at any price. If fate should be against you—if I must lose everything, and yet remain a slave, I will bless you for having tried to break my chains."

"I accept the task," said Sir Richard, gravely.

"This night?"

"No, this night circumstances will not permit; they will play lansquenet. Besides I have an engagement with another gentleman. But the day after, I think, a favorable occasion will naturally offer between Osmanzoff and myself. He will not hesitate, I think, from the temerity he showed yesterday. I will profit by it."

"Thanks, Sir Richard!" said Chlestakoff. "And now we must separate. Your friends will seek you. I wish to avoid meeting them."

Four days after this conference, a dense crowd was collected in one of the gambling-halls, arouud a small table under the chandelier, at which were seated two players. They were Sir Richard Haight and Prince Osmanzoff. For two days these two had been contending for victory—now at lansquenet, now at faro, and now at ecarte; and the losses of Haight amounted to two hundred thousand roubles. The game at present was ecarte, and had been four against four; but the betters, becoming alarmed, thought it prudent to resume their stakes. They were renewed by the prince and Haight, and the stake now amounted in round numbers to fifty thousand florins.

The cards were shnffled and distributed, the trump card was hearts; they were to be renewed twice. Fire sparkled in the eyes of the prince, but those of Haight were impenetrable. It was not a man, hut a statue; the expression never changed.

"Hearts!" said the prince.

"I have it."

"Hearts!" he replied.

"Here it is."

"Hearts again!"

"Here!"

"Hearts!"

Haight leaned back in his chair, looking with indifference on the table at the heap of gold, towards which the hands of the prince were eagerly extended. The joy of Osmanzoff amounted to intoxication.

"You will not stop playing, I hope, Sir Richard?" said he. "An Englishman never abandons the field of battle?"

"Never! prince!—nor a Russian either. Is it not so?"

"It is a national prejudice with us. But perhaps you would like to change the game. Will faro for two suit you?"

"Faro let it be."

The two adversaries entered the lists again. The prince held the hank, and gained twenty thousand roubles. His good fortune seemed fatality itself. Yet the perfect calmness of the Englishman was not less astonishing. He pursued his object with the impassibility of his compatriots before the French hattalions at Waterloo, when Wellington, seeing his soldiers fall one after another, took ont his watch, and said: "They die so many a minute. I yet have such a number of men. It will be an hour before the last one falls. Blucher will have time to arrive. The victory is mine!"

Haight dealt in his turn. This time fortune passed over to his side. He had jnst gathered up twenty thousand roubles, when he announced that he had tripled his stake. The prince was too good a player to refuse. Haight still gained. Osmanzoff still played on, till he had exhausted all the gold and notes at his disposal. He then proposed to play on credit, chalking the stakes upon the table. Haight accepted, and gained three times in succession.

"By St. George!" he cried, "I have gained three hundred thousand roubles!"

"I congratulate you," said the prince, with a nervous contraction of the countenance. He began to suffer.

"You will not quit playing, I hope, prince? A Russian never abandons the field of hattle?"

"Never, Sir Richard, as I told you. But shall we change the game? The air is stifling here. Let us go into the garden. You have reputation as a marksman, suppose we try a shot?"

Haight, who saw the feverish agitation of his companion, readily accepted. Besides custom required that he should be at the disposal of his adversary. In a moment the hall was empty.

"What shall be the stake, Sir Richard?"

"Two hundred thousand rouhles."

Agreed! But I have no more gold, and I must not exhaust my credit at the bank of Vienna, which is quite indispensahle to me."

"Then I will wager two hundred thousand roubles against one of your estates."

"Do you wish to become a Muscovite proprietor?"

"It is a mere whim, like any other."

"And one that I am not disposed to thwart. I have something of that value near Novgorod. It is on the declivity of a hill, from which you have a most extensive and beautiful view. I have also, two miles from Moscow—"

Haight shrugged his shoulders. "It is too cold!" said he.

"Ah, then, I have something else which may suit you—a charming little village near the Volga."

"Here goes for the Volga, then. And you estimate this property at—"

"At something more than two hundred thousand roubles."

"Then I add fifty thonsand to my stake."

"Agreed; but then I have not the title deeds here."

"Pen, ink and paper can supply them."

Writing materials were brought, and the prince engaged in writing to transfer to Sir Richard, if he were the winner, the title of his estate upon the Volga. The bet was to be decided by ten shots. They drew lots for the first fire, and the prince won, and took his place. About seventy feet in front of him were placed, in a circular line, five small cages, twelve feet apart, and each containing a pigeon. Cords were attached to the trap doors which closed the cages, and were sufficiently long to reach the spot where the marksmen stood, which was called the post.

These cords, by the rule of the game, were to be placed in the hands of the adverse party, who always stood behind the marksman; and while the latter had his eyes intently fixed upon the cords, his antagonist was permitted to agitate them, and to feign to pull before doing so. Thus it was impossible to foresee on which side the shot was to he directed; yet it was necessary to aim quickly, for the bird, from its love of liberty, departs instantly, and with an energetic wing.

You might have heard a pin fall upon the turf when Haight and the prince had taken their respective positions, and the signal was given. The cords were agitated, and a door fell on the left. The prince turned his weapon in that direction, and fired.

"Down!" cried distinctly the voice of the official.

The same stillness prevailed, when it was Sir Richard's turn to fire. The trap fell; the shot followed instantly.

"Down!" exclaimed the voice again.

"Did you say, prince, that this estate bordered on the Volga?"

"From the balcony of the house you can see the course of the river."

An explosion was heard.

"Down!" said the same voice.

"There are magnificent plantations of young trees grouped together with infinite art—delicious fruits—fine peaches."

"That is my favorite fruit."

"Down!"

The strife continued with success on both sides till the sixth shot, when Haight failed.

"Missed!" said the crier.

At the eighth trial, the prince having failed and Haight succeeded, they were again equal, and the two sportsmen took a moment for repose. The prince again took his place, fired, and missed. Haight was more fortunate. The bet was approaching its solution.

What now passed in the souls of the prince and Sir Richard? It was a mystery beyond human intuition. To some the approach of an important event is announced by low, inward voices; to others presentiments seem mere follies and chimeras. But it was remarked, that when the prince took his carbine again, it was without a word—without display—without the haughty look that was natural to him. He fired. The bird, which had flown in a straight line, suddenly turned.

"Wounded!" said some.

"Dead!" said others.

"No, no!" cried several voices.

Every eye was fixed upon it; but it mounted, its flight became stronger, and it disappeared, while Haight whistled "God save the king!"

Haight having killed the ninth bird, the bet was decided by a single shot, for the prince failed again.

The two adversaries were superb at this moment, each in his own fashion; the prince, by his courage, which raised him above his loss, and Haight, by the deep, concentrated joy which he felt in thinking of the serious consequences of his success. They extended their hands to each other, and separated the best friends in the world. It was but an incident of sporting life, that might have its counterpart to-morrow.

Fifteen days passed. The act of cession, first made out in the name of Haight, then transferred to that of Chlestakoff, was fully authenticated, and Sir Richard quitted Vienna.

He attempted to restore the million of roubles that had been entrusted to him, not wishing to receive a price for an action whose only merit, he said, was success; but he could not resist the entreaty of the ransomed serf. Chlestakoff forced him to accept, inscribing upon the pocket-book these words, "To the free man who has made me free."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BUNSBY PAPERS. 2d Series—Irish Echoes. By JOHN BROUGHAM. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 298.

A volume of rich Irish stories, told as only John Brougham can tell them. They are highly humorous, without the slightest spice of vulgarity; and do credit to their accomplished author—a gentleman, a scholar, a dramatist, actor and poet, with a dash of the artist. Like Lafontaine's hero, "Variety is his device," and he succeeds well in all he undertakes. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

ABBIE NOTT, AND OTHER KNOTS. By "KATINKA." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 342.

A collection of very cleverly written sketches and essays, bearing the stamp of original thought and playful fancy. It will prove a delightful book for summer reading. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

LADY'S GUIDE TO PERFECT GENTILITY. By EMILY THORNWELL. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 226.

Dress, manners, letter-writing, accomplishments—a thousand things, in short, are touched on in this little work. It cannot but prove useful to the readers for whom it is especially addressed. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

BROUGHAM'S DRAMATIC WORKS. New York: Samuel French, 121 Nassau Street. 18mo.

This handsome volume contains the "Game of Life," "Love and Murder," "David Copperfield," "Temptations," "Game of Love," "and "Romance and Reality," all clever and popular acting pieces. A fine steel portrait, and a biographical sketch of Dr. Mackenzie add to the value of the volume. For sale by Federhen & Co.

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA. Vol. I. New York: Samuel French, 121 Nassau Street. 18mo.

This volume is embellished by a fine portrait and a biography of Edwin Forrest. It contains eight plays, all popular pieces, with costume, stage directions, etc. The work is finely printed and neatly bound. For sale by Burnham, Federhen & Co.

WAU-BUN, THE "EARLY DAY" IN THE NORTHWEST. By Mrs. JOHN H. KINZIE. Illustrated. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 8vo. pp. 493.

A very well written volume, deeply interesting, detailing the story of a frontier settlement, with the perils and hardships of the early settlers. Mrs. Kinzie writes well because she writes from actual experience. She was a participator in many thrilling scenes, and her narrative has all the charm of romance with the reliability of history. Her sketches of Indian character and life are truly admirable. The illustrations of the book are fine lithographs executed in the best style of art. For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

HOMŒOPATHY SIMPLIFIED: or, *Domestic Practice made Easy*. By JOHN A. TARBELL, A.M., M.D. Boston: Sanborn, Carter & Bazin. 1856. 12mo. pp. 353.

This work contains explicit directions for the treatment of disease, the management of accidents, and the preservation of health—the formulæ being based on homœopathic principles. The book is well written, and well arranged, and will find great favor with the numerous advocates of the medical system of which it is the result.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER. By JOHN TODD, D. D. Northampton, Mass.: Hopkins, Bridgman & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 336.

Dr. Todd is one of the best theological writers in the country. These essays, designed to aid in elevating and perfecting the Sabbath school system, will be found to possess great practical value. The classical, mild and benevolent head of the author forms an appropriate frontispiece. For sale by John P. Jewett & Co.

TRUTH MADE SIMPLE, ETC. By JOHN TODD, D. D.

From the same publishers and booksellers of the above book, we have received this first volume of a "System of Theology for Children." The subject is the "Character of God."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STRANGER'S EPITAPH.

BY J. H. WALKER.

Be silent, prating mortal!
Ask not whose ashes lie
Within this drear abode of death,
For thou, like him, must die;
Gaze on the slab before thee,
A record thou wilt see,
Of that which is an emblem, now,
Of what thou art to be.

Think not what hath befallen
The dead ere yet he died:
It is not thine to contemplate
The ways of human pride,
Fame, glory, honor, greatness,
Adversity or crime,—
Enough to know another's left
The stormy waves of time.

Muse not on what awaits him;
Eternal woe or weal
Was stamped upon his destiny,
When Fate affixed his seal:
Go ponder thou the problem,
"Have I a soul to save?"
Consult thine inner being on
Its hopes beyond the grave.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PRIDE OF PINEVILLE.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

"ONE word more, Augusta! Your father has this day pointedly insulted me, by commanding me never again to enter his house—and even my love for you will not go beyond the point of self-respect. We part then; and as it is always best to look an evil directly in the face, than to tamper with it sideways, I must tell you it will probably be forever."

These words were spoken by Walter Langdon; and cruel words as they seemed, they were not so cruel as the hard and stern father of Augusta Wellman had that morning uttered to the pro d and sensitive young man. Irritated beyond measure at the cool and contemptuous expressions Mr. Wellman had used with regard to the attachment of his daughter for a "poor painter," and his repeated assurances that he had other prospects for Augusta, he had left him, half mad with rage, at the imputations cast upon him and his poverty. Nor had he forborne to tell Mr. Wellman, what was really true, that the family of Wellmans had been paupers on the charity of the Langdons years ago; and recalling the thousand anecdotes, which every country town can furnish, of families suddenly grown rich and haughty, he had selected a few of the most stinging and racy for the ear of his unwilling listener.

Under Langdon's sarcasm, Mr. Wellman could not but wince a little. But he did not repent of what he had said to him, for he was bent on uniting Augusta to the son of General Everett, the only one whom he deemed worthy of the fortune he expected to bestow on his daughter.

Augusta tried in vain to call her pride to her aid. She could not thus calmly give up the hope which had been hers so long. She wished, in the sincerity of her heart, to become the loving and happy wife of Walter Langdon; to share his fortunes, be they ever so humble; to prove her love to him, by giving up all others; to live and die with him.

But it required a higher kind of heroism to give him up. That had not entered into her actual expectation yet—although she sometimes had a dim, haunting fear of her father's growing pride, and of its working her some such woe. But now that the die was cast, and Walter was not only commanded to leave her, but had himself signed the death-warrant of her hopes, she became stupified with the weight of her grief. She had suffered Langdon to depart with those wild words on his lips, and she had made no effort to retain his presence. How, indeed, could she, consistent with the maidenly delicacy of her nature? She had scarcely even a hope that he would seek her again; for she knew his impetuous spirit, and how tauntingly he had given back her father's contempt of the morning.

And now she was to meet him no more! How should she bear it, was her first and only thought. Should she voluntarily shut herself up, and pine away her life, because she had lost her lover? Indeed, no! She would show the world—she would show her proud father—she would show Walter Langdon himself, that she was a girl of spirit, and not a weak, pining child, crying for the toy which a harsh nurse had torn from her grasp.

The Christmas festivities had commenced at Pineville. There was to be a grand ball in the town hall; Miss Somebody or other was going to be married in the week, and a great levee was expected to come off. All the young men who had left Pineville to find business in the neighboring city, were coming back to spend the holidays; and Augusta herself had made great preparations for the approaching gaieties of the season.

It required some heroism in Augusta to face the destiny which had thus been carved out for her without her own will; but she put on a brave will, and threw herself into the preparations for Christmas with such spirit, as came very near making her suspected, by overdoing the matter. Her mother and sisters had some dim suspicion of the fact; but she would not allow herself to talk the matter over with them, lest she might yield to softer feelings than she wished.

"Did you ever see Miss Wellman look so perfectly resplendent before?" was said twenty different times at the Christmas ball. "I thought her an ordinary looking girl when I was here last year," said another, "but in my opinion, she is the belle of the night."

Walter Langdon thought so too, as he leaned, weary and wretched, against the farthest pillar of the gay ball room. He watched her as she went gaily, and with a flush, as he thought, of gratified vanity on her cheek, through each successive dance. Her spirits were seemingly at their wildest height; and when she accepted an invitation to waltz, Langdon turned away, inwardly congratulating himself that he had lost her, "such a heartless flirt." Then she well knew what his opinion of waltzing had always been. There was little difference after all in their degrees of wretchedness, only Augusta was the bravest of the two. She had been stung to the quick by his words at parting. She felt that *she* would not have so parted from him, even at the risk of her father's bitterest displeasure; and it galled her to think that he could give her up.

So she sped round and round in the gay dance, laughing and smiling to keep from crying, and with an unnatural color on her cheek, that told of some wild excitement laboring within. She had caught sight of Langdon, whose haggard face, presented suddenly to her gaze, nearly made her faint—and yet she bore up even under that. In a few moments he had rallied and joined the dancers. His partner was a very young girl—scarcely more than a child—but he paid her the most marked attention, which was not lost upon the watchful Augusta.

In less than a week she heard it confidently reported that he was engaged to this very Miss Huntington, who was an heiress in expectancy of a large fortune. Rumor in this case proved true; for in a very short time the marriage was recorded in the newspapers. Augusta read it with a pang, which even her father must have pitied her for had he known it; but that evening she again joined one of the gayest parties of the season, and her spirits seemed so genuine, that no one doubted their reality. It was about an hour after her own entrance, that she saw him come in with his bride. Augusta was convinced that he had sought a wife who should be the very opposite of herself, and she rejoiced at this. The bride was simple, childish and untutored. He paid very little attention to her, and seemed absorbed in thought. Augusta kept away from that part of the room, and avoided them without appearing to design it. But she had strained the cord somewhat too tightly. She could bear it no longer. Her indisposition was supposed to arise from the heat of the room, and she was carried out for the air. That evening was the last time that she ventured to sport with the misery she endured.

She became gloomy and ill. Her father saw his error when it was too late. Now that he saw her in this state, he would have recalled Langdon, had not Langdon himself set the seal to their parting forever.

Mr. Harley, a widower, old, disagreeable, but rich, wished to marry Augusta. She consented passively. Her acceptance almost shocked even her father. He had no idea that she would marry him, but as she chose it, he could not of course deny her right to do so. It was a melancholy wedding, in which the bride neither blushed nor smiled. She gave her hand mechanically, and her heart was not in it. There were some there who thought it a very sad scene—much more like a funeral than a marriage.

She went away with her husband, glad to leave the place where she had suffered so much. They visited Europe, and spent nearly four years abroad. While on their return, Mr. Harley was taken ill and died. His wife had never loved him, but she felt his loss, and she missed the constant attentions he had bestowed on her. He had never suspected that she had a previous attachment, and died unconscious of her indifference.

She returned to find her father broken down in health, spirits and fortune. Everything had gone wrong with him; he was literally a beggar. She never asked for Langdon, and no one named him to her. She could not bear the remembrances that crowded upon her; and after placing the family in better circumstances, she went to Washington to pass the winter with a friend whom she knew abroad.

One night they went to a lecture before some literary society; and when the first word of the speaker fell upon the ear, Augusta started and turned pale. It was a voice that she had never forgotten—the voice of Walter Langdon. For two hours he kept the audience at the highest point of interest, and ceased amidst the strongest demonstrations of applause. As he bowed to the assembly, his gaze encountered Mrs. Harley's face. He knew her, even in her mourning dress; and for a moment his confusion was apparent, but he soon recovered himself. He, too, was in deep mourning. As they passed out, he spoke to the lady who was with her, and asked permission to call on her the next day. She knew his whole history—not from Mrs. Harley, who had never mentioned him, but from himself—and she knew how her guest had been mixed up with his life.

Mrs. Harley had not heard his request. She had been talking with some one else, and she was in her own room when he called the next day. He learned everything from her friend respecting her, and then begged her to let him see her. Unconscious of the presence of any one in the parlor, Mrs. Harley entered the room at one door, as her friend went out at the other. As she advanced, he rose and came towards her.

It was a long and painful explanation. Neither knew that the other was free until that meeting; but when Mrs. Harley's friend returned to the parlor, she found that "o'er the faults of former years they had wept, and were forgiven."

Power will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough or good enough to be trusted with unlimited power.—*Lacon.*

COMMODORE GREGORY.

The many friends of this distinguished officer will, we think, acknowledge, without hesitation, the fidelity of the accompanying portrait, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill, from an admirable daguerreotype by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city. Francis H. Gregory was born in the State of Connecticut about the year 1791. An early inclination for the sea service of his country led to his procuring a midshipman's warrant and his entrance into the United States navy at the age of 18—January 16, 1809. He soon evinced not only a warm attachment to his profession, but a peculiar aptitude for the discharge of its duties, a promptness and energy, which gained him the good-will of his superiors and his associates in rank. He had scarcely passed his noviciate, when the breaking out of the war of 1812 afforded our gallant little navy an opportunity of distinguishing itself, and of humbling that "meteor flag" which, borne by a "thousand ships," was destined, the vaunting Britons predicted, to sweep the stars and stripes from the ocean. Young Gregory shared in the honors and vicissitudes attendant on the unequal combat which terminated so gloriously for our flag. While serving under Commodore Chauncey, on the lakes, executing a reconnoissance, while on boat duty, he was captured by the enemy and sent to England, where he was retained a prisoner of war for eighteen months. On his return in company with the commissioners who negociated the treaty of peace, the vessel in which he had taken passage fell in with the "Congress" frigate, bound for the Mediterranean, and Gregory, with that high spirit which had ever characterized him, volunteered for duty on board of her, preferring service under the flag to returning to the comforts of home, though he had been absent therefrom five years. He served under Commodore Shaw, whose daughter he subsequently married, for three years in the Mediterranean. He was made post captain, January 18, 1838. His last active service was in command of the squadron on the coast of Africa. As commandant of the navy yard at Charlestown, he became personally known to large numbers of our citizens, previously well acquainted with his reputation as a spirited and gallant officer. In private life he has secured the warm attachment of a large circle of valuable friends, who cherish him for the frankness and manliness of his character and his social qualities.



COMMODORE FRANCIS H. GREGORY, U. S. N.

FRIEND STREET, BOSTON.

Mr. Champney has drawn for us an accurate view of the eastern extremity of Friend Street, as it appears now, while the progress of grading is going on. On either side are the buildings which have been excised to make way for this new avenue. Soon the traces of violence will have disappeared, and handsome fronts, new buildings and new stores inaugurate and complete this great city improvement. Already a very handsome block of freestone is going up at the corner of Hanover and Friend Streets. The portion of the street now added was formed by running the line through the buildings intervening between Hanover and Union Streets, so that Friend Street now forms nearly a straight line from Causeway Street, opposite the Eastern Railroad depot to Dock Square at the head of North Street. The opening gives us in our picture, as in fact, a glimpse of the old "Flat Iron House," so called, at the head of North Street, a venerable architectural relic of the past century, which we could ill spare, even if its site were occupied by an elegant modern edifice, and of the old cradle of Liberty, Faneuil Hall, whose proud and glorious memories will ever shield it from the hand of innovation. How many stirring scenes has that old pile looked down upon. It beheld the tumultuous gathering of the excited people on that March evening, 1770, when they went to the baptism of blood in King Street. Its walls re-echoed the crash of the British volley on that memorable occasion, and around its base surged the refluent tide of human beings who carried to their graves the memory of that night. To the accents of how many orators have its lofty halls echoed again and again. Adams—Otis—Webster—Everett—have there roused the fire of patriotism in the hearts of their hearers in times of popular danger or popular excitement. Old Faneuil Hall has witnessed the trials and the distresses of the people—never their humiliation and defeat. The opening of Friend Street to Dock Square is one of the most important improvements that has been made for years in our goodly city. It was one imperatively called for by the necessity of traffic, and the street must infallibly become one of the busiest thoroughfares in Boston. The work of grading and building up is now going on very rapidly, and the extension before long will be in apple-pie order. Still other avenues of business and convenience are demanded.



THE OPENING OF FRIEND STREET, BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE NEW VOLUME.

Week after next, we shall commence a new volume of "Ballou's Pictorial," when we shall come before our readers in an entire new dress from top to toe, from headline to imprint. The immense edition of our paper renders two and often three suits of type necessary each year. The one on which we shall commence volume *eleven* of our Pictorial is now casting, and is of the latest pattern and best material. We shall also commence in number one of the new volume an admirable novelette by the favorite author of the "Contrabandist," one of the most pleasing tales we have ever published. We have also added several new and popular names to our list of regular contributors, and shall still aim at steady improvement in our widely circulated journal. In our illustrated department we shall still improve, and have already in hand some of the finest sets of American engravings, taken expressly for us, which have ever been attempted, embracing complete and accurate representations of western and southern cities, with important portraits, and delineations of current events, etc., making volume eleven superior to all of its predecessors. Subscribe early; now is the time, and thus secure the numbers complete for the entire volume.

HAIL.—There was a smart hailstorm in Hookset, New Hampshire, recently. By the way, speaking of hail, we remember how poor Finn once addressed an individual by the name of Snow. "*Hail*, Mr. *Snow*, if it *rains*, you'll be *mist*." That's what we call atmospheric punning.

A WIFE BY ADVERTISEMENT.—A lady in Westboro' answered the advertisement of a gentleman for a wife, published in one of the New York papers. The applicant came on to see her, liked her, and married her.

THE FAIR SEX.—Dean Swift, who treated the fair sex shamefully, thus libelled them into the bargain:—"Women are like riddles in this, that it is difficult to understand them; and that when we know them, they please us no longer." The old wretch!

FORREST.—It is said that Forrest, after playing a round of engagements in the United States and Canada, will retire into private life, and never again abandon the shades of Fonthill.

BINDING.—Binding in all its varieties neatly done at this office, at the lowest rates, and in the shortest period of time.

E. L. DAVENPORT.—This favorite young American tragedian plays an engagement in Chicago next month.

SPLINTERS.

.... A gymnasium, to cost between $8000 and $10,000, is to be erected for the students of Yale College—just the thing for them.

.... At the present time Kanzas, Minnesota, Utah and Oregon are seeking admission into the Union.

.... The mare "Fashion" is not, as was reported, dead. What a race that was between her and Peytona!

.... It is said that Thackeray is to receive $35,000 for a novel written during his stay in America.

.... Spalding & Rogers's "Railroad circus" is one of the most ingenious and attractive establishments ever got up.

.... The London Times speaks jauntily of the Eastern war as a "little freak" of the Emperor Nicholas.

.... The smallest bank in the United States is that of Cayuga Lake, which has a capital of $10,000. Perhaps it is all the safer.

.... The death of Mrs. Rossiter, wife of T. P. Rossiter, the American artist, now in Paris, is extensively mourned.

.... Peaches have been sold lately in this city for $1 50 each. Rather expensive eating!

.... It is in contemplation to erect a large house in this city, to be let in floors, on the French plan.

.... Queen Victoria cannot possibly visit the United States, and the rooms at the Revere have been countermanded.

.... The warm weather has directed all thoughts to the watering places, and the delights of bathing and fishing.

.... Gov. Wise advises the ladies of Virginia to apply to Congress and the States for funds to buy Mount Vernon.

.... Rufus Porter, of Washington, D. C., has invented a signal for shoals, which emits a scream as the waves strike.

.... An Englishman, in one of our eating houses, was astounded at hearing so many demands for "baked Indian."

.... One General O. K. Knapp, in England and Germany, flourishes as the inventor of our Terry pavement.

.... The money value of the skins of animals manufactured in France, is estimated at $7,000,000.

.... Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne is in California. Thence she goes to Australia and to England—an extensive tour.

.... They are going to have a new theatre at Mobile. W. H. Crisp, the manager, has made many friends there.

.... The far-famed Stuyvesant pear-tree, now in its third century, stands at the corner of 3d Avenue and 13th St., New York.

.... Mr. Walsh's experience of French affairs leads him to think despotism better than freedom for France.

THE ART OF WAR.

In America, where we improvise everything, undertake and actually perform the most difficult achievements off hand, every man who ever handled a musket or sabre fancies it easy enough to command a great army. Pat said it was "aisy enough to build a chimney—fust you held up one brick, and then you sthuck another under it." But masons are of a different opinion, just as wise, grave authorities agree that high military command requires a rare combination of lofty qualities.

"The man," says the statesman and historian Thiers, "summoned to command others on fields of battle, has, first, as in all liberal professions, a scientific education to acquire. He must possess the exact sciences, the graphic arts, and the theory of fortifications. An engineer, an artillerist, and a good officer of troops, he must become, moreover, a geographer, and not a vulgar geographer, who knows under what rock the Rhine or the Danube rises, and into what basin they empty, but a profound geographer, who is full of the map, of its designs, its lines, their relation and their value. He must then have exact knowledge of the strength, the interests and the character of nations; he must know their political, and particularly their military history. Above all, he must know mankind, for men of war are not machines; on the contrary, in war they become more sensitive, more irritable, than elsewhere, and the art of governing them with a delicate and firm hand, was always an important part of the art of great captains. To all these superior acquirements, the warrior must add the more common, but not less necessary, executive knowledge. He must have a clerk's spirit of order and detail; for it is not everything to make men fight; they must be nurtured, clothed, armed and cured.

"All this vast knowledge must be displayed at the same time and in the midst of the most extraordinary circumstances. At each movement, the commander-in-chief must think of the morrow, of the day after that, of his flanks and rear. Everything must move with him—ammunition, provisions, hospitals. He must calculate at once the weather and the *moral* of his men. And all these elements, so widely different, so changeable and so incessantly complicated, must be combined in the midst of cold, heat, famine and balls. While you are thinking of so many things, the cannon is growling and your head is menaced; but, what is worse, thousands of men are looking at you, and searching your features for their hope of safety; more remote, behind them, is your country, with her wreaths of laurel and cypress; and all these images must be banished—you must think, and think quickly, for a minute more, and the finest combination has lost its opportunity, and, instead of glory, shame awaits you."

What an appalling catalogue of lessons to be learned and qualities to be possessed! Napoleon I. alone in modern times united them in the highest degree of perfection. Does it not deter you, ambitious reader of the Pictorial, from aspiring to the chief command of the armies of these United States? *Audi alteram partem*—listen to the other side. Victor Hugo says:—"For my own part, I distrust these perfect definitions which would comprehend only the exceptions of human nature. It is quite alarming to see the catalogue of studies marked out for the apprenticeship of the general; but how many excellent generals there have been who could not even read! It would seem the first condition, the *sine qua non* of every man destined for the wars, that he should have good eyes, or, at least, that he should be stout and active. Sure enough! But a crowd of great generals have been one-eyed, or crippled. Philip was one-eyed, lame and maimed of one hand; Hannibal was one-eyed; Bajazet and Tamerlane—the two thunderbolts of war, in their age,—were the one lame, the other half-blind; Luxembourg was hunchbacked. It seems even that nature, in ridicule of all our calculations, had wished to show us the phenomenon of a general, totally blind, guiding an army, marshalling his troops for battle, and carrying off victories. Such a man was Ziska, chief of the Hussites."

BINDING THE LARGE PICTURES.

Several of our subscribers have expressed a fear that, in binding up the large and elegant series of engravings, of which we have lately given so many, covering two entire pages of the paper, we should have to injure them, and spoil their general effect. This is not so. We shall bind these engravings, *each one with a guard, so that they will lay open perfect, and without being stitched or soiled in the least*—thus rendering the present volume by far the most elegant and valuable one we have yet issued. There will be no extra charge for this, as we are determined to meet the extended patronage and growing popularity of our paper with the public, by a corresponding liberality on our part. We shall also ornament the outside covers of the volume with a new and elegant design in gilt, representing a fine view of the city of Boston.

OUR DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—For some time the State of Iowa took the lead on the subscription list of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, but Michigan has now the largest list in the west, numbering upon our books thirty-seven hundred names. "And still they come!"

A NEW OCCUPATION.—General Shields, the hero of Cerro Gordo and Contreras, writes that he has been employed all winter in hauling rails. He is farming in Minnesota, like another Cincinnatus.

FOURTH OF JULY.—Pyrotechnics have begun to appear in shop-windows, and now and then you hear of some juvenile projector of rockets "hoist with his own petard," like Knowles's engineer.

YEA AND NEIGH.—The charger ridden by Colonel Yea in the Crimea has been used as a hunter in Cornwall.

THE ARAB HORSE.

Young gentlemen and ladies, who, during its popularity were accustomed to warble, "O, give me but my Arab steed!" are, of course, aware of the value attached by the wearer of the turban and the caftan to this quadruped. One of them, named Abou Taleb had a mare which he refused to part with, though offered fabulous sums. A certain sheik was among the discomfited bidders for the "Pearl of the desert." One day when Abou Taleb was riding his incomparable mare along a lonely pathway, he heard a lamentable voice imploring help, and turning his eyes, beheld a man, scantily covered with rags, and seemingly exhausted with fatigue. Abou Taleb drew his rein, and asked what he could do for the stranger. "Brother," replied the latter, "I thought I could reach the city before nightfall: but fatigue and illness have exhausted my strength—take me on your horse and thus save me from the jaws of the wild beasts—I implore you in the name of God." "Come," replied Abou Taleb, "mount behind me, and I will carry you to my house." "Alas!" replied the other, "my limbs can hardly support me. How then can I, without your assistance, raise myself to the saddle?" Abou Taleb immediately dismounted, and taking the stranger round the waist, seated him gently in the saddle, placed his feet in the stirrups and the bridle in his hand. Instantly the pretended invalid, striking the mare with his heel, dashed off like an arrow, and, halting a few hundred paces from the astounded Arab, called out in a jeering tone: "Ho! Abou Taleb, son of Amrou, know me! I am he who sent three times to thy dwelling to purchase thy mare. Thou didst refuse to sell her—I have taken her—a pleasant walk to you!" At hearing these words, Abou Taleb heaved a deep sigh. Then, addressing the plunderer, he said mildly: "Pause thou, and listen to a prayer. When thou shalt have returned to thy people, speak not to them of my misfortune, lest the rumor of thy action, spreading abroad, deter other men from charity and prevent their doing good to one another. I ask this in the name of Allah." Then the sheik dismounted, and leading the mare to Abou Taleb, said: "I listened only to my passion, and it hid from me that light which God has placed in the heart of every man to guide him. No—I ought not to persist in my action, since it would have such consequences for the poor human race." So spake the sheik to Abou Taleb, and the chronicle records that, from that moment, they were united in a changeless friendship.

IMPROVE THIS CHANCE.

We have a few sets of the first eight volumes of our Pictorial complete, bound strongly in paper covers, which we will send by mail *free of postage* on the receipt of *twelve dollars*. These volumes, from the commencement of the work, are of great value, and besides containing some *ten thousand* original engravings, present a fund of original miscellany, biography, notes of adventures, description of famous localities, records of the times, wit, humor and romance, that can be obtained in no other way at so low a price. We have but a limited number left, and those who send first will be supplied. The great expense attendant upon getting up such a work precludes the possibility of these volumes being ever again reprinted.

THE GREEK ADVENTURER: *or, The Soldier and the Spy*.—The question now is, have you read this remarkable story by Lieutenant Murray, in *The Flag of our Union?* It is the best military story since the days of Charles O'Malley.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.—This talented young lady, who has now a world-wide reputation as a prima donna, lately gave a concert in this city, the success of which showed how highly she is appreciated here.

HARRISON MILLARD.—This distinguished American vocalist is now in Europe. His farewell concert in this city was attended by troops of friends.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, Rev. Joseph Fairard, of New York, to Mrs. Laura B. Severance; by Rev. Mr. Barry, Mr. George W. Bowker to Miss Abby J. Lombard; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Rufus C. Green to Miss Josephine Unrub, both of Malden; by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. Samuel Huse, Jr., of New York, to Miss Lucy D. Osborn, of South Danvers.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Joshua W. Fernald, of Boston, to Miss Mary E. Simmons.—At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. C. H. Nason to Miss Margaret Healy.—At Sherborn, by Rev. Mr. Dowse, Mr. William A. Travis, of Holliston, to Miss S. Augusta Holbrook.—At North Berwick, by Rev. Mr. Stevens, Mr. W. B. F. Davis to Miss Fanny Hobbs; also, Mr. H. S. Kidder, of Alfred, Me., to Miss Mary Jane Davis of North Shapleigh, Me.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Rees Jones, 65; Mrs. Mary Thompson, 37; Mrs. Lucy A., wife of Joshua C Bates, Esq., 38; Widow Margaret K. Ryder, 82; Mr. Edward Beecher Knight, 32; Widow Elizabeth Jones, 55; Widow La Fayette Stodder, 74; Mrs. A. Amanda Tilden, 29; Mrs. Harriet Norris, 31.—At Charlestown, Mr. Abner Gale, 78.—At Chelsea, Mr. Freeman B. Baine, of Brewster, 29; Mrs. Sarah P. W. Crocker, 48.—At Roxbury, Mr. George W. Hewins, 32.—At Lynn, Mr. Joseph Parrott, 61.—At Marblehead, Mr. Thomas P Brown, 29.—At Danversport, Capt. Benjamin Porter, 70.—At South Danvers, Mr. Wm. W. Little, 78.—At Stockbridge, Rev. Noah Sheldon, 66.—At Portland, Mr. Charles Hosack, 31.—At North Danville, Vt., Mr. Eli Bickford, 101.

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,..... $3 00
4 subscribers, " " 10 00
10 " " " 20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*.

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner of 4th and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner of 4th and Chesnut Streets, St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Kentucky; Trubner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London, General Agents for Europe.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALL IS WELL.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

My heart bends lightly to the breeze,
Escaping from each rougher blast—
By bowing low at fate's decrees,
In meekness till the storm is past;
And lifting then a radiant eye,
Where late the raging tempest fell,
It sees the rifted clouds on high,
And inly whispers, "all is well."

The ills that o'er my spirit sweep,
Like winds that o'er the waters blow,
But mar the surface of the deep,
And leave it calm and still below;
The eye of faith serenely sees
The troubled waves in anger swell,
And bending lightly to the breeze,
It only whispers, "all is well."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NULLIFIER'S WARD.

A STORY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

"What news in the Charleston papers, Mariquita?"

"Not a word, uncle, except that large sleeves are going out of fashion."

"Pshaw! The idea of talking about fashions at this crisis of our State independence!"

"Indeed, uncle, I don't care a straw about politics."

"Don't care? Ah, Mariquita, this comes of your Cuban blood! But were your poor father alive, you would find him in the front rank of our glorious phalanx of true South Carolinians."

"And what, my dear uncle, are you going to do?"

"Do? Why, carry out the golden maxim of Jefferson: 'Where powers are assumed which have not been delegated, nullification is the rightful remedy.' How often must I repeat—"

"Never mind, my dear uncle; I have been a good listener. 'Where powers are assumed which have not been delegated, nullification is the rightful remedy.' That's the doctrine; and as I see young Cato whipping my spaniel yonder, I shall at once go and nullify his self-delegated authority."

Making a low courtesy as she finished her remarks, Miss Mariquita Tomlinson threw up a window sash, and was soon tripping across the lawn to rescue her favorite. She was a beautiful creature, having inherited the Castilian grace of her mother, with the Saxon beauty of her father, who had gone from South Carolina to reside for years at Havana as United States consul. When Mariquita was an infant, both of her parents fell victims to the prevalent epidemic, and she thus became the ward of her uncle.

Now Colonel Tomlinson was a bachelor, who had gradually settled down from a wild patron of horse-races and chicken-fights into a steady, double-chinned justice of the quorum. At the time whereof we write (it was in 1831), he was greatly excited on the subject of nullification, which then agitated the "Palmetto State." What they considered an unauthorized interference with their State rights, was galling to her chivalric sons, whose spirit was wounded and roused. Yet since then, when the same general government called for troops, no State sent such a gallant quota to the field, and the "nullifiers" in the conquest of Mexico equalled the patriotic devotion of their revolutionary sires, who lavished their blood and their treasure as things of no value, compared with national independence.

"The Islet," where Colonel Tomlinson resided, was one of those large seashore plantations bordering the lagoons between Charleston and Savannah, unequalled in the wide world for beauty and for fertility. The house was an old brick mansion, with many a room added since it was first erected, and extensive ranges of outbuildings, kitchens, smoke-houses and stables. A smooth grass lawn, dotted with flower-beds, extended from the main front to the water's edge, and on either side was a grove of those giants of the forest peculiar to the "sea islands" of the South. Huge live oaks, emblems of strength and immortality, cast a cathedral shade beneath their arched, moss-covered branches; graceful palmettos stood in clusters, with tall, straight trunks, like the pillars of a classic temple; there were laurels, each one able to supply crowns for all the living poets; orange-trees bent to the ground beneath their burdens of golden fruit, and shrubs, of many varieties, perfumed the air. The gardens of the Hesperides were not more lovely, nor had they a more vigilant guardian than was Colonel Tomlinson.

So jealously did he watch his ward, whose inheritances he had so managed that she was a wealthy heiress, that he would neither permit her to pass the gay season at Charleston, nor tolerate visitors at "The Islet," where he had brought her up in strict seclusion. It was not to be wondered at, then, that Miss Mariquita was a fearless rider, a good shot, and an excellent housewife, although unversed in what are called "polite accomplishments." A city chaperon would have pronounced her hoydenish, for she never omitted a chance to gratify her keen perceptions of the ludicrous; but she, nevertheless, was not deficient in maidenly reserve, and beneath her store of merriment was a fund of deep, quiet rectitude.

One visitor alone, among single gentlemen, was tolerated at "The Islet," and as he entered the house just as Mariquita left it, a description of him may not be amiss. George Hobbs, then (or, as he was universally called, Bachelor Hobbs), was a commission merchant in Charleston, who had for many years been the "factor," or agent, of Colonel Tomlinson. He was a good-looking, well-preserved man, who stuck closely to his flourishing business as a pastime, and was the beau of half of the Charleston belles, though no one thought of him as a lover. There were cases on record where a visiting damsel had flirted desperately in the hope of enticing the gay rover into a matrimonial snare; but Bachelor Hobbs was not to be caught. It was agreeable to him to play the part of a knight-errant, not of a nursery-maid. So he roved like a bee from flower to flower; and of the damsels whom he liked and who liked him, Mariquita Tomlinson was foremost.

When Bachelor Hobbs had been welcomed by the colonel, they, of course, began at once to discuss the all-important question of nullification, upon which they agreed to a charm, and so the conversation soon flagged.

"By the way," asked the colonel, "have you ever found out who it was that rescued us from a watery grave? I would give half of my rice-crop to ascertain the brave young man's name, and should know him again were I to see him, I am sure, although it was dark when our boat capsized."

"It was a narrow escape," sententiously replied Hobbs.

"Narrow? Why, it was a miracle! Pompey was tipsey, and to be capsized at midnight, with a young girl whose life is dearer to you than your own, is no small affair. The half hour or so that we clung to the overturned boat seemed an age."

"It was lucky that this stranger passed."

"Lucky? That was another miracle! What a young white man was doing, alone in a boat so near 'The Islet,' I cannot imagine. The boat, too, was of a novel pattern. At any rate, I shall never forget that he saved our lives, though I was so bent on getting Mariquita to the house that I never asked him up, and when I sent down, he was gone."

Little did the colonel dream that, at that time, almost within rifle-shot of where he sat, his niece was chatting cosily with a young man, with joy-smiles chasing each other over her sunny face as he described to her his northern home. Yes; Lieutenant Hazen, a handsome, daring-looking young man, whose features denoted a daring character and a true heart, was by Mariquita's side, and she listened to him as her preserver—her lover. Ordered to cruise in the immediate vicinity of Charleston, he had, one morning, gone on shore to amuse himself with his gun, and had accidentally encountered the heiress of "The Islet," who roamed about, fearless and free, on the estate. Untutored in the restraints of civilization, she entered into conversation with the young officer, and ere they separated, the hearts of each seemed to open to the other as if by magic. Nay—she expressed her regret that her uncle would not receive him at the mansion-house, and even intimated that she would be at an inlet in the woods near the house at the hour, the next day, when the old gentleman devoted himself to newspaper politics. When she retired that night, it appeared that a thousand pleasant remembrances had hallowed that impromptu interview, while the lieutenant felt that he stood at the portals of a new existence of which he had never dreamed.

It was an easy task to row himself up the inlet in the small gig of the cutter, and thus, day after day, did the young officer bask in the bright sunlight of Mariquita's smiles, with nothing but fears of her uncle to cloud the horizon of his hopes. One day she came not, and as he, impatient to learn the cause of her absence, went around in front of the mansion-house as night came on, he had the satisfaction of rescuing his idol and her uncle from a perilous position. The colonel had taken his niece with him to visit a neighbor, in a small skiff, the management of which was entrusted to a negro boatman. Pompey's fondness for whiskey had destroyed his capability, and a gust of wind overturned the skiff just as Hazen approached. To rescue them was an easy task; nor was he sorry when the colonel, in his anxiety about his niece, hurried her away. Springing into his boat, he was away before the delighted uncle thought of the thanks due their deliverer.

The next day, Mariquita was at the place of rendezvous, and from that meeting dated their acknowledgment of reciprocated love. Happy epoch in young hearts! The very face of nature seems brighter and fairer, while hope, drawing a bright veil of happiness from the storehouse of imagination, casts it over the future. So time had elapsed; and now the lovers again sat side by side, while he described to her his northern home.

"But when," he inquired, "will your uncle permit you to visit these scenes?"

"Alas!" replied Mariquita, "these politics have turned his head, and I know not when he will be in a mood to look upon you with impartiality."

"I suppose, dearest, that I must resign my commission. My father has ever wished me to, and your uncle may look with more favor upon a merchant than a naval officer in the revenue service."

"That," said a gruff voice, "depends upon who the merchant is!"

The lovers started, and a bright flush stole over Mariquita's face as Bachelor Hobbs stood before them, looking from one to the other in astonishment.

"Lieutenant Hazen, Mr. Hobbs," said Mariquita, with the ready tact of her sex, for she saw by her lover's clouded brow that he did not fancy the intrusion.

"Hazen!" echoed Bachelor Hobbs, holding out his hand; "pray, are you the son of my old mercantile correspondent in New York?"

"My father is a New York merchant," replied the lieutenant, grasping the offered hand, but still somewhat embarrassed.

"I see it all. You are here in command of the revenue-cutter, and I have been hoping for a week that you would put in at Charleston, for I have your discharge from service at my counting-room."

"My discharge?"

"Yes. Your father wrote me that his partner had left the firm, and that he had procured your discharge, hoping you would take his place. It looks, however, as though you had some idea of another partnership, sir. Eh, Mariquita?"

Now a confidant was what the young people had often wished for, and then it was not long before Bachelor Hobbs, seated between them on a fallen cypress, heard their story.

"Quite a romance, I declare!" he said, when he had heard all. "Now you ask my aid, and you shall have it, even though I encounter the ire of my old friend the colonel. You had better bring the cutter up to Charleston to-morrow, and turn over your command; then call at my counting-room. Now, Mariquita, come back to the house, or your uncle will miss you. He is a fine fellow, I am sure," continued Hobbs, as the lieutenant rowed away after a leave-taking less affectionate than it would have been had there not been a third person present. "But what can he done to render him acceptable to the colonel?"

"Indeed I don't know," answered Mariquita; "but surely you will befriend us?"

"That I will, at all hazards," said Bachelor Hobbs. And he kept his word, for, finding it impossible to even allude to the subject of his niece's marriage before the colonel, he aided the young couple in certain preliminary arrangements, which were all successfully carried out.

Within a week after the visit of Bachelor Hobbs to "The Islet," the colonel sat down to breakfast, one fine day, in a surly mood. After having waited half an hour for his niece, he had gone to her chamber, but she was not there, nor had any of the servants seen her since the night previous. Not a suspicion crossed his mind that she was not somewhere on the plantation, riding or shooting ortolans, when a servant entered with a note. He recognized the handwriting of his niece, and tearing open the envelope, read:

"My dear Uncle:—When you can find leisure, come to New York, and thank the young officer who rescued us when we were overset in the skiff. His name is Hazen. Bachelor Hobbs will inform you concerning his family, and I hope you will not be angry when I inform you that I was married to him last night, and that we leave for New York this morning. Don't be displeased, my kind guardian, if I have not acted as you might have elected, but you taught me 'that when powers are assumed which have not been delegated, nullification is the rightful remedy.'

Mariquita."

We shall not record the first outbreaks of the colonel's anger, or the subsequent explosion which greeted the appearance of Bachelor Hobbs. But when the latter gave assurances of the bridegroom's good family and wealth, the baffled guardian consoled himself with the idea that it might have been a good deal worse. Generous and confiding, he not only went to New York to visit his niece, but brought her and her happy husband back to "The Islet."

"You have not only to learn how to manage her property, but mine. So come and be initiated in sea island planting," said the colonel.

Now, Mariquita was happy indeed.

It was about six years later that I first visited "The Islet," and heard the romantic story of my friend Hazen's love, in a beautiful summer-house, built where it was first told. The narrative was interrupted by the occasional attempts of a toddling youngster to get to the muddy water of the inlet, in which he evidently desired to paddle. This nautical propensity the old colonel rather encouraged, and, at last, Mrs Hazen, then a buxom matron, rather scolded at him for it, saying that she intended to keep him out of the navy, if possible.

"And I," said her husband, who was the image of a successful planter, "mean to get him a midshipman's warrant. I should have been a commodore by this time if I had not cut off my anchor-buttons to please this lady. Now, she wishes to put our boy into the counting-room of his godfather Hobbs ere he is a dozen years old, and fulminates her edicts against the navy."

"That indeed," remarked Colonel Tomlinson; "but Mariquita will not deny that 'when powers are assumed which have not been delegated, nullification is the rightful remedy.'"

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

Ballou's Dollar Monthly is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. This work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

☞ Specimen numbers furnished when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Ex-Governor Briggs has been elected president of the American Temperance Society. —— The word *chuk*, used in calling swine, is the original name of that animal in Persia, where it is still in use. The word is retained, says Webster, in our popular name of *woodchuck*, or *wood hog*. —— As late as the middle of the seventeenth century, catgut was used in watches instead of the chain of modern times. —— It is a singular fact, that while in the United States the birthday of Robert Burns has been observed for many years, in London, the first dinner ever given on the return of the day was recently celebrated. —— Clocks that struck the hours were known in Italy as early as the thirteenth century. A clock of this description is mentioned by Dante. —— Utopia, in Ethiopia, is now said to be in that part of Central Africa where, immediately before it rains, it *umbrellas!* A shower of the latter must be of great advantage to the naked natives. —— "Eothen," "Jane Eyre" and "Vanity Fair" were declined by the publishers to whom they were first offered. —— The city of Lawrence, founded by Samuel Lawrence, has the largest and most comprehensive mill in the world. The floor surface of the Pacific Mill is an immense structure, covering sixteen acres; the largest mill in England covers 11 1-2 acres. —— The ruling rates for money on good security, in Nebraska territory, are from 3 to 7 per cent. per month. —— When the annexation of Oude was announced, most of the troops gave in their allegiance to England. In one instanee the Mahomedan troops held back. The reason was asked, and the native officers respectfully urged their reluctance to part with their beards. They were allowed to retain them, and to a man swore fidelity to their new colors. —— Boston has six thousand more females than males, while Chicago has about fifteen thousand more males than females. —— The Genoa correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser says, that the Submarine Telegraph Company is about to resume and complete its line from the island of Sardinia to Cape Bon, so that Paris will soon be placed in telegraph communication with the colony of Algiers. —— Daniel Webster's large library at Marshfield, it is said, did not contain a single infidel book. —— It appears by a statement in the San Francisco Herald, that the total shipment of treasure for the first quarter of 1856, amounted to $10,579,349. —— The best cosmetics are three cents' worth of fresh air mixed with sixpence worth of industry. The latter animates your countenance; the former supplies it with vermilion. People who believe in rouge will please notice. —— At Sheffield, New York, a boy twelve years old drowned himself because his father had chastised him. —— Mdlle. Augustine Brohan, a pretty French actress, recently felt aggrieved at a pen picture of herself in Figaro, and resorted to law. Justice decided that Figaro had done no harm. —— It is said that every room in the Burnet House, Cincinnati, has already been engaged in anticipation of the National Democratic Convention. —— Rev. T. Starr King recently remarked, in a sermon upon the true observance of the Sabbath day, that some people regarded Sunday as merely a wedge which was put into the week to keep Saturday night from joining Monday morning. —— Mrs. Hough, of Burton's Theatre, announces prizes of $200 each for the best "Yankee Gal" farce, and $100 for the best chambermaid farce. —— Late accounts from Bermuda state that the potato crop, which was then being dug, would be an unusually short one. The cause of the failure was the inclemency of the past winter. —— The first daily newspaper printed in Virginia was in 1780; the subscription was fifty dollars per annum for one copy. —— Every story with love in it is popular. The popularity might be put in another form—there is no story without love in it. It is the only ingredient that enters into every dish. In the composition of the novel it answers to the garlic of the Spanish *cuisinier*, whatever else may vary the flavor, love is indispensable. —— Bunting, as good and beautiful at least as any of foreign fabric, is made in Massachusetts, if not elsewhere. —— Of the sixty-nine words which make up the Lord's prayer, only five are not Saxon. In our most classical writers, as Milton and Addison, the words of Saxon derivation greatly predominate. —— Postage stamps have just been introduced into Sweden, and the cost of letter carriage is now the same to all parts of the country. —— Liberty Hall is the name of a new and elegant structure at New Bedford, a portion of which has been finished and furnished for a theatre. —— An exchange paper makes a good hit when it says: "We saw Gabriel Ravel put a lady's dress out once which had caught on fire! Why not Ravel for the next president?" —— One of the features by which the model husband is known is willingness to carry the baby.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF GERMANY.—A well informed writer, reviewing the past and present of religion in Germany, says the infidel philosophical systems have fallen; rationalism has shared their fate, and a return to evangelical theology is becoming general; the political reaction from 1848 has ceased upon evangelical Christianity as the only hope of the state; the clergy have returned to pastoral duties with new life; religious literature, missions, etc., are commanding enlarged interest, and the popular mind has largely returned to spiritual piety.

A BLOODLESS VICTORY.—By the annexation of Oude, one of the most valuable provinces of Hindostan, to British India, England acquires a territory of 25,000 square miles, inhabited by 5,000,000 people, capable of yielding a surplus revenue of about £3,000,000 ($15,000,000). More robbery, but a bloodless victory.

DEATH OF JUDGE FAY.—The venerable Hon. Samuel Phillips Prescott Fay, of Cambridge, died in that city, lately. The deceased was Judge of Probate for Middlesex county for a long term of years, and was a man universally respected and esteemed.

Wayside Gatherings.

Huelves, a Dominican friar of Guauahacoa, in Cuha, died at the advanced age of 117, recently.

By the news from Utah it is plain that the system of polygamy is tending towards the grossest corruption.

While the bark Afton, Capt. Archer, of New Bedford, was cruising on the African coast, he was offered $125,000 for his vessel for a slave trader.

Sarah Felix has taken a lease of Niblo's Garden for six months from next November. Laura Keene has taken a lease of the Metropolitan for six years.

Peoria, in Illinois, and Hannibal, in Missouri, have been constituted ports of entry, with the same regulations and restrictions as are applied to other ports of delivery.

A woman lately died in Boston, who sold apples by the pennyworth at the corner of the public streets, and who left behind her the snug sum of $1400 in the Savings Bank.

An original lease of a lot of land in Neweastle, New Hampshire, to Elizabeth Beck, of Great Island, by Robert Tufton Mason, dated 1686, has just been discovered at that place.

A child, says the Buffalo Courier, about two and a half years old, belonging to Mr. Young, of Black Rock, died lately, in consequence of eating the tips of a quantity of friction matches.

Padre Vijil, the newly recognized minister of Nicaragua, probably does not pronounce himself *Pay-dur Vidg il*, as our luminous orthography might lead some to think, but rather *Pah-dray Vee-heel*.

The orphan asylum in New York city is $14,000 in debt. The receipts last year were $36,876 42; expenses, $36,832 25. The expenditures of the New York Magdalen Society last year were $4928 45.

Lady Morgan, whose age may be stated as "between eighty and ninety," is engaged in writing her life and times. About sixty-five years ago she first attracted public attention by her ballad of "Kate Kearney."

Joseph B. Sheffield, of New Haven, has presented to Trinity College, Hartford, for the use of the college library, fifty shares of stock in the New Haven and Northampton Railroad. Their par value is $100 per share.

In Memphis, in a quarrel about a parrot, which a young man had given away and wished to get back, a man named Connor shot two others, Williams and Mathias, both of whom are dead. The murderer was arrested.

The printers of New Hampshire propose the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the press in New Hampshire in October next, when the New Hampshire Gazette will be one hundred years old.

Two boys living in the town of Rochester, Ulster county, New York, being sent by their father to get a jug of rum, one of them on their way home drank freely of the liquor, and died in consequence soon after reaching home.

Hall's Journal of Health says that people should wear red flannels instead of white; and wear them loose, because red flannel does not mill up, and if loose, its titilation will keep the blood at the surface. It recommends a thinner article for summer.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert will, it is said, pay a short visit to Paris in the course of the summer. The object of the prince consort's visit will be to represent her majesty at the baptism of the imperial infant son of the emperor and empress of France.

The "Calcutta Englishman," of February 20th, says: "Those who relish extra tropical fruit, will be pleased to learn that a consignment of fresh and very fine American apples has just arrived at the ice-house, where they may now be had nearly as cold as the ice itself."

The Deseret News (Mormon) is "down on" a practice of the young men to have a piece of looking-glass fixed on the inside of their hat, and while pretending to be praying with their face in their hat, are quietly and slyly looking at the faces of the girls behind them reflected in the glass.

A baker in Montpelier, in France, who had his loaves seized for short weight, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, and to pay the expense of putting the proceedings of the court about town and on the door of his own bakery, and of advertising them to the extent of half a columu in the newspapers.

Jedediah H. Wentworth, aged 28 years, deliberately took his life at Farmington, Maine, by stabbing himself with a dirk. He was a very good young man, but had suffered a good deal with a disease in the head; and left a letter stating that and his fear of becoming an idiot as the reasons for suicide.

The number of births in Providence, in 1855, was 1600, which is 231 more than in 1854; there were twelve cases of twin births. The number of deaths was 1237. There were 636 couples made happy (perhaps) by marriage. In one case a man between 60 and 70 years of age was united to a girl under 20.

Within the last thirty years the compass has varied so much along the coast of Sweden, that the government have published a new chart corrected to 1855. At Gothland, in 1834, the variation was 15 degrees; it is now only 10 deg. 30 min. On the coast between Bjaro Kluhb and Malorem, it was 16 degrees, in 1853, but is now only 8 degrees.

According to statistic returns published in the St. Petersburg newspapers, the besieged in Sebastopol discharged, from the 17th of October, 1854, to the 8th of September, 1855, projectiles to the number of 1,386,608, and weighing 1,405,249 pounds (each equal to 40 pounds). In addition to the above, 205,810 pounds of powder, and 25,000,000 cartridges were consumed.

Queen Victoria recently visited the encampment at Aldeshot, and reviewed the troops on a splendid charger. One account says she looked charmingly, attired in a dark green riding habit, with a round hat, from which fell a red and white feather of exceeding grace. Over her shoulder her majesty wore a belt of gold and tissue work, which added greatly to the effect of a most elegant costume.

A moose was recently killed at Groton, Vermont, which measured fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his hind feet; seven feet around the body; was seven feet high, and his hair was seven and a half inches in length. He had been followed for several days by men with their dogs; but he tired them all out, save one Carleton, who remained steadfast till the monster game fell, after receiving seven balls.

A boy 10 years of age, named Girolama de Mayo, and a native of Palermo, has lately been creating a sensation at Naples by a public display of intellectual abilities of a high order. He possesses an inexhaustible fund of historical knowledge, and translates at sight and with the utmost ease from the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and English languages. The king has granted him a pension of 450 Neapolitan ducats till the age of 21, to assist him in completing his studies.

Foreign Items.

None of the copper money of France stamped with the head of Liberty, will be a legal tender after the 1st of October.

The Court Journal says Mr. Dallas, United States minister, attends the queen's levees and drawing-room in plain dress.

The States of the Duchy of Meiningen have just decided that no Jew can be an elector, a juryman, a public functionary, an advocate or attorney.

By a late decision of the French government, professorships of agriculture are to be founded in all the principal educational establishments of France.

The Emperor Alexander II. will be crowned Czar of Russia at Moscow, on the 31st of August, being the fete of his patron saint. The expense will be about $2,500,000.

Omar Pasha, notwithstanding his threescore years, has just married a young lady fifteen years of age, the daughter of the unlucky General Nafiz Pasha. The bride and her family were strongly opposed to the match, and only yielded a reluctant assent.

The widow of Emperor Nicholas is shortly to visit Italy; and the Russian grand master of the ceremonies has already furnished a suite of apartments for her in Venice. This lends an air of probability to the rumor that the Emperor Alexander will himself shortly pay a visit to Rome.

The Emperor Napoleon has just purchased 18,000 square *metres* of land in the city of Paris, and divided it off into lots, on which he intends immediately building a large number of houses for the accommodation of the poorer classes of his subjects. Each house, as soon as it is built, will be sold at public auction, and the proceeds applied to building another.

Sands of Gold.

.... All that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is to be stubborn and sullen under misfortunes.—*Goldsmith.*

.... Love, which is only an episode in the life of man, is the entire history of woman's life.—*Madame de Stael.*

.... There are two kinds of men who please the women: those who love them, and those who detest them.—*Louis Desnoyers.*

.... All women are, in some degree, poets in imagination, angels in hearts, and diplomatists in mind.—*Emanuel Gonzales.*

.... On all occasions it is well to be a little more than tolerant; especially when a wiser and better man than ourselves thinks differently from us.—*Landor.*

.... In Athens, the whole nation co-operated with the artists, and this is one cause why Athenian art rose into unsurpassed splendor.—*G. H. Lewes.*

.... What is companionship where nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the model and dimension of the smaller?—*Landor.*

.... Talent, taste, wit, good sense, are very different things, but by no means incompatible. Between good sense and good taste there exists the same difference as between cause and effect; and between wit and talent there is the same proportion as between a whole and its part.—*La Bruyere.*

.... Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of nature; she often gives us lightning without thunder, but never thunder without lightning.—*Lacon.*

Joker's Budget.

The producers of poultry should postpone the census of the juvenile fowls till the period of incubation is fully accomplished!

Lord Chesterfield remarked of two persons dancing a minuet, that "they looked as if they were hired to do it, and were doubtful of being paid."

The editor of the New York Dutchman, speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, says he couldn't tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession going down his throat.

"Julius, was you ever in business?"—"Of course I was."—"What business?"—"A sugar planter."—"When was that, my colored friend?"—"Der day I buried dat old sweetheart of mine."

The young married couple who thought they could live on love and moonlight, find there is some virtue in baked beans. For taking the romance out of young folks, marriage is nearly as bad as a lawsuit.

Voltaire carried the art of sareastic sneering to its perfection. The following is a specimen of his pithy bitterness: "I never was ruined but twice—once when I gained a lawsuit, and once when I lost it."

A Hartford paper gives the following "signs of the times" to be found in that city:—"Washing and going out to days works *done here;*" "Breakfast, dinner and supper *at all hours;*" and "Saws filed, *and set up stairs.*"

"Mama, Lucy says this is my birthday," said a sunny-faced little boy a few mornings since. "Yes, Dicky, you are seven years old," replied the mother. "Will the stores keep open today, mama?"—"Yes, my son, but school don't!"

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner of 4th and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner of 4th and Chesnut Streets, St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Kentucky; Wallace, Austen & Buel, 25 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.



SPANISH GUACHOS CATCHING WILD HORSES IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

S ENES IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

The first engraving on this page is a spirited representation of the chase of wild horses by the Spanish-American Guachos, in the Falkland Islands. A huntsman is dashing on the terrified drove, swinging around his head the lasso, weighted with a couple of stone or lead balls, which these Centaurs handle with much dexterity. One horse—a fine, powerful black fellow—is down; the balls, revolving by their centrifugal force, having effectually pinioned both his hind legs together. The second cavalier has dismounted, and is approaching to secure a prize. Our second picture is a representation of Stanley Harbor, Port William, on the extreme easterly point of the east island of the Falkland group, which embraces nearly two hundred in all. The Falkland Islands were incorporated in 1845 as a British colony. The picturesque outline of the hills, and the peculiar conical shape of some of them, cannot fail to attract attention. These islands lie between 51° and 52° 25′ south latitude, and 57° 42′ and 61° 30′ west longitude. The climate is mild, and the soil promises well for agriculture.



STANLEY HARBOR, PORT WILLIAM, FALKLAND ISLANDS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1856.

$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE } VOL. X., No. 26.—WHOLE No. 260.

SCENE IN FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.

The beautiful and spirited design on this page will be instantly recognized by every New-Yorker who has ever catered for himself in the market, and by every stranger who has sojourned in Gotham and had the curiosity to see the source of a portion of the immense amount of "provant," as Dugald Dalgetty calls it, which daily disappears within the capacious maw, more ravenous than that of the "Dragon of Wantley," of the greatest and hungriest of American cities. The sketch was drawn expressly for us on the spot, by a genuine artist, who has given us not merely the literal features of the scene, but its life, its spirit, its character. It is Fulton Market all over, and nothing else. Hard by the Fulton Ferry house, and at the foot of Fulton Street, stands this bazaar of good things of life—this resort of buyers and sellers—of hucksters and consumers. Let us enter beneath the shadow of the pent-house roof. Look at that philosophic individual in the corner, reading a newspaper, surrounded by greens, but with nothing green about him, personally, we dare affirm. And see the muscular action of that fine, sturdy fellow who is lifting a full basket of esculents. Further along you have a Chinaman, a new feature added to New York life, offering his wares to a couple of tars, one of whom is a mere looker-on, while the other is evidently engaged in the landable amusement of "chaffing" John Chinaman. Two or three more of the natives of the "Central Flowery Land," in their quaint costume, are embraced within the scope of our picture. And lo! a vision of loveliness and neatness, beaming on the scene of confusion and disarray, appears in the shape of two exquisitely dressed ladies—visitors from Brooklyn, perhaps. They have attracted the attention of a type of the "b'hoy," who, with his invariable cigar in his mouth, and his hat set on at that peculiar angle which "Mose" has rendered famous, and which distinguishes the individual who "runs wid der masheen," lounges on the railing of the steps: his expression indicates the admiration which his respect for its object forbids any other manifestation of. On the right of the picture is also another characteristic feature of a New York market—a counter supplied with a coffee urn, hot rolls and other delicacies, where, or a moderate sum, you can obtain an excellent stand-up breakfast—a very great convenience to many, whose time is precious and who must snatch a morsel when and where they can in the midst of the whirl and drive and rush of the great imperial city. The vessels' masts and the smoke-pipes introduced in the distance indicate the proximity of the market to the river. The whole scene—with its buyers and sellers, its idlers and loafers, its heaps of provisions, its crowd and bustle, is a fair transcript of actual life; and no one can have an adequate conception of New York as it is, without visiting the locality which we have so faithfully illustrated, both in spirit and in detail.



SCENE IN FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LAMENT FOR PERCIVAL.

BY H. WARD.

How sadly sighs the western gale,
As o'er the prairie plains it sweeps!
It brings a softly plaintive wail,
And pensive Nature hears and weeps.

She mourns her dear-loved bard who lies,
In death, beneath the grass-green sod;
Where, wet with dew, the spring-flowers rise,
To dress with wreaths each hallowed clod.

And Clio, heavenly muse, descends,
At twilight's hushed and solemn hour,
And o'er his tomb, in silence bends,
With grief beyond expression's power.

Who now shall wake th' enchanting lyre,
Since he, Columbia's bard, is dead;
And pour from each impassioned wire,
The soul of melody—now fled?

Ah! who shall scale the mountain steep,
Or wander o'er the wide-spread plain,
To search the hidden mysteries deep
Of Nature's universal reign?

Thou, of the pure and lofty mind,
What was the world's applause to thee?
Should Fame her brightest chaplet bind,
Thou wouldst the dazzling pageant flee.

Amid the shades of Solitude,
Where Contemplation sits enthroned,
Thou lov'dst to dwell, when wild and rude
The autumn blasts around thee moaned.

Long as the murmuring streams shall flow,
In liquid music to the sea,
Thy spotless name, dear bard, shall glow,
In yon bright temple of the free.

Long as the dark green pines shall wave,
O'er breezy plain, or towering steep,
The pilgrim oft shall seek thy grave,
And o'er the shrine of genius weep.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TRIBUNAL OF WITCHCRAFT.

A TALE OF OLDEN TIME.

BY ELIZA J. EVERETT.

[CONCLUDED.]

But from the day on which Ruth entered the prison until the one succeeding her final condemnation, Wenochin did not once visit his friend the keeper. He seemed to avoid the immediate neighborhood of the jail, and on the one or two occasions when Mr. Hopkins saw him pass by, it was hurriedly, and with a cowering, apprehensive manner, that induced the worthy man to suspect that he feared the proximity of his persecutor. But to his surprise, the day after Ruth's fate was decided, Wenochin took again his familiar place on the prison steps.

"Ah, poor fellow," was the jailer's prompt after thought, as he remarked compassionately the altered aspect of the young red man, now so spiritless and feeble, "he feels safe now. He knows she will not be free to trouble him again."

Wenochin seemed abstracted and despondent, and much less conversable than was his wont, but he staid long, and until the keeper, somewhat wearied by his dulness, prepared to make, a little earlier than his accustomed time, his final round of visits for the day to those under his charge, a list which the evil tendency of the times had lengthened to an unprecedented measure. He invited Wenochin to accompany him on a tour of the building.

"Who is there?" asked the Indian, as the keeper, after making his first visit, locked the door of the room he had just quitted.

"Goody Parker," was the reply.

The next visit was made without any comment from Mr. Hopkins or his companion. But when the massive key was being turned upon the third prisoner, the jailer remarked: "This is Ruth Sherwood's door." Wenochin instantly shrunk back, and no persuasion would induce him to pass the door in question, or to accompany the keeper further, and he returned to the prison steps. He waited by the outer door until the keeper rejoined him, and then, with a prompt "good night," departed at a quick pace. For more than a week he was not again seen at the jail or in the town, but in those busy and exciting times, his absence was scarcely noted, even by his friend, Mr. Hopkins.

At length, one afternoon, two or three days prior to the one appointed for Ruth to meet her doom, he re-appeared in the place, his countenance sunken, and his whole person emaciated to a very shadow of his former self; and as he was passing the prison, observing the keeper sitting in a large arm-chair just within the door, he walked up and saluted him. The court had not been sitting that day, nor had any fresh arrest been made, so the jailer was undisturbed and at his ease at the time.

His attention was immediately attracted by the change in the Indian's appearance, while at the same time he became conscious of the unusual period which had elapsed since Wenochin's last visit. To his inquiries, Wenochin replied that he had been sick, and glancing apprehensively toward the quarter in which Ruth was confined, muttered something further about "the witch woman," which, upon a little reflection, the keeper concluded to imply a belief that Ruth had cast some evil spell or some mischief-working glance through her momentarily opened door upon him, while he stood without awaiting the termination of the official visit.

"Perhaps he isn't far wrong," thought the worthy man, as he kindly urged the poor invalid to await the cooler part of the afternoon for further travelling.

Soon after, Mr. Hopkins began to show signs of impatience for the appearance of his very moderate afternoon draught of ale, which was customarily brought to him so swiftly that the froth had not time to sink, by some domestic messenger from his dwelling, which, though near at hand, was yet at what was deemed a safe distance from the prison, by his worthy helpmate; who, though a woman of unquestionable and unquestioned courage for dangers of a mortal, material character, had yet an exceeding dread of unearthly mischiefs; and not to be the governor's lady would she have dwelt, even for one night, beneath the same roof with any subject of the "Black Man."

Wenochin, observing the jailer's annoyance, offered to go for the ale, and his offer having been accepted, he was soon on his errand's returning way.

There was one place in his course where he was for a moment hidden from view either from the prison or the house, and here, casting first a lightning-like glance around to assure himself that he was unobserved, he drew forth a small phial which had been concealed about his person, and poured its contents into Mr. Hopkins's foaming draught and then replaced the phial beneath his mantle. All this was performed with such speed and adroitness that a looker-on would hardly have perceived the action; and Mr. Hopkins, who was keeping watch for his messenger, did not observe that he loitered in the sheltered portion of his path.

That evening, Ruth was beginning to wonder at Mr. Hopkins's delay in making his accustomed visit, when her attention was attracted by a faint sound at her door. She looked toward the direction whence the sound appeared to come, and listened earnestly for a moment, hearing nothing. The door then opened slowly and noiselessly, and a dark figure entered the apartment, gently closing the door behind it.

Surprise and terror kept Ruth quiet for a few moments, and then she perceived that the intruder was Wenochin. He advanced toward her in the same stealthy manner, and with his finger on his lips to enjoin silence on her part, and then said, in a low tone:

"Let the White Lily have courage for a little time and she will be free."

He then drew from beneath his loose mantle a dress belonging to Mistress Hopkins, which was in the state termed by laundresses "rough dry," and a large summer hood and shawl, the property of the same good lady, and which she was accustomed to wear in all her peregrinations abroad—these things he had concealed so skilfully that there was no peculiarity outwardly visible in his appearance.

Ruth, in compliance with his briefly worded directions, and stretching the unprepared garment into comparative seemliness, drew Mistress Hopkins's dress over her own—the dress and disguise fitting better by that arrangement, as Mistress Hopkins, though of the same height as Ruth, was considerably stouter—and then further arrayed herself in the shawl and hood.

A few words from Wenochin sufficed to make Ruth comprehend the course she was to take to reach a certain tree in the outskirts of the neighboring forest, at which point Wenochin was to meet her; and then, the Indian first going out to ascertain that the way was clear, the two soon stood in the outer hall. Wenochin closed and secured the door as noiselessly as he had opened it, and then went forward, while Ruth awaited the low sound that was to be the signal for her advance.

The Indian proceeded noiselessly on his way, reconnoitering as he went, until he had restored the keys to the ample breast-pocket of Mr. Hopkins, who was in a strangely sound slumber, and then, stepping forth a little beyond the door, he looked leisurely around. No official was near at hand at the time in any direction, and as Wenochin sunk indolently on the door step, Ruth heard the sound for which she had been listening.

Whence, except in answer to the brief prayer she had breathed in those waiting moments, came the courage she felt within her now, she knew not, nor did she seek another explanation; but as she passed her slumbering jailer and the Indian seated near his feet, and stepped forth into the free and open air, her heart beat as calmly and as slowly as when her life's course had been most tranquil; nor did a glimpse of the stern constable who stood quietly paring his nails a short distance from her, quicken its pulses.

Ruth walked at a rapid pace, for the twilight was deepening, and it was fast becoming unseemly for a respectable woman to be abroad. An old goodwife whom she encountered, saluted her with a "Good even, Mistress Hopkins," but fortunately passed on without heeding whether she was answered. A little while after, William Oscraft, a thriftless, well-known lounger of the town, accosted her with "Good even, Mistress Hopkins—you are late abroad,"—only a brief nod, and an indistinct reply from the depths of the good lady's ample hood responded, and with a murmured "The goodwife seems in mighty haste to-night," William Oscraft went on his way.

This greeting made Ruth's heart leap and confused her brain for a moment, but her composure speedily returned, and steadily and unerringly, and to her great relief, without being again addressed, she pursued her devious way to the appointed meeting-place. There she was soon joined by Wenochin. He had retained his position on the prison steps until he had seen her pass safely the precincts of the jail and the range of the observation of all connected with it.

The constable, in regard to whom he felt some apprehension, had merely glanced toward her, and supposing her to be the jailer's wife, who frequently went to and from the jail, took no further note of her; and satisfied that there was no present danger from him, Wenochin slowly arose, and stealthily closing the door of the prison, that its unfastened condition and slumbering master might not attract untimely attention, he quietly departed in a different direction from that taken by the seeming Mistress Hopkins. In a different direction at the outset, but on a course, which, as we have seen, led, and not much later, to the same point.

From that point they walked swiftly and silently forward through the depths of the forest, the Indian guiding their course, Ruth knew not whither. Nor did she care to ask, for her trust in Wenochin had returned, and seemed stronger than ever; and she felt as if danger were too close behind them for her to risk a loud breath, or even the delay of questioning.

They had proceeded in this manner for about a mile and a half, when hearing the sound of a horse's hoof and perceiving the dark outline of a human figure a little way before her, Ruth started, and timidly drew nearer to her companion. He stepped a pace or two in advance of her, and seemed to be intently scanning the pathway and the figure before them, and then, turning toward Ruth and saying in a low, but distinct and re-assuring voice: "Fear not—it is Captain Adams," he stepped aside as if to suffer her to pass on to the one to whose guardianship he resigned her.

But another ear besides Ruth's had caught the Indian's words, and before she had time fully to realize their purport, she was clasped to a manly breast, and "Ruth, my own Ruth!" was softly uttered by a voice whose tones were to her ear and heart the world's sweetest music.

Brief time had they for mutual explanation and congratulation—and then, turning to their dark-skinned benefactor, they thanked him in few, but heart-born words, for the priceless service he had rendered them, and endeavored earnestly, but in vain, to prevail upon him to accompany them in their flight.

At last, in compliance with Wenochin's request, Ruth divested herself of Mistress Hopkins's attire, and returned it to the unlicensed borrower—her lover substituting for her use a lighter mantle and more graceful head-gear which he had provided for this expected emergency.

Again Ruth besought her deliverer to remain with them, and not return to where danger almost certainly awaited him. Wenochin fixed upon her for a few moments a sad, earnest gaze, and then, pointing to the southwest—the birthplace of the warm and welcome breezes—the home of the Great Spirit of his tribe—he said, mournfully:

"Wenochin is soon going on a long journey—he must not leave the burial place of his people."

Ruth's eyes filled with tears, for she understood the Indian's meaning, which his feeble constitution and debilitated state too well justified, but she replied, as cheerfully as she could:

"I hope we shall meet again, and often, Wenochin, in this world, dark and gloomy as it is; but until we do, is there nothing, my true, my generous friend, by which I can testify my gratitude and affection for you?"

Wenochin was silent for a brief space, and then he said:

"Will the White Lily give me her hand for one moment?"

Ruth answered by placing her hand in his. As he received it, the Indian sunk upon one knee, and pressed a long and fervent yet reverential kiss upon its white surface—then gently resigning it he arose and without a word quickly departed on his returning way. He was speedily lost to view in the gloom of the night and of the forest, and the lovers knew that his farewell had been taken.

Did Ruth know—did she suspect—that she was leaving behind a love as true and tender as that which went with her?

* * * * * * *

Great was the surprise and annoyance of the worthy jailer, when, late in the evening, he awoke from that deep and untimely slumber. He cast an uneasy glance upon the empty tankard by his side, and then, with knitted brows, seemed lost for a while in perplexed thought. The tankard was capacious, it was true—it had belonged to his grandfather, and he always had a sort of pride in taking his daily draught from it—but he never suffered it for those occasions to be more than one-third filled.

But at length light and peace came to the worthy man's mind with the memory, clear and unmistakable, that the foam of his afternoon's beverage had not risen above his own mark in the inside of the tankard—he had noticed the fact particularly. It was strange!

He arose and went around to see how matters had gone on during his unconscious state. The door of the prison was closed, but not fastened—but all else seemed as usual. The few pair of eyes whose duty it was to be open at night were drowsily staring, or peacefully closed at their posts—and the whole place was in profound stillness.

There was a strange, heavy, dizzy sensation in Mr. Hopkins's head—just such a sensation as would have induced him, but for his entire confidence in his own orthodox and temperate habits, to suspect that he had been guilty of an excess not permitted by the morality of the criminal code and of public opinion. It was very strange! And Mr. Hopkins tried in vain to remember having performed his customary evening duties—and wondered whether his slumbers had not been observed and marvelled at by others as well as himself, and he grew red and pale at the thought.

But the amazement and consternation of the worthy man were hardly to be exceeded, when, on going as usual to Ruth Sherwood's cell in the morning, he found that the prisoner was gone. Gone—but how? He examined the bars of the one small window—they were firm as ever. He scrutinized the back of the heavy door, which had been secured as usual when he came to it that morning—it was uninjured; and then he wondered at his

own folly in supposing that she, so weak and frail that irons had been dispensed with in her case as an unnecessary cruelty, could do aught against those substantial fastenings. Treachery in the case he did not suspect. With the exception of a single visit from Mistress Wright, another from Mistress Osgood, Ruth's aunt, and a third from the minister under whose pastoral care Ruth had been, and between whom and the unedifyingly contumacious prisoner a mutual disgust arose on that occasion, no one but himself had had access to the culprit—nor, besides, had he the slightest reason to believe that any one under his authority had any interest in her, or any disaffection to the cause of righteousness and the public weal. No—it was plain that the agency of the Evil One had aided his bond-servant, and had had a part, Mr. Hopkins felt perfectly confident, in his own somnolence the previous evening.

The grave officials, to whom the escape of the prisoner was duly communicated, adopted at once the jailer's views in the case, excepting the last-named, which he considered, as well as the fact to which it referred, had no bearing upon the point at issue, and so he very properly refrained from presenting either for their consideration.

The formal investigation which ensued upon the announcement of Ruth's marvellous disappearance elicited nothing to change the opinion of magistrates and jailer. All the persons connected with the jail testified to having been on duty as usual on the previous day. True, though they said it not, the prisoners being mostly helpless women, trebly guarded by the prison walls, the superstitious fear and hatred of the town, and the dangers of the heathen wilderness beyond it, their vigilance was not unceasingly minute in its operation; and to there having been no unusual visitor or appearance about the building.

One or two of the persons had seen Mistress Hopkins leave the jail near night-fall, but she was in the habit of coming and going to and from the prison—and one had seen the Indian Wenochin leave a short time after, walking slowly and feebly in a different and opposite direction from the one Mistress Hopkins had taken. No one else had been seen or known to leave the building, from the noon of the preceding day until the time of Ruth's escape being discovered.

Several witnesses testified to having met Mistress Hopkins at about the hour named for her departure from jail, and two had spoken to her. One or two of these persons spoke positively of the striped gown, and all, with varying degrees of certainty, but mostly with a sufficient degree of confidence, of the well-known brown hood and purple shawl.

On the other hand, Mistress Hopkins and others of her household stated that she had been confined to her room by a nervous headache all the previous day, and that, on that morning, the striped dress was still hanging with other clothes on the line upon which it had been placed the evening before, and had been taken down by her sister and prepared for the ironing-table, and, as further proof of the accuracy of this statement, the dampened garment was exhibited. The hood and shawl which Mistress Hopkins then wore, the same so positively identified by former witnesses as having been aired in the streets of Salem on the evening of the previous day, Mistress Hopkins declared she had found hanging upon the nail beneath the porch at the back entrance of her house—a nail upon which she frequently placed them—and she had no reason to suppose that they had at any time departed from her custody.

It was clear to all minds that it was only by supernatural means Ruth's escape had been effected, and many solemn looks and grievous fears arose upon the conviction, for Satan had not before been known to break jail.

Upon the Indian, strange as it may seem, no shadow of suspicion seemed to rest. Superstition, which ruled the hour, threw a veil over the eyes of sagacity. Two or three persons saw, and noting his feeble aspect, compassionated him for the evil spirit on him, on the evening of Ruth Sherwood's disappearance—but he was in an entirely different quarter of the town from that in which the seeming Mrs. Hopkins manifested herself, and no one thought of connecting their movements.

From this time Wenochin sunk rapidly, and when, in little more than a month after, he was committed to the grave, the whole community pitied the "witch's victim." Innocently on her part, if so, though it was otherwise in repute.

But Wenochin's evil genius, it would seem, had chosen another—a brighter and shining mark. A few days after Ruth's condemnation, Richard Adams, the promising young officer, had asked and obtained a leave of absence from his regiment. The vicinity of his post was then peaceful, and seemed likely to be so for some time, so that his presence could be dispensed with for a while without much difficulty. From the day of his departure from the frontier station he was not again seen by the army, or by his towns-people.

Some little time after his disappearance, and before any uneasiness was felt in regard to him, a letter containing his resignation of his command was received by the proper authority. The reply, an acceptance of his resignation, with many expressions of regret and of desire that he should retain his position, was transmitted to the quarter which he had designated, but its reception was never acknowledged, and when information in regard to the missing one was sought for, a little beyond that stated quarter, the clue to his movements was lost. It was remembered that during the day or two previous to his leaving the fort, he had twice been seen in a narrow wood-path, in close converse with a low, dark figure, apparently an Indian, and that he seemed abstracted and uninterested in all about him. At the time, these matters were scarcely heeded, but when they were recalled, they brought with them a fearful import. Ruth's sin seemed to spread its withering blight upon all who had been most nearly connected with her in her days of innocent fame!

Many rumors in relation to the vanished witch floated for a while upon the haunted atmosphere of Salem, and then were dispersed by fresh tales of newer wonders of the "Black Man's" power. Among those vague stories was one, which, however, obtained but little currency, of two of the prison subordinates having seen, on the evening before Ruth Sherwood's flight was discovered, the appearance of the respected keeper sitting in his arm-chair and apparently asleep, at a time when he was in the habit of superintending the night arrangements of the building under his charge. The few who heard this strange tale, did not fail to note the diabolic malice which prompted the Satanic illusion, and so strove to deprive the worthy Mr. Hopkins of his well-earned repute for vigilance and trustworthiness, whilst his stern watch and ward were supernaturally eluded.

Ten years afterward, on a fine afternoon early in November, Mistress Wright walked up the main street of Salem, towards her own residence. Clad in widow's weeds, her once proud, firm step become feeble and uncertain, her once majestic form bowed and attenuated, her former radiant beauty dimmed—how sadly! Few who had known her but in the queenly glory of her earlier years would have recognized her then.

As she went slowly on her way, a blooming young mother, who was guiding the tottering steps of her first-born in a direction toward her, turned pale at the sight of her well-known figure, and hastily entered a friend's house which she had just passed—involuntarily clasping her child with a protecting air at the same time.

A little further on, a maiden, whose marriage banns had been twice read, sat near a window of her father's house. At the first glimpse of the tall form with its black robe, she drew the protecting curtain between herself and the passer-by. One or two persons whom Mistress Wright encountered, went on seemingly unaffected by her vicinity; but the others looked at her askance and doubtingly, and a youth against whom her garment nearly brushed as she drew near her own dwelling, started aside in terror, and trembled to such a degree that his limbs would hardly support him.

Mistress Wright went calmly on, apparently without the slightest consciousness of the effect her presence produced; but every, even the least, token of fear and suspicion she saw, and every one was as a dagger in her proud, lonely, fainting heart.

When she reached her own door, she paused for a few minutes at the threshold, while, with a strange, mournful gaze, she surveyed the street, above—below—and all within the range of her vision—and then, with a heavy sigh, she slowly entered the house. Was there within her heart a prophetic whisper that she was taking a last farewell of that familiar scene?

Mistress Wright had been long a widow. Her husband had died in England, a few weeks after the time of Ruth's disappearance, and in less than a year after she had received the tidings of his death, she had buried her only child. She had not mourned for either, nor had any one supposed that she did—and when her dazzling beauty began to fade—when she grew more and more reserved and unsocial, until at length she lived in almost utter solitude—when fits of troubled abstraction by day, and vigils, lasting whole nights, became frequent with her—when her servants were often aroused at dead of night by strange, unearthly voices proceeding from their mistress's apartment, and occasionally heard low, muttered sounds when they passed it during the day—when a wild light was frequent in her large, dark eyes, and when it was whispered round that she had turned shudderingly from the good minister who had sought to induce her to open her heart, and had ever after avoided his presence—suspicions, vague and hardly-expressed, but daily strengthening in influence, had arisen in regard to her—suspicions of fiendish companionship—of secret dealing with the Enemy.

The time had gone by, however, when suspicions endangered life or liberty, and rank and wealth commanded respect even in Puritan eyes—and Mistress Wright's name was never openly linked with aught discreditable or sinful. Yet she saw and understood, and keenly felt the shadow which had fallen upon her. A proud, intellectual woman, Mistress Wright had avoided rather than sought, the narrow-minded companionship her native town presented to her; but when, from being an object of admiration and almost of reverence, she became one of distrust and of a kind of contemptuous fear—when she felt herself excluded, otherwise than by her own will, from the society she despised, a sense of desolation, a sort of outcast consciousness, came over her—which seemed to complete her misery.

Two weeks after the day on which Mistress Wright was abroad, as we have mentioned, a funeral concourse was gathered within her mansion—the mistress of the household was about to be borne to the grave. There were some in that assemblage, with solemn faces and in sable garb, near relatives of the deceased, who took the part of mourners in the ceremonial of the occasion, but there was little of grief in their countenances, and none in their hearts, for Mistress Wright's strangely reserved habits and cold, haughty bearing of later years, had estranged from her the affection of her kindred. And though most of the towns-people had come to do honor to the burial, none sorrowed over the departed.

One there was, a staid, respectable father of a family, whose face and heart for a while were sad as he looked upon the wan and altered face of the dead. Some years of his youth had been shadowed by a secret and unhappy love for the brilliant Sarah Linsley—a love which lived until long after she became the wife of another—and memories of the past, with softening influence, were busy within him as he stood beside her coffin. But raising his eyes, they met the blooming face of his unconscious wife, and with a start almost of terror at his involuntary faithlessness, he turned from the lifeless one and dispersed those memories, and their tender spell forever—the dark suspicion which of late had attached to the idol of his earlier years resuming its place within his heart.

With all the respect and observance due to her high social position, Mistress Wright was committed to the earth—and abandoned by humanity forever. The wild grass and weeds grew thick and rank upon her grave—there was no loving heart and gentle hand to care for it—and the memory of the beautiful and gifted one who mouldered beneath, was ever dark and unlovely.

While Mistress Wright stood at her threshold taking her long, last look upon the familiar street of Salem, the sun was resting warm and golden upon a rural dwelling in New Jersey. The house was constructed with great simplicity, and exteriorly was fashioned in a manner plain almost to rudeness—but that mattered little—indeed, it was better so, for the luxuriant vines which almost covered the building clung the more firmly for the roughness and inequality of its surface. The fences and outbuildings, and everything about the land attached to this dwelling betokened the care of a skilful and prosperous farmer. And wherever there had been an opportunity for the exercise of taste without pretension, it had been properly availed of.

The neighboring forests were then decked in the brilliant hues of autumn, and the whole landscape wore an aspect of softened beauty beneath the hazy veil of the Indian summer—that dreamy, poetic season, which, like the people whose name it bears—like all that is dreamy and poetical—is fading away before the advancing Anglo-American race—the race of "progress" and of "improvements."

Beneath the rustic porch of the dwelling of which we have spoken, stood a lady, who, judging from her aspect, might have been in her twenty-fifth autumn; though had her family record been examined, she would have been found guilty of many more years than her appearance confessed to. She was not beautiful, but there was a delicacy in the bloom, and a gentleness in the expression of her countenance, which made it very fair and interesting to look upon—and the loving smile and look of maternal interest and affection which dwelt upon her face, as, attracted by the sound of her children's voices, she watched their approach, gave it a peculiar charm.

And with pride, as well as love, might the mother look upon those two children, so graceful and so beautiful, as, fast as their burden permitted, they hastened toward her. They carried between them a large basket heaped with clusters of the wild grape, which they had gathered in the wood; and, following them with a somewhat slower and calmer movement than theirs, was a young, slender Indian girl, who had accompanied them on their excursion, and who also bore upon her arm a basket filled with the purple spoil of the forest vines.

When the group had reached the lady, the children, as loudly and rapidly as their panting condition permitted, told the prominent particulars of their afternoon's expedition, and called upon their mother to admire and marvel at their rich booty, while the Indian girl stood by, listening with a quiet smile; and when their breath fairly failed them, she availed herself of the pause to step forward and with a timid, graceful manner, present to the lady a necklace of remarkably beautiful wampum, asking at the same time, the privilege of placing it upon her neck—a privilege which was readily accorded.

Just after, the husband of the lady joined the group. He was accompanied by his dog, a large, noble animal, and the favorite playmate of the children, who at once bounded off for a romp with him—and the young Indian, briefly saluting the gentleman, now departed for her home.

After a few minutes' conversation with her husband, the lady said:

"You do not observe my necklace, Richard—a gift from Areyta. See—is it not exquisitely wrought?"

And she removed it from her neck, and handed it to him for his closer examination.

"It is, indeed. I have never seen any so fine," he answered, as he returned the ornament.

"'Tis a somewhat fairer necklace than our kind friends of Salem would have forced upon my acceptance," said the lady, with a smile. "I may well love the aborigines," she added, thoughtfully.

The smile, as it faded, grew sad, and tears rose to her eyes, for a host of sorrowful and of bitter memories were thronging upon her mind. But her husband, who had been watching her changing countenance, now encircled her tenderly with his arm, and pressing a kiss upon her brow, said:

"Ruth, my own dear wife, let us forget the past, nor suffer its gloom to obscure our bright and happy present—shall we recall the cold and storms of January to chill and shadow this glorious Indian-summer time?"

Ruth buried her face in her husband's bosom for a little while, and when she raised it, the cloud had passed away, and a bright yet tender smile greeted his loving eye.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

A Russian soldier, so far as I have seen, differs widely from the type imputed to them in our prints and pictures. Their skin is as white as a woman's, but cold and bloodless, their eyes blue and singularly soft and placid; the forehead low and unintelligent, the cheek bones high and prominent, the lower part of the face beardless and angular. Their hair is cropped short, and they wear a forage cap, and the everlasting drab bed gown of a great coat down to the heels.—*Two Cruises with the Baltic Fleet.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BE NOT CAST DOWN.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

Be not cast down, although life's brightest dreams
Deceive thee; for life is not what it seems;
Bright visions of the future fire the breast,
But this fair world is not our place of rest.

Be not cast down, if clouds hang o'er your way,
They soon will burst, and swiftly pass away;
The sun again upon your path will shine,
And blooming roses with the myrtle twine.

All have their trials, and we too must bear
The lot of ill that falleth to our share;
But trials oft are blessings in disguise,
To wean from earth and draw us to the skies.

Be not cast down, although life's brightest dreams
Deceive thee, for life is not what it seems;
Though visions bright should haunt the youthful breast,
Remember, this is not our place of rest.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DEATH AT JENA.

BY A. T. PARSONS.

In the beginning of January, 1807, and on one of the coldest nights of that winter, which was very severe, Monsieur Moreau knocked at the door of his wife's chamber—M. Moreau was a broker, lately married, who had passed *forty* some years ago, but whose age, however, had not prevented him from soliciting with eagerness the only daughter of M. Durand, his intimate friend; he had looked upon this marriage as a sort of business affair, and had spared no pains nor left any artifice or ruse unemployed to accomplish his ends. The affair once settled, that is to say, the young girl *married*, the sole object of his life seemed attained, and his *fortune made*. Unoccupied as he now was, M. Moreau began to *love* his wife—he had coveted the fortune of Mademoiselle Eugenie Durand; he possessed it; love was now the only thing left him to think of—a subject which, until the day of his marriage had but little occupied his attention. Madame Moreau, however, was worth his pains; she was a beautiful brunette—hair of a jet black—large, brilliant eyes and a graceful and slender figure. She was but twenty-two years of age, her features regular—and piquant at the same time, having that half-disdainful, half-proud air which never fails to please men whose self-love is flattered by conquering this disdain, and softening this proud spirit.

On this evening M. Moreau came home to his wife filled with two sentiments equally strong—love and jealousy. He knocks at the door—no one replies—and he, with his ear at the key-hole eagerly listening, curses the carpet which deadens, without doubt, the sound of footsteps within. He knocks a second time—his wife opens it.

"Are you alone, madame?" he asked, with that hesitation of a man at the same time jealous and amorous, who has suspicions and yet fears to displease.

"Do you not see for yourself?" replies the young wife.

"Madame, pardon me—you have—"

"What, monsieur?"

"My porter told me—excuse me, madame—that this evening a young man came here, and that he had not yet gone out."

"Be seated, if you please, monsieur," said Madame Moreau, pointing to a chair placed near the fire opposite her own.

"Good gracious, Eugenie! I do not understand the cause of your anger."

"My anger? I am very calm, monsieur—you will soon understand the sentiments which agitate me—will you then be seated?"

"But, my dear friend, there is nothing in my demand to irritate you. The porter told me that a young man *had* been here. I have visited every part of the house and seen no one—the porter may have been mistaken, no one may have come in, or if indeed, so he must have gone out without his observing it."

"Then you do not wish to sit down, monsieur?" she repeated to her husband, who had remained standing all this time.

A bitter smile prevented M. Moreau from continuing—he sat down, drew his snuff-box from his pocket and played with it in his fingers.

"You well know, monsieur," said his wife to him, "the circumstances which preceded and accompanied our marriage."

"O, my dear Eugenie! can you believe that I should ever forget so happy a day? My whole life—"

"Permit me, nevertheless, monsieur, to recall to your mind *facts* which probably *we* look at in a different manner. A year ago, I was asked in marriage by Monsieur Edward de la Salle, then lieutenant of hussars. M. de la Salle did not stop to consider that I was an only daughter, that I should have a large dowry, and that I should be a rich heiress. He had loved me since our earliest childhood—you know that this sentiment was shared by me, and that with age it became a mutual passion."

"Yes, my dear Eugenie, I know all that. M. de la Salle loved you first because he knew you first, and you are so beautiful that you could only be loved for yourself alone—in that respect the history of M. de la Salle is like mine—"

"*That* is what I do not precisely believe, monsieur. But let me continue—my father did not refuse M. de la Salle; he only told him that he was very young and not far advanced in his career—he said still more; he promised him not to dispose of me without first warning him of it. Some time after, monsieur, you learned that it would be advantageous to marry me, and, with that tenacity which has served in making your fortune, you had the art of incessantly surrounding my father with persons who spoke to him advantageously of you, and made him regard this alliance with a flattering aspect. They did not conceal from you the demand of M. de la Salle, or my passion for him; but an old merchant like my father would naturally prefer a man of his profession to a lieutenant of hussars—you skilfully profited by this disposition, and fortune favored you also, for on one side M. de la Salle set out for the army, and on the other his father died and left him whom I loved—and whom I love still—"

"Whom you love still, madame?" exclaimed M. Moreau.

"Yes," continued his wife, "whom I love still—left him, I say, not so rich as he was supposed to be; then, my father wrote a polite refusal to M. de la Salle, gave you his word, and *you* were presented to me. I did not conceal from you my aversion—"

"Your aversion, madame!" repeated M. Moreau, whose pale complexion reddened at this word.

"It is as well to call things by their right names, and why not acknowledge now what passed six months ago. You let this first storm pass over, and sure of the assent of my father, you did everything to persuade the public that your suit was accepted. At last, one day, my father called me to him; he had a letter in his hand from Jena—from Jena itself—from the field of battle; it was from one of the comrades of M. de la Salle. He whom I loved had fallen on the field of honor, had died the death of a hero, shot in the breast by a Prussian ball. 'This promising young officer was lying (so it was written), surrounded by enemies whom he had killed.' That letter my father received from *you*, who had prudently desired that *I* should not be informed of that circumstance. After my deep grief was in a measure subdued, then they represented that my marriage with *you* was nearly public, and that it was time for me to marry. My father at first *ordered* me—he afterwards *entreated* me—he was old, sick, he said, and did not wish to die without seeing me established; without being able to overcome my repugnance, I yielded—"

"Ah, well, madame, *I* became *your* husband, and in spite of your continued coldness, in spite of that repugnance which attests only too much the present bitterness of your words, of what can you complain? Which of us is wanting in love, may I ask you?"

"Of *what* do I complain? You have *deceived me, monsieur!*"

"I, madame?"

"Yes—*you*—M. de la Salle is *not dead*, no Prussian ball ever entered his breast, this brave officer did not remain on the battle field of Jena; on the contrary, he entered Berlin with his emperor."

"Madame, it is true that 'twas I who gave your father the letter announcing the death of M. de la Salle; I had it from a friend, a relation of the officer who wrote it, and I affirm to you upon the honor—"

"You have imposed upon me," exclaimed Eugenie, with violence, "you knew that M. de la Salle was living. That letter which deceived me is false—there is no officer of the name by which it is signed in the regiment of M. de la Salle; your porter has not deceived you—in fact, a young man did come in here this evening. You have not searched well, monsieur; you have yet to examine my apartment; enter this closet, monsieur, and you will see who was the person with me when you knocked at my door; enter then, it is M. de la Salle, who *died at Jena!*"

The door of the closet opened, and a young officer advanced slowly towards M. Moreau; his naturally pleasant face was stern; the elegant uniform which he wore, instead of giving him that easy and graceful appearance which distinguishes the arms under which he served, appeared in the eyes of M. Moreau of a sombre brilliancy which made him shudder. M. Moreau rose from his chair and drew back involuntarily. The young officer advanced with the accusing letter in his hand, and, holding it under the eyes of his rival, said to him:

"Well, monsieur, will you deny your treason?"

There was in his accent, in his look, the bitter hatred of a generous man, whose dearest objects on earth have been torn from him by treachery and deceit—whose heart had been wilfully broken and his life embittered. His dark and indignant eyes wandered from this woman whom he loved so much, to this man, who, by an odious lie, had robbed him of her. He was on the point of giving vent to his rage, when Eugenie, who, immovable in her chair, had not changed her position, began:

"You have basely deceived us both," said she, to her husband, "and this evening, when M. de la Salle suddenly appeared before me, when he whom I love extended to me his arms full of life, love and youth, we might have rendered you deceit for deceit, treason for treason,; but we have too much love and too much loyalty for such a revenge. No, monsieur, you have not in your turn been deceived by us. M. de la Salle does not wish to be the lover of your wife—he claims your wife."

"How! madame!" exclaimed M. Moreau, who had somewhat recovered from his fright and astonishment. "What means this language? Do you think I will support—"

"You will have *nothing* to *support*, monsieur, but you must prepare to renounce *me*."

"Never, madame, never," exclaimed M. Moreau.

Eugenie made no reply—she rung for her *femme de chambre*.

"Justine, wake up the coachman, let him harness the horses and prepare to follow me."

This order was received with so little astonishment, and the carriage so quickly ready, that M. Moreau judged that the plan had been previously agreed upon, and that Justine and the coachman had been forewarned. He tried to speak—they would not listen to him; he tried to leave the apartment—M. de la Salle prevented him. When Madame Moreau was ready, when she had tied on her bonnet and was enveloped in her cloak, she held extended her hand to the young officer, and turned away her head in passing by her husband. The two rivals were alone. M. de la Salle began to speak:

"At last we are alone together—the offender and the offended. Do you hear the noise of the carriage wheels which bear away Eugenie—your wife? She departs, alas! with a hope which may never be realized; she leaves to *me* a mission that I cannot accomplish precisely as she expects."

"What do you mean, monsieur?"

"Your wife will live no longer with you; she will not be the eternal victim of the treachery which has united you—you must sign a bill of divorce."

"Never, monsieur!" said M. Moreau, who had no idea of resigning a woman whom he loved or a long coveted fortune.

"Permit me," continued the officer, "*I* desire still more—what your wife desires will not suffice for me. For me your *life* is necessary—yes, the *law* might disunite you; it would permit me to marry her whom I love; but you will none the less *have been* her husband—you will none the less have robbed me of my first love. I wish to be able to forget this fatal event. I wish to see you no more; I cannot submit to meeting you in my walks, at the assembly, at the theatre. I cannot have the world say, when seeing you—'There goes the broker Moreau, the first husband of Madame de la Salle,'—no, we cannot both live; monsieur, do you understand? and I shall not leave you until death parts us."

There was so much decision in the words of the lieutenant, that Moreau, who was not wanting in courage, saw plainly that a duel was the only part left for him to take—his wife would necessarily insist upon a divorce or a separation, and who knew what change a duel might effect in the heart of Eugenie! Moreau might be happier than his adversary; he might be wounded, and a woman never refuses a little esteem for one who exposes his life for her.

He accepted then, and both silent and too proud to speak more, awaited the daybreak with impatience. As soon as daylight dawned, and a dim, grayish ray stole through the curtains of the apartment, the lieutenant abruptly broke the silence with the question:

"What are your arms, monsieur?"

"The sword," replied Moreau.

"Have you any affairs to settle?"

"None; I have no children, and my affairs are all regulated."

"Your witness?"

"My *valet de chambre* will follow me."

"If it pleases you, monsieur," said the officer, "we will stop at the house of a friend of mine, who will accompany me."

"Willingly."

And they set out. Having arrived at the wood where affairs of this sort are terminated (then more common than at the present day), they drew their swords, and after a brief struggle M. de la Salle was slightly wounded in the arm, but he thrust his sword deeply into the breast of his adversary, who fell dying at his feet.

"I do not regret life," said he to the officer. "I feel that I merit no better fate. Go to Eugenie—forget that she was ever mine; make her your wife and be happy. Had you fallen in this combat I could not have braved the disdainful look of Eugenie, and she never could have forgiven the fraud by which I possessed her."

Something within revealed the horror with which he would inspire his wife, and even if the fortune of the duel had had an opposite result, he never could have prevailed with her on his right as a husband, and that the lie to which he owed the possession of her would now serve as a sufficient excuse for his rival.

Soon after this, M. de la Salle was promoted by the emperor; and laden with honors, he married Eugenie, who was happy to abandon a name which had so long been odious to her, and she mourned no more for the death at Jena.

ABOUT DE QUINCEY.

It is related, as an instance of De Quincey's carelessness in money matters, that, having been once arrested for a debt of twenty pounds in Edinburg, he was dragged to jail, where he remained for two weeks. During his incarceration, his daughter frequently visited him, and one day brought him a new waistcoat, the other he then wore being somewhat shabby. After he had taken off his old vest, his daughter examining the pockets, discovered a bank note for thirty pounds, of the existence of which her father had no knowledge whatever, with which, of course, the twenty-pound debt was instantly discharged. For a long time De Quincey's nervousness from opium was so great that he was obliged to walk fourteen miles a day, in order to procure two hours sleep at night. The way in which this was accomplished was curious. The dreamer had a mile measured on a neighboring road, and at one extremity placed a heap of seven stones When the journey was about to commence, he took up a stone and carried it to the other end of the mile, then returned for another, until the pile was exhausted. This necessity of carrying the stones prevented him from forgetting the number of miles he had walked, which would otherwise be highly probable. De Quincey, when he writes, flings each sheet as soon as finished, over his shoulder, and never sees them again. His daughters gather up the scattered leaves, arrange and correct them, and hawk them among the magazine editors for sale.—*N. Y. Times.*

A LESSON.

"Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day," is an excellent maxim for corporations and governments, as well as individuals. In the Alabama River there has been, for years, an old, forked oak snag, upon which, every few months, a steamer is destroyed. It has already occasioned the loss of four steamers and the partial loss of a fifth. A few dollars would suffice to remove this formidable obstacle to navigation, by which $150,000 worth of property has been sacrificed; and yet it is still allowed to remain in its bed, in all the majesty of sovereign supremacy, demanding and receiving royal tributes of cotton and tobacco and noble steamboats from the careless navigators of this stream.—*Portfolio.*



NEST OF THE REED BUNTING.

BIRD ARCHITECTURE.

Nothing in nature is more curious than the habitations of the feathered tribes, constructed with the aid of their bills alone, in a style of neatness which it is difficult to imagine is not the result of manual dexterity. We have collected on this page authentic drawings of some of the most noteworthy and pretty specimens of the architecture of birds. The first is the nest attributed to the Reed Bunting, which is woven so securely round the reeds that form the framework of its nest, that the little family sit within their bower, swinging securely in the midst of the strongest breeze. The material employed for this dainty habitation is long grass. The next picture is a delineation of the nest of the Humming Bird. The nests of Humming Birds are most beautifully compact structures, exquisitely finished and arranged with perfect neatness. We have seen one composed of the finest silky down or cotton, of a delicate straw color, soft, light and compact, attached to the end of a twig and artfully concealed by leaves. Sometimes the little creatures use the down of plants, cotton, and even spiders' webs. The female usually lays two eggs, the color of which is white. The Humming Birds are among the smallest and most brilliant of the feathered race—little winged gems; and they are natives of America. They are most numerous in the tropics, and only two species have been found far to the north of our continent. The Ruby-throated, or Northern Humming Bird has been known to reach the 57th parallel of north latitude. The next engraving depicts the hanging nest of the Baltimore Oriole (or Baltimore bird and Baltimore Starling), a well known summer visitant, which derives its name from its colors, brilliant orange and black, being those of the arms or livery of Lord Baltimore. In our engraving one of these birds is seen on the outside of the nest. The Oriole exhibits extraordinary instinct in the construction of its habitation. "He generally," Wilson tell us, "fixes on the high bending extremities of the branches, fastening long strings of hemp or flax round two forked twigs, corresponding with the intended width of the nest; with the same materials, mixed with quantities of loose tow, he interweaves or fabricates a strong, firm kind of cloth, not unlike the substance of a hat in its raw state, forming it into a pouch of six or seven inches in depth, lining it substantially with various soft substances, well interwoven with the outward netting, and lastly finished with a layer of horsehair, the whole being shaded from the sun and rain by a natural canopy of leaves." The position of the nest affords security against the attacks of the bird's enemies, among whom the black snake is foremost. The nest of the European Jay, also depicted on this page, is a cap-shaped basket of matted roots, externally defended by an outer case of intertwined twigs, which also form a sort of platform, secured to the fork of the branch on which the structure rests. The next pictures show the nest of the Fly Catcher and that of the House Sparrow. The nest of the Fly Catcher is delineated after Le Vaillant's design in his "Birds of Africa." It is remarkable for its peculiar form, which resembles a small horn suspended with the point downwards. It is composed of slender threads obtained from the bark of certain shrubs, and laboriously woven together. The cavity for the eggs is about three inches in depth, and beyond this is a conical mass of felt. The nests of the House Sparrow are built of hay, straw, feathers and other materials, in snug crevices, often under the eaves of houses, and are loosely put together, the shape varying according to the locality. The nest we have depicted is built in a tree. The House Sparrows build also in the fissures and crevices of masonry, and in vines trained against a house. The Mahali Weaver Birds' nests are next depicted. These birds feed on insects and seeds. They allow the ends of the stout grass which they weave into the texture of their houses to protrude, like "quills upon the fretful porcupine," so as to present an obstacle to the advance of snakes towards their eggs and young. Sometimes thirty nests are seen suspended on a tree. These birds abound in Africa. The nest of the Baya Sparrow, shown in our engraving, is pendent, and formed in a very ingenious manner, by long grass woven together in the form of a bottle, and suspended by the smaller end to the extremity of a flexible branch, the more effectually to secure the eggs and young brood from serpents, squirrels and birds of prey. The nests contain several apartments, appropriated to different purposes. In one the female performs the office of incubation; in another, consisting of a little vault, covering a perch without a bottom, sits the male, who cheers his companion with his notes. The Baya Sparrow is found in Hindostan, and is a bright plumed and remarkably sagacious bird. Our last engraving represents the nests of the Pensile Weaver Birds. These nests usually overhang a river, or pool of water, and are shaped like a chemist's retort, with a body and long neck, at the end of which is the aperture, close to the surface of the water. The neck leads to a snug chamber, in which the young are reared. The structure is composed of interwoven grass. Col. Sykes observes that the Weaver Bird is very common in Dukhun, Africa, and there are few wells overhung by a tree where their nests are not seen pendent; they live in small communities, and are very noisy in their labors. Pringle describes the nest as woven of a kind of tough grass, the cylindrical passage between 12 and 15 inches in length.



HUMMING BIRD'S NEST.



BALTIMORE ORIOLE AND NEST.



NEST OF EUROPEAN JAY.



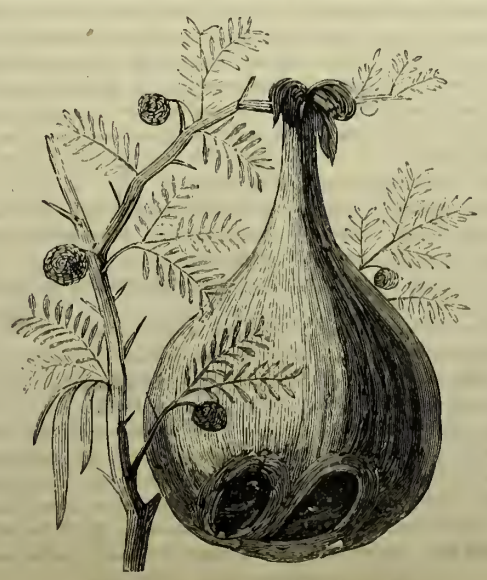
NEST OF FLY-CATCHER.



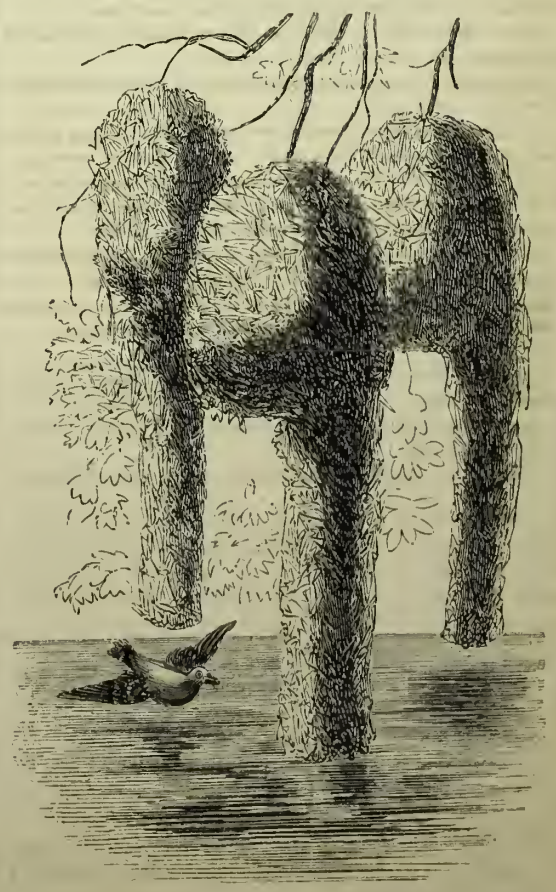
NEST OF HOUSE SPARROW.



NEST OF MAHALI WEAVER BIRDS.



NEST OF THE BAYA-SPARROW.



NEST OF PENSILE WEAVER BIRD.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO STELLA.

BY JUNIUS M. STEVENS.

No sorrow rests upon thy face,
 Unclouded is thy deep blue eye;
Thy beauteous features wear no trace
 Of love's bright dreams gone by,
As time with thee thus disappears,
Leaving its smiles undimmed with tears.

Is there no vision to recall
 The faded light of by-gone hours?
Shall Love thus ever vainly call,
 And Fancy, in its touching powers,
Paint those bright scenes of early days,
Now silvered o'er with memory's rays?

Ah, it is well we can forget
 Those airy visions of the past,
And bid sad memory's star to set
 In sorrow's cloud that riseth fast
Upon this dreary vale of tears,—
This scene of strife, of pain and fears.

Our brightest hopes—youth's golden bonrs,
 We ne'er shall know again;
Our trusting love, whose blissful powers
 Threw pleasure o'er our saddest pain,
Hath now been blighted, chilled and cold—
We love not as we loved of old.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BIANCA THE ACTRESS.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

Night lay upon the Eternal City. The narrow streets, so lately thronged with the *elite* of fashion and the children of poverty, seemed now deserted—silent. No sound broke the death-like stillness of the night, save the occasional footstep of some lonely traveller, as, alone, he pursued his solitary way, or the hilarious shout of some midnight debauchee returning from his revels. The moon, that imagery of heavenly purity, poured forth upon palace and dome a flood of silver light, imparting to that ancient and glorious city a degree of beauty and grandeur which even an Italian sunset, all lovely as it is, fails to produce.

In a luxurious apartment of one of the many beautiful palaces which look down so frowningly upon the humbler dwellings of Rome, sat Bianca the actress. Arrayed in her stage-robes, with her fair cheek resting upon her small and delicate hand, her eyes downcast, she is scarcely less beautiful to the eye of a beholder than when, a few hours previous, she stood before the vast audience at the theatre, with her flashing eye and raven tresses shading her olive complexion, on which naught but the rose-tint of health ever bloomed. Even her very jewels were outrivalled in lustre by those starry orbs, so full of expression and intensity of light, and flashed back upon themselves with but a reflected brilliance.

But why is she sitting thus alone, at such an hour of the night, undivested of her rich and cumbrous robes, which ofttimes press so heavily upon her graceful and slender form? Dear reader, know you not that but one night more shall elapse ere Bianca Montani quits forevermore the stage?

Hastening home from the theatre, she did not even think of exchanging her garments, so absorbed was she in her own thoughts; but hastily dismissing her French dressing-maid, she threw herself upon a chair, from which, though two long hours have passed, she has not risen. She is thinking, perchance, of the past—its toils, its struggles for fame and greatness, which, at last gained, are to be sacrificed in two short days, for the calm and quiet of domestic life.

And now the future rises before her, with its brilliant prospects of earthly happiness, and a smile irradiates for a moment her sad and pensive face. Slowly she raises her eyes, and sees before her, on the table, a mass of unopened notes and letters, together with the fairest flowers of the land; but quickly has her eye sought out one particular bonquet, composed entirely of moss-rose buds, which, night after night, her betrothed—Edgar Stanley—has sent to her. Seizing it, she fervently pressed it to her lips, and tearing from its flowery nest a note, she hastily read as follows:

"Dearest Bianca:—If you will bnt consummate my present happiness by consenting to a speedy union, wear, then, in thy bosom but one of these buds on to-morrow eve, your farewell night, as a pledge of yonr faith and constancy. On that flower I shall base all my hopes. Should I fail to see it worn upon thy breast, God only knows to what a rash and dreadful act my passion might lead me to. Yours till death. Edgar Stanley."

Closing the note, Bianca softly murmured, "Yes, dearest,—I will be thine." Then tearing from the bouquet a half-closed bud, she rose and threw it into a marble basin, filled with crystal water, that its freshness might be preserved for the coming night.

And now, as dawn begins faintly to streak the horizon, she throws herself upon her couch to seek a few hours' rest; and while yet a prayer for him who is dearest on earth to her heart, still lingers on her lips, she sinks gently and qnietly into the arms of Morpheus.

The morn was far spent when Bianca opened again her eyes. Starting from her pillow and drawing aside the drapery of her couch, she said to her faithful maid:

"Why have yon thus allowed me to slumber so long beyond my usual hour, Marie?"

"You were sleeping so beautifully, madam, that I could not bear to waken you," said the girl, respectfully, as she assisted in dressing her mistress.

"All very kind in you, my little pet," said Bianca, patting Marie upon the cheek; "but do you not know that Bianca has much to do and think of this day? for to-morrow's setting sun will behold me no longer Bianca Montani the actress, but," she added, "the wife of the proud and haughty English nobleman, Edgar Stanley."

Marie made an effort to speak, but tears choked her words. Gently folding the affectionate girl to her bosom, Bianca whispered in her ear:

"But ere I leave snnny Italy forever, I will repay thee well, devoted and tender girl."

"Let me but follow you, dear mistress," said the weeping girl, "and I shall be content. Alone and unprotected, I have none to love on earth but thee."

"Well, we will see what Lord Stanley says," said Bianca, cheerfully; "for henceforth my will must be subservient to that of my husbsnd."

Night came at last. The theatre was thronged from parterre to dome, with the nobility and distinguished citizens of Rome. The busy hum of the expectant multitude gave evidence of some unusual excitement in the theatrical line. It was indeed the farewell night of Bianca Montani—the idol of the public. But see, the curtain rises, and slowly yet majestically the actress appears upon the stage. Her dress of rich black velvet seems in beautiful contrast to the brilliancy of her complexion, while the long black veil, which falls from the back of her raven tresses, bnt partially conceals the snowy bosom. Around her finely-rounded arms are clasped bracelets of rich jet. No other ornament is there, save the beautiful moss bud, the gift of Stanley, which now reposes upon her breast.

The moment the actress set foot upon the stage, there burst forth upon the ear the most deafening peals of applause, shaking the very foundation of the spacious theatre. This burst of genuine enthusiasm and feeling was too much for the heart of the young actress; and as she bent low to the stage, in answer to the welcome greeting, the features, which a moment before had seemed frozen into marble—so cold and stone-like was their expression,—became moved and agitated, while the tear-drops, like glistening pearls, streamed down her pale cheeks.

Lifting her eyes, their first glance fell npon the countenance of Lord Stanley, her betrothed husband. His look of half-reproach and tenderness at the emotion thus betrayed by her seemed to recall her at once to her former self. With a strong effort, Bianca dashed back the tears from her cheeks, and drawing herself up to her full height, commenced the recitation of her part with as much composure as if nothing nnusual had occurred. Throughout the entire play, Bianca Montani looked and moved a perfect tragic queen.

At the close of the last act, Bianca was called before the curtain, and snddenly, as if by magic, there fell around her a perfect shower of bouquets, with notes of snowy whiteness attached, expressive of the deep regret with which the public parted with its favorite. To this high compliment, Bianca responded in an eloquent and heartfelt speech, with apparent self-control, although a keen eye might have seen the finely-drawn mouth quiver and tremble, at times, with emotion.

As she was about retiring from the stage, a wreath of orange-blossoms fell and rested directly upon the head of the young actress. This unexpected tribute but added fresh interest to the exciting scene, and the audience, with quick perception, catching at once its meaning, in shouts of bravo, bravissimo, manifested their delight.

The eagle eye of Stanley had not failed to discover at a glance the moss rose-bud which Bianca had worn upon her breast. It was him, then, the English lord, that had crowned the already laurel-wreathed actress his bride.

In a few days after the union of Bianca and Lord Stanley, the happy pair sailed for England, which was henceforth to be their future home, not forgetting to take with them the devoted little French maid, Marie.

As yet, I have said nothing concerning the birth and parentage of the youthful actress, or the occasion which led the aristocratic Englishman to make her his bride. But little was known in Italy of the early childhood of Bianca, save that her father, Alfonso Montani, had, long years previous to the opening of our story, been exiled from his native land, Italy, on account of some political intrigue, or conspiracy, in which he had been engaged.

His wife, a frail and delicate being, died heart-stricken by the blow in less than a year after his banishment, leaving her only child, of some seven summers, to the care of her only surviving relative, a sister. With her annt, Bianca lived until the time of her death, which took place just as Bianca was entering upon her sixteenth year.

Thrown entirely upon her own resources, devoid of friends and fortune, Bianca, child as she was, turned her attention to the theatrical profession. Her great beauty, together with the rare promises of talent evinced by her at so early an age, at once procured her a situation, from which, though a subordinate one, she had gradually risen, step by step, to the highest round of the ladder of fame.

It was at the time when Bianca's star was already in its zenith, that Edgar Stanley, while making a tour of Europe, chanced to meet with the actress. It was at a small and select party that he first beheld her, and I need not tell you that her strong and powerful charms at once captivated the heart of the young Englishman. Night after night he resorted to the theatre, always occupying a near stage-box, and ever betraying, in looks and actions, so much of soul-felt interest and devotion that a less susceptible heart than Bianca's could not have failed to notice it. And the actress, lone and orphanly, felt daily the increasing ardor of Stanley's attachment, and with the whole strength of her passionate and Italian nature, Bianca returned his love.

Edgar Stanley, in engaging his betrothed to a speedy union, had not stopped to consider the differences which existed between the social position of himself and his wife. He forgot, in the all-absorbing passion—love, that his wealthy and aristocratic parents might despise and perhaps reject her whom he had solemnly sworn to cherish and protect as his wife. It is trne, he had written them of his intended marriage with the actress Bianca, and of his intention to return with her to England; but he had not as yet received any answer from his parents, which circnmstance he innocently attributed to some delay or accident on the road, instead of intentional anger and scorn.

With a light heart and cheerful step, Edgar Stanley directed his steps homeward, with his newly-found prize, apparently with as much pride and ease of heart as if he were bearing home an empress to the paternal roof, instead of an actress. You may judge of Bianca's great snrprise and disappointment, when, on entering the old homestead with her husband, she was met by the proud and haughty Lady Stanley, who, with a look of withering scorn, bade them both leave the house, nor ever cross its threshold more. Her loud and angry tones of voice called the old lord to the scene of unlooked-for excitement. Edgar advanced to embrace his much-loved sire, but he, too, shrank from his grasp as from a viper, heaping a torrent of curses upon his child's head.

Bianca, half-frantic with despair, threw herself at the old man's feet, imploring him to forgive and pardon her *husband*, if not herself. But the mention of that name only served to exasperate the cruel parent still more, and with great strength he rudely threw the devoted wife from him. Finding that entreaties and tears failed to move his cruel parents, Edgar prepared to leave with his wife his once happy home, from which he was now rejected and cast off.

Edgar Stanley and his beautiful wife were soon established in one of the finest hotels of the city of London, for, although the haughty father of Stanley had disinherited him, and cut him off from his usual supplies of money, still Bianca's pnrse was well filled with the hard earnings of years of stndy and labor in her profession.

To all ontward appearances, the newly-wedded pair seemed happy and content with their lot. But the tongne of scandal had already reached them in their new home, and the reproaches, sneers and hitter tannts of the world fell heavily upon Edgar's heart. This fact Bianca's keen eye readily discerned, and the cold and altered manner of her husband, together with his frequent absence from home, if snch it might be called, only served to teach her heart that Stanley no longer loved the wife who had sacrificed friends, native land—all, for him, that he had long since repented his choice in marrying Bianca the actress.

Letter after letter was sent to her husband from his parents, who, realizing their child's loss, wonld only yield to the fact on certain conditions, which were that Edgar should separate from his wife, who was so nnworthy to bear their family name, and provide for her a separate maintenance. If, their letters said, he would consent to such a plan of conduct, then they, his parents, would most gladly reinstate their prodigal son in his former place in their affections.

Of the contents of these letters Edgar never spoke, but as he frequently left them loosely about, Bianca could not fail to learn their words of cruel import. Stung to the heart with pride and disappointment, she resolved no longer to bnrden her husband with a love so unrequited, and a name which had so blemished and disgraced his family title. Snrely, she thought, Italy's snnny skies will welcome the worn and weary child home, if not its children. To Marie she alone entrusted her secret, which was to leave her husband, and return once again to her native land and old profession.

Having made all the necessary preparations for their departure at a certain time, Bianca sat down and hastily penned a note to her husband, releasing him from all further interest in her future welfare and happiness. "Seek not to find me out," she said, "for I am willing to sacrifice life, happiness, all that a woman's heart holds most dear, to know that those parental arms, from which you have so long been estranged, again receive and enfold you."

Having finished and folded the note, Bianca and Marie both songht their pillows, to obtain, if possible, a few hours' rest before setting out upon their long journey. At a late hour of the night, Stanley returned home, and beheld his wife sleeping apparently most soundly. When at last Bianca was sure of her husband's deep slumber, she cautiously arose, and dressing herself, quickly awakened Marie, who, weary with her labors, had in reality slept.

Placing the note upon the pillow from which she had but just risen, Bianca turned to take one last, lingering look of her heart's best idol. Qnickly placing one fervent kiss upon her sleeping husband's brow, she hastily left the apartment, fearful lest by her heart's deep emotions she should betray herself.

With a beating heart and trembling step, the youthful wife, accompanied by Marie, entered the carriage, which was awaiting them at the door, and was soon far away from her deserted home.

Ten months from the time that Bianca Montani left Italy, she again beheld its glowing beauties. Again the papers announced the re-appearance of Bianca Montani, for she had laid aside a name which she had worn bnt in grief and sorrow, and assumed again her maiden name, ever so spotless and pnre. Most cordial was the welcome which awaited the public's lost favorite, now regained.

Time had wrought changes both in looks and appearance of the actress. She excluded herself entirely from society, and wrapped about her such a mantle of reserve that even the most

c rious forbore questioning her upon the subject of her married life.

One day, as Bianca was on her way to rehearsal at the theatre, her attention was attracted to the person of an old man whose bowed form and silvery locks gave evidence of time's wondrous hand. As the old man passed the actress, he bent upon her a look of intense scrutiny, and uttering a cry, fell prostrate upon the ground. Bianca turned and assisted him to rise, comforting him all the while with words of kindness.

Supporting him with her arm, they entered the theatre, to which they were already near; and after dressing with her own hands the wound which he had received in the forehead from his fall, she arranged for him a soft bed upon the couch in her own dressing-room.

As soon as he had quite recovered himself, the old man proceeded to give to the kind-hearted actress somewhat of his life's history, adding that Bianca's great resemblance to his lost wife had caused him such a shock.

"Have you no kindred or friend living?" asked the sympathetic woman.

"Alas! I had a child, but O, they tell me that she has left for parts unknown."

"She still lives, then?" said the actress.

"God grant that it is so!" said the weeping man.

"Her name!" cried the now excited woman.

"Bianca Montani!"

"I—I am that child! My father!" said the actress. And father and child were soon clasped in a long embrace.

Two years have passed since Bianca separated herself from her husband, and during that time, no word of intelligence has ever been received by her of her still-loved Stanley. With her newly-found father and Marie, Bianca is again happy, winning nightly in her professiou new laurels and new friends.

One evening, as the actress was passing from the stage to her dressing-room, a waiter handed her a letter, whose superscription caused her cheek to pale as her eye recognized the oft-familiar hand-writing. Hastily opening it, she read as follows:

"Dearest, but injured Bianca:—I beseech you to come to me, in this my dying hour, that my eyes may be closed in peace, with the assurance of your forgiveness. How shall I make atonement to you, my poor yet loved wife, for the wrongs which your spirit has suffered? But my sight fails me. Bianca, come—come quickly to the Hotel L'Italien. Adieu, dearest. Edgar."

Bianca, overcome with grief, knew not how or where to turn. See him she must, for he was very ill—perhaps even then he was dying.

The audience were impatient at her delay. Something must be done, and that quickly. It required but a single moment for the actress to decide upon the course to pursue. Placing the note which she had just received in the hand of the manager, she quickly ordered her carriage, and in a few moments was at the hotel.

Tapping gently at the door, the haughty Lady Stanley, her mother-in-law, received her once rejected child with open arms.

"Does *he* still live?" gasped the grief-stricken wife.

At that moment, a deep groan escaped from the lips of the invalid. Hastening to the bedside, Bianca threw her arms about the neck of her sick and enfeebled husband, and passionately kissed again and again his marble brow.

At the sight of Bianca, Edgar seemed to revive, and gaining new strength, he raised his head from his pillow, supported all the while by the tender arm of his wife.

"Can you forgive him and they, Bianca, who have caused thee so much suffering?" said the weeping husband.

"All—all is forgiven and buried with the past!" said the noble-hearted woman. "God grant that you may still live to gladden and comfort my weary heart!" And pressing the hand of Stanley, Bianca left the apartment.

The next day, the young wife came early to the bedside of her husband, bringing with her the aged Montani, her father. Here was, then, a new source of surprise to the family of her husband.

Tenderly and untiringly, the loving wife watched beside the couch of her suffering husband, until the glow of health once more returned to his cheek. From him, Bianca learned the particulars of his life since she left him. His parents had indeed taken him home to their bosom, but there was still unrest and disquietude in his breast. Remorse for his cold and altered love to his wife so worked upon his mind and feelings that a settled melancholy grew upon him, which so impaired his bodily health that his physician recommended change of scene and climate.

To Italy—bright and sunny Italy, they had borne the invalid. By accident, his eye fell upon the name of the actress in one of the daily journals, which circumstance had given him the long-desired clue of his wife's whereabouts, which ended in the reunion of the estranged couple.

In two or three months, a happy party of six persons embarked for England's shores. And in the old homestead, all is peace and happiness, for Edgar Stanley is there, with his lovely bride, Bianca Montani, no longer the public's favorite, but the pride and cherished idol of the home-circle. And dear, good Marie is still with her much-loved mistress—the beautiful Bianca Stanley—the devoted wife and daughter.

CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS.

In Malta, whenever a violent storm occurs, the bishop commands all the church bells to be rung for the purpose of calming it. In the interior of France, the bells are rung during a storm for the purpose of averting danger from the crops. Herodotus tells us that the Thracians, more bold, used to menace the thunder-cloud with arrows, and combated even the dread artillery of Heaven.—*Notes and Queries.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CLOUDED LIFE AND A SUNNY ONE.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"It is a long lane which has no turn," remarked neighbor Fairwell, to Mrs. Gadsby; "your good days will come by-and-by. I never knew a person that worked on in patient trust, but God sent them some token for good before they died. So I have brought you a brown loaf, smoking hot from my oven, and here's a bit of pork and a few eggs; and as I was picking over my last barrel of apples, I thought to myself it may be Mrs. Gadsby would relish a few of them. And I beg you will take these little neighborly gifts without wasting too much time in expressing your thanks; for when we meet for a little cozy chat, I dislike to have a person always freeing their mind by talking about obligations. My rule is to impart to others, if I have anything to spare; it makes me happier than you are to receive—so I get my pay beforehand. But now let us change the subject. I noticed you looked very downcast, yesterday, at church. What has happened? You may as well communicate to me your trials. Who knows but I can relieve you?"

Mrs. Gadsby was moved by the warm, sympathetic, sunny appeal and countenance of her friend, and as she had been brooding all the morning and for several days over her uncomfortable mode of living, she gladly availed herself of this opportunity of narrating her grievances.

"Neighbor Fairwell," said Mrs. Gadsby, "it's a dreadful vexatious thing to be surrounded by disagreeable circumstances. Nobody but the poor understand this. Here *you* are, full of contentment, because you are well off; no matter whether you earn a shilling in your lifetime, you have enough,—while I am here without one, save I work for it, and then it all has to be spent for rent, or fuel, or food. To tell the truth, I'm about tired of delving. Nobody in this block works half as hard as I do. There's my next door neighbor: why, they are in bed by nine o'clock, and all the evening they are laughing, and chatting, and telling stories. It makes no difference whether she finishes her jobs or not; she has a man that brings in enough,—while I sit here alone, and with my tallow candle burnt into its socket, and nobody to speak to me, I can tell you it makes a mighty difference between us."

"And so you are a little envious of Mrs. Bliss because she has a husband to chat with. If that is the case, I can provide for you any day," remarked Neighbor Fairwell, facetiously. "You need not be a solitary widow but from choice. Mike Hardy, the shoemaker, would tell you stories every evening, if you would but take his name. Is that all that grieves you, Mrs. Gadsby?"

The gloomy visage of our friend began to shorten. She knew she wouldn't marry the best man living. She had married once, and that was enough. No—but it was hard to see everybody happy around one, and all the while to feel your own lot is so different. "There's old Katy Folsom—she has a pet dog, and she spends hours in talking to him, and then she leads him out with a string to the grocer's or baker's, and acts so like a fool with her 'spot.' I really wish there never was a dog in the world, barking—snarling creatures, subject to hydrophobia, and liable to bite women and children!"

"Well," replied Neighbor Fairwell, "if old Katy can take any pleasure in her pet dog, do let her. She is a harmless creature, and, perhaps, has no human being that cares for her."

"La—well, she's happy enough if she hasn't. I never knew her fret in my life; she always goes round her room singing. How I do hate to hear humming! it makes me nervous. If she had as much to think of as I have, it would soon stop her mouth."

"But, really, Mrs. Gadsby, what *are* your troubles? I know you work hard, but, after all, industrious people are the happiest."

"I don't know about that. See that girl over the way tossing her sunshade, while that little fellow beside her is talking so incessantly. What does *she* know about trouble in getting a living?"

"Very true; but it don't follow she is happy. That is Nettie Day, and she has stolen an interview, I'll warrant you, with that young clerk, whom her parents have forbidden her to marry. Don't call her happy, Mrs. Gadsby,—only be thankful you have no such disobedient children to trouble you."

"Mrs. Fairwell, you make fair weather out of everything, but I should like for you just to step into my shoes for one week; you wouldn't be quite so smooth-faced and cheery at the end as at the beginning of it. To be cooped up in a small room and obliged to work, and see everybody else thriving about you, while you are dragged down by poverty, is not very comforting."

"But it might be worse, neighbor. You have good health, and plenty of work, which yields you a good price, and I am sure you have one neighbor in me who will relieve you in any strait, if it is possible. Now, what would make you happy?"

"Well, as you ask the question, I should be perfectly happy if I had only a hundred dollars at my disposal, in case of any emergency. I am sure that would make me happy—not for you to give it to me, though."

"Well, neighbor, keep up a cheerful trust. You will never want; but don't be querulous. Look with a pleasant countenance upon your neighbors; go in and chat with the respectable ones. You will find they have trials as well as you; and by a cheerful intercourse, you will forget your troubles, and becoming interested in them, life will soon wear a new aspect. Now, I'll just take the napkin off my bread, and when I come in again, shall hope to find you thinking over your blessings instead of your trials." And the sunshiny neighbor left her cloudy-faced one with a hearty "God bless ye!"

"I wonder," said Mr. Fairwell, to his wife, "if Mrs. Gadsby isn't entitled to a land warrant? It appears to me John Gadsby served a fortnight or more in expectancy of a skirmish in the war of 1812. If so, his widow, by an act of Congress, is entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land at government prices. Do you know about it, wife?"

"I know John Gadsby went to Portsmouth when he was a young man, in Captain Piper's company. I remember it as well as if it were but yesterday. My brother Isaac went, too."

"Well, then, they are both entitled to a land warrant."

"I never did see how things work together for good, husband. It was only a few days ago I told Mrs. Gadsby good luck always attended the hopeful. She will think me a true prophetess. Do let me take the act and read it to her. Poor Isaac's widow, too,—how pleased she will be!" And Mrs. Fairwell's benevolent heart overflowed with joy at the very thought of being the bearer of such good news to the poor widows.

Mrs. Gadsby answered her knock by a "come in!" from a deep-toned, coarse voice, and remarking she was glad to find other people could get time to visit her if she couldn't return their calls, kindly passed a chair to Mrs. Fairwell, and observed what a disagreeable day it was.

"I don't think so," replied Mrs. Fairwell; "the sun shines pleasantly, and the birds are singing, and the crocuses are coming up, and spring will be here presently."

"But we shall encounter a good many east winds first. There will be snow-squalls yet. For my part, I think it the most cheerless season we have. We are obliged to keep a fire nearly all the time, and it's about as expensive as winter time." Mrs. Gadsby had not thawed out yet

"Well, well," continued Neighbor Fairwell. "I've got a bit of good news to tell you. What do you think it is?"

"You've got me a profitable job of work, I suppose."

"Yes, and it's one that don't require stitching, either. My husband finds by the newspaper that, as the widow of John Gadsby, you are entitled to a land warrant of one hundred and sixty acres of government land, in pay of his services in the war of 1812."

"Well," replied Mrs. Gadsby, very coolly replacing her spectacles, "I'm glad to get something besides poverty for his services."

"Now, don't answer me so, neighbor. Come, cheer up, and put on fresh courage. This will give you more than the hundred dollars you told me the other day would make you so happy."

"All this sounds well, but I shall have to wait for it till doomsday; it will never do mo any good, it will be so long coming; besides, government land isn't worth much." But Mrs. Gadsby did lay down her work and run over the act.

"And my husband will call on Esquire Plummer, and see that a suitable certificate is made out, of how long and with whom John served, and send it to Washington, and in due time you will receive your warrant. Isn't that a good bit of news, Mrs. Gadsby?"

"Yes," slowly muttered the widow, "if it proves true."

"And now I'm going over to Isaac's widow, to tell her," said Mrs. Fairwell. "It will make her so happy."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," replied Mrs. Gadsby. "I shan't place any dependence on receiving my pension till it is fairly in my hand."

Mrs. Gadsby would not see a bright side to anything. Far different was it with the widow Isaac: for when her sister told her of her unexpected good luck, tears of grateful joy coursed down her cheeks, and expressions of thankfulness were on her tongue; her load of care was lightened, and the world was all sunshine.

Mrs. Gadsby so resolutely persisted that she should never live to realize any advantage from obtaining her land warrant that Mr. Fairwell offered to advance her the money, taking the land at its present valuation; so that she received one hundred and seventy-five dollars in cash, which he safely invested at eight per cent., and when it was all done, and her interest even paid in advance, and Mrs. Gadsby was removed to a comfortable home beside pleasant neighbors, instead of being grateful for what she had received, she said she thought it real mean that Congress did not allow twice as much land to poor widows, for then it would have done them some good. Now it was only a mere trifle; it would take five hundred dollars to put her in a comfortable way of living.

Mrs. Gadsby would not be happy in a palace, nor Mrs. Fairwell unhappy in a wigwam; and yet with all our different hereditary temperaments, we can make clouds or sunshine by the manner in which we train ourselves.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

Ballou's Dollar Monthly is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

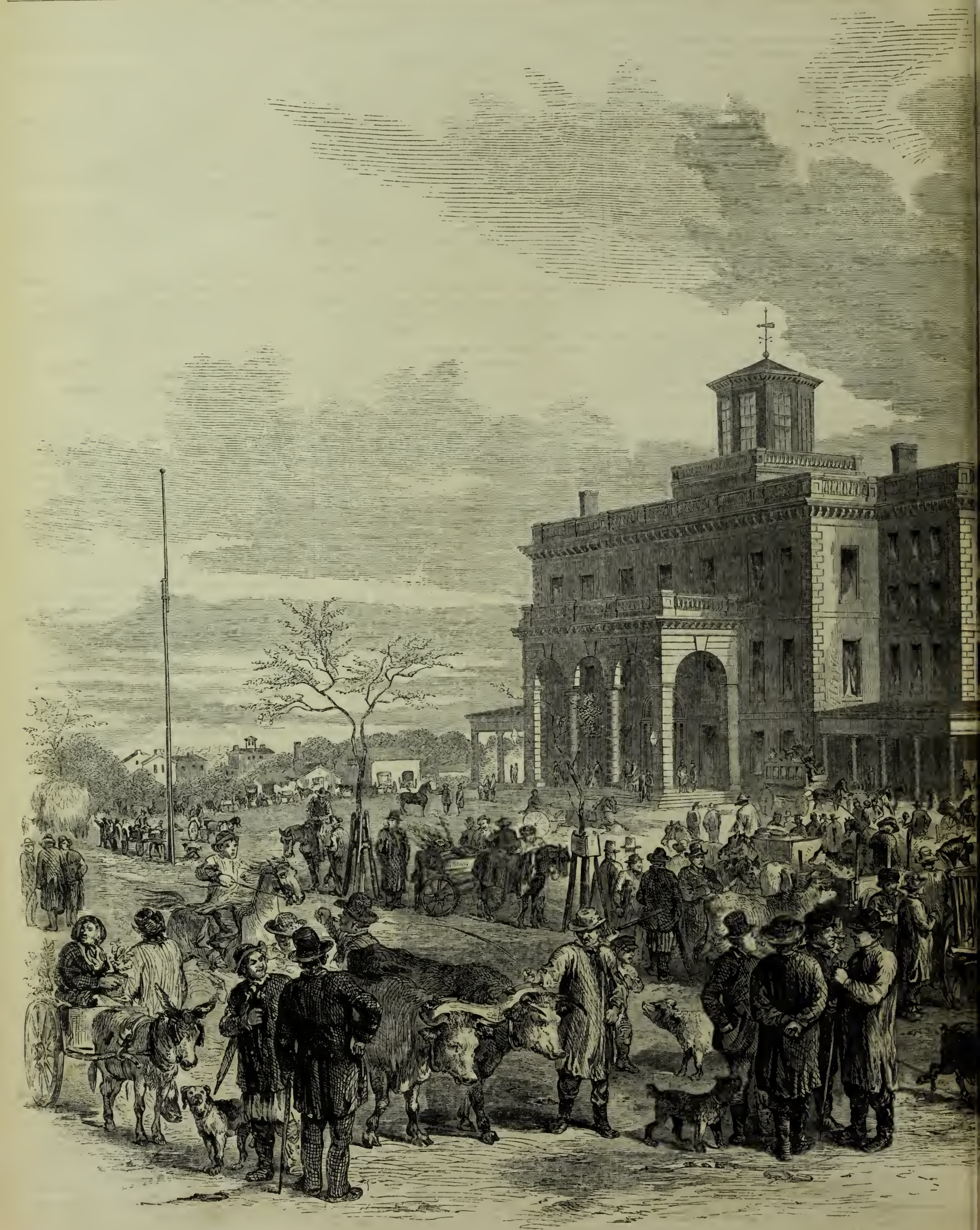
from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, *each number being complete in itself.*

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. *This* work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

☞ Sample numbers sent when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.



REPRESENTATION OF BRIGHTON MARK



, NEAR BOSTON, ON MARKET DAY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HOME.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

'Tis the place round which our fondest feelings linger,
The very name brings thoughts of joy and love;
The happiness found round the fireside circle,
Must be the nearest to the joys above.

In after days we look with fond affection,
Back to the home where passed our youthful years;
Again at eve we're seated round the table,
Again pass through our childish hopes and fears.

Home is the place to which our holiest thoughts
Cling like the ivy to the old oak tree;
And though as years pass on, we're from it severed,
It lives forever—in our memory.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Upon an early summer morn, a young man, poorly clad, was furtively and rapidly traversing hill and dale, avoiding the public road, as if to baffle some expected pursuit. He was tall and muscular, and his countenance, though evincing the lines of deep passion, yet bore the tokens of beauty and goodness.

"I must have refreshment straightway," the traveller said, in his native language of France, suppressing his panting, and exerting himself for manly utterance, as much as though critical ears were in hearing. "I could do little more were all Toulouse in close pursuit."

Leaning his shoulder exhaustedly against one of a clump of trees, he sent behind from the elevation he had gained a groping, protracted gaze through the waning shadows, meantime listening with intenseness which must have caught up the farthest untoward sound. His first movement was a start upright, but it was in triumph rather than terror; for with clasped hands and lifted eyes he exclaimed, fervently:

"Great God! am I really escaped from the degrading servitude to which I was so rigorously subjected? Shall I see again my mother, and feel her warm embrace? Praise be to Thee! Ha," he added, when eyes and hands had been gradually lowered, "yonder do I see a dwelling—or is it but a huge rock in the midst of the campagne?"

Crouching so as to exalt the object, he saw traced distinctly against the brightening sky the outline of gables and a chimney. Thus assured, the stranger struggled forward to reach the cottage, and ask its hospitalities.

"I like not to alarm the sleepers by loud knocking," the wayfarer said to himself, with his knuckles touching the panel; "better I sit down here and wait—they will soon be astir."

He sank noiselessly upon the stone step, and leaned his head aside against the door-post. Overcome by fatigue, and soothed by the chittering of swallows under the eaves, and the perfume exhaling from neat flower-beds of the little yard, he fell almost immediately into partial slumber. Some consciousness of his situation remained; the ghost of the terrors he had slain rose before him, scoffing at the incautiousness which had led him hither, to weigh a stranger's benevolence against the cupidity natural to the race—to stake the freedom of the whole body against the cravings of the stomach and repose of the eyelids.

Alarmed by this view of the imagination, its subject would have withdrawn himself from the danger, and flying to the fields, have sought out some place of concealment for the day; but to his utter dismay, on attempting to rise, he discovered his limbs divided at every joint, and his spine twice severed in its length. Helpless as one dead, he could but await the consequences of his rashness, if such it was. A few moments, and the hideous incubus was banished by a woman's wail within the hitherto silent cottage. His eyes unclosed, turning involuntarily to meet the sound; while his mind awoke but slowly. Through a chink between the hinges of the door, appeared the centre-point of a picture, all the residue being closed in by the narrowness of the perspective.

At a window a young girl of surpassing loveliness bent, pruning with tenderest care a moss-rose, growing from a pot of green-painted wood placed on the sill. The delicacy and regularity of her features, and graceful proportions of her form, were clearly defined against the hue of sunrise pressing in at the casement—the one from which alone the shutter had been folded back for its admission. It was evident that some association mingled bitter with the native sweetness of her task; for her tears were softly falling, and the rare wealth of leaf, bud and blossom was wet with the hallowed dew.

"Rosine," said the wailing voice—and there was something of querulousness in its tone—"why idle away the hour binding to your heart those stems, when presently all that can remain to you of them will be the laceration of their thorns?"

"The breakfast waits, my mother—has some time waited," replied the flower-girl, in accents of faltering music. "Are you ready now to partake it?"

"No, no. Who of us can breakfast, not knowing when or where the next can be eaten? Even these little ones have lost their appetite with the thought. Your spreading the cloth, Rosine, was as idle as is your care of the plant."

"Perchance," resumed the girl, after a slight pause—"I have been thinking, that M. Séthier may allow me to take away with us this one little rose-shrub, since it is we who have cultivated it from the merest slip."

"Do not so delude yourself," rejoined her mother, quickly and bitterly. "Our landlord is not the man to grant indulgences, be they never so insignificant. Depend on it, we shall be permitted to take hence nothing beyond the dust which may cleave to our feet—and *that* I shall desire to shake from mine as a testimony against him. Besides, silly child, whither would you convey your treasure? You forget that we are to go forth as shelterless wanderers!"

"Josephie, wife," spoke a third and masculine voice, in a tender, subdued key, "forbear upbraiding the poor lamb Let her have what pleasure she may. And neither yourself, I pray, lay our misfortune so deeply to heart. Be comforted; we will trust in the Lord and do good, and we shall dwell in the land, and verily we shall be fed."

The only answer was the renewal of the wailings; and childish voices blending, swelled it to an expression of the most abject grief. It was only now that the inadvertent listener at the threshold fully recovered himself. He rose to his feet, and knocked lightly, saying in his heart, as he did so:

"Fellow suffering begets confidence; here I shall not claim sympathy in vain. Who knows, alas! but even in my extremity, I may be able to impart some consolation?"

The door was opened by an undersized, sinewless-looking man, who had the air of grass that has fallen under the mower's scythe. Nevertheless, on seeing before him the worn stranger, the man civilly accosted him, opening wider the door with instinctive hospitality. The other accepted the silent invitation. Pausing when he had crossed the threshold, without making known his name or whence he was, he said that he was a traveller, who greatly needed food and a place of concealment where to repose a little.

"The first, bless God, we can give you!" responded the farmer, scanning interestedly, but with no unwelcome curiosity, the young man's handsome face and noble figure, "and the last you should have as freely were it ours to give. But this same morning we are to be turned out from the cottage for the rent. Rosine," added the father—he struggled for a cheerful tone—addressing the young girl by the window, who had dried her tears, and was looking timidly toward the stranger, "take the *bavaroise* to the table; we have now a guest who will help us to enjoy the meal."

The mother of the beautiful Rosine was sitting in a corner near a tiny, earthen stove, over which the breakfast had been prepared. She had silenced her ebullition of sorrow, but did not lift her face from her lap, where it lay buried. Her long hair, which she had torn in her agony, was flung in wild disorder about her shoulders. Three little boys clung to her knees, and by whispering in her ears, sweetly endeavored to divert her from her woe.

"Mother," pleaded one, "only look, what a tall gentleman it is that's come—father isn't up to his shoulder."

"His eyes are just as black as Rosine's; and see, mother, see! she's looking at his moustache—Rosie is," said his elder brother.

"Somebody's here—somebody be," lisped the youngest; and he tried to make up for his limited acquirements in speech, by plucking at his mother's sleeve, and insinuating his baby fingers beneath her forehead.

But their united persuasions were for a time unavailing. She continued motionless while her husband brought their guest a basin of refreshing water, in which to bathe his face and hands, with a white, freshly-ironed towel, which he unfolded ready for wiping. Rosine had come forward and arranged the dishes upon the table, her eldest little brother ran and drew the stools around, and all was in waiting. There was a moment's hesitation, father and daughter glanced at each other, and then at the bowed one by the stove; the former took a step nearer her, but dropped his resolution, and passing over to the stranger's side, said in his ear:

"I am sure you will excuse my wife; she is not strong, and our calamity quite drives her to despair."

He placed himself at the foot of the board, Rosine sat at its head; and the guest, at a sign from the master, occupied a place on the young girl's right. Two of the three boys climbed to stools on either side their father, while the smaller was received on his knee. To the unexpected delight of the household, just when grace had been said, the disconsolate woman rose up, smoothed back her loosened hair, and quietly joined them at the breakfast. Rosine would have resigned her station, but her mother bade otherwise, and took herself the daughter's customary place opposite the guest.

The father helped around the fresh butter, and eggs, and barley cakes, and Rosine poured the *bavaroise*—blushing crimson the while, to observe that the young stranger grew careless of the calls of appetite, in resting his eyes admiringly upon her face.

The meal proceeded in silence, the children being under different discipline from those who concentrate bedlam over their plates; Rosine and her father keeping silence from embarrassment and consideration of her mother; and as to the other, he had grown absorbed in a plan of his own—albeit one, as we shall presently see, having special reference to the family so kindly ministering to his wants.

At length Josephie herself took the word; and what could be the theme of any, aside from the trial which awaited them? Now, however, she was far calmer. It was evident that her disclosures were prompted by shame because of the situation in which so well-bred a stranger had surprised them, and a pardonable vanity to modify the impressions he would naturally have received.

"None else ever saw us as you have seen," she began addressing him; "we are commonly as happy a family as the sun anywhere shines upon. But six months ago sickness came in at our door, and by that all our prosperity is blasted. My good man was the first seized, next our daughter, and lastly myself. In consequence of this, we have been unable to raise the rent, which falls due to-day; and the landlord is a hard hearted man and inexorable."

Only a tremulous voice betrayed the emotions of her soul while she thus explained. The stranger listened to the tale with tears of sympathy, but turning to the host, said respectfully:

"If I may be bold enough to speak so, you've a well spread board for a household so reduced; also, I saw kine and plenty of fowls at the yard."

"They are M Séthier's," was the reply; "everything here is his, being the appliances of the farm. While we stay, we have the ample maintenance you see; now we must go, my wife and children will be without food and shelter, and I without the means to provide them with any."

"I thank you for this frankness to me a stranger, and one who, as he has actually acknowledged to you, is denied the right to pass through the country like an honest citizen."

"We have nothing to conceal; and as to yourself, young sir, if yours is a false heart, the face is likewise false, since that speaks only in your favor."

"Thank you again. Neither will I make any reserve longer. My name is Roderique Duhois, and I have near Nice as good a mother as even these children can have. But this much helps you not—to what does your rent amount?"

"Forty francs."

"I will give you the means to pay it. I have just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner, is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. Put a cord around my body; I will follow you to the city: they will recognize me, and you will receive the money."

"Never!" exclaimed the astonished father. "My children should starve before I could do so base a thing!"

The generous young man insisted; and at last declared that he would go and deliver himself up, if his host would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and took his preserver by the arm to lead him away.

"I have one request to make," said the convict, looking expressively at Rosine, and for the first time addressing a word to her. "It is that you will visit my mother (I will write down her residence with this pencil on a blank leaf of this good book upon the shelf—there, there it is), and comfort her concerning me. Tell her nothing of what has here occurred; but tell her that you have seen her son, that he still is brave of spirit, and still—" He paused suddenly, unable to repress his filial emotions, and only trusted himself further with, "You quite understand all I would convey." With a hasty wave of the hand, he quitted the cottage.

"Paul, Paul!" cried Josephie to her husband, half-reproachfully, and throwing herself into a chair, she wept louder than before. Rosine, sharing her mother's revolution of feeling, fell on her bosom, clasping her neck, and mingled silent tears; while her brothers watched from a perch on the yard gate the two retreating forms, mutely wondering over the scene they were too young to understand.

They arrived at the city—at the mayor's office. Twice since they set out had Paul Arsene urged liberty upon his prisoner, with tears on his cheeks; but it was firmly rejected, and he was delivered up. Everybody was surprised that a little man like Paul Arsene had been able to capture a strong, young fellow, such as was Roderique Dubois; but that this had been done, the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys.

Paul saw him depart under guard, without even the privilege of showing any recognition of his boundless generosity. But after he was gone, the poor man was so much overcome by the thought of Roderique's unhappy state, and of the anguish which the mother of such a son must be enduring on his account, that he resolved to seek again the mayor's office, determined to render back the money which he felt to be the price of others' wretchedness.

Nearing the place, he observed a veiled female figure glide past and enter before him. On opening the door, he saw this female upon her knees before the mayor, who inquired, as having allusion to some petition from her:

"How know you this young man's offence is so light, since you assert yourself a stranger, who never met him before this morning?"

"Does not his face give surety that he is no reckless violator of his country's laws?" stammered the fair pleader, adding: "I can tell your honor that which will prove him the noblest of beings!"

Listening to the familiar voice, Paul sprang forward and knelt beside his blushing daughter. Together they told all the truth; and his honor was so much affected, that he wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the prisoner's release. This letter Rosine presented in person; while the father, with another fifty francs, which the mayor had given him from his own purse, hastened to relieve his waiting family.

The minister examined into the affair, and finding that young Dubois had been convicted only of uttering a word which was construed as treasonable, he ordered his release.

"You can now comfort your mother with your own presence," said Rosine, interrupting his outpouring of amazed gratitude to her as his benefactress.

"And you, dearest Rose, will you not go with me and receive my mother's blessing as her future daughter?" returned Roderique, with impassioned earnestness.

The nuptials of Roderique and Rosine, which occurred not many months later, were honored with the presence of the prime minister, who, after the ceremony, presented the bride, as her dowry, with a deed of the farm so long occupied by her family, having privately made the purchase of M. Séthier with that intent. Thus, with a competency, and a bride who was the blessing of her home circle, to which her excellent stepmother was now added, was recompensed the disinterested goodness of the galley-slave.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPIRIT STORMS.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

Dost thou ask why my spirit is fearfully moved,
When thine sleepeth calmly while dreaming of bliss?
Go! ask of the storm-spirit tearing the wood,
"O why, wrothy monster, a vision like this?"
And the spirit will bid thee, "Flee, mortal, away!
Go! dream in the peaceful vale yet while ye may."

I know thy mild eys glanceth softly with love,
And thy bosom is ever a sanctum of peace;
For gazing on high at the mansions above,
Thy heart but reflects the bright glory it sees;
And thy life a bright, unruffled vision appears,
Of calm, heavenly beauty, unsullied by tears.

Thou askest, "O why do these storms vex thy soul?
O why not in peacefulness dream out thy life?
Is the swift race too tedious that leads to the goal,
That with fearful emotions the path must be rife?
Is it not enough to be happy while here,
And leave these fierce storms for the element's sphers?"

I know thy lip whispers, "Be gentle! be good!"
But, mortal, my heart is not tuned like thine own;
Go thou! bid the raging storm spare the bright wood—
Away! bid the avalanche stay on its throne:
The tempest may stay for that low voice of thine—
Not emotions that torture a bosom like mine.

Wouldst thou have all thy life long a beautiful hour?
No tempests to vex the calm, unruffled lake?
O mortal, these storms rage terrific in power,
But gentle peace crowdeth and creeps in their wake;
And like nature, when fiercer emotions are spent,
In showers of soft teardrops my sorrows find vent.

Still thou askest, "O why thus let storms vex thy soul?"
Ask nature why tempests ride loose o'er the earth:
Emotion will vex till the heart reach the goal,
While the demon of storms peals the wild anthem forth;
For my heart springs up fiercely to meet the wild sky—
Divest it of thrilling emotion, 'twill die.

When the wrath of the tempest is spent, all is still,
And after emotion I'm fearfully calm;
Most soothingly nature with tremulous trill
Pours o'er the torn spirit her kindliest balm;
Then nature, life, love and kind friendship I own,
And my spirit quails down to its own earthly home.

Then, mortal, I long for thy sweet, heavenly smile;
I can dream of the good, in those soft, gentle eyes;
But come not when tempests are raging the while,
And the demon of storms rides the troublous skies;
For my wild, reckless spirit I fear could not trace
The soft glance that speaks from thy pitying face.

Thou knowest naught, mortal, of these fierce storms
That torture and rack my keen spirit with woe;
And thankful be thou these maddening alarms
May ne'er scatter lines on thy calm, placid brow;
But—when storms are blown over—the sun bursts forth,
His glory enhanced by the tempest's fierce wrath!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHEATED OF A WHOLE YEAR.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

THERE were lights flashing quickly before the windows of Farmer Sidney; and as the shutters were all wide open, they revealed the large, low rooms all hung with Christmas wreaths, and filled in every corner with evergreen shrubs. A wood fire, on which were piled logs of maple, and hickory, and the highly-prized knot walnut, would have almost rivalled the Yule fires of "merrie England;" while the innumerable candles, hung up before shining sconces on the low walls, threw over the scene a brightness almost as warm in its rich light as the modern gas light. The floors, guiltless of covering, were scoured almost to marble whiteness. In the largest room, the chairs had been displaced by board seats running entirely round the room, and covered for the occasion with white cloth. In the long back room, the same fashion was adopted, except that here the seats surrounded tables, covered also, and set out in true country style; the rich, wholesome and abundant food making up for the lack of silver and cut-glass.

In a smaller room, sat the farmer and his wife. The former was clad in a new suit of homespun cloth, with immense brass buttons, a checked neckcloth, high-heeled brogans, and a scarlet vest. His wife appeared in the glory of a new cap, and a smart calico gown, with figures as large as a dinner-plate on its white ground. Both sported immense bandannas, but the lady's was blue and the gentleman's red. This room had a carpet, and there were two or three large chairs, in which were placed as many elderly ladies, who beguiled the time by taking snuff. All this preparation was made, partly because it was Christmas, and partly because the farmer's two daughters were to be married. There were nearly a hundred people invited, including the connections of the Sidneys, and those of the two bridegrooms, Joseph Holly and Samuel Low. The latter gentleman brought five cousins with him, all tall, perpendicular and elderly. The former brought them almost by dozens.

It was to be a very merry time; but, somehow, premeditated joy never comes quite up to the mark. The two only daughters were about leaving the paternal home, and one of them seemed, to all their acquaintance, to be "throwing herself away," in popular phrase, upon one who was little likely to appreciate the sacrifice. Samuel Low was a good, quiet, inoffensive man, well suited in character and manners to his bride, Mary Sidney, who was known all over the neighborhood as the gentlest and most amiable creature living. Sophia was so different! There was a wild dash of recklessness about her that startled and pained her friends, and distressed and puzzled her sister. They could not know the deep and poetical nature of the girl, or they would have soothed instead of irritating her reckless disposition. How could they indeed, when there was not a spark of it in any of the beings round her?

She turned a deaf ear to the Downeville farmers, who had almost all, at one time or another, admired her, for Sophia was handsome, and when she was not up in the clouds, she was very companionable. Not one of them came up to her ideal by many degrees. She wanted companionship, and she could not find it. She had a soul, and to her view, the people around her were mere clods.

Where the culture had come from, that distinguished Sophia Sidney from others of her kind, no one knew; but all knew that her outward advantages had been few and small,—that intellect and genius were words unknown in the vocabulary of Downeville, and that her life had apparently no aim or object beyond her sister's similar one, and yet they could not help *seeing*, if they did not *understand*, the difference between Sophia and Mary.

But the liking for the sisters was in proportion to circumstances. If an idle, inefficient girl in the neighborhood wanted a bonnet or a dress altered, she would take it to Mary; but if death or sorrow of any kind entered a family, it was Sophia who was always sent for. For the rest, the reader must choose between them, and determine which was most worthy of being liked.

A humdrum sort of courtship had been Mary Sidney's. Mr. Low had come every evening, and the quiet girl had sat sewing or knitting, seldom lifting her gentle eyes from her work, while he talked with her father about crops. Sophia's had been more stormy. For days together, she had kept herself apart in her chamber, and would not come down to speak to her lover; usually for some trifling difference of opinion, or at worst, a fancied rebuke on his part. As he was passionate, too, these troubles could not but cast a shade over their coming life, and it was with some solicitude that Mary thought of her sister's stormy future, which seemed so different from her own. But she reasoned from no appreciation of Sophia's real character any more than others did, only that her amiability was hurt by the frequent jars that occurred. And yet Joseph was not deserving of the censure passed on him. The wedding night had now come, and the farmer and his wife sat awaiting the arrival of the minister. The girls were yet in their own room, and the people who were invited flocked into the little side-room, where the ceremony was to be performed. There was an awkward silence which the company could not fill, for the farms and the season had been fully discussed.

Now the minister and his wife arrived, and the hour appointed for the wedding had also come. The younger part of the guests were impatient for the dance, and cast long and lingering glances into the large room, in which already Old Bob the fiddler was seated on an empty hogshead, draped round with white cloth, and half hidden by huge evergreens. Every one was ready, except that one of the bridegrooms had not arrived. Samuel Low was there, with his quiet face, and was waiting patiently for Mr. Holly to make his appearance. The hour passed off, and he did not come; and Sophia was in a state of high and angry excitement, which, however, she allowed no one but Mary to witness. "Go down," said Sophia; "even if he comes to-night, he shall be no husband for me." And she turned away to hide a passionate tear. Mary was unwilling to obey her, but finding that the people below were expecting her, she consented, and in a short half hour, Sophia heard the dancers' feet on the old oak floor. No inducement could persuade her to go down, until at a pause in the dance she heard Holly's well-known footstep on the gravel-walk. Then she rushed down and mingled with the gay groups.

"Dance with me, Willie," she said, to young William Elton, who had liked Sophia before she knew Holly.

"Dance with you?—yes, through life, if it were not for Joseph's jealousy," said the youth. In a moment they were within the set, and as Holly came up the steep bank before the door, he saw them distinctly, for she had chosen her place before the window.

It had not been his fault that he was not there in season, and when he came up the lane, he felt prepared to tell why he had not, for he expected to find Sophia sad and anxious in her chamber, and now to find her gay and merry, dancing with William Elton, it was too much. He had set out very early, intending to arrive long before dusk. On his way he had to pass a bridge which spanned a little stream, so boisterous in its wild flow that it seldom or ever had been frozen over. A part of the bridge had been displaced by the heavy ice, and an unguarded step had thrown him headlong into the rapid brook. A countryman, passing at the time with a sled, succeeded in helping him out without injury, but thoroughly drenched as he was, he would not proceed, and, unfortunately, the man was not going on the road to Mr. Sidney's, and he could find no one to take a message there.

With the clothes rapidly stiffening around him, he made his way to the nearest house, where his garments were dried as quickly as possible by the roaring kitchen fire. From this house, all had gone to the wedding, except the farm hands and the dairy girls. The men put him to bed; the girls gave him hot drinks, and O, traitor as thou wert, Joseph Holly, he went to sleep. When he awoke, it was hours past the appointed hour of his marriage. Putting on his scarcely dried clothes, and kneading his hat into something like shape, he set out again to walk, for the people had taken every horse in the stable to attend his marriage, while he, poor fellow, was far behind. Weak from his struggle in the water, and scarcely recovered from the sound sleep he had taken, he was some time in arriving, and when he did, it was to find Sophia, not desponding and anxious, but apparently perfectly happy.

He did not reflect that she, of course, could not know that his tardiness was the result of accident. It was terribly trying to his proud heart to go in at all, but that bright wood-fire in the kitchen—he must try that remedy for his deathly chill, and he opened the door softly and went in. Through the open door, he saw Mary's kind face, and beckoned her to his side. She learned all, and went for Sophia, but the proud fit was on her, and she would not see him.

Her refusal, joined to his other causes of excitement, in trying to walk after his fall, and the too sudden changes from cold to heat, brought on a violent illness, and by the time that the other guests had departed, he was unable to be removed. Weeks, months passed away, and the sickness continued. He was still in the farmer's house, but Sophia had never seen him. All the rest had watched him by turns. She, proud girl, had never entered his room, although Mary had told her, and the countryman had confirmed his discovery of Holly in the water. It was so strange, Mary thought, and she carried her grief to Samuel, whose calm mind could not understand such high-flown ideas as Sophia exhibited.

But it came out—the whole truth, and the author of the mischief was William Elton. He it was who bade Sophia believe that Holly was intoxicated when he fell; he it was who continually worked upon her sensitive nature, adducing instances of Holly's dissipation, and urging her to give him up. Chance brought the whole mischief to the ears of Samuel Low, who for once roused up a passion worthy of Sophia herself, so indignant was he at the mean author of a falsehood towards a helpless man like Holly. In fact, it was he who had roused the first prejudice against him. It was a trying scene when Sophia went into the sick room, and the proud girl's lip quivered with emotion, as she saw the pallid cheek of the invalid, who did not reproach her for her belief in his wrong doing, and only sought to comfort her by loving words. He, too, had lost some of his pride, and in both, the qualities which made friends fear for their happiness, were softened down and subdued.

Again it was Christmas, and the people who were at Farmer Sidney's last year, were present again. Each person had a private invitation, and William Elton was asked, too. He came unwittingly, and saw no one of the family except Mr. Sidney and his wife. He supposed it only a Christmas party, and joined it with alacrity. Again Old Bob mounted his hogshead, and William was helping him, when all at once there was a dead hush in the other room. He crossed the entry to see what was the matter, and there stood the bridal party, waiting the ceremony which the minister had just commenced.

No stormy rebuke of his falsehood could so have unmanned him as this sight. He left the house, unable to bear the hundred pairs of eyes that turned involuntarily upon him; for it had all been explained to each individual, by Mary and her husband, in a quiet whisper to every one. "Cheated out of a year," said Samuel Low, to his now happy Mary, "by that vile Elton."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MONALDI. A Tale. By WASHINGTON ALLSTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 278.

The publishers deserve well of the reading world for bringing out, in their best style, this exquisite production. As a mere narrative, it is fraught with great dramatic interest; but it derives its greatest value from its subtle analysis of the passions and emotions of the human heart. Many passages in it remind us of Godwin and Beckford—not in style, indeed, but in the development of mental power. A limited edition of "Monaldi" was published many years ago; and the possessors of those copies treasured them so highly, that it was next to impossible to beg, borrow, or steal one. We shall now be able to return the well-worn copy we surreptitiously obtained "by means 'twere pain to hint on."

BOSTON BOARD OF TRADE.—We acknowledge the receipt of the Second Annual Report of this Board, which is filled with valuable statistics, and handsomely printed by Messrs. Moore & Crosby, No. 1 Water Street.

FOREST AND SHORE: or, *Legends of the Pine-Tree State*. By CHARLES P. ILSLEY. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 426.

Here are seven stories illustrative of the history, manners and traditions of the State of Maine—all exceedingly well written, and all interesting. As waifs on the ocean of newspaper literature, these tales have met with brilliant success. In their present shape, they cannot fail to be eagerly sought after.

THE NEW AGE OF GOLD: or, *The Life and Adventures of Robert Dexter Romaine*. Written by Himself. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp 403.

A series of thrilling adventures, reminding one of Defoe's Crusoe, without being amenable to the charge of imitation. It is a startling, brilliant and picturesque narrative, abounding in the wild, the wonderful, and the pathetic.

THE EARNEST MAN. A Sketch of the Character and Labors of Adoniram Judson. By Mrs. H. C. CONANT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 498.

Mrs. Conant's book is well-written and deeply interesting. It supplies the many readers anxious to obtain a memorial of Dr. Judson, but unable to purchase Dr. Wayland's larger work, with exactly what they want. The book is published for the benefit of Dr. Judson's orphan children.

VASSAL MORTON. A Novel. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 411.

Mr Parkman is known by his admirable "Conspiracy of Pontiac," and "Prairie and Mountain Life." He has here attempted a new line, and with signal success. The range of the hero's adventures covers a broad field, and affords an opportunity for fine descriptions of social varieties, scenery and manners.

PLEASANT MEMORIES OF PLEASANT LANDS. By Mrs. L. H SIGOURNEY. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 395.

This third edition of Mrs. Sigourney's charming volume of reminiscences of travel will be warmly welcomed by the public It contains no guide-book echoes, but the impressions made upon a pure and cultivated mind and heart, by the most interesting scenes, persons and objects in Europe.

THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 18mo.

A delightful narrative, illustrating the beneficent effect of pure religion and sound morality on the characters and career of the suffering poor.

A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN: or, *A Sketch of the Life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton*. By Rev. THOMAS BINNEY. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 149.

A reprint of a lecture delivered before the "Young Men's Christian Association," of London. It holds up an illustrious example for imitation, and inculcates admirable moral and religious principles.

SERMONS FOR THE PEOPLE. By F. D HUNTINGTON, D. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 468.

These discourses are worthy of the high reputation for eloquence, learning and original thought enjoyed by their distinguished author. The sphere of their usefulness will undoubtedly be a large one.

LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

The accompanying engraving of this distinguished member of the British cabinet is from a drawing recently made, and is confidently presented as an accurate sketch. The face, it will be seen, wears an expression of assurance and intelligence, in neither of which qualities is the original lacking. Henry Temple, Viscount Palmerston, was born October 20, 1784. He succeeded to the title in 1802. Educated at Cambridge, he made his entrance into public life as a member of Parliament from the borough of Horsham, in the year 1806. He rose very rapidly after his debut, for he supported the ministry on every occasion, and exerted all his ability and influence on behalf of the government. In the next parliament, he represented Newport, in the Isle of Wight. In 1807, having joined the Portland administration, he was made one of the lords of the admiralty. In 1809, he succeeded Sir James Murray Pulteney as secretary-at-war —an office which he held for nineteen successive years, at the expiration of which time he gave way to Sir Henry Hardinge, in consequence of the breaking up of Lord Goderich's cabinet. The length of time during which Palmerston retained the office of secretary-at-war, notwithstanding the party revolutions which occurred, the rise and fall of cabinets, and the constant changes made in other offices, is a pretty sure indication that he possessed a remarkable aptitude for discharging the duties of the important post he occupied. During a large portion of this time, he undoubtedly professed tory politics, though he latterly embraced, to a certain extent, the liberal ideas of Canning, Lord Goderich and Huskisson. Indeed he resigned office under the Wellington ministry, in consequence of his dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Iron Duke, on account of the fracas occasioned by Mr. Huskisson's vote on the East Retford question. He aided the Peel and Wellington cabinet in the removal of the Catholics' disabilities —a measure which he advocated from the outset with great zeal and ability. In 1831, Lord John Russell introduced the first reform bill into the House of Commons, and found a strenuous and powerful supporter of the measure in Lord Palmerston. "Palmerston," wrote Christopher North, about this time, in Blackwood, "was considered as a mere outworn, fashionable voluptuary, cold, careless *blasé* all over; behold the spur is clapt to him, and he turns out both a declaimer and a debater of the most laudable acerbity—a very thorn in poor Peel's withers." "As a speaker," writes Mackenzie, "he rarely rises into eloquence, but has plain good sense, lively wit and sarcastic badinage completely at his control." These weapons he used effectively in support of the reform bill, and shared in the honors of its success. His action on this great question cost him his seat for the University of Cambridge, which he had held since 1809, but he was returned for Bletchingley in 1831. In 1832, he sat for South Hants, but was defeated in the general election of 1834. In 1835, he was returned member for Tiverton. He was foreign secretary from 1830 until the dissolution of the Whig cabinet in 1834. In 1846, when the Whigs returned to power, he was reinstated in the same office, resigning it Dec. 22, 1851. He became home secretary in 1852, and has retained office ever since.



LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY,

AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, ENGLAND.

This beautiful and ancient structure appears to great advantage as seen from the opposite shore of the "soft-flowing Avon," the point of view selected in our engraving. Its square tower and soaring spire, with the beautiful elms, limes and poplars that surround it, are mirrored in the tranquil tide. Beneath the trees we have a glimpse of the old tombstones in the churchyard. The meadows on the hither side of the stream are dotted with cattle browsing the luxuriant herbage. The church is of great antiquity—the precise period of its erection being unknown. Camden, in his "Britannia," affirms that it was erected by Archbishop de Stratford; but Dugdale credits its building to the era of the Norman conquest. It is a cruciform structure, with the tower rising from the centre of the cross. It is visited by literary pilgrims from all quarters of the globe, for it is indissolubly associated with the memory of Shakspeare. Irving says:—"We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch, highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners drooping piece-meal from the walls. The tomb of Shakspeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low, perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solitude about the quiet of the grave which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds.

> Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
> To dig the dust enclosed here.
> Blessed be he that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones.

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakspeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely-arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease—fifty-three years, an untimely death for the world; for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor!"



CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

OUR PLACE OF BUSINESS.

The constantly increasing business of our publications has for a considerable time demanded of us increased facilities for the proper transaction of the same. This it was impossible for us to consummate in an old building like the one we have so long occupied; and consequently the proprietor has purchased a large and convenient site in one of the principal thoroughfares of Boston, No. 22 Winter Street, where he has erected a large, convenient, and especially adapted edifice, solely for the publishing of his papers and Magazine, and the various branches of business immediately connected with the same. The new publishing hall is now nearly completed, and due notice of removal will be given to our readers and the public. The building has been arranged and erected upon an entirely novel plan, peculiarly adapted to our purposes, under the supervision of John R. Hall, architect, Anthony Hanson, master carpenter, and D. H. Jacobs, master mason—three faithful and competent builders.

The entire basement, 132 feet deep by 28 feet in width, will be occupied by our twelve Adams presses, paper-room, engine and boiler-room, etc. The first floor, of the same large dimensions, and 14 feet in height, will be exclusively occupied as our business and publishing room, where will be found the cashier's office, chief bookkeeper, mailing clerks, assorters, folders and packers' departments, and our own business office. On the second floor will be the editor's private room, proof-reading room, and composing, or type-setting room. On the third floor, are the apartments devoted to our corps of engravers, and the boxwood blocks, and the machinery and material for the engravers' use. On the fourth floor will be the designers' and gilders' rooms, with that of other finishers in various departments. On the fifth floor will be carried on the extensive business of our bindery—in the folding, pressing, trimming, sewing and embossing departments; while above all comes a large hall for the classification and storage of our bound volumes, and back numbers of the Pictorial, Flag and Magazine.

With all these arrangements completed, we believe nothing is ventured in saying, that our establishment is the most extensive one devoted to the newspaper business, not alone in the United States, *but in the world.*

MLLE. GANRIELLE DE LAMOTTE.—This accomplished young *pianiste* has met with extraordinary success as a teacher of the piano in this city. She has now a large number of pupils, who make rapid progress under her skilful tuition. Her success is the more gratifying, since it is the result of her merit alone working its way steadily into public favor.

BINDING.—We are now prepared to bind Vol. X. of the Pictorial, in our illumined stylo, in a substantial manner, and at the shortest possible notice.

SPLINTERS.

.... The reason why provisions are so high in New England is because there is so much consumption here—thinks the Post.

.... Five Englishmen in a row boat of their own are exploring the inland navigable rivers of Franco.

.... June 4th was observed in Canada as a general thanksgiving for peace. Let England look out and keep the peace.

.... The Russian bear is not exactly satisfied with the treaty, and emits an occasional growl at it.

.... In Maryland a man was lately sentenced for four years for burning a fence—that was his of—fence.

.... Queen Victoria is thirty-seven years old. She is still tolerably good looking—for a queen.

.... Adolph Adam, who recently died at Paris, was one of the cleverest of modern musical composers.

.... The recent concerts of Miss Adelaide Phillips in this city and its vicinity, have yielded her handsome returns.

.... An English paper tells of the adulteration of butter by pounded flint stones. This beats wooden nutmegs.

.... Miss Sarah Felix is going to bring over from France a first rate French company for Niblo's Theatre.

.... Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres are both lighted by gas—or science will work its way even in South America.

.... Capt. Gordon, of the 17th Lancers, lately broke his neck in a steeple chase at Balaklava in the Crimea.

.... The N. Y. Sunday Times says the firm of Coleman & Stetson of the Astor has been our Cheeryble Bro's. So it has.

.... The man who "couldn't stand it any longer," has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

.... The Chinese have a strange antipathy to milk—but an amiable fondness for cats and mice, well cooked.

.... A wretch who stole a newspaper in Memphis was justly sentenced to ten days' labor in the chain-gang.

.... The Baltimore city council was lately petitioned to widen the sidewalks to accommodate ladies with full skirts.

.... Mr. Chesley, treasurer of the St. Charles, New Orleans, spends his summers at his farm in New Hampshire.

.... Mrs. Kemble Butler is coming to this country to settle down at Stockbridge, Mass.—a favorite place for celebrities.

.... The late Dr. Choules's books, sold recently in New York, brought large prices. The collection was a choice one.

.... Our steam fire engine is now in working order, and will do good service whenever needed.

A GLIMPSE AT THE GALLERY.

The annual opening of the Athenæum gallery of fine arts is no ordinary event, for it is the only medium by which the public of our modern Athens can make an acquaintance with the efforts of the pencil and the chisel. As yet we have only glanced at the interior of the gallery, and noted some of the novelties that struck us particularly. Among the paintings, the "Fortune Teller," by Grant, is a fine specimen of English art in design, character and color. The contrast between the two beautiful girls and the wrinkled crone who is telling the fortune of one of them, the arch expression of the listener, are most felicitously conceived and executed. "Silenus teaching Love music," by Rubens, is an undoubted original It has his breadth and boldness, his splendid but meretricious coloring, and the masculine muscularity of the female figure which he acquired from having Dutch Venuses for models. The "Scene from Kenilworth," by Drummond, carries us back to Old London in the days of the Virgin Queen, and is like an illuminated page of Scott. Compare the "Stable Interior," by Herring (No. 125), with Rosa Bonheur's masterly portraits of horses, and you will see how far the French girl exceeds the Englishman in correctness of drawing, knowledge of animal anatomy, and fidelity to the spirit of nature. In color, judging from the two specimens in the gallery, Rosa falls far short of Herring. The color in these two portraits is muddy and unnatural, but the handling is that of an accomplished mistress of the pencil. G. L. Brown has a fine Italian landscape (No. 140). But perhaps the most attractive thing in the gallery is a series of fine water color drawings, the property of C. C. Perkins, Esq., and copied from Raphael's famous "Stanze" frescoes in the Vatican. From the famous "School of Athens," so familiar through the medium of engraving, we obtain a good idea of Raphael's color. There is also an original drawing by Michael Angelo (159) Allston's pictures still adorn the walls, furnishing the young artist with a clue to his process of painting, as there are specimens of every stage of the work, from the first monochromatic design up to the completed and Titianesque work. That there are not many modern portraits in the present exhibition is a subject of congratulation. Portrait painters of excellence are so rare, and the majority are so apt to paint down to the taste of their sitters, instead of up to their own conception, that it is quite as well to keep these "pot-boilers" out of a gallery of art.

Among the attractions of the sculpture gallery are the fine bas-reliefs from Nineveh, the celebrated capital of the Assyrian empire, curious and valuable memorials of the condition of art far back in a remote period of the history of the human race. "Hebe and Ganymede," by Crawford, is a pleasing specimen of modern art. Brackett's "Shipwrecked Mother and Child" fully justifies the encomiums which have been passed upon it. The Athenæum gallery is a delightful resort. No one can step out of the hot and dusty streets and pass an hour in the contemplation of the paintings and statues, without feeling improved by his temporary estrangement from the cares and struggles of the world.

THE NEW VOLUME.

The present number completes Volume X., and next week we shall commence a new volume of "Ballou's Pictorial," when we shall come before our readers in an entire new dress from top to toe, from headline to imprint The immense edition of our paper renders two and often three suits of type necessary each year. The one on which we shall commence volume *eleven* of our Pictorial is now casting, and is of the latest pattern and best material. We shall also commence in number one of the new volume an admirable novelette by the favorite author of the "Contrabandist," one of the most pleasing stories we have ever published. We have also added several new and popular names to our list of regular contributors, and shall still aim at steady improvement in our widely circulated journal. In our illustrated department we shall still improve, and have already in hand some of the finest sets of American engravings, taken expressly for us, which have ever been attempted, embracing complete and accurate representations of western and southern cities, with important portraits, and delineations of current events, etc., making volume eleven superior to all its predecessors. Subscribe early; now is the time, and thus secure the numbers complete for the entire volume.

NOVEL RACE.—In the Surry Canal, England, two clowns, Herring and Garrett, or a wager of five pounds, lately had a race in wash tubs, each drawn by five live geese. One of the tubs upset, and the geese set up a huge cackling at the discomfiture of their human fellow. *Herring* was *fished up*, and has not since attempted anything in that *line*. Of course, he lost the *shiners*, and came near being a *sinker*. He is *sorry* he ever embarked on the *Surry*.

FASHIONABLE.—A lady, dressed in the prevalent style, lately attempted to secure a seat in church, but couldn't get through the pew-door—*Proh! pudor!* As there was no cooper on hand, she was obliged to retire and re-attire herself.

A HINT.—If our contributors would consider that we are obliged to read from two to three hundred pages of manuscript per week, they would consider our eyesight, and write plainly and distinctly.

THE USE OF COAL —Cumberland coal has for some time been successfully used on the furnace of one of the locomotives on the New Bedford and Taunton Railroad.

LITERARY FACT.—Punch says that Her Majesty the Queen has proved herself the most distinguished reviewer and extensive proprietor of magazines in her dominions.

CATTLE FAIR, BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

The spirited engraving which occupies the whole of pages 408 and 409, of this number, was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Billings, and engraved by Andrew, and is a highly creditable specimen of American art. Indeed this series of large national pictures, which forms one of the distinguishing features of the present volume, and will be continued hereafter in a style of increasing excellence and interest, has been noticed with surprise in London and Paris, where it was not believed, until the proof was shown, that an American newspaper establishment could turn out such work. We have seen many of these pictures framed, glazed, and hung up as parlor ornaments. Our patrons will bear in mind that we have contrived a method of binding these large engravings without injury. The subject of our picture is a peculiar one. Brighton Cattle Fair is almost as renowned on this side of the water as Smithfield was on the other. Here, every Thursday, congregate buyers and sellers of stock in vast numbers; for this is the source of the supply of meat for the Boston market and its environs. A conspicuous feature in the picture is the hotel; one of the largest and finest establishments in the country, and admirably kept. Its architecture is neat and appropriate. In the rear of the hotel are seen portions of the extensive cattle-pens, and the stand which commands a view of the whole. To the left of the hotel is a glimpse of the main street of the town. The numerous figures of men and animals which fill up the foreground are highly characteristic and natural. They will repay a careful study, and will afford a fund of amusement. Men come hither from all parts of the country; and horses from Canada, and hogs from Kentucky, are exposed here side by side. You can find animals of all prices, from the thousand dollars, that can trot his mile "low down in the thirties," to the "old pelter," who is dear at the lowest asking price—75 cents. It is needless to remark that a verdant gentleman who visits Brighton for the purpose of procuring a bit of horseflesh, is almost certain to suffer. Here in front is a countryman with a pair of steers; in the corner is a woman with a donkey cart, selling plants. Cows and calves there are in abundance, swine on foot and in wagons, sheep, dogs—everything, in short, in the live stock line. Pedlers swarm, too, in Brighton—jewelry, boots, patent medicines, halters, harnesses, ox-yokes, porte-monnaies, whips, and a vast variety of miscellaneous articles here find purchasers. Brighton Fair is certainly an "institution."

METROPOLITAN RAILROAD.—Some people are so strongly in favor of this project that they would grant the company a right of way all through Washington Street, if they desired it.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. J. Edward Welch, of New York, to Miss Anna L. Eustis; by Rev. Mr. Boyden, Mr. Horace B. Butler to Miss Sarah Hamilton; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr, John L. Brown to Miss Marrinette F. Goodwin, by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Andrew Salomonsen to Miss Maria Peterson; by Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr Isaac Turner to Miss Margaret Sweeney.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr Putnam, Mr. Franklin Curtis to Miss Emily F. Dove.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Henry Salisbury, of Townshend, Vt., to Miss Alice Harrington.—At Brighton, by Dr. John Pryor, Mr. Geo. H. Stowe, of New York, to Miss Maria M. Gouch.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. Charles H. Collagan to Miss Mary L Blodgett —At Newtonville, by Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mr. John M. Washburn to Miss Elizabeth Fitzpatrick.—At Salem, by Rev Mr. Allen, Mr. John H Knight to Miss Lucy Ann Tucker.—At Framingham, by Rev. Mr Ellis, Mr. Charles Merriam, Jr to Miss Helen Jaques —At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike. Mr Solomon W. Haynes to Miss Abby Van Amburgh.—At Marblehead, by Rev Mr. Huntoon, Mr. Samuel Giles to Miss Lydia O. Graves.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Mellen. Mr. Wm. B. Haskins, Jr, of Rockport, to Miss Charlotte Saunders.—At Nantucket, by Rev. Mr. Hepworth, Mr. Richard B. Everett, of Boston, to Miss Lydia Coffin.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Henry Hawkes, 39; Mrs. Elizabeth J. Wesson, 62; Mrs. Olivia S. Macomber, 58: Mr Alexander Stewart, 82; Mr. Samuel B. Wilder, 39; Mrs. Abby Hammatt, 78; Mr. George Johnson. 77: Mrs. Marion D. Kingsbury, 23.—At Roxbury. Mr. George W. Brown. 22.—At Cambridge, Judge Samuel P. P. Fay, 78.—At Jamaica Plain, Miss Elizabeth Bacon, 86.—At Somerville, Mr. Abel Fitz, 61.—At Medford, Mrs. Esther, wife of Mr. Eleazer Davis. 60.—At South Malden, Miss Mary C Hosmer. 48.—At Lexington. Widow Mary Harrington, 88.—At Salem, Mr. Benjamin Daland, 72: Widow Tammey Brown, 69; Mrs. Elizabeth S. Sluman. 40.—At Lowell, Mrs Mary Ann Baker, 28.—At Newburyport, Widow Sarah Pike, 80; Benjamin W. Hale, Esq., 71.—At West Newbury, Mr. Silas Moulton, 90.—At Abington, Mrs. Mary F. Torrey, 24.—At Northboro', Widow Alice Williams. 88.—At Sterling. Mrs. Elizabeth Sawyer. 84.—At Worcester, Mrs. Elizabeth Bullard. 21; Mrs. Eunice Taylor. 54.—At Taunton. Miss Fanny Y. Cahoon. 20; Mr. Joseph Elliot. 75.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Rhoda Boston, 76; Mrs. Elizabeth Upham. 68.—At Springfield, Mrs Jerusbua Hopkins 47.—At Great Barrington, Mr. Abraham Van Deusen 83.—At New Haven Conn., Major Beebe Hine. 86.—At Laurel Village, Md., Miss Maria T. Jackson, of Boston, 52.—At Lansingburgh, N. Y., after a short but severe illness, Mr. Adam Scivewright, a native of Kemnay, Aberdeenshire Scotland

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year		$3 00
4 subscribers, "	"	10 00
10 " "	"	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street. Baltimore; A. C. Bagley. 162 Vine Street, between 4th and 5th, Cincinnati; J. A Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chesnu Streets, St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Ky.; Wallace, Austen & Bue 25 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

LEGEND OF SPRING FLOWERS.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Off to the woodland—away, away!
The sunlight speaks of a pleasant day;
Search mid the leaves for the flowers of spring—
Hasten, and hither a garland bring.

Off to the woodland—away, away!
Dancingly tripping, and wildly gay;
Quick in the warm sunshiny dell
I found the bright flowers I loved so well.

I breathed in the gentle floweret's eyes,
That tremblingly gazed in the clear blue skies,
A wish that the invalid soon might come,
Here in the green dell again to roam.

I know 'tis a legend when spring flowers come,
And your eye first greets their azure bloom—
Low if you breathe there a wish and sigh,
The recording angel stands listening by.

I breathed in the gentle floweret's cup
The prayer my spirit was offering up:
The invalid smiles as she smiled of yore,
And paces the velvet turf once more.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FARMER BROWN'S SURPRISE PARTY.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"And what kind of a party is a 'surprise party,' Miss Polly?" asked Farmer Brown, as he sat by the kitchen fire quietly smoking his pipe, and listening to an animated account which his daughter Mary was giving of a party she had attended the previous evening.

Mary drew up her slight form somewhat resentfully, and gave the least possible toss of her pretty head, as she replied:

"If you would only remember not to call me 'Miss Polly,' father. You know how much I dislike it."

"You were named for your grandmother," returned the farmer, "and she was never called anything but Polly to the day of her death. However, we will change it to Molly, if that suits you any better. So answer my question about the surprise party, Molly."

"Why, father, I thought every one knew what they were. They are all the fashion, I assure you. A party of young folks, or young and old, as the case may be, unite together in providing music, a supper, and everything necessary for an evening's entertainment, and agree to meet at a certain time at the house of some mutual acquaintance, who is kept in ignorance of their intentions. They take possession of the house—dance, frolic, and enjoy their music and refreshments, just as if they were invited guests. The family, finding there is no help for it, take it all in good part, and join in the amusements of the evening. Last night the party was at Mr. Lawton's. I wish you could have seen their look of consternation, as one guest after another appeared, until their small rooms were quite crowded. Jane and Margaret made their escape as soon as possible, and dressed themselves for the occasion."

"More fools they," ejaculated the farmer. "Better have gone to bed. A pretty pass things have got to, if a man's own house is no longer to be his castle. That has been the rule ever since I can remember."

"But there is no harm in these parties, father," urged Mary. "Everything is provided, so that the family thus visited are at no trouble or expense."

"That may be, daughter, and yet there may be a thousand reasons why they would prefer not having the company. It is, in my opinion, an unwarrantable intrusion, and should not be countenanced by sensible people."

"But you would treat them civilly, if they should ever come here, father?"

Mary made this inquiry in rather an anxious tone, for more than once she had heard it hinted that "Farmer Brown's old kitchen would be just the place for a dance."

"Civilly? To be sure!" replied the farmer. "Did you ever know me to be uncivil to any one? But I should tell them my mind pretty plainly, I am thinking."

So saying, the good farmer rose from his chair, knocked the ashes from his pipe and carefully replaced it in its usual nook, and then walked briskly away to the performance of some of his outdoor duties.

"Never mind, Mary," said Mrs. Brown, consolingly, as she observed the look of uneasiness on her daughter's countenance, "I dare say father will not object to your having a party, if you wish."

"But I do *not* wish to give a party, mother. I want to let them come, if they like, and find that they cannot take me by surprise."

"Well, let them come, then," returned the accommodating mother. "I'll warrant father will be civil. If he does not like the fun, he can go to bed." And with this comforting suggestion, the busy old lady again turned to her spinning-wheel, the buzzing of which put an end to all further conversation.

Several weeks passed away, and the cool breezes of autumn had given place to the more piercing and decided blasts of early winter. Once more the farmer sat in his customary place at the fireside. It was near the hour when he usually retired; but as a kind of preparation for his nightly slumbers, he was indulging in a light doze—or perhaps a deep reverie, in which visions of his well-filled barns and granaries, and all the abundance of the recent harvest floated before him in blissful succession.

An attentive observer might have noticed that the fire blazed with an uncommonly cheerful light, considering that the old clock had already struck the hour of eight, and that the farmer rigidly adhered to the maxim of "Early to bed and early to rise."

There was an uncommonly careful arrangement of every article in the spacious apartment, and also an unwonted attention to her own toilet, which, added to a certain restlessness in Miss Mary's demeanor, showed that with her, at least, "coming events cast their shadows before." At length came a loud, and, it must be confessed, somewhat anxiously expected rap at the door.

"Who is here at this time of night?" exclaimed the farmer, as he started from his chair, rubbed his eyes, and looked at the clock. "Some traveller, I suppose, who wants a night's lodging. Let him in, Mary."

But Mary had anticipated the command, and now ushered into the room a worthy farmer and his family, all in their best attire, and apparently intending to make an evening call.

"Glad to see you, neighbor Jenkins. Met with any accident on the road?" was the blunt but kindly salutation of Farmer Brown.

"None at all, neighbor Brown. We have just dropped in for a little chat this fine winter's evening."

"Glad to see you," repeated the farmer. "Thought it rather late, that's all. But no matter for that. Stir up the fire, Molly, and help the girls off with their things."

But now another thundering rap at the door, and the arrival of a new party of guests excited still more wonder in the mind of the perplexed farmer; while Mary, although she endeavored to appear at ease, cast many an anxious glance toward her father.

Still more arrivals; the old kitchen was rapidly filling with guests. Mrs. Brown was by her husband's side, and whispered an encouraging word in his ear.

"Never mind, husband. It must be one of those surprise parties. We will make the best of it. I can warm up the parlor in an instant."

"You will do no such thing, wife. I will manage this affair myself." And the farmer planted his foot on the floor in that determined manner, which long experience had taught his good wife not to oppose.

"I can do nothing with him," she whispered to her daughter. "But do not be discouraged; perhaps he will take it quietly enough."

And quiet enough the farmer seemed, to be sure; for he had relighted his pipe, reseated himself in his arm-chair, and was puffing away with an air of the utmost indifference. Meanwhile fresh guests arrived, and the preparations for the evening's entertainment went on. At length the fiddler, who was seated in an obscure corner of the room, commenced tuning his instrument for the occasion. The sound seemed to rouse the farmer to action. Taking the pipe from his mouth, he said, in a voice loud enough to ensure the attention of his auditors:

"You are heartily welcome, good neighbors. I suppose you have been on some sleigh-riding frolic, and have given us a call on your return. Draw up to the fire, as many of you as can find room, and warm yourselves before you go home. And stop that scraping, Simon," he continued, turning to the fiddler. "Your services are over for the evening, I presume."

"By no means, my good neighbors," replied one of the boldest of the guests. "On the contrary they have but just begun. You must know this is no sleigh-riding frolic, but simply a merry party to be held at your house, with your permission."

"But my permission has not been given," was the blunt reply, "and to my knowledge you are not invited guests. I have no objection to a party when I choose to give one, 'but every man's house is his own castle.' That is my motto, neighbors. No offence, I hope."

There was a general silence. Many a merry party had been held in the village *without* the consent of those upon whom they thus intruded, but none *against* their openly expressed wishes. In vain Mrs. Brown and Mary uttered their whispered remonstrances. The farmer was immovable, and at length by general consent another place of assembly was decided upon, and the company vacated the inhospitable mansion.

The farmer's dreams were undisturbed, in spite of sundry expressions of chagrin from his wife, and a burst of tears from the mortified daughter; and for many days no allusion was made to the intended surprise party.

Christmas had passed, with all its happy and its mournful memories, and the last day of the year was rapidly approaching, when Mrs. Brown and Mary were startled by a sudden announcement from the farmer, that if they liked to go to a surprise party of his getting up, they might hold themselves in readiness the following evening.

"A surprise party of your getting up! Why, husband!" was the involuntary exclamation of the astonished wife, while Mary, though silent, looked at him in equal wonder.

"Certainly; what is there remarkable in that? Cannot I get up a party as well as any other person?"

"No doubt you can, father; but you call it a *surprise* party. That is what astonishes us."

"I call it by its right name, Polly, or Molly, if you like it better. It is none of your new fangled surprises, where people take possession of your house and all it contains, but a real old fashioned, pleasant way of doing a kindly turn to a neighbor. It is a sort of donation visit (none of your beggarly ones) to poor William Jones and his family. They have been under a cloud for the last few months, and it is high time that their neighbors tried to help them to a ray of sunshine. What with their loss by the fire, and Jones's long sickness and inability to work, they must be poorly provided for this winter."

"But the party, husband, tell us about the party," interrupted Mrs. Brown, who though heartily sympathizing with the sorrows of her poor neighbors, had a little womanly curiosity to hear more of the proposed entertainment.

"Ay, the party. That is all arranged. I have seen all the neighbors, and they all enter into it heart and hand. A cordial reception I met with wherever I went, in spite of your prognostications, good wife, concerning the dire offence which I must have given the other evening. Twelve well loaded sleighs will start at our door at seven o'clock on the evening of the last day of the year, ready to take up their line of march for William Jones's, and it will not be our fault if his cellar is not filled with an ample stock of fruit and vegetables, his shed with wood, and himself and his family well provided with winter clothing before the new year dawns. But on second thoughts, wife," continued the farmer, "I believe you cannot join in our frolic. Molly may go, but you—a word in your ear." And the farmer drew the good dame aside and communicated something in a whisper, which called from her several hearty expressions of gratification and applause.

A dark cloud had indeed hung for many months over the household of William Jones. One misfortune had brought another in its train, until the desponding husband and father had almost ceased to hope for a ray of sunshine, and on the last evening of the unhappy year, feeble in body, and dispirited in mind, he sat gazing upon his helpless little family, while the heavy sighs which burst occasionally from his oppressed heart, plainly told of the anguish within. With affectionate sympathy his wife bent over him.

"Do you suffer more pain than usual, this evening, dear William?" she asked. "I had hoped that you were really better."

"And so I am better in bodily health, my dear wife," was the reply, "but on this last night of the year sad thoughts will crowd upon my mind. How brightly dawned the last new year's morning, but alas, the clouds soon gathered thickly around us, and now what have we to look forward to? The little that we have remaining will be insufficient to furnish food for ourselves and our poor babes, and many long weeks must yet elapse before I can resume my old employment."

"But what a blessing to think that health is surely though slowly returning, William. Ah, we cannot be too thankful. What are poverty and suffering while you are spared to us?"

The husband's reply was prevented by the merry jingling of the bells, as the first sleigh drove to their door, and a moment after came the kindly greeting of Farmer Jones.

"Good evening, neighbor. Glad to see you looking a little better. A party of us have called to wish you a happy new year. Rather before the time to be sure, but you must excuse that, as it is kindly meant."

By the time the farmer had finished his speech, a long line of sleighs had drawn up in the little yard, and guest after guest appeared with cheerful and sympathizing words, which fell like music on the ear of the sick man and his hopeful wife.

The most sensitive pride could hardly have taken offence at the quiet, unostentatious manner in which shed and cellar were filled by one busy party appointed for the purpose, while another deposited in the neat little kitchen its appropriate share of winter stores, together with many a useful package of dry goods suitable for both parents and children.

Few words of gratitude were spoken, but the light which shone on the desponding countenance of William Jones, and the tears in the eyes of his wife, showed that deep feelings were at work within, and as the happy party drove from the door, every heart responded to the farmer's exclamation:

"That's the right kind of surprise party, my good friends! The year has been an abundant one to us, and now that it is about to close, it is well to obey the command, '*Freely ye have received, freely give.*'"

Once more the farmer's sleigh took the lead. As his own dwelling came in sight he stopped, and looking back upon the merry train, gave them a cordial invitation to dance out the old year in his capacious kitchen. And now the secret of Mrs. Brown's absence was explained; for, dressed in her best, the good lady appeared at the door to welcome her guests, while as they entered the squeaking of old Simon's fiddle as it sent forth its preliminary notes, might be distinctly heard. An excellent supper in due season appeared, and merrily was the old year danced out.

A little past the midnight hour the sleigh bells were again jingling on their way, while the woods re-echoed with three hearty cheers for Farmer Brown's Surprise Party.

BLASTING UPON A LARGE SCALE.

Probably the greatest rock blast ever known was the one which took place at the Rounddown Cliff, in Dover, England, a few years since. Eighteen thousand five hundred tons of powder were used. The account published in the papers of the day says that, on the signal being given, the miners communicated the electric spark to the gunpowder by their connecting wires; the earth trembled to half a mile distant, a stifled report, not loud, but deep, was heard, and the base of the cliff, extending on either hand to upwards of five hundred feet, was shot as from a cannon from under the superincumbent mass of chalk seaward, and in a few seconds, not less, it is said, than a million tons being dislodged by the fearful shock, settled itself gently down into the sea below, frothing and boiling as it displaced the liquid element, till it occupied the expanse of many acres, and extended outward on its ocean bed to a distance of perhaps two or three thousand feet. Tremendous cheers followed the blast, and a royal salute was fired.—*Scientific American.*

POISONING BY STRYCHNINE.

It is unfortunate for the purpose of the murderer, but favorable to the ends of justice, that strychnine should be selected for the diabolical object of taking life. There is, perhaps, no poison which produces such characteristic symptoms in the victim while he yet lives, or which affords more decisive evidence of its presence after death. A minute fraction of a grain, lying on the animal membranes after death, will exhibit, under appropriate tests, a series of resplendent and iridescent rings of color to the chemist's view; and a portion of fluid from the intestines introduced into the tissues of a living animal, will excite the same convulsions as the poison.—*Medical Times.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

German emigration to this country, it is thought, is soon to revive. —— "Blessings on the man," quoth Sancho Panza, "who first invented sleep." Let us add another "blessing" that he didn't prevent the general use of his invention by taking out a patent for it. —— Mr. Gustave Satter, the pianist, challenges the world of pianists to play against him. —— Richard W. Anderson, of Huntsville, Alabama, has addressed a printed circular to the sovereigns of France, England, Russia and Turkey, inviting them gradually to relinquish their regal power, "that the people may return to their primitive Ruler."—— One house in Boston has 45,000 bushels of oysters on their beds in the Mystic River. —— Mr. Calvin Dean, of Lincolnville, Me., having burnt a school-house which had been placed on his road, without sufficient pay for it, cut his throat. —— Ladies command more delicacy of treatment than men, but never more politeness. In the matter of politeness we should forget sex. —— The Empress Josephine's statue in white marble, rather larger than life, has just been placed in the nave of the Palace of Industry, in the Champs Elysées in Paris. —— Mow lawns before the dew is off the grass, unless you have a machine which cuts it best when dry. —— Mr. Wallace, of Rome, N. Y., while spreading manure, killed his little daughter, three years of age, by hitting her in the head with the fork. She came up behind him without his knowledge. —— Over $1,700,000 are annually spent in New Orleans for lottery tickets. —— The Chinese in San Francisco worship wooden gods; the Americans there worship *golden* ones. That's all the difference! —— The reported death of one of the little Aztecs is authoritatively contradicted. They are now alive and well at Vienna. —— There is some talk of an intended visit of Queen Victoria to Berlin. It is said that Prince Frederick William will bring a pressing invitation to her majesty to be present at the marriage of the Princess Louisa with the Prince Regent of Baden in September next. —— "How long," asked Napoleon, of David, "will a painting last?" "Seven hundred years, perhaps." "And you call that fame?"—— The consumption of copper in the United States is put down at between eight thousand and nine thousand tons annually, of which only about eighteen hundred tons are produced in this country. —— The Spanish Cortes has adopted, by an immense majority, the basis of the organic law on the press. The signature of the writer is required to all articles, and the proprietors will have to put in securities. —— Dr. Kane sums up the benefit of his expedition as being the survey of Greenland, the survey of the glacier, the survey of the North American coast, the discovery of the open Polar Sea, and the corroborations of the investigations of the best British expeditions. —— It was wine that ruined Lamartine—not the drinking it—there is not a more temperate man in the world—but selling it. He reckoned upon the duty being lowered for the English market, bought up all the Macon he could lay his hands on, trusted, and was undone. —— Capt. Hansen, of the Mexican navy, well known in New York from his guano speculations, was killed by two sailors on board his man-of-war schooner Suerte, recently, a few leagues off the port of Acapulco. —— A gentleman in California has invented a "pneumatic connection," by which motive power can be conveyed to great distances and around all kinds of corners. The invention is particularly suited for machine tunnelling and pumping water from deep shafts, where other sources of power are distant from the work. —— Two negro princes, seven and eight years old, sons of ex-King Pepple of Bonny, "now in honorable captivity to the British at the island of Ascension," have reached England.

WHAT IT COST.—The expense of "adjusting the balance of power in Europe"—a balance that is not like Fairbanks's scales, but requires constant tinkering—cost England and France about $740,000,000, and 82,457 lives at the lowest estimate. Add the loss of life of the Sardinians, and Turks, and Russians, and you have a total of about a million of men sacrificed to what the London Times calls a "little freak" of the Emperor Nicholas. If we are to believe the government organs of the countries engaged in the strife, they are all satisfied with the result, and have all come off winners—a very happy conclusion, certainly. What the taxpayers say is another thing, of course.

"GRAPES OF ESHCOL."—It is said that the vinery of the Duke of Portland, at Walbeck, once produced the largest bunch of grapes ever grown in England. A bunch of the Syrian weighed nineteen and a half pounds, and was sent by his grace as a present to the Marquis of Rockingham, and was carried to Wentworth House, a distance of twenty miles, by four laborers, two of whom carried it on a staff by turns, just in the same way as the cluster of grapes was carried from the brook of Eshcol to the camp of the Israelites.

A SPACIOUS HALL.—The ball and concert-room of Buckingham Palace is 112 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 48 feet high. The roof of this apartment rests on a wide cove enriched with stuccoes; double beams of considerable projection, running parallel and transverse, divide the whole roof into twenty-one compartments, each of which is shaped into a deep octagon recess, from which descends a glass lustre for gaslights.

AN EXPERIMENT.—The American Colonization Society intend to despatch a colony into the interior of Africa, with a view to a permanent settlement. Africa may become in time the paradise of the colored races and a powerful empire.

A LARGE WATER-WHEEL.—The largest water-wheel in the world is at the Albany Nail Works. It is computed at 1000 horse power.

Wayside Gatherings.

There are twenty paper mills in Lee, Massachusetts, with seventy-five engines.

Experiments in producing gas from wood have been successfully made at the Philadelphia Gas Works.

The advices from nearly all parts of the country in relation to the growing crops are unusually satisfactory.

Some of the business men of Salem are endeavoring to establish a steam flour mill company, with a capital of $100,000, in that city.

Mr. Duganne, the poet legislator, of New York, deserves a monument for his efforts to prevent frauds, adulteration and poisonous ingredients in milk.

A paint mine, containing thirteen different colors of paints, has recently been discovered in Montgomery county, Georgia. The deposits yield sixty per cent.

Mr. Thrasher estimates the population of Cuba at the close of the year 1855, as follows: Whites, 564,693; free colored, 219,170; slaves, 662,599; total, 1,446,462.

Mr. McDonald, of Baltimore, has purchased for $4000 the celebrated horse "Buzz," which contested the late race with "Lantern," over the Union Course, Long Island.

The Trenton (N. J.) Gazette says, that one day lately, at the fishery on Bagger's Island, below Bristol, 11,000 herring, 280 shad, and two sturgeons were taken at one haul.

A boy and girl, respectively six and eight years of age, who had been lost for upwards of ten days at Altona, Pennsylvania, were recently found in the woods, dead, lying side by side.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, out of their earnings the past year, has paid off the whole of their indebtedness, $300,000, and will make a dividend of 10 per cent on the stock beside.

The Philadelphia Ledger speaks of a large propeller now building in that city, 15 feet in diameter, and weighing ten tons, which is to be sent to Boston, being designed for a yacht of 1500 tons, building there for the Bashaw of Egypt.

At one of the presentations that took place at the Tuileries on the birth of the prince, one of those who were admitted to that honor, carried away by his enthusiasm, indulged in the singularly anticipatory cry of "Vive Napoleon IV!"

Direct steam communication is about to be established between Liverpool and the West Coast of Africa, and the Liverpool African Association have petitioned government to allow a portion of the African mails to be sent from Liverpool.

At Canandaigua, New York, lately, a beautiful young lady, a pupil at the female seminary, and "cousin Charlie," a young gentleman from Philadelphia, contracted a secret marriage unsuspected, while the other pupils were preparing for dinner, and then fled to northern Ohio.

Advices from British Guiana inform us of the trial and conviction of Orr, known as the "Angel Gabriel," for sedition against the crown, in having excited the anti-Creole and anti-Catholic riots of the 19th of February. He was sentenced to hard labor in prison for three years.

There are 750 paper mills, with two thousand engines constantly in operation, in this country. These mills produced last year 270,000,000 pounds of paper; and, as a pound and a quarter of rags are required for one pound of paper, 400,000,000 pounds were consumed in this way last year.

Recently, in Kentucky, a woman was arrested for barbarity to her step-daughter. The child, aged 13, vomited up 33 pins and 5 needles. She said that her mother, assisted by another woman, had at different intervals thrown her down and compelled her to swallow pins and needles.

At the opera in New Orleans, lately, Madame Colson, after going through her *role* in "Lucie di Lammermoor," had presented to her a magnificent diamond bracelet and brooch, valued at upwards of one thousand dollars; and the stage was literally carpeted with flowers by the enthusiastic audience.

The city of Paris has been paying for three years an indemnity to the bakers in order to keep the price of bread at a certain fixed rate. The amount thus paid by the city to the bakers during this period is 51,510,611 francs—a little more than ten millions of dollars. Thus the poor have been kept from grumbling.

By rough estimate, forty thousand tons of earth are washed away from the mines in California every week by the rivers. It is filling up the rivers, not only by their banks, but also their main channels. The Sacramento River is not navigable now at low tide by the steamers now on the line, and every year it is growing worse.

In the city of Genoa there are three Protestant Italian congregations, with regular pastors, besides a French Protestant church, and a Protestant Episcopal English church. Penny papers are cried in the streets, and Bibles are sold in the bookstores. Though the masses are yet in darkness of error and superstition, yet the light is breaking, and all Italy will yet be free.

Drumhead law has been re-published in the Hungarian comitats of Veszprim and Barany, and rewards offered for information which shall lead to the capture of robbers, incendiaries and murderers. One thousand pounds are offered for the capture of Rosa Sandor, the most renowned of Hungarian bandits, who was one of Kossuth's right hand men during the revolution.

A Philadelphian has invented a new steam engine consisting of four cylinders, each three feet six inches long, ten inches in diameter, and each containing a piston weighing two hundred and fifty pounds. The two opposite pistons connect with rods. No cross heads, piston rods, cranks or slides are required, but merely a pulley for the band, which is placed at the end of the shaft.

Peter Glass, of Leominster, who delights in the manufacture of curiously-wrought and inlaid furniture, has just completed a couple of centre tables, inlaid with 45,000 pieces of colored wood, so arranged as to represent bouquets and vases of flowers, birds, insects, etc., and on one table are representations of Washington, Jackson, Napoleon, Frederick the Great, and Robert Bruce.

The revised code of North Carolina declares that if a person fight a duel, and either of the parties shall be killed, the survivor, on conviction, shall suffer death, and the aiders and abettors shall be considered accessories before the fact. If no death shall ensue, all the parties shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and on conviction be punished accordingly, and moreover be ineligible to any office in the State.

It is a singular fact that there are more Lutheran churches in the United States than there are of the Roman Catholic faith. The Lutheran ministers, in point of numbers, come up to within two hundred of that of the priests of the Catholic church in this country; and yet there is but one Lutheran church in New England. The single preacher of that faith in this section of the country resides in Boston, and the church is on Shawmut Avenue.

Foreign Items.

The city of Venice is to take $5,000,000 worth of stock in the canal across the Isthmus of Suez.

The London Times, that contained the Song for the Students, attributed to Beranger, was seized at the Paris post-office.

The disarming of the national militia at Valencia has been effected quietly. Fifteen hundred muskets were obtained.

The European Times says of Mr. Dallas, that no minister from the United States has won such general admiration in so short a time.

Galway papers complain that emigration to the United States is reviving to such an extent, as seemingly to threaten the agricultural interests of the country.

The Swedish decree, permitting the importation into Sweden of breadstuffs and other articles of food, has been extended by special decree until the first of January, 1857.

The total number of visitors to the Paris Industrial Exhibition was 4,553,464; or about a million and a half less than the number that visited the English exhibition, in 1851.

A company is being established in Munich, with the object of insuring farmers against hail storms; or, as the Germans express it in a single word, a "Hagelversicherungsgesellschaft."

Constantinople advices state that alarming reports were prevalent there. Amongst other things, it was said that the life of the Sultan was threatened, and that certain fanatical Turks had entered into a conspiracy to murder the Christians as soon as the foreign troops were out of the country.

Sands of Gold.

.... He who indulges in liberty of speech, will hear things in return which he will not like.—*Terence.*

.. Those who have few affairs to attend to, are great speakers. The less men think, the more they talk.—*Montesquieu.*

.... The man who is the most successful in the pursuit of happiness, is not he who proposes it to himself as the great object of his pursuit.—*Stewart.*

.... The chiefest properties of wisdom are, to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of things to come.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

.... Nothing is so embarrassing as the first tete-a-tete, when everything must be said—unless it is the last, when everything has been said.—*La Charavari.*

.... The sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice, when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness, truth and courage.—*Emerson.*

.... The ideas that we form upon the sources and certainty of knowledge determine us in the choice of the methods by which we examine other subjects.—*De Gerando.*

.... He is the most mischievous of incendiaries who inflames the heart against the judgment; and he is the most ferocious of schismatics who divides the judgment from the heart.—*Landor.*

.... If you light upon an impertinent talker, that sticks to you like a hur, to the disappointment of your important occasions, deal freely with him, break off the discourse, and pursue your business.—*Plutarch.*

.... Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly; but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory.—*Landor.*

Joker's Budget.

There is a great deal of *waist* to the *corset* business, Quilp thinks.

A country dentist advertises that he "spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

To Emerson's remark that "every Englishman is an island," some one suggests it cannot be so with those who are in continent!

"I've left my bed, and bored," as the damsel said, when she got up from her sick couch to pierce her ears for a new set of eardrops promised her.

A London alderman was heard to remark, that he didn't so much mind living upon hashes during Lent, but that as for the sackcloth, he'd only take the first half of it.

"Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit?" asked a Sabbath-school teacher of his class. "Because," replied one young lady, "they thought it a *good opening* for the young man."

A young lady was accosted by a clergyman in a lane when going to the church, who asked her why she did not go across the fields: upon which she replied, "They are too *stile-ish* for me."

An actor with a very homely phiz was acting "Mithridates," when a beautiful captive said to him: "Ay, my lord, you change countenance." A man in the pit exclaimed: "For heaven's sake let him."

Two Irishmen were travelling to Portland, a few months since, when they stopped to examine a guide-board. "Twelve miles to Portland," exclaimed one. "Sax miles apace, jist," said the other. And they trudged on, apparently much gratified at their sudden proximity to the forest city.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber,	one year	$2 00
4 subscribers,	" "	7 00
10	" "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, 162 Vine Street, between 4th and 5th, Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chesnut Streets, St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Ky.: Wallace, Austen & Buel, 25 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

It is a humble scene, a very plainly furnished room, old oaken furniture of the rudest description, bare rafters overhead, the abode of humble, honest, hard-working people. It were hard to tell what distant day witnessed the laying of those walls, the placing of those rafters. Grandfather, a gray old man, but rejoicing in an old age "frosty but kindly," with benevolence stamped upon his venerable features, has produced his old silver watch, and holding it to the ear of his wondering and listening grand-child — a child "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," and of course marvelling beyond expression at the operation of that mysterious machinery which counterfeits life in its expression of vitality. The mother, a fine, buxom young woman, is leaning on the back of her father's chair, deeply interested in the scene. The old silver watch is not a marvel of mechanical skill—but, like its owner, it has been useful in its day. Prohably, by coaxing, by setting it "back'rds" and "for-'rds," at stated intervals, like Capt'n Cuttle's, it manages to keep withiu hailing distance of Time. So, too, the wheels and springs of life within the old man's breast, require watchfulness and nursing, to keep them from failing altogether. A few short years, perhaps months, and they will cease to perform their functions on this earth. The balance wheel will no longer vibrate — the hands no longer move —worn out, but not rusted out, the human machine will be laid in its resting-place, to be disturbed no more. But unlike that cunning work of human hands, its vital principle will survive, to animate in that world, where Time is not, but Eternity—a more beauteous, an imperishable form at the will of its Creator. Some such notions may be passing through the mind of the old grandfather, as he gratifies the curiosity of the child. The ticking that sounds so loud in the boy's ear, faintly thrills on his dull senses. But yet he hears it, and it chords with the pulsations of his heart, forever beating "funeral marches to the grave." Each year the ticking seems faster—for the closing years of life move rapidly—ay, more rapidly than the dance of the hours when the footstep of Time is scarcely heard upon the flowers of the ballroom. But let us turn from the old gentleman to the young one. The ticking of the watch will linger in his ears for a long time, but he will not be satisfied with that phenomenon. He must see "where the noise comes from." It will be of no kind of use in grandfather to endeavor now to "bluff him" by telling that the inside is a "congeries of springs and wheels" The young urchin must see for himself, and then he will have food for long pondering on the problem the mechanism will present. Perhaps, when his infant legs get a little longer, and his infant brain a little more developed, he may, like another Ferguson, astonish his wondering parents by constructing a watch that "will go." The self-taught astronomer referred to did so after merely a single examination of a watch which a passing traveller showed him. Early genius is often developed by a single incident, as trivial in itself, apparently, as the ticking of grandfather's watch. But, whether prompted to attempt the construction of a watch or not, it is very certain that from this hour, that young gentleman of tender years will bound his aspirations to the final possession of one. These wishes will be gratified partially by the present of a pewter watch at the enormous outlay of a penny. The pewter watch will last a little while, and then be hammered into a shapeless mass, used as a sinker to a fishing line, or melted upon the kitchen shovel ont of pure wantonness. We have known that feat accomplished by a wanton young gentleman of only half a dozen summers. "Pretty wicious that in a boy of six," as Mr. Squeers says. To the pewter watch will succeed one with a gilt face and hands that will move as long as the key is turned. But very soon this impudent imposition will be discarded, and then the first earnings will be invested in a silver and then a gold watch.



THE GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

END OF VOLUME X.

